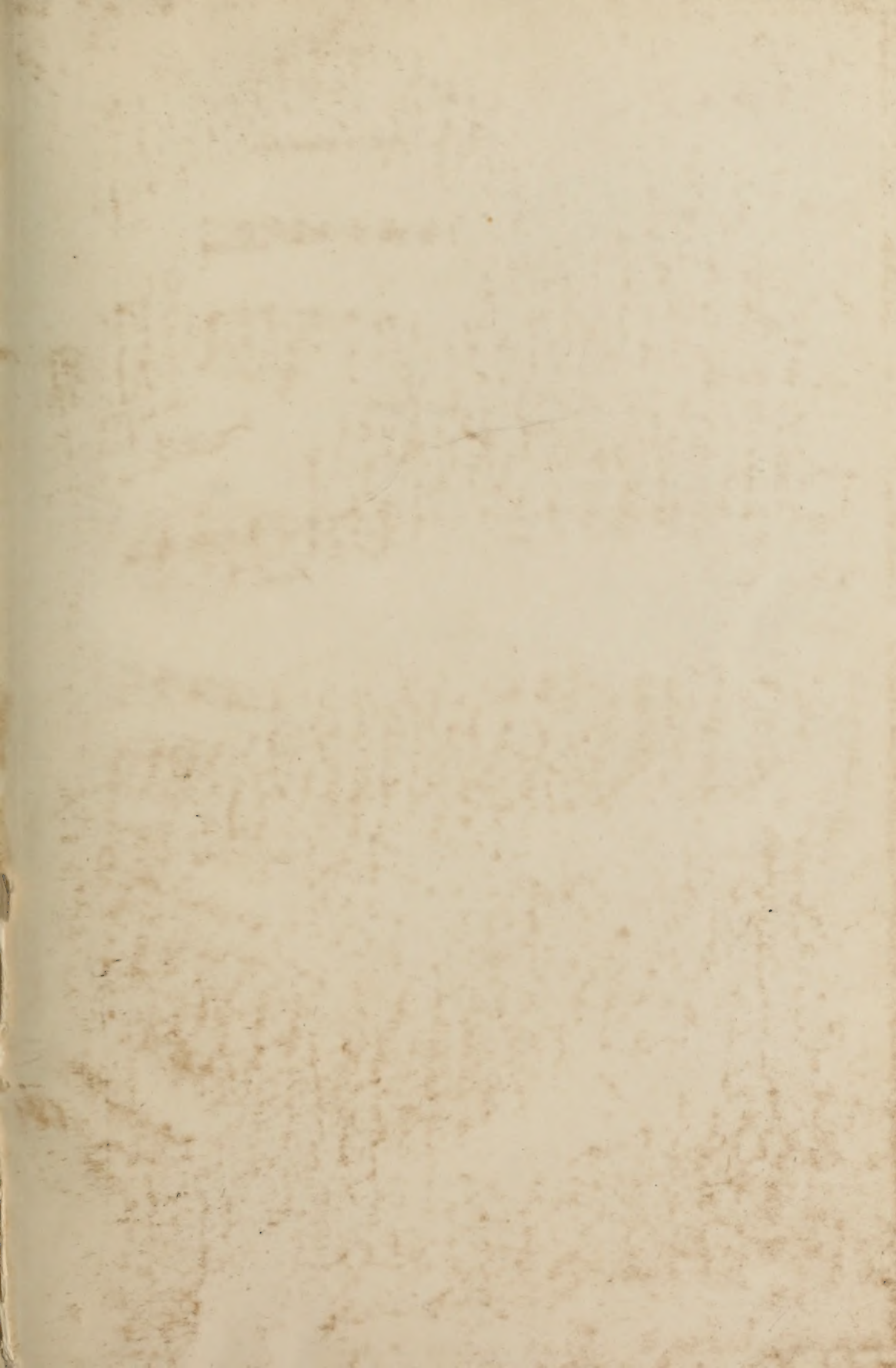




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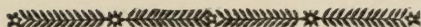


# MAGAZINE



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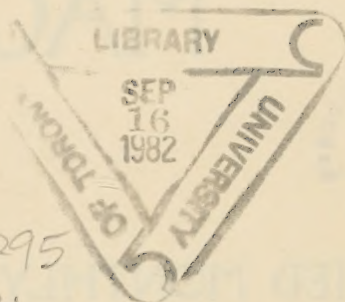


VOLUME XXXI JANUARY - JUNE



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*Drawn by René Lelong.*

THE UNIFORMED CITY COLLECTORS OF THE BANK OF FRANCE STARTING ON A COLLECTING TOUR.

—“The American ‘Commercial Invasion’ of Europe,” page 18.

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXI

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NO. 1



An American Binder on the Steppes of Russia.

## THE AMERICAN "COMMERCIAL INVASION" OF EUROPE

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

Formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

### FIRST PAPER

"ENGLAND has been hard hit by the Transvaal War, but is still the richest country in the world; France is without initiative, satisfied with returns on past achievements; Germany shows the greatest energy and initiative in Europe, but has travelled too fast; America has an unparalleled combination of natural resources and initiative, and will go on to greater achievements."

This was a summing up of national qualifications in the world's industrial struggle, by the Russian Minister of Finance, M. de Witte.

I had asked M. de Witte to give his views of the relative positions of the great nations in the world-wide industrial contest. There is no man whose answer to such a question may be listened to with more interest. Sergius de Witte is a man of whom we have heard much, but from whom we have heard little. In the

minds of many he is Europe's foremost statesman. He shapes the policies of Europe's mightiest empire. He watches with greatest care the varying financial currents, and is in the closest touch with commercial and industrial tendencies.

His Excellency was in his private office in the Finance Ministry in St. Petersburg seated at a great flat-topped desk, piled high with official problems, neatly sorted and tagged ready for his examination. It was Sunday, but he had been hard at work all the morning. While I was with him I heard him make appointments as late as eleven o'clock that night. It is easy to see why he has gained the reputation for being the hardest worked man in Europe. Broad, strong, forceful, but with the repose and atmosphere of reserve power which mark most great men, his personality gave added interest to his reputation. He reached for a fresh cigar-

ette, from a case he had been steadily depleting, and touched it to an odd electrical contrivance on his desk, which automatically lighted it. Then he leaned back reflectively and spoke with a freedom in refreshing contrast to the reserve of many lesser officials.

"England is still the richest country in the world," he said. "This Transvaal trouble has had marked effect on the

rities, representing past achievements and present investments, and cut off the coupons. France is not looking for new industrial fields; she is building no new railroads; she is making no commercial conquests. France is satisfied now simply to sit down at home, contented to reap the small rewards that are naturally hers. While those rewards may seem small, however, they become in the aggregate



An American-equipped Electric Line which Passes the Pyramids of Egypt.

finances of that country, and indirectly has affected the finances of every country in Europe. If Mr. Chamberlain will stop here, if he does not put the burden of any more such campaigns on England, she may be able to maintain her pre-eminent position. Should she have too many Chamberlains and too many Transvaal campaigns she might be ruined. But up to the present time English pre-eminence is not seriously shaken. The nation is still in the strongest financial position of all the great powers, and may reasonably expect to continue there. France is like a small *rentier*. She is contented with a modest income; contented to sit with her lap filled with secu-

great enough to place her in the forefront financially. Germany, in her natural resources, is poorer than England or France, but she is rich in initiative and energy. The German nation offers the most striking example of initiative and energy that can be found in Europe. Industrially, she has made astonishing strides. But along many lines the progress has been unnatural and too rapid, and trouble may come of that.

"America is already one of the richest countries of the world; perhaps, in natural resources, quite the richest. There we find not only remarkable natural richness, but combined with that wealth the most pronounced initiative met with anywhere.





*Drawn by René Lelong.*

**The City Collectors' Room in the Bank of France.**

In this room there are 200 desks enclosed in wire cages, which are occupied by the collectors.



*Drawn from photographs.*

American Coal-handling Machinery (Elevators and Automatic Railways) in Germany.

The capacity of each elevator is from forty to fifty tons per hour. The weight of each elevator, with its corresponding bridge, is about one hundred tons.

The span of the bridge for the automatic railways is 328 feet, and the bridge is movable for about one thousand feet on the wharf.

With such a combination the country is bound to make the very greatest progress. It will go on and on, and will be greater and still greater. America is especially fortunate in that she has no great military burden. Militarism is the nightmare and the ruin of every European finance minister.

"The industrial crisis which you find here in Russia is not confined to this country. You will find it more or less pronounced all over Europe. Many enterprises have depended largely upon English capital. England's Transvaal war has forced her to draw in her wealth, and that contraction has had a marked effect upon the industries of all Europe. People who were carrying on business with the aid, directly or indirectly, of English loans, have been forced to make other financial arrangements, and frequently have been compelled to curtail their operations. That reduction of credit and withdrawal of capital have acted and reacted until they have become important factors in bringing about widespread industrial depression.

"England has not been alone, however, in expending large amounts of capital in military campaigns. The powers have all spent great sums in the last year in the military operations in China. The floating of loans in that connection has made demands upon capital that have further embarrassed industrial affairs. Here in Russia we have had, in addition to those unfavorable influences, other embarrassing conditions. The Government has been building less railroad than has been constructed at any time during the last ten years. As the Government is the chief customer for railroad supplies, depression has naturally followed in all industries depending upon railroad construction. Then there have been industrial enterprises organized here on a not too sound financial basis. But as we get farther away from some of these special causes of depression, I think the industrial crisis will end."

There can be no doubt of the interest of M. de Witte in the subject he was discussing. Russia's need for capital is like Sahara's thirst for water. There is probably no man in Europe more anxious than he to see the whole earth smile under the blessings of peace, the particular blessings in which he is interested being a low rate of interest and a market hungry for bonds.



*Drawn from photographs.*

American-equipped Electric Cars in Cairo.

I met M. de Witte, as I met all the other finance ministers of Europe, on a tour which I made last year to obtain the European point of view regarding America's industrial expansion. The European view of the competitive positions which the great nations occupy in the struggle for international trade development is just now a matter of keen interest to the people of the United States. As an officer in the financial department of the Government, during the period of the most extraordinary development in the whole history of our foreign trade relations, I was especially interested in this subject. I wanted the point of view and conclusions of some of the men who were equally interested observers, but who were looking at the development from without rather than from within. For four years I had seen at close range the growth of a favorable trade balance which had assumed a total in that brief period greater than had been the net trade balance from the founding of the Government up to that time. That was a phenomenon which had had few parallels in our economic history, and the desire to study it from the European point of view led me to visit nearly all the countries of Europe. I was offered



rather unusual facilities for obtaining the views of men most influential in political life and commercial affairs. The diplomatic representatives at Washington introduced me to the finance ministers of their home governments, and through the foreign treasury officers I was able to meet the heads of all the imperial and state banks; through other channels, prominent bank officers and industrial leaders. It is my purpose to give some of the observations and deductions which resulted from this tour.

The subject I discussed with these distinguished foreigners is one regarding which our public has been pretty thoroughly enlightened in the last five years, and it is one of which the European public has heard almost as much in the Eng-



lish and Continental newspapers, but from quite an opposite point of view. When the amount of our sales to foreign countries passed the \$1,000,000,000 mark in 1897, we began to congratulate ourselves on the strides we were making in the markets of the world. The record was followed by steadily growing totals, until now we have, in a twelvemonth, sent to other nations commodities to the value of \$1,500,000,000. The meaning of that total is emphasized if we look back and find it compares with an average during the ten years ending 1896 of \$825,000,000.

While our sales to foreign countries have grown so prodigiously, the other side of our financial account during these last

Government up to six years ago, the foreign trade balance in our favor had aggregated a net total of only \$383,000,000.

The significance of these surprising totals was recognized on both sides of the Atlantic. An analysis of them brought

out features more important than the vastness of the aggregate. Heretofore our sales had been made up almost wholly of foodstuffs and raw materials. Europe was the workshop. But that has changed, and we find, year after year, an astonishing increase in our exports of manufactured articles, an increase that in the last two or three years reached totals which gave ample basis for the popular talk of our invasion of the European industrial fields. Our exports of manufactured articles in

the decade prior to 1897 averaged \$163,000,000 annually. In 1898 our sales of manufactured articles to foreign customers jumped to \$290,000,000, the next year to \$339,000,000, the next to \$434,000,000.

These figures, showing a steady invasion by our manufacturers of foreign industrial fields, have a natural corollary. As exports of manufactures increased, our imports of the handiwork of foreign shops showed an even more rapid decline. Our manufacturers were not only invading the foreigner's own markets, meeting him at his threshold with a new competition, but they were taking away from him his greatest market—the United States. We have in the last half-dozen years been manufacturing for ourselves a vast amount of goods, such as we have been accustomed to buy abroad.

One can turn from a contemplation of these great totals to an examination of the records made in recent years by individual industries, and find in detail facts upon which to base a belief that the United States has acquired, or is acquiring, supremacy in the world's markets. So many industries have been sending rapidly increasing contributions to swell the rising tide of our foreign commerce that it is dif-



An American Type-writer in Uganda.



*Drawn from Photographs.*

An American Cash-register in Durban.

five or six years has shown no proportionate increase. We have bought from the foreigners an average of only \$800,000,000 a year, and that total has shown little tendency to expand. It was this fact, this mighty development of our sales, while our purchases were, comparatively, on a declining scale, which piled up in half a dozen years a favorable trade balance so enormous as to startle the world. In the last six years we have sold in merchandise, produce, and manufactures \$2,000,000,000 more than we have bought; while in all our history, from the beginning of the



*Drawn by Otto H. Bacher from a photograph.*

**An American Bridge in Burma in the Course of Construction.**

The Gotkeik Viaduct over the Chungzoune, Burma. The completed viaduct is 2,200 feet long, and at this point is 820 feet high. It was made in sections in America and shipped a distance of 15,000 miles.



ficult to tell any detailed story of American commercial expansion without making it read like a trade catalogue. The increase in our exports of manufactured articles can, in the main, be traced to advances made in the manufacture of iron and steel, and to the display of inventive

greatest producer of iron and steel in the world.

American locomotives, running on American rails, now whistle past the Pyramids and across the long Siberian steppes. They carry the Hindoo pilgrims from all parts of their empire to the sacred waters of the Ganges. Three years ago there was but one American locomotive in the United Kingdom; to-day there is not a road of importance there on which trains are not being pulled by American engines. The American locomotive has successfully invaded France. The Manchurian Railway, which is the real beginning of oriental railway-building, bought all its rails and rolling-stock in the United States. American bridges span rivers on every continent. American cranes are swinging over many foreign moles. Wherever there are extensive harvests there may be found American machinery to gather the grain. In every great market of the world tools can have no better recommendation than the mark "Made in America."

We have long held supremacy as a producer of cotton. We are now gaining supremacy as makers of cloths. American cottons are finding their way into the markets of every country. They can be found in Manchester, as well as on the shores of Africa and in the native shops of the Orient. Bread is baked in Palestine from flour made in Minneapolis. American windmills are working east of the Jordan and in the land of Bashan. Phonographs are making a conquest of all tongues. The Chrysanthemum banner of Japan floats from the palace of the Mikado on a flag-staff cut from a Washington forest, as does the banner of St. George from Windsor Castle. The American typesetting machines are used by foreign newspapers, and our cash-registers keep ac-



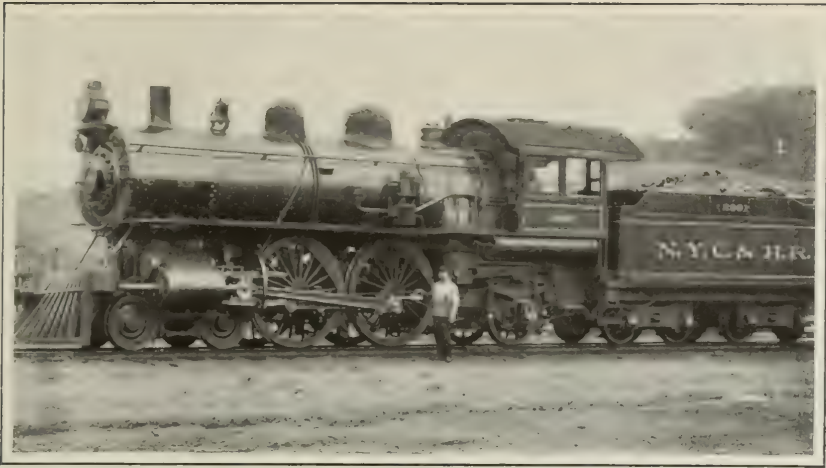
*Drawn from a photograph.*

An American Windmill Pumping Equipment for Irrigation at Bombay.

The windmill is thirty feet in diameter.

talent in the making of machinery. The development of our grasp on the world's markets for articles manufactured from iron and steel has been no surprise to those who early recognized the position of America in respect to the raw materials from which those articles are produced. America unquestionably possesses advantages, in respect to her iron ore and her coal mines, far superior to those of any other country, and, based solidly upon that superiority, has already become the





Type of Passenger Locomotive Used on an American Railroad—Weight Eighty-eight Tons (without tender).

counts for scores of nations. America makes sewing-machines for the world. Our bicycles are standards of excellence everywhere. Our type-writers are winning their way wherever a written language is used. In all kinds of electrical appliances we have become the foremost producer. In many European cities American dynamos light streets and operate railways. Much of the machinery that is to electrify London tram lines is now being built in Pittsburg. The American shoe has captured the favor of all Europe, and the foreign makers are hastening to import our machinery that they may compete with our makers. In the Far East, in the capital of Korea, the Hermit Nation, there was recently inaugurated, with noisy music and flying banners, an electric railway, built of American material, by a San Francisco engineer, and now it is operated by American motormen.

One might go on without end, telling in detail the story of American industrial growth and commercial expansion. In the list of our triumphs we would find that American exports have not been confined to specialties nor limited as to markets. We have been successfully meeting competition everywhere. America has sent coals to Newcastle, cotton to Manchester, cutlery to Sheffield, potatoes to Ireland, champagnes to France, watches to Switzerland, and "Rhine wine" to Germany.



Type of Passenger Locomotive Used on the Orient Express Paris to Constantinople—Weight about Fifty-eight Tons.

Our public has generally looked upon the development of our foreign trade as only one of the incidents in the remarkable period of prosperity which we have been enjoying, and has not, perhaps, clearly analyzed its full significance. The European, I found, had come nearer to a real understanding of the situation.

A distinguished Berlin economist outlined an idea which seemed to me interesting. "Two or three generations ago," he said, "there were families in America living a life of almost complete industrial independence. Not only was all the necessary food raised, but within the household there were spinning and weaving and the application of all necessary trades. The invention of machinery, the development of factory life, the specialization of industry, made such independence impossible. That which happened to the family a hundred years ago has

happened now to the nation. Specialization has gone on, and concentration, combinations, and trusts have made it as impossible for the small manufacturer to compete with the great as it was for the hand-loom and the spinning-wheel to compete with the factory. The perfect and instant communication between distant parts of the world, the cheapening of transportation, the wider knowledge of every country, its products and its needs,

battles are to-day potent in deciding the results of military campaigns. Commercialism in its highest sense has been the real object back of half the military movements of the last decade. It may all seem very sordid and unromantic, but I believe that a study of the comparative price-currents of nations, an analysis of trade balances, an understanding of the statistics of production and consumption, will give the *data* which are now needed in making a forecast of a nation's history."

There are two phases to the significance of the American grasp of the world's markets. The obvious phase is the development of our own industries which must follow such a conquest. If our factories are to be great enough to supply our own wants and in addition turn out a surplus so large in volume and so low in price as to become one of the most important factors in the



An American Steel Hopper-bottom Coal Car.  
Capacity 100,000 pounds.

have brought about an interdependence of nations that is now almost as great as the dependence of one class of industrial workers on another. This national dependence, this necessity of every country to more and more largely buy and sell in foreign markets, is forcing every nation, whether it wills or not, into participation in an international industrial struggle. That is the key-note of the new century. Whoever will forecast the future of nations can now make no more useful study than an examination of their comparative industrial equipment.

"History is becoming more and more the story of industrial development," he continued. "The strength of a nation becomes more nearly measured by its wealth, its importance in the world's progress by its relative commercial position. History will more and more be written in ledgers and balance-sheets, in trade statistics, and in the figures which show the results of industrial conquests or defeats. Modern iron-clads and smokeless powder have largely taken out of warfare the element of personal bravery, and have substituted technical skill and executive ability. Many of the same qualities which win great industrial



A Type of Freight Car in Use on French Railroads.

world's markets, we can count on an industrial growth of which we have heretofore hardly dreamed.

There is another phase to our conquest of foreign markets, however, and that is its effect upon the other nations of the world. If a much larger share of the world's manufacturing is to be done in America, it means a lesser share will be done elsewhere. The pictures which some enthusiastic observers of our foreign trade delight to draw, of a time when our exports have so increased and our imports so diminished, that we will not only make everything we want for ourselves, but a very large part of what the world wants besides, is a picture which offers neither a probable forecast nor a desirable result. Naturally we cannot go on selling to the world a great surplus of food products and manu-



An American Oil Company's Godowns at Nagasaki, Japan.

factured articles without buying from the world in return. Statistics indicate that we have for the last two or three years been sending Europe annually something like \$600,000,000 more than we have been buying. Europe has not been paying for this in gold. During the six years in which we built up a surplus foreign trade balance of \$2,744,000,000, we have received from the rest of the world a net balance in gold of only \$132,000,000.

One of the most unanswerable of financial conundrums is how the world has settled its debt to us in the past and is to settle it in the future. If these statistics of our foreign trade are to be depended upon, it would seem as if we had placed the world in our debt in the last six years to such an extent that we ought to be about ready to foreclose our lien. As a matter of fact international finances do not show that we have any unusual command in the world's money markets; our bankers have no extraordinary credits with their foreign correspondents. There seems to be no vast accumulation of funds upon which we can draw at will, nor is there other evidence that any large part of this balance is still unsettled.

The question of how a \$600,000,000 annual trade balance is to be settled has been a rather interesting puzzle to our financiers; to European finance ministers and bankers, to manufacturers and workmen, it is a subject of the most intense and immediate interest.

The answer as to how that trade balance has so far been settled requires a good deal of explanation which must be based on very unsatisfactory *data*. The prediction as to how it is to be settled in the future leads to most interesting speculation regarding financial conditions.

In the first place the problem is not so difficult as it looks on its face. While Government reports show that we have sold to Europe roundly \$600,000,000 a year more than we have bought, it may be certain that the total is considerably below those figures. I have been close enough to the making of Government customs statistics to know something of the difficulties. No fault can be found with the thoroughness of the work, but it is quite impossible to strike any accurate international trade balances when the figures on one side of the ledger must come from





American Binders on a Hungarian Estate.

importers, who have the strongest motives for undervaluing imports in their statements. I would hardly like to make a guess regarding the average percentage of undervaluation for all our imports, but it can, at the outset of the consideration of this problem, be set down as a very large amount. Then there are items of great importance of which our customs statistics can take no note. Our European tourists are generally supposed to spend \$100,000,000 a year. We pay for freights to the owners of foreign steamship lines perhaps \$75,000,000 more. There is a great stream made up of numberless small remittances, sent home by prosperous immigrants. And lastly, and most important of all, there has been going on a repurchase by American investors of our securities which have been held in foreign markets. This, in the aggregate for the last ten years, assumes enormous proportions. The best of statisticians can do nothing more than guess at the amount, but it has been great enough, in the main, to counterbalance the excess of our foreign sales over our purchases, after the totals of travellers' expenses, ocean freights, and the home contributions of immigrants have been deducted. This return of our securities cannot go on forever; indeed, there is pretty good reason to believe it cannot go on much longer, for the reason that there are now few American securities held in Europe to return.

It is the practice of the great banks of Europe, particularly of Germany, to take charge of the securities owned by a vast

clientage of investors. When in the Imperial Reichsbank and in the Deutsche Bank in Berlin, I was taken into great vaults whose walls and floors were covered with cases like an immense library, containing stocks and bonds belonging to clients of the banks and held there for the collection of coupons and for safe-keeping. In each of the banks there were securities representing some 2,000,000,000 marks. It was interesting to be shown great cases of empty shelves which had formerly been set apart for American securities, and which now held only here and there scattered packages. This was the visible evidence of what an examination of investors' strong boxes would show in all those European countries which have in years past found in America the most profitable field for investment.

If our foreign trade is to continue to hold the same relation between imports and exports that has been ruling for the last few years—if we are to go on selling Europe, say, \$600,000,000 a year more than we buy—there will be then, after liberal reductions for travellers' expenditures, ocean freights (an item which the development of American shipping may materially decrease), and immigrant remittances, a balance due us of \$300,000,000 or \$400,000,000 a year. How is that balance to be paid?

That question is, perhaps, the most interesting of any that can be propounded to-day in the field of international finance. I asked every finance minister of Europe and the head of every imperial bank for

an answer to it. I found it a question over which they had pondered much and never with feelings of satisfaction. That Europe cannot pay such a balance in gold is obvious; that we would not desire to have it paid in that way is clear. The

securities. The quotations which have been made for high-grade bonds have been the wonder of Europe. While market quotations have shown United States two per cent. bonds selling at 110, the three per cent. bonds of the Imperial



A Harvest Scene in the Highlands of Scotland.  
An American binder in the field.

conclusion which I found nearly every important European financier had already reached, was that America will sooner or later enter the European security markets; that the tables in international investments are to be completely turned; that we are to hear no more of the English or the German syndicate making investments in America, but rather of the American syndicate becoming a most important factor in the foreign investment field.

The low interest rates which for the most part have been ruling in America for several years, have everywhere attracted attention. The belief is growing that New York is to become the lowest money market in the world. There has been particular interest in the advances made in the market price of investment

German Empire were quoted at 88, English consols bearing two and three-quarters per cent. sold at 93, Russian four per cent. gold bonds at 96, and Italian Government issues at prices netting the investor over four per cent.

These comparisons are anything but pleasing to European treasury officials. They are quick to see, however, that such a comparison is not entirely fair. Our Government bonds are free from taxes, and, even more important than that, they have a special use and value to national banks. A national bank may issue circulation against deposits of these bonds with the United States Treasury, or may receive public deposits if it puts up Government bonds as security, and so the market value of our Government issues,



American Electric Cars in Seoul—The East Gate.

An electric railway in the capital of Korea built of American material, by an American engineer, and operated by American motormen.

and particularly of our two per cent. bonds, cannot be taken as a measure of the investment return which capitalists are willing to take. It is a fact, however, that there are over \$500,000,000 of our Government bonds not held by national banks to secure circulation or as a basis for public deposits. Those \$500,000,000 are held solely for investment, and are maintained at market prices which net the investor less than one and three-quarters per cent., quotations which certainly put the credit of this Government far above that enjoyed by any other nation.

There are other evidences that the United States is becoming the best market in the world for the highest grade of industrial securities. First-class railroad bonds, as, for example, those of the Pennsylvania or New York Central, sell on a basis that nets the investor as low a rate as do English railroad bonds, while on the Continent the highest grade of corporate securities sell at prices to realize higher rates of interest to the investor than do our best securities.

That the United States gives promises of reaching a position of industrial supremacy in the world's trade, is acknowledged to-day the world over. Undoubtedly we have been too flamboyant in some of our

claims. The industrial world as yet is by no means prostrate at our feet. We have before us a long campaign of hard work and intelligent prosecution of every advantage which we have, before we reach such a position of industrial supremacy as occasional newspaper writers on both sides of the Atlantic have given us credit for. That we have the foundation upon which to build such industrial supremacy, however, cannot be doubted by anyone who is familiar with the resources and abilities shown in our own industrial field, and makes intelligent comparison with the conditions that obtain abroad.

It ought clearly to be kept in mind that the road to the commercial domination of the world is not a clear one for us, and that as yet we are a long way from the end of it. Evidences of that will be found in studying current statistics of our manufactured exports. The rapid increase which has been going on for a number of years has halted, and for the last fiscal year reports show a decrease. That decrease can be accounted for by the fact that our shipments to Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines are no longer counted foreign exports, but it is, nevertheless, evident that a halt has come in the triumphant march of American manufact-



ures toward European markets. An important reason for this is in the very force of the success we have made. There have been serious inroads made in the prosperity of many foreign manufactures by our successful competition. The depression has been reflected in lower wages and in decreased purchasing power, and a lower level of prices which has reacted on us in common with the foreign manufacturers.

In a good many directions we have much to learn in regard to a successful prosecution of foreign trade. The Germans could give us valuable lessons. They are strong in two particulars—strong in the line of technical education, though perhaps not superior to us, and strong in commercial training specially adapted to the needs of their representatives in foreign countries. In this last particular we are lamentably weak. We do not learn languages readily, and we have been too busy with our home affairs to cultivate what facility we have. It is a comparatively difficult thing to find trained business men, born in America, who speak fluently two or more Continental languages, and it follows from that difficulty that we send commercial representatives to Europe who are under the almost hopeless handicap of not speaking the language of a country in which they wish to do business. Were it not for the coming universality of the English language, the handicap would be far greater than it is. Unfortunately the bad equipment of many of the commercial representatives who are sent abroad is not confined to their lack of knowledge of languages. Frequently they have but vague ideas of the commercial geography of Europe. They are not at all clear as to what particular sections are given over to this form of manufacturing or that field of production. More than half the failures that have come to manufacturers who have tried to extend their foreign business have resulted from the lack of qualifications in the representatives they sent abroad.

Another condition that is not favorable to our development is one that is being thought of a good deal more in Europe than at home. We no longer are occupying the leading position in scientific investigation having special commercial

application. Many of the most notable discoveries of the last few years in commercial chemistry, electricity, and other fields of scientific work having direct relation with industry have been made by foreigners. The x-ray and the wireless telegraph are illustrations which would occur to everyone, but there have been numberless important discoveries of great value in industrial operations for which we are obliged to pay royalty to foreign inventors. The United States Government is to-day paying a royalty to a German inventor for the use in the mints of a method of refining gold by electrolysis, a method which proved much cheaper than that which had been in common use in the Government and commercial refineries up to within a year or two ago. Many such illustrations could be given.

One of our particular points of strength has in it danger, when carried too far, of being an element of decided weakness. We have profited greatly by our genius for specialization, and our adoption of standard models of machines, which can be made in great quantities at extremely low cost. In holding closely to these standard designs, we have frequently lost sight of foreign prejudices. Small concessions to those prejudices might have meant large sales, but our manufacturers have declined to make them. In Moscow, for instance, I talked with a merchant who had branches all through Siberia, and who bought large consignments of ploughs in America. The Russians do not harness their horses as we do, and our method of hitching a team to a plough is not adapted to their use. This merchant found it impossible, however, to get our plough manufacturers to adopt the slight changes which he suggested, even when his orders were for very large quantities, and he had to have made in Germany the type of clevis which his customers demanded and attach it to his importations of American ploughs.

The most important of all obstacles that the development of our foreign trade is likely to encounter is the same one which has proved the most dangerous rock in the path of English industry—the growth of a spirit in trades-unions which attempts to regulate the business of employers in other matters than those relating to wages

and hours of labor. I believe the decline of English industry can be attributed to the success of labor organizations in restricting the amount of work a man may be permitted to do, more than to any other single cause. We have encountered that spirit too frequently in our own labor field, and it is one which, if successfully persisted in, will cut the ground of advantage from under our manufacturers quicker than anything else I know of.

It is generally understood that our natural resources are in many important particulars unparalleled. We patriotically believe that the ability of the average American workman is superior to that of his competitor in other countries. We are all confident that our form of government offers the solidest foundation upon which to build national prosperity. Our industries are helped rather than hampered by our system of federal taxation, while an examination of the incidence of taxation in nearly every country abroad shows that a most depressing influence on industries is exerted by the national tax-gatherers.

There are other facts in our favor not quite so generally understood. We have, for instance, a financial system, particularly in the relation of our banks to every-day business transactions, which gives us as much of an advantage over most of the Continental countries as would some great labor-saving machine. The American business man whose operations are even of the most modest extent is certain to have a bank account. He pays his bills with checks or drafts. When he wishes to extend his operations he does not borrow actual currency, but he borrows bank credit. In all his transactions he has to aid him the most fully developed credit system to be found anywhere in the world except in Great Britain.

It is almost beyond belief how little development there has been in this direction in some of the foreign countries. A bank check is looked upon with suspicion in Italy. Practically no small tradesmen would take a check, and none of them keep a bank account. It was still more surprising to me to find that such a statement would be almost literally true of Paris itself. I was studying

the mechanism of the Bank of France under the guidance of one of the officers. We went into one great room in the old building in which there were 200 desks enclosed in wire cages, all empty at the moment. I asked what these were for.

"These cages are for our city collectors," I was told. "When a small merchant borrows from the Bank of France, he does not, as with you in America, borrow a bank credit and have his loan merely added to his balance on the books of the bank. With us the merchant, when he makes a loan, gets the actual money and takes it away. He probably has no bank account with us. He writes no checks. When the loan is due he does not, as would be the case in your banks, come in and pay his indebtedness with a check; instead of that we send a collector to him, and that collector is repaid the loan in actual currency. Two hundred men start out from the Bank of France every morning to collect matured loans. Several days each month it is necessary to send out 400 men, and on the first and the fifteenth of each month 600 collectors go out."

These collectors were uniformed men carrying leather pouches in which they have the matured notes and which are later filled with currency as the collections are made from the bank's borrowers.

I stood at the paying-teller's desk as I went farther along in my tour of the Bank of France. As I halted there the man who happened to be at the window at the moment presented a check for 50,000 francs. The money was counted out and handed over to him, stored away in a big wallet, and he passed on. I asked if it were not unusual for a man to draw out so much currency, and was told that it was not. It was but another illustration of how undeveloped is the banking system of Continental Europe in its uses by the general public.

A story that was told me on the highest authority in Vienna sounds ludicrously incredible, but it is true. The Austrian Government bought a telephone line from an English company. There was a payment of 1,000,000 guildens (about \$400,000) to be made by the cabinet officer corresponding to our Secretary of the Interior. The representative of the English



company wished to be paid by merely receiving a credit at the Austro-Hungarian State Bank. The minister regretted that there was no precedent for such a method and insisted on sending to the bank, which is the government's fiscal agent, bringing the actual money to his office, and counting it out to the Englishman, who in turn took it back to the same bank, where it was again counted and put back in the vault from which it had been taken an hour before.

As one gets farther east the methods of banking become more primitive. The Russian peasant frequently becomes a man of very considerable property, but he is apt to cling to his early financial method of banking in his boots. He wears boots with high felt tops, and the leg of one is the receiving-teller's cage, and the top of the other is the paying-teller's. He will start out in the morning with his right boot-leg full of money. His day's payments are made out of that boot, and his receipts are deposited in the other. At night he checks up on his day's financial operations and strikes a balance.

The banking methods of Continental Europe are cumbersome and time-consuming, and the people generally have learned but the first lessons in the uses of credit machinery. That forms a handicap upon industry that is just as real as that caused by their persistence in using out-of-date machines and methods of manufacture which we have long ago abandoned as slow-going and expensive.

One of the important factors in the strength of our industrial position is the unquestioned superiority in our transportation system. If one has fresh in mind the picture of our luxurious trains, mammoth engines, and, more important still, our standard fifty-ton freight-cars, it makes the Europeans seem like amateurs in the science of transportation when we see their toy cars, small locomotives, and generally slow-going administration. If one looked into the matter with the eye of an expert, studying the unit of cost, the freight charges per ton per mile, or the mileage rate for passenger service, and made comparative statistics of the tonnage of freight-trains and the cost of moving them, he would discover a startling lack of efficiency, both in Great Britain and

on the Continent. Perhaps it is not quite fair to make comparisons of the average cost of freight traffic per ton per mile in America and in Europe, because the average haul is much shorter there, and terminal expenses of a haul are practically the same whatever its length. The average charge per ton per mile on all American railroads for all classes of freight is now less than three-quarters of a cent. If we take the statistics of the Eastern trunk lines alone, that figure would be cut to about one-half cent per ton per mile. It compares with 2.4 in Great Britain, 2.2 in France, 1.6 in Germany, and 2.4 in Russia. One of the most remarkable illustrations of the failure of European managers of industries to keep pace with the times is to be found in a comparison of the efficiency of their railroads with ours. English railroads charge three times as much to move a ton of freight as it can be moved for in America. English railroad managers have failed to grasp the economies that are made possible by heavy traffic, by the use of engines of enormous capacity and freight-cars that will carry fifty tons. But if the English railroads have failed to keep pace with ours, what can be said of most of the Continental roads? Short trains with pygmy freight-cars, each car holding only eight tons, make clear to any layman the handicap which high transportation charges have laid on industry all over Europe.

In the little town of Abo, in Finland, I was waiting one day for a steamer to go to Stockholm. In strolling about the town I ran across another American. I learned that he was the representative of a great engine manufactory, and that he had been covering Europe from Spain to Russia. He had been able to sell his engines in competition both with the domestic manufacturers and with the makers in Great Britain and Germany, who had before practically controlled the trade. I asked him to analyze for me the conditions that enabled him to come into these markets and sell in successful competition in spite of custom duties, in spite of 4,000 or 5,000 miles of transportation charges, and in spite of the fact that his factory paid workmen average wages two or three times as large as were paid by his competitors.



"Our success in coming into this field," he said, "is very largely due to what in our manufacturing parlance we call the making of 'standards.' We believe we know how to make a type of engine which will give the maximum efficiency for a certain class of work. We develop our standard type and then we stick to it. We are enabled to manufacture an enormous number of engines all exactly alike because we have in our home market an enormous field. The American public has been taught that a builder of engines knows better how to design an engine than does the individual who only occasionally buys one. Our best manufacturers absolutely refuse to vary from their standards. In making a great number of engines exactly alike we can turn out work at a price that is simply beyond the possible competition of the ordinary European maker. Our labor-saving machines largely compensate for the higher wages we pay. The English and German manufacturers are harassed by consulting mechanical engineers. A man who wants to buy an engine employs an independent consulting engineer. The engineer invariably feels that he must earn his fee by suggesting a change. If a dynamo is adjusted to make 112 revolutions a minute he wants an engine built that will turn it 113. The result is that English and German manufacturers make an endless number of types. What is more, they cannot get away from the thralldom that they are in, and adopt our system of standard types, because they have not the great broad, homogeneous market which America offers to its own manufacturers. I doubt if our manufacturers appreciate the great advantage which they have in this home market where the inhabitants, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are very much the same kind of people, with very much the same needs and desires. In Europe every manufacturer has a sharply circumscribed field. He is met by new tariffs and new tongues only a short distance from home in whatever direction he goes. The type of article which can be sold in one district may find no market in another close by. With us the man in Los Angeles wears just the same kind of a hat as the man in Boston, and the people through all that stretch of 3,000 miles are

dressed the same, and buy, generally speaking, similar commodities. This broad basis of our own unparalleled market, which permits a manufacturer to successfully work out a standard article, and then produce an enormous quantity of that exact type, is the most secure basis upon which to build a foreign trade. We alone have that advantage. No European manufacturer can successfully follow in our lead."

When M. De Witte said that militarism is the nightmare and the ruin of every finance minister, he spoke a truth that has an application to this question of industrial rivalry. The evidence of militarism is one of the most obvious things in Europe. In Russia one is never out of sight of a line of brown-coated, stolid-faced soldiers. A tremendously effective display of military strength is everywhere encountered in Germany. One is impressed by the cost of the brave attempts of poor Italy to keep up military appearances in the company of first-class powers, a company to which she has not the natural right to aspire. No one can see this universal display without contrasting its cost and the burden which that cost throws on industry, with the comparative freedom from that weight in the United States.

Europe spends annually for military and naval establishment \$1,380,000,000. With our army on something of a war footing, as it is at present, we have only spent in the last year for the army and navy \$205,000,000.

Marked as is this difference of cost, it by no means measures the real weight which militarism puts on the European powers; it is not alone that Europe spends \$1,380,000,000 a year to maintain the military establishment, but very much more important, from the industrial standpoint, is the fact that Europe takes out of her productive capacity 4,000,000 men. These millions are just in the fullness of their youth and would be a tremendous factor in industrial production. The male industrial population of Europe, men between the ages of twenty and sixty, may be estimated at about 100,000,000. To withdraw from productive industry for military purposes 4,000,000 men means a loss of four per cent., and

that is in addition to the taxes necessary to raise the \$1,380,000,000 for the annual maintenance of the military establishments. When we perceive the full weight which militarism has hung upon the neck of industry in Europe, we see another enormous handicap which is acting year after year in our favor.

In the course of a conversation with one of the most eminent of European financiers, a man who has added the distinction of notable public service to a business career which made his name familiar in every financial centre, I said that one of the things which had occurred to me in my observation of European affairs, after seeing the tremendous effect upon England herself and through her upon all the countries of Europe of the expenses of the Transvaal War, was that if a small war under modern conditions was to cost so much as the Transvaal War had cost, and was to produce such an effect upon industry and commercial conditions throughout Europe, no great war would in the future be possible.

"You are wrong," he said.

"That is not clear to me," I replied. "Let us take Russia for illustration. Suppose Russia was to begin a great war. Where is she to get the money?"

"Let me tell you a little of a war of which I know something," he said. "I happen to control nearly all the railways of Turkey. Turkey had a war with Greece. Now let us see how she paid the expenses. She raised an army; she paid her army nothing. She transported that army of 60,000 men from the interior of Asia Minor to the Greek border. How did she do that? She commanded our railroads to carry them. Did we carry them? Yes. Have we any pay for it? No; nor will we ever have. So she paid nothing for the transportation of her army. Then she had to arm it. What did she do? She bought arms in Germany. Has she paid for them? No. So she raised her army, transported it, and armed it. The whole cost of that campaign, in fact, was managed without any real expenditure of money.

"So it would be with Russia. I was once in the interior of Persia. I met there, 2,000 miles from the sea, two German tramps. I asked them where they

were going. They said: 'The Pacific Ocean is off here somewhere, and we are making our way toward the Pacific Ocean.' I asked them, 'What can you do?' One said, 'I can play a trombone.' The other said: 'I can weave straw baskets.' 'Well,' I said, 'how have you got here?' 'We can walk, and the people are good,' was the answer.

"So it is with the army. They can walk, and the people are good. If the people are not good, the army gets its provisions any way. The expenses of a war in Russia, so long as it was in Russia, would be to that nation very small, and the financial situation is not a commanding condition in any considerations of peace or war."

"What is the future of the world with respect to America?" I asked. "If America is to go on in anything like the way she has been going in the last three or four years with her foreign trade—if America is to sell to Europe \$600,000,000 a year more than she buys—what is to be the outcome?"

"Something always happens, and something will happen here. I do not know what it is; I cannot foresee it. America so far seems to be making no mistake, but something will happen. Things cannot go on as they are going. It may be that it is your colonial policy. At present there are 4,000,000 soldiers in Europe, the best of her young manhood, who not only are taken away from production, but are paid for being taken away from production, and Europe is paying six milliards a year to support them. That six milliards does not measure the cost. It is that, plus the loss to production, which hampers commercial Europe, and it is there that you have the great advantage. But what of your future? We are glad to see you going into the Philippines. We will welcome the time if you are going to measure strength with us as a military power. Commercially you are supreme, but if it comes to a test of military strength, if you are going to weight yourselves with the militarism which is the burden of Europe, then we can see some light."

I asked if the tendency in Europe is in the direction of a reduction of military forces. "Not at all," he said. "France hates England, and England hates France; Germany detests France, and France de-



tests Germany; Russia hates Germany, and Germany hates Russia. There it is all around. There is no hope of reduction. It is impossible. England has hoped to come to some understanding with Russia. I spent some time at the home of Mr. Chamberlain not long ago, and there was a strong hope in his mind that England could come to a better understanding with Russia. But it is impossible, just as it is impossible for France and Germany to come to an arrangement. We are no longer afraid of France. We beat her from a military stand-point. We have beaten her now from a commercial stand-point, and there is nothing else. Commercially we hold a pretty strong position with France. After the war we had a treaty which provided that we should be equal to the most favored nation. France began making special treaties, but as soon as she concluded one we took a place equally favored and strengthened our commercial position. We have beaten her commercially, and I see nothing to fear from France."

I asked what he thought of the great consolidations of America, such as the steel combinations.

"An autocracy is good or bad according to the autocrat. If he is a good autocrat it is the very best thing possible. If he is a bad autocrat, it is the worst. Who is going to control your trusts? That is the whole question. It is true you have managed your Standard Oil in a way that is creditable, and that has brought satisfaction to the country. The Sugar trust has been in a measure managed as well. But what assurance have we that this great Steel trust is to be managed so well? That is the whole problem. It is the question of men. Undoubtedly it makes you a much more formidable competitor, because it consolidates your interests. But you are a young nation. You are a young people. You are young in this business of consolidation. What has been the world's history when you put great power into the hands of young men? It has sometimes been abused. We shall watch with great interest the course with you in this enormous combination."

And that is what all Europe is doing—watching with the keenest interest our course as it affects our position in the world's industrial contest.

## SUB UMBRA LILIORUM:

### AN IMPRESSION OF PARMA

By Edith Wharton

PARMA at first sight lacks the engaging individuality of some of the smaller Italian towns. Of the picturesque group of ducal cities extending from Milan to the Adriatic—Parma, Modena, Ferrara, Urbino—it is the least easy to hit off in a few strokes, to sum up in a sentence. Its component features, however interesting in themselves, fail to blend in one of those memorable wholes which take instant hold of the traveller's imagination. The "sights" of Parma must be sought for; they remain separate isolated facts, and their quest is enlivened by few of those happy architectural incidents which give to a drive through Ferrara or Ravenna so fine a flavor of surprise. The devotee of the fourteenth century, trained by Ruskin to pass without even saluting any expression

of structural art more recent than the first unfolding of the pointed style, must restrict his investigations to the Baptistery and the outside of the Cathedral; and even the lax eclectic who nurses a secret weakness for the baroque and rejoices in the last frivolous flowering of the eighteenth century, finds little immediate satisfaction for his tastes. The streets of Parma are in fact distinctly inexpressive, and its more important buildings have only the relative merit of suggesting happier examples of the same style. This absence of the superlative is, in many Italian cities, atoned for by the episodic charm of the streets: by glimpses of sculptured windows, pillared court-yards, and cornices projecting a perfecting curve upon the blue; but the houses of Parma are plain





The "Little Palace of the Garden."

almost to meanness, and though their monotonous succession is broken here and there by a palace-front embroidered with the Farnese lilies, it must be owned that, with rare exceptions, these façades have few palatial qualities but that of size. Perhaps not short of Ravenna could be found another Italian town as destitute of the more obvious graces; and nowhere surely but in Italy could so uncommunicative an exterior hide such a prodigality of welcome. To the lover of Italy—the perennial wooer whom every spring recalls across the Alps—there is a certain charm in this surface dulness. After being steeped in the mediævalism of Siena, Perugia, or Pistoja, after breathing at Vicenza, Modena, and Bergamo the very air of Goldoni, Rosalba, and the *commedia dell'arte*, it is refreshing to come upon a town that holds back and says: "Find me out." Such a challenge puts the psychologist on his mettle and gives to his quest the stimulus of discovery.

It may seem paradoxical to connect the emotions of the explorer with one of the most familiar centres of artistic influence, but it is partly because Parma is still dominated by Correggio that it has as it were dropped out of the emotional range of the modern traveller. For though it is scarce

a hundred years since our grand-parents posted thither to palpitate over Correggio, their æsthetic point of view is as remote from ours as their mode of locomotion. By an odd perversity of fate Correggio, so long regarded as the leading exponent of "sentiment," now survives only by virtue of his technique, and has shrunk to the limited immortality of the painter's painter. A new generation may rediscover his emotional charm, but to the untechnical picture-lover of the present day his prodigious manipulations of light and color seldom atone for the Turveydrop attitudes of his saints and angels, the sugary loveliness of his Madonnas. Lacking alike the frank naturalism of such masters as Palma Vecchio and Bonifazio, the sensuous mysticism of Sodoma and the fantastic gayety of Tiepolo, Correggio seems to typify that phase of cold sentimentality which dwindled to its end in the *Keepsakes* of sixty years ago. Each generation makes certain demands on the art of its own period and seeks certain affinities in the art of the past; and a kind of personal sincerity is perhaps what modern taste has most consistently exacted: the term being understood not in its technical sense, as applied to execution, but in its imaginative significance, as qualifying the

"message" of the artist. It is inevitable that the average spectator should look at pictures from a quite untechnical standpoint. He knows nothing of values, brush-work and the rest ; yet it is to the immense majority formed by his kind that art addresses itself. There must therefore be two recognized ways of judging a picture ; by its technique and by its expression : that is, not the mere story it has to tell, but its power of rendering in line and color the equivalent of some idea or of some emotion. There is the less reason for disputing such a claim because, given the power of *seeing soul*, as this faculty may be defined, the power of embodying the impression, of making it visible and comprehensible to others, is necessarily one of technique ; and it is doubtful if any artist not possessed of this insight has received, even from his fellow-craftsmen, a lasting award of supremacy.

Now the sentiment that Correggio embodied is one which, from the present point of view, seems to lack the preserving essence of sincerity. It is true that recent taste has returned with a certain passion to the brilliant mannerisms of the eighteenth century ; but it is because they are voluntary mannerisms, as frankly factitious as the masquerading of children, that they have retained their hold upon the fancy. As there is a soul in the games of children, or in any diversion entered into with conviction, so there is a soul, if only an inconsequent spoiled child's soul, in the laughing art of the eighteenth century. It is the defect of Correggio's art that it expresses no conviction whatever. He offers us no clew to the *état d'âme* of his celestial gymnasts. They do not seem to be honestly in love with this world or the next, or to take any personal part in the transactions in which the artist has engaged them. In fact they are simply models, smirking and attitudinizing at so much an hour, and so well trained that even their individuality as models remains hidden behind the fixed professional smile. The conclusion is that if they are only models to the spectator it is because they were only models to Correggio ; that his art had no transmuting quality, and that he was always conscious of the wires that held on the wings.

It may, indeed, be argued that devo-

tional painting in Italy had assumed, in the sixteenth century, a stereotyped form from which a stronger genius than Correggio's could hardly have freed it ; and that the triumphs of that day should rather be sought in the domain of decorative art, where conventionality becomes a strength and where the æsthetic imagination finds expression in combinations of mere line and color. Many of the decorative paintings of the sixteenth century are indeed among the most delightful products of Italian art ; and it might have been expected that Correggio's extraordinary technical skill and love of rhythmically whirling lines would have found complete development in this direction. It is, of course, permissible to the artist to regard the heavenly hosts as mere factors in a decorative composition ; and to consider Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers only in their relation to the diameter of a dome or to the curve of a spandril ; but to the untechnical spectator such a feat is almost impossible, and in judging a painter simply as a decorator the public is more at its ease before such frankly ornamental works as the famous frescoes of the convent of St. Paul. It might, in fact, have been expected that Correggio would be at his best in executing the commission of the light-hearted abbess, who had charged him to amplify the symbolism of her device (the crescent moon) by adorning her apartments with the legend of Diana. There is something delightfully characteristic of the period in this choice of the Latmian goddess to typify the spirit of monastic chastity ; and equally characteristic is Correggio's acceptance of the commission as an opportunity to paint classic bas-reliefs and rosy flesh and blood without much attempt to express the somewhat strained symbolism of the myth.

The vaulted ceiling of the room is treated as a trellised arbor, through which rosy loves peep down on the blonde Diana emerging from gray drifts of evening mist : a charming composition with much grace of handling in the figure of the goddess and in the *grisailles* of the lunettes below the cornice ; yet lacking as a whole just that ethereal quality which is supposed to be the distinctive mark of Correggio's art. Compared with the delicate trellis-work





*Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.*

**The Cathedral Interior.**

The dusky magnificence of the interior.—Page 29.





The worn red lions of the ancient porch.—Page 20.

and flitting cupids of Zuccherò's frescoes at the villa Papa Giulio, Correggio's design is heavy and dull. The masses of foliage are too uniform and the *putti* too fat and stolid for their skyey task. This failure of the decorative sense is rendered more noticeable by the happy manner in which Araldi, a generation earlier, had solved a similar problem in the adjoining room.

Here the light arabesques and miniature Olympians of the ceiling and the biblical and mythological scenes of the frieze are presented with all that earnest striving after personal truth of expression that is the ruling principle of fifteenth century art. It is this faculty of personal interpretation, always kept in strict abeyance to the laws of decorative fitness, which makes the mural



A Characteristic Street.

painting of the quattrocento so satisfying that, compared with the Mantegna room, at Mantua, the Sala del Cambio at Perugia, the Sala degli Angeli at Urbino, and the frescoed room at the Schifanoja, all the later wall-decorations in Italy (save perhaps the Moretto room at Brescia) seem to fall a little short of perfection.

Of a much earlier style of mural paint-

ing Parma itself contains one notable example. The ancient octagon of the Baptistery, with its encircling arcade and strange frieze of leaping, ramping, and running animals, is outwardly one of the most interesting buildings in Italy; while its interior has a character of its own hardly to be matched even in that land of fiercely competing individualism. Downward

from the apex of the dome the walls are frescoed with figures of saints in rigid staring attitudes, interspersed with awkward presentments of biblical story. All these designs are marked by a peculiar naïveté of composition and vehemence of gesture and expression. Those in the dome and between the windows are attributed to the thirteenth century, while the lower frescoes are of the fourteenth; but so crude in execution are the latter that they combine with the upper rows in pro-

ducing an effect of exceptional decorative value, to which a note of strangeness is given by the introduction, here and there, of high-reliefs of saints and angels, so placed that the frescoes form a background to their projecting figures. The most successful of these sculptures is the relief of the flight into Egypt; a solemn procession led by a squat square-faced angel with unwieldy wings and closed by two inscrutable-looking figures in Oriental dress.



Interior of the Baptistery.



Seen after the Baptistery, the Cathedral is perhaps something of a disappointment ; yet to pass from its weather-beaten front,

between the worn red lions of the ancient porch, into the dusky magnificence of the interior, is to enjoy one of those contrasts possible only in a land where the humblest wayside chapel may disclose the stratified art of centuries. In the cupola, Correggio lords it with the maelstrom of his heavenly host ; and the walls of the nave are covered with frescoes (by Mazzola and Gambara) to which time has given a golden-brown tone, as of sumptuous hangings, that atones for the pretentious nullity of their design. There is a venerable episcopal throne attributed to Benedetto Antelami, that strangely dramatic sculptor to whom the reliefs of the Baptistery are ascribed, and one of the chapels contains a magnificent Descent from the Cross with his signature ; but except for these works the details of the interior, though includ-

ing several fine sepulchral monuments and a ciborium by Alberti, are not exceptional enough to make a lasting impression.

On almost every Italian town, whatever succession of masters it may have known, some one family has left its dominant mark ; and Parma is distinctively the city of the Farnesi. Late-comers though they were, their lilies are everywhere, over gateways,

on palace-fronts, and in the aisles of churches ; and they have bequeathed to the town a number of its most characteristic

buildings, from the immense unfinished Palazzo della Pilotta to the baroque fountain of party-colored marbles which enlivens, with its graceful nymphs and river-gods, the grassy solitude of the palace-square. To Rannuccio I., the greatest of these ducal builders, Parma owes the gigantic project of the Pilotta, as well as the Farnese theatre and the University. To this group Duke Ottavio, at a later date, added the charming " Little Palace of the Garden," of which the cheerful yellow façade still overlooks the pleached alleys of a formal pleasure adorned, under the Bourbon rulers who succeeded him, with groups of statuary by the court sculptor, Jean Baptiste Boudard. Ottavio commissioned Agostino Carracci to decorate the interior of the ducal villa, and even now, after years of incredible

neglect and ill-usage, the walls of several rooms show remains of the work executed, as the artist's pious inscription runs, *sub umbra liliorum*. The villa has been turned into barracks, and it is difficult to gain admission ; but the persistent traveller may succeed in seeing one room, where large-limbed ruddy immortals move, against a background of bluish sum-



The Cathedral Tower and Baptistery.



Parma from the River.

mer landscape, through the tranquil episodes of some Olympian fable. This apartment shows the skill of the Caracci as decorators of high cool ceremonious rooms, designed to house the midsummer idleness of a court still under the yoke of Spanish etiquette, and living in a climate where the turbulent mirth of Tiepolo might be conducive to apoplexy.

The most noteworthy building which arose in Parma under the shadow of the lilies is, however, the famous theatre built by Aleotti for Duke Rannuccio and opened in 1620 to celebrate the marriage of Odoardo Farnese with Margaret of Tuscany. Externally it is a mere outgrowth of the palace; but to those who feel a tenderness for the vivacious figures of the *commedia dell' arte* and have followed their picturesque wanderings through the pages of Casanova, Gozzi, and Goldoni, the interior is an immediate evocation of the strolling theatrical life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—that strange

period when players were summoned from duchy to principality to perform at wedding-feasts and to celebrate political victories; when kings and princes stood sponsors to their children, and the Church denied them Christian burial.

The Farnese theatre is one of those brilliant improvisations in wood and plaster to which Italian artists were trained by centuries of hurriedly organized *trionfi*, state processions, religious festivals, returns from war, all demanding the collaboration of sculptor, architect, and painter in a rapid evocation of triumphal arches, architectural perspectives, statuary, chariots, flights of angels, and galleons tossing on simulated seas: evanescent visions of some *pays bleu* of Boiardo or of Ariosto, destined to crumble the next day like the palace of an evil enchanter. To those who admire the peculiarly Italian gift of spontaneous plastic invention, the art of the *plasticatore*, to borrow an untranslatable term, such buildings are of peculiar interest, since,



owing to the nature of their construction, so few have survived ; and of these probably none is as well preserved as Aleotti's theatre. It is true that the painted ceiling is gone, and that the splendid Farnese dukes bestriding their chargers in lofty niches on each side of the proscenium are beginning to show their wooden anatomy through the wounds in their plaster sides ; but the fine composition of the auditorium, and the Olympus of plaster divinities peopling the niches and balustrades and poised above the arch of the proscenium, still serve to recall the original splendor

of the scene. The dusty gloom of the place suggests some impending transformation, and when fancy has restored to the roof the great glass chandeliers now hanging in the neighboring museum, their light seems to fall once more on boxes draped with crimson velvet and filled with lords and ladies in the sumptuous Spanish habit, while on the stage, before a perspective of fantastic colonnades and terraces, Isabel and Harlequin and the Capitan Spavento, *plasticatori* of another sort, build on the scaffolding of some familiar intrigue the airy superstructure of their wit.

In the adjoining palace no such revival is possible. Most museums in Italy are dead palaces, and none is more inanimate than that of Parma. Many of the ducal treasures are still left—family portraits by



The Farnese Theatre.



Suttermans and Sir Antony Mor, Bernini-esque busts of the Bourbon dukes, with voluminous wigs and fluttering steinkirks; old furniture, old majolica, and all those frail elaborate trifles that the irony of fate preserves when brick and marble crumble. All these accessories of a ruined splendor, catalogued, numbered, and penned up in glass cases, can no more evoke the life of which they formed a part than the contents of an herbarium can revive the scent and murmur of a summer meadow. The transient holders of all that pomp, from the great Alexander to Marie Louise of Austria, his last unworthy successor, look down with unrecognizing eyes on this dry alignment of classified objects; and one feels, in passing from one room to another, as though some fanciful heroic poem, depicting the splendid vanities of life, and depending for its effect on the fortunate collocation of words, had been broken up and sorted out into the different parts of speech.

This is the view of the sentimentalist; from that of the sightseer the museum of

Parma is perhaps more interesting than the palace could ever have been. The Correggios are in themselves a priceless possession; the general collection of pictures is large and varied, and the wealth of bronzes and marbles, of coins, medals and architectural fragments of different schools and periods, would be remarkable in any country but Italy, where the inexhaustible wealth of the small towns is a surprise to the most experienced traveller.

On the whole, the impression carried away from Parma is incomplete and confusing. The name wakes as many scattered images as contradictory associations. It is doubtful if the wanderer reviewing from a distance his Italian memories will be able to put any distinct picture of the place beside the concrete vision of Siena, Mantua, or Vicenza. It will not hang as a whole in the gallery of his mental vignettes; but in the mosaic of detached impressions some rich and iridescent fragments will represent his after-thoughts of Parma.



The baroque fountain of party-colored marbles.—Page 29.

# THE TREATY-MAKING POWERS OF THE SENATE

By Henry Cabot Lodge

Senator from Massachusetts



THE action of the Senate upon the Hay-Pauncefote treaty last December gave rise to much discussion not only in regard to the merits of the treaty and of the

Senate amendments but also as to the rights and functions of the Senate as part of the treaty-making power. That there should be differences of opinion as to the merits of the questions involved in the treaty is entirely natural, but it seems strange that there should be any misapprehension as to the functions and powers of the Senate, because those are not matters of opinion but well-established facts, simple in themselves and clearly defined both by law and precedent. Yet such misapprehension not only existed but was manifested here and there in the United States by statements and arguments as confident as they were erroneous. The English newspapers as a rule, of course, did not know anything about the powers of the Senate, but seemed to have a general belief that the Senate amendments were in some way a gross breach of faith, a view not susceptible of explanation but very soothing to those who held it, and quite characteristic. It is, however, a much more serious matter when misapprehension of this kind is found among those who are charged with the conduct of government. It is their duty and their business to understand thoroughly the institutions, constitutional provisions, and political methods of other countries with which they are obliged to have dealings and to maintain relations. We have a right to expect that Lord Lansdowne, a statesman of long experience, who has held some of the highest offices under the British Crown, who has just been advanced from the great post of Secretary of War to the still greater one of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, should understand thoroughly the consti-

tutional provisions and modes of governmental procedure in the United States. Yet we find in Lord Lansdowne's note to Lord Pauncefote of February 22, 1901, in reference to the Senate amendments the following statement :

"The Clayton-Bulwer treaty is an international contract of unquestioned validity; a contract, which, according to well-established international usage, ought not to be abrogated or modified save with the consent of both the parties to the contract. His Majesty's Government find themselves confronted with a proposal communicated to them by the United States Government, without any previous attempt to ascertain their views, for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty."

The meaning of this passage, taken as a whole, is not very clear, and in the last clause it contains at least one singular proposition. Admitting the international usage to be as Lord Lansdowne states it, the Hay-Pauncefote negotiation conformed to it strictly. The sole purpose of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was to modify, by amicable agreement, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. So far as the Hay-Pauncefote treaty went it modified the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and to that extent superseded it. How far it superseded it was a disputed point. It was strongly argued here that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty *ex necessitate* superseded entirely the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and those Senators who advocated the insertion of the words "which is hereby superseded" were generally held to be over-cautious. It was in fact this division of opinion as to the extent to which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty had been superseded which led to the adoption of the first Senate amendment. It would now appear from Lord Lansdowne's note that those who desired a specific statement of the supersession of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty were right in their construction, that

the supersession was not complete as the Hay-Pauncefote treaty originally stood.

The point, however, to which I wish to draw attention here is quite different from the question of the supersession of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty in whole or in part, and is contained in the last sentence of the passage I have quoted. Lord Lansdowne there complains that his Government is confronted by a proposal from the United States without any previous attempt to ascertain their views. Here is where his misapprehension of our Constitution appears. If Mr. Hay had proposed to Lord Pauncefote, at any stage of their discussion, to insert clauses like the Senate amendments the proposal might have been accepted or rejected, but no complaint would or could have been made that His Majesty's Government was confronted by a proposal upon which their views had not been previously ascertained. Such propositions, coming from Mr. Hay, would have been entirely germane to the purpose of the negotiation, even if they had extended to a simple abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and would have been so recognized. What actually happened was that these propositions were offered at a later stage of the negotiation by the other part of the American treaty-making power in the only manner in which they could then be offered, and are therefore no more a subject of just complaint on account of the manner of their presentation than if they had been put forward at an earlier stage by Mr. Hay. If we follow the negotiation through its different phases, what has just been stated becomes apparent. Mr. Hay and Lord Pauncefote open a negotiation for the modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty in such manner as to remove the obstacles which it may present to the construction of the Central American Canal by the United States. After due discussion they agree upon and sign a treaty. That agreement, so far as Great Britain is concerned, requires only the approval of the King for its completion, but with the United States the case is very different, because no treaty can be ratified by the President of the United States without the consent of the Senate. The treaty so called is therefore still inchoate, a mere project for a treaty, until the consent of the Senate has been given

to it. That all treaties must be submitted to the Senate, and obtain the Senate's approval before they can be ratified and become binding upon the United States was, we may assume, well known to Lord Lansdowne. But he does not seem to have realized that the Senate could properly continue the negotiation begun by Mr. Hay and Lord Pauncefote by offering new or modified propositions to His Majesty's Government. Of this he was clearly not informed, or he would not have made the complaint about being confronted with new propositions as if something unusual and unfair had been done. No one expects the "man in the street" or the London editor to remember that so long ago as 1795 the Senate made an entirely new amendment to the Jay treaty, and that England accepted it, or that so recently as March, 1900, the Senate made amendments to the treaty regulating the tenure and disposition of the property of aliens, and that England accepted them, or that it has been the uniform practice of the Senate to amend treaties whenever it seemed their duty to do so. But a British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is of course familiar with all these things and ought, therefore, to realize that the Senate can only present its views to a foreign government by formulating them in the shape of amendments which the foreign government may reject or accept, or meet with counter propositions, but of which it has no more right to complain than it has to complain of the offer of any germane proposition at any other stage of the negotiation.

With misapprehension like this existing not only in the British Foreign Office and the London Press, but also in the minds of one or two exceptionally "able" editors and correspondents in this country, who spoke of the Senate's action in amending the Hay-Pauncefote treaty as a modern usurpation, it seems not amiss to explain briefly the nature and history of the treaty-making power in the United States. The explanation is easy. It rests indeed on constitutional provisions so simple and on precedents so notorious that one feels inclined to begin with an apology for stating anything at once so familiar and so rudimentary. Yet it would appear that the circumstances just set forth fully



justify both the explanation of the law and the statement of the facts of history.

The power to make treaties is at once a badge and an inherent right of every sovereign and independent nation. The thirteen American colonies of Great Britain, as part of the British Empire and as dependencies of the British Crown, were not sovereign nations and did not possess the treaty-making power. That power was vested in the British Crown, and when exercised the colonies were bound by the action and agreements of the British Government. When the thirteen colonies jointly and severally threw off their allegiance to the British Crown and became independent, all the usual rights of sovereignty which they had not before possessed, vested, without restriction, in each one of the thirteen States. The treaty-making power was exercised accordingly by the Continental Congress which represented all the States and where the vote was taken by States. Under the subsequent Articles of Confederation the treaty-making power could not be exercised by any State alone or by two or more States without the consent of the United States in Congress and was vested in the Congress of the Confederation, where, as in the Continental Congress, each State had one vote and where the assent of nine States was required to ratify a treaty. From this it will be observed that this sovereign right which had vested absolutely in each State, although it was confided to the Congress of the United States, was kept wholly within the control of the States as such, and was never permitted to become an executive function. This was the practice and this the precedent which the Convention found before them when they met in Philadelphia in 1787 to frame a new constitution, and they showed no disposition to depart from either. The States were very jealous of their sovereign rights, among which the power to make treaties was one of the most important, and having so recently emerged from a colonial condition, they were also very suspicious and very much afraid of dangerous foreign influences, especially in the making of treaties. At the outset, therefore, it seems to have been the universal opinion that the relations of the United States with

other nations should be exclusively managed and controlled by the representatives of the States, as such, in the Senate. The strength and prevalence of this feeling are best shown by the various plans for a constitution presented to the Convention. The Virginian plan so-called was embodied in resolutions offered by Mr. Randolph, which proposed to enlarge and amend the Articles of Confederation and passed over without mention the treaty-making power, accepting apparently the existing system which vested it in the States voting as such through their representatives. The plan offered by Mr. Pinckney provided that :

"The Senate shall have the sole and exclusive power to declare war ; and to make treaties ; and to appoint ambassadors and other ministers to foreign nations, and judges of the Supreme Court."

The New Jersey plan offered by Mr. Patterson, which aimed only at a mild amendment of the Articles of Confederation, left the treaty-making power, as under the Confederation, wholly within the control of the States voting as such in Congress.

Hamilton, who went to the other extreme from the New Jersey plan, gave the treaty-making power in his scheme to the President and the Senate, but conferred on the Senate alone the power to declare war.

All these plans, as well as the general resolutions agreed upon after weeks of debate, went to a committee of detail which on August 6th reported through Mr. Rutledge the first draft of the Constitution.

Section 1 of Article 9 of this first draught provided that : "The Senate of the United States shall have power to make treaties, and to appoint ambassadors and judges of the Supreme Court."

The manner in which this clause as reported by the Committee of Detail was modified is best described by Mr. George Ticknor Curtis in his "Constitutional History of the United States." \*

The power to make treaties, which had been given to the Senate by the Committee of Detail, and which was afterward transferred to the President, to be exercised with the advice and consent of two-thirds of the senators present, was thus

\* Vol. i., pp. 579-581. Last Edition.

modified on account of the changes which the plan of government had undergone, and which have been previously explained. The power to declare war having been vested in the whole legislature, it was necessary to provide the mode in which a war was to be terminated. As the President was to be the organ of communication with other governments, and as he would be the general guardian of the national interests, the negotiation of a treaty of peace, and of all other treaties, was necessarily confided to him. But as treaties would not only involve the general interests of the nation, but might touch the particular interests of individual States, and, whatever their effect, were to be part of the supreme law of the land, it was necessary to give to the Senators, as the direct representatives of the States, a concurrent authority with the President over the relations to be affected by them. The rule of ratification suggested by the committee to whom this subject was last confided was, that a treaty might be sanctioned by two-thirds of the Senators present, but not by a smaller number. A question was made, however, and much considered, whether treaties of peace ought not to be subjected to a different rule. One suggestion was, that the Senate ought to have power to make treaties of peace without the concurrence of the President, on account of his possible interest in the continuance of a war from which he might derive power and importance. But an objection, strenuously urged, was that, if the power to make a treaty of peace were confided to the Senate alone, and a majority or two-thirds of the whole Senate were to be required to make such a treaty, the difficulty of obtaining peace would be so great that the Legislature would be unwilling to make war on account of the fisheries, the navigation of the Mississippi, and other important objects of the Union. On the other hand, it was said that a majority of the States might be a minority of the people of the United States, and that the representatives of a minority of the nation ought not to have power to decide the conditions of peace.

The result of these various objections was a determination on the part of a large majority of the States not to make treaties of peace an exception to the rule, but to provide a uniform rule for the ratification of all treaties. The rule of the Confederation, which had required the assent of nine States in Congress to every treaty or alliance, had been found to work great inconvenience; as any rule must do which should give to a minority of States power to control the foreign relations of the country. The rule established by the Constitution, while it gives to every State an opportunity to be present and to vote, requires no positive quorum of the Senate for the ratification of a treaty; it simply demands that the treaty shall receive the assent of two-thirds of all the members who may be present. The theory of the Constitution undoubtedly is, that the President represents the people of the United States generally, and the Senators represent their respective States, so that, by the concurrence which the rule thus requires, the necessity for a fixed quorum of the States is avoided, and the operations of this function of the Government are greatly facilitated and simplified. The adoption, also, of that part of the rule which provides that the

Senate may either "advise or consent," enables that body so far to initiate a treaty as to propose one for the consideration of the President—although such is not the general practice.

The obvious fact that the President must be the representative of the country in all dealings with foreign nations, and that the Senate in its very nature could not, like the Chief Executive, initiate and conduct negotiations, compelled the convention to confer upon him an equal share in the power to make treaties. This was an immense concession by the States, and they had no idea of giving up their ultimate control to a president elected by the people generally. Here, therefore, is the reason for the provision of the Constitution which makes the consent of the Senate by a two-thirds majority necessary to the ratification of any treaty projected or prepared by the President. The required assent of the Senate is the reservation to the States of an equal share in the sovereign power of making treaties which before the adoption of the Constitution was theirs without limit or restriction.

The treaty clause, as finally agreed to by the convention and ratified by the States, is as follows: "He (the President) shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur, and he shall nominate and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint ambassadors," etc.

I have quoted the provision in regard to appointments in order to define more fully the previous one relating to treaties. The use of the words "advice and consent" in both provisions has given rise to misapprehension in some minds, and even in one instance at least to the astounding proposition that because the Senate cannot amend a nomination by striking out the name sent in by the President and inserting another, it therefore, by analogy, cannot amend a treaty. It is for this reason well to note that the carefully phrased section gives the President absolute and unrestricted right to nominate, and the Senate can only advise and consent to the appointment of, a given person. All right to interfere in the remotest degree with the power of nomination and the consequent power of selection is wholly taken from the Senate. Very different is the wording



in the treaty clause. There the words "by and with the advice and consent of" come in after the words "shall have power" and before the power referred to is defined. The "advice and consent of the Senate" are therefore coextensive with the "power" conferred on the President, which is "to make treaties," and apply to the entire process of treaty making. The States in the Convention of 1787 agreed to share the treaty power with the President created by the Constitution, but they never thought of resigning it, or of retaining anything less than they gave.

The Senate being primarily a legislative body cannot in the nature of things initiate a negotiation with another nation, for they have no authority to appoint or to receive ambassadors or ministers. But in every other respect under the language of the Constitution, and in the intent of the framers, they stand on a perfect equality with the President in the making of treaties. They have an undoubted right to recommend either that a negotiation be entered upon, or that it be not undertaken, and I shall show presently that this right has been exercised and recognized in both directions. As a matter of course the President would not be bound by a resolution declaring against opening a negotiation, but such a resolution passed by a two-thirds vote would probably be effective and would serve to stop any proposed negotiation, as we shall see was the case under President Lincoln. In the same way the Senate has the right to advise the President to enter upon a negotiation, and has exercised this right more than once. Here, again, the President is not bound to comply with the resolution, for his power is equal and co-ordinate with that of the Senate, but such action on the part of the Senate, no doubt, would always have due weight. That this right to advise or to disapprove the opening of negotiations has been very rarely exercised is unquestionably true in practice, and the practice is both sound and wise, but the right remains none the less, just as the Constitution gave it, not impaired in any way by the fact that it has been but little used.

The right of the Senate to share in treaty making at any stage has always been fully recognized, both by the Senate and

the Executive, not only at the beginning of the Government, when the President and many Senators were drawn from among the framers of the Constitution and were, therefore, familiar with their intentions, but at all periods since. A brief review of some of the messages of the Presidents, and of certain resolutions of the Senate, will show better than any description the relations between the two branches of the treaty-making power in the United States, the uniform interpretation of the Constitution in this respect, and the precedents which have been established.

On August 21, 1789, President Washington notified the Senate that he would meet with them on the following day to advise with them as to the terms of a treaty to be negotiated with the Southern Indians. On August 22, in accordance with this notice, the President came into the Senate Chamber attended by General Knox, and laid before the Senate a statement of facts, together with certain questions, in regard to our relations to the Indians of the Southern District, upon which he asked the advice of the Senate. On August 24, 1789, he appeared again in the Senate Chamber with General Knox, and the discussion of our relations with the Southern Indians was resumed. The Senate finally voted on the questions put to it by the President, and in that way gave him their advice.

On August 11, 1790, President Washington, in a written message, asked whether it was the judgment of the Senate that overtures should be made to the Cherokees to arrange a new boundary, if so, what compensation should be made, and whether the United States should stipulate solemnly to guarantee the new boundary. The Senate by resolution replied to these inquiries in the affirmative.

On January 19, 1791, President Washington laid before the Senate the representation of the *Chargé des Affaires* of France in regard to certain acts of Congress imposing extra tonnage on foreign vessels, and asked the advice of the Senate as to the answer he should make. On February 26, 1791, the Senate, by resolution, replied to this message, stating their opinion as to the meaning of the



fifth article of the treaty in relation to the acts of Congress which had been called in question, and advising that an answer be given to the *Chargé des Affaires* of France, defending the construction put upon the treaty by the Senate.

On February 14, 1791, a message was sent in which illustrates, in a very interesting way, how close the relations were between the Senate and the President in all matters relating to treaties, and how completely Washington recognized the right of the Senate to advise with him in regard to every matter connected with our foreign relations. In this message he explained his sending Governor Morris in an unofficial character to England in order to learn whether it were possible to open negotiations for a treaty, and with the message he sent various letters, so that the Senate might be fully informed as to all this business, which was, in its nature, entirely secret and unofficial.

On November 10, 1791, the Senate ratified the treaty made by Governor Blount with the Cherokee Indians, and the report of the committee begins in this way: "that they have examined the said treaty and find it strictly conformable to the instructions given by the President, that these instructions were founded on the advice and consent of the Senate on the 11th of August, 1790," etc.

It is not necessary to multiply instances under our first President. These cases which have been quoted show how Washington interpreted the Constitution which he had so largely helped to frame. It is clear that in his opinion, and in that of the Senate, which does not appear to have been controverted by anybody, the powers of the Senate were exactly equal to those of the President in the making of treaties, and that they were entitled to share with him at all stages of a negotiation.

On April 16, 1794, Washington consulted the Senate on a much more important matter than any of those to which I have referred. On that day he sent in the name of John Jay to be an Envoy Extraordinary to England, in addition to the Minister already there. He gives in the message his reasons for doing this, and in that way caused the Senate to pass, not only upon the appointment of

Mr. Jay, but also upon the policy which that appointment involved.

On May 31, 1797, President Adams, in nominating his Special Commission to France, followed the example of Washington when he nominated Jay, and explained his reasons for the appointment of this commission, in that way taking the advice of the Senate as to opening the negotiations at all.

On December 6, 1797, President Adams, in submitting an Indian deed, which was the form taken by the treaty, suggested that it be conditionally ratified; that is, that the Senate should provide that the treaty should not become binding until the President was satisfied as to the investment of the money, and the resolution was put in that form. This is interesting, because it is the first case where the President himself suggests an amendment to be made by the Senate.

On March 6, 1798, in ratifying the treaty with Tunis, where the Senate had made an amendment, they recommended that the President enter into friendly negotiations with the Government of Tunis in regard to the disputed article.

February 6, 1797, President Adams nominated Rufus King, Minister to Russia, and stated that it was done for the purpose of making a treaty of amity and commerce with that country.

When President Adams reopened negotiations with France, an action which signalized the fatal breach in the Federalist party, he sent in the name of William Vans Murray to be Minister to France, explained that it was to renew the negotiation, and stated further what instructions he should give if Murray was confirmed by the Senate. So much opposition was aroused by this step that in order to secure the assent of the Senate to his policy Mr. Adams sent in the names of Chief Justice Ellsworth and Patrick Henry to be joined with Murray in the commission, and stated more explicitly the conditions on which alone he would allow them to embark.

President Jefferson, on January 11, 1803, sent in a message nominating Livingston and Monroe to negotiate with France, and Charles Pinckney and Monroe to negotiate with Spain in regard to Louisiana, setting forth fully his reasons for opening negotiations on this subject, so that the

Senate in advising and consenting to the appointments assented also to the policy which they involved.

President Madison, on May 29, 1813, sent in a nomination for a minister to Sweden, to open diplomatic relations with that country. The Senate, on June 14, appointed a committee to confer with the President upon the subject. Madison declined the conference on the ground that a committee could not confer directly with the Executive, but only through a department. His statement of the relations of the President and Senate in his message of July 6, 1813, is interesting as showing how he, one of the principal framers of the Constitution, construed it in this respect :

Without entering into a general review of the relations in which the Constitution has placed the several departments of the Government to each other, it will suffice to remark that the Executive and Senate, in the cases of appointments to office and of treaties, are to be considered as independent of and co-ordinate with each other. If they agree, the appointments or treaties are made; if the Senate disagree, they fail. If the Senate wish information previous to their final decision, the practice, keeping in view the constitutional relations of the Senate and the Executive, has been either to request the Executive to furnish it, or to refer the subject to a committee of their body to communicate, either formally or informally, with the head of the proper department. The appointment of a committee of the Senate to confer immediately with the Executive himself appears to lose sight of the co-ordinate relation between the Executive and the Senate which the Constitution has established, and which ought therefore to be maintained.

On April 6, 1818, President Monroe laid before the Senate correspondence with Great Britain making an arrangement as to naval armaments on the Great Lakes. He asked the Senate to decide whether this was a matter which the Executive was competent to settle alone; and if they thought not, then he asked for their advice and consent to making the agreement.

President Jackson, on March 6, 1829, asked the consent of the Senate to make with the Chargé d'Affaires of Prussia, an exchange of ratifications of the treaty with that country, the time for the exchange having passed before the Prussian ratification was received. The request was repeated on January 26, 1831, under similar

circumstances in regard to the Austrian treaty.\*

May 6, 1830, President Jackson, in a message relating to a treaty proposed by the Choctaw Indians, asked the Senate to share in the negotiations in the following words : " Will the Senate advise the conclusion of a treaty with the Choctaw Nation according to the terms which they propose ? Or, will the Senate advise the conclusion of a treaty with that tribe as modified by the alterations suggested by me ? If not, what further alteration or modification will the Senate propose ? " President Jackson then goes on to give his reasons for thus consulting the Senate. The passage is of great interest because it not only states the change of practice which had taken place since Washington's time in regard to consulting the Senate before or during a negotiation, but recognizes fully that although reasons of convenience and expediency had led to the abandonment of consultation with the Senate prior to a negotiation, yet it was an undoubted constitutional right of the President to so consult the Senate, and of the Senate to take part, if it saw fit, at any stage of a negotiation. President Jackson says :

I am fully aware that in thus resorting to the early practice of the Government, by asking the previous advice of the Senate in the discharge of this portion of my duties, I am departing from a long and for many years unbroken usage in similar cases. But being satisfied that this resort is consistent with the provisions of the Constitution, that it is strongly recommended in this instance by considerations of expediency, and that the reasons which have led to the observance of a different practice, though very cogent in negotiation with foreign nations, do not apply with equal force to those made with Indian tribes, I flatter myself that it will not meet the disapprobation of the Senate.

Under President John Quincy Adams, a convention had been made with Great Britain referring to the decision of the King of the Netherlands, the points of difference between the two nations as to our Northeastern boundary line. On January 10, 1831, the King of the Netherlands rendered his decision, against which our Minister at The Hague pro-

\* This became the universal practice in cases where the time for exchanging ratifications had expired by accident, or otherwise, before the exchange had been effected. It is not necessary to cite other instances.



tested. On December 7, 1831, President Jackson submitted the decision and protest to the Senate, asking whether they would advise submission to the opinion of the arbiter and consent to its execution. The President took occasion to say in this connection: "I had always determined, whatever might have been the result of the examination by the sovereign arbiter, to have submitted the same to the Senate for their advice before I executed or rejected it."

On March 3, 1835, the Senate passed the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That the President of the United States be respectfully requested to consider the expediency of opening negotiations with the governments of other nations, and particularly of the governments of Central America and New Grenada, for the purpose of effectually protecting, by suitable treaty stipulations with them, such individuals or companies as may undertake to open a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by the construction of a ship canal across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and of securing forever, by such stipulations, the free and equal right of navigating such canal to all such nations, on the payment of such reasonable tolls as may be established, to compensate the capitalists who may engage in such undertaking and complete the work.

On January 9, 1837, President Jackson replied to this resolution, stating that in accordance with its terms an agent had been sent to Central America, but that from his report it was apparent that the conditions were not such as to warrant entering upon negotiations for treaties relating to a ship canal.

President Van Buren, on June 7, 1838, sent in a message announcing that he intended to authorize our Chargé d'affaires to Peru to go to Ecuador, and as agent of the United States, negotiate a treaty with that Republic. Before doing so, however, he thought it proper, in strict observance of the rights of the Senate, to ask their opinion as to the exercise of such a power by the Executive in opening negotiations and diplomatic relations with a foreign state.

President Polk, on June 10, 1846, sent to the Senate a proposal in the form of a convention in regard to the Oregon boundary submitted by the British Minister, together with a protocol of the proceedings, and on this he asked the advice of

the Senate as to what action should be taken. The message then continues as follows:

In the early periods of the Government the opinion and advice of the Senate were often taken in advance upon important questions of our foreign policy. General Washington repeatedly consulted the Senate and asked their previous advice upon pending negotiations with foreign powers, and the Senate in every instance responded to his call by giving their advice, to which he always conformed his action. This practice, though rarely resorted to in later times, was, in my judgment, eminently wise, and may on occasions of great importance be properly revived. The Senate are a branch of the treaty-making power, and by consulting them in advance of his own action upon important measures of foreign policy which may ultimately come before them for their consideration the President secures harmony of action between that body and himself. The Senate are, moreover, a branch of the war-making power, and it may be eminently proper for the Executive to take the opinion and advice of that body in advance upon any great question which may involve in its decision the issue of peace or war.

On August 4, 1846, President Polk, by message, consulted the Senate as to entering on peace negotiations with Mexico and advancing to that country a portion of the money to be paid as consideration for the cession of territory.

On July 28, 1848, President Polk sent to the Senate a message explaining his refusal to ratify an extradition treaty with Prussia, to which the Senate had agreed. When the treaty was sent to the Senate, on December 16, 1845, the President stated his objections to the third article. The Senate ratified the treaty with the third article unamended, and, thereupon, and because the Senate had not amended or stricken out the third article, the President refused to ratify the treaty himself.

On April 22, 1850, President Taylor invited the Senate to amend either the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty or that with Nicaragua so that they might conform with each other.

On February 13, 1852, President Fillmore pointed out certain objectionable clauses in the Swiss Treaty and asked the Senate to amend them.

On June 26, 1852, President Fillmore sent a letter from Mr. Webster calling attention to the non-action of the Senate upon an extradition treaty with Mexico and asked that, if it was thought objectionable in any particular, amendments



might be made to remove the objections, such amendments to be proposed by the Executive to the Mexican Government.

On February 10, 1854, President Pierce sent to the Senate the Gadsden Treaty, signed by the plenipotentiaries on December 30, 1853, and with it certain amendments which he recommended to the Senate for adoption before ratification. It would be difficult to find a better example than this, not merely of the right of the Senate to amend, but of the fact that Senate amendments are simply a continuance of the negotiation begun by the President.

President Buchanan, on February 12, 1861, asked the advice of the Senate as to accepting the award made by commissioners under the Convention with Paraguay, following therein the precedent set by President Jackson.

On February 21, 1861, President Buchanan asked the advice of the Senate as to entering into a negotiation with Great Britain for a treaty of arbitration in regard to a controverted point in the Ashburton-Webster Treaty of 1846. His own words are: "The precise questions I submit are three: Will the Senate approve a treaty," etc.

On March 16, 1861, President Lincoln, in his first message to the Senate, repeated the questions of his predecessor as to entering upon this negotiation for an arbitration with Great Britain and said, "I find no reason to disapprove the course of my predecessor on this important matter, but, on the contrary, I not only shall receive the advice of the Senate therein cheerfully, but I respectfully ask the Senate for their advice on the three questions before recited."

On December 17, 1861, President Lincoln sent to the Senate a draught of a convention proposed by the Mexican Government and asked, not for ratification but merely for their advice upon it.

On January 24, 1862, he asked again for advice as to entering upon the treaty for a loan to Mexico so that he might instruct Mr. Corwin in accordance with the views of the Senate.

On February 25, 1862, the Senate passed a resolution to the effect "that it is not advisable to negotiate a treaty that will require the United States to assume any portion of the principal or interest of

the debt of Mexico or that will require the concurrence of European powers." Meantime Mr. Corwin, not having received instructions, had made and signed two treaties for the loan, and President Lincoln, on sending them in on June 23, 1862, said in his message: "The action of the Senate is, of course, conclusive against acceptance of the treaties on my part," but the importance of the subject was such that he asked for the further advice of the Senate upon it.

March 5, 1862, President Lincoln sent a message repeating President Buchanan's request for the advice of the Senate as to accepting the Paraguayan award.

February 5, 1863, President Lincoln sent in for ratification a convention with Peru and suggested an amendment which he wished to have made by the Senate.

January 15, 1869, President Johnson sent in a protocol agreed upon with Great Britain and asked the advice of the Senate as to entering upon a negotiation for a convention based upon the protocol submitted.

April 5, 1871, President Grant transmitted a despatch from our Minister to the Hawaiian Islands, and asked for the views of the Senate as to the policy to be pursued.

May 13, 1872, President Grant sent a message to the Senate relating to differences which had arisen under the Treaty of Washington and said: "I respectfully invite the attention of the Senate to the proposed article submitted by the British Government with the object of removing the differences which seem to threaten the prosecution of the arbitration, and request an expression by the Senate of their disposition in regard to advising and consenting to the formal adoption of an article such as is proposed by the British Government.

"The Senate is aware that the consultation with that body in advance of entering into agreements with foreign states has many precedents. In the early days of the Republic, General Washington repeatedly asked their advice upon pending questions with such powers. The most important recent precedent is that of the Oregon Boundary Treaty, in 1846.

"The importance of the results hanging upon the present state of the treaty with

Great Britain leads me to follow these former precedents and to desire the counsel of the Senate in advance of agreeing to the proposal of Great Britain."

June 18, 1874, President Grant sent in a draught of a reciprocity treaty relating to Canada, and asked the Senate if they would concur in such a treaty if negotiated.

President Arthur, on June 9, 1884, asked the advice of the Senate as to directing negotiations to proceed with the King of Hawaii for the extension of the existing reciprocity treaty with the Hawaiian Islands.

On March 3, 1888, the Senate passed a resolution asking President Cleveland to open negotiations with China for the regulation of immigration with that country. President Cleveland replied that such negotiations had been undertaken.

From these various examples it will be seen that the Senate has been consulted at all stages of negotiations by Presidents of all parties, from Washington to Arthur. It will also be observed that the right to recommend a negotiation by resolution was exercised in 1835 and again in 1888, and was unquestioned by either Jackson or Cleveland, who were probably more unfriendly to the Senate and more unlikely to accede to any extension of Senate prerogatives than any Presidents we have ever had. It will be further noted that the Senate in 1862 advised against the Mexican negotiation, and that President Lincoln frankly accepted their decision and did not even ask that the treaties which had been actually made meantime should be considered with a view to ratification.

The power of the Senate to amend or to ratify conditionally is of course included in the larger powers expressly granted by the Constitution to reject or confirm. It would have never occurred to me that anyone who had read the Constitution and who possessed even the most superficial acquaintance with the history of the United States could doubt the right of the Senate to amend. But within the last year I have seen this question raised, not jocosely, so far as one could see, but quite seriously. It may be well, therefore, to point out very briefly the law and the facts as to the power of the Senate to amend or alter treaties.

In 1795, the Senate amended the Jay Treaty, ratifying it on condition that the twelfth article should be suspended. Washington accepted their action without a word of comment as if it were a matter of course and John Marshall, in his life of Washington, has treated the Senate's action on that memorable occasion in the same way. From that day to this, from the Jay Treaty in 1795 to the Alien Property Treaty with Great Britain in 1900, the Senate has amended treaties, and foreign governments, recognizing our system and the propriety of the Senate's action, have accepted the amendments. A glance at the passages which have been cited from the messages of the presidents is enough to disclose the fact that no President has ever questioned the right of the Senate to amend, and that several presidents have invited the Senate to make amendments as to the best method of continuing the negotiations. In this case, however, we are not left to deduce the obvious right of the Senate to amend from an unbroken line of precedents and the unquestioned recognition of the right by the Chief Executive. On this point we have a direct and unanimous declaration by the Supreme Court of the United States. In *Haver vs. Yaker*, Mr. Justice Davis, delivering the opinion of the Court, said: "In this country a treaty is something more than a contract, for the Federal Constitution declares it to be the law of the land. If so, before it can become a law, the Senate, in whom rests the authority to ratify it, must agree to it. But the Senate are not required to adopt or reject it as a whole, but may modify or amend it, as was done with the treaty under consideration."\* This decision of the Court is conclusive if any doubt had ever existed as to the amendment powers of the Senate, but the following list of treaties, amended by the Senate and afterward ratified by the countries with which they were made, exhibits the uniform and unquestioned practice which has prevailed since the foundation of our Government.

Algiers, 1795; Argentine, 1885 (amity and commerce), 1897 (extradition); Austria, 1856; Baden, 1857; Bavaria, 1845, 1853; Belgium, 1858, 1880 (consular); Bolivia, 1859, 1900 (extradition); Brunswick and Luneburg, 1854;

\* 9 Wallace, pp. 34 and 35.



Chile, 1900 (extradition); China, 1868, 1887 (extradition); Columbia, 1857; New Grenada, 1888 (extradition); Congo, 1891 (relations); Costa Rica, 1852, 1861; France, 1778, 1843, 1858, 1886 (claims), 1892 (extradition); Great Britain, 1704, 1815, 1889 (extradition), 1891 (Bering Sea), 1896 (Bering claims), 1899 (real property); Guatemala, 1870 (amity and commerce); Hawaii, 1875 (reciprocity), 1886 (reciprocity); Italy, 1868; Japan, 1880 (extradition), 1894 (extradition), 1894 (commerce and navigation); Mexico, 1843, 1848, 1853, 1861, 1868, 1883 (reciprocity), 1885 (reciprocity), 1886 (boundary), 1888 (frontier), 1891 (boundary); Netherlands, 1887 (extradition); Nicaragua, 1850, 1870 (amity and commerce); Orange Free State, 1896 (extradition); Peru, 1863, 1887 (commerce and navigation), 1894 (extradition); Russia, 1889 (extradition); Saxony, 1845; Siam, 1856; Sweden, 1816, 1869 (naturalization); Switzerland, 1847, 1850, 1900 (extradition); Tunis, 1797; Turkey, 1830, 1874 (extradition); Two Sicilies, 1855; Venezuela, 1886 (claims).

From this list it appears that there have been sixty-eight treaties amended by the Senate and afterward ratified.

The results of the preceding inquiry can be easily summarized. Practice and precedent, the action of the Senate and of the Presidents and the decision of the Supreme Court show that the power of the Senate in the making of treaties has always been held as the Constitution intended, to be equal to and co-ordinate with that of the President, except in the initiation of a negotiation which can of necessity only be undertaken by the President alone. The Senate has the right to recommend entering upon a negotiation or the reverse, but this right it has wisely refrained from exercising, except upon rare occasions. The Senate has the right to amend and this right it has always exercised largely and freely. It is also clear that any action taken by the Senate is a part of the negotiation, just as much so as the action of the President through the Secretary of State. In other words the action of the Senate upon a treaty is not merely to give sanction to the treaty, but is an integral part of the treaty-making and may be taken at any stage of a negotiation.

It has been frequently said of late that

the Senate in the matter of treaties has been extending its powers and usurping rights which do not properly belong to it. That the power of the Senate has grown during the past century is beyond doubt, but it has not grown at all in the matter of treaties. On the contrary the Senate now habitually leaves in abeyance rights as to treaty-making which at the beginning of the government it freely exercised, and it has shown in this great department of executive government both wisdom and moderation in the assertion of its constitutional powers.

This is not the place to discuss the abstract merits of the constitutional provisions as to the making of treaties. Under a popular Government like ours it would be neither possible nor safe to leave the vast powers of treaty-making exclusively in the hands of a single person. Some control over the Executive in this regard must be placed in the Congress, and the framers of the Constitution intrusted it to the representatives of the States. That they acted wisely cannot be questioned, even if the requirement of the two-thirds vote for ratification is held to be a too narrow restriction. These, however, are considerations of no practical importance, and after all only concern ourselves. Our system of treaty-making is established by the Constitution and has been made clear by long practice and uniform precedents. The American people understand it and those who conduct the government of other countries are bound to understand it too when they enter upon negotiations with us. There is no excuse for any misapprehension. It is well also that the representatives of other nations should remember, whether they like our system or not, that in the observance of treaties during the last 125 years there is not a nation in Europe which has been so exact as the United States, nor one which has a record so free from examples of the abrogation of treaties at the pleasure of one of the signers alone.



# A REVELATION IN THE PENNYRILE

By Ewan Macpherson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER



RS. GARRARD sighed, as she took her seat at the old polished mahogany table and busied herself with the coffee-pot. The Major was prying out hot beaten biscuits from under a snowy-white napkin, while Sue, like Patience done in black on a monument, stood holding the plate at his elbow.

"Them biscuits ain't cold, 'Tula. Thought you said they was all cold."

"No? Well, I'm glad, Honey. You was so late comin', you know."

But neither were his thoughts all on beaten biscuits or other supper delicacies.

"What I was sayin', 'Tula—look a-here, didn't you tell me you seen in the paper where an emperor made a prince of a painter, or somethin'? Wish I c'd ha' remembered that fellow's name when Doc Falk was a-pokin' his long nose into my boy's affairs. What's the matter with all the people around this section, they're too dorgorn ignorant." Then, after an interval of investigation on chipped beef and scrambled eggs, "It ain't as if I couldn't *afford* to give Charlton his four years——"

"Five, dad-da."

"Well, his five years, if you like—five years in France. Why, what's that to ol' man Babcock keepin' that lump of a young un' of his seven years at college, learnin' to be a doctor, and him comin' back here and set a man's right arm when his left was broke? Eh? Remember that, 'Tula?"

They made very merry over the memory of old Babcock's humiliation. But the laughter stopped suddenly, and Garrard said, in a seriously anxious tone, "'Tula, don't you reckon Charlton will settle down, when he once finds himself back on the old place? Mabel Price ain't taken up partic'lar with any other chap, is she?"

"Charlie ain't said a word about Ma-

bel in any of his letters this long time, dad-da."

"Shuh! What's that? Why, he's forgotten the looks of her, that's what. You wait an' see when he sees how she's grown. You jus' wait, now!"

"But he talks like he wanted to go and have the same doin's in New York like he had in Paris."

"Huh! What's he know 'bout New York? They ain't no *bo-zahs* in New York—only he thinks they is. You jus' wait till he get's here, mother. You'll see, when Charlton's sowed his wild oats, he'll settle down here and be a credit to us—an' all the better for knockin' about the world a bit, and seein' different places."

This theory of wild oats was Farmer Garrard's peculiar consolation under the trial of Charlton's lingering in France, and of the wonder thereat of the neighbors. He meant it to console his wife, too; but the mother was less optimistic. Five long years she had seen the leaves on the oaks outside her garden-fence change their bright green to dull, and then to brown, and had longed to see her only remaining son come back, secretly wishing he could have been more like other sons in his tastes, even if his abilities had also been less transcendent. However, she had always let her husband go on his own way rejoicing in this theory of wild oats, saving up her own doubts and perplexities against Charlton's homecoming. And now Charlton was home—in America, at least, if not in his own native Pennyrile of Kentucky.

He was to have been with them the very next day, but in the morning there came a disappointment. The telegram was sent from some unheard-of place in New York State, called Rhinebeck-on-Hudson, and it said, "Cannot come for another week. Got an order. Big thing. Dead cinch. Will not wait. Charlton."

For at least five minutes the two sat in silence, staring at that telegram. Then the old man spoke. "Don't cry, 'Tula.



Then the old man spoke. "Don't cry, 'Tula. What you cryin' for?"—Page 44.

What you cryin' for? They ain't nothin' to cry for, Honey."

"What's it *mean*, dadda?"

"Mean? Why, he's got an order, that's what it means. Business before pleasure, you know, Honey."

"Order for what?"

"Why, pictures."

"You think Charlton would stay away from home a week longer just on account o' sellin' some pictures?"

The old man grinned, and his eyes narrowed—as was their wont on occasion—to two cunning little slits. "Don't you make no mistake, 'Tula; Charlton's got his dadda's head for business."

"What's ten dollars, or even twenty, to stayin' East another week—when he's been away from us five years nex' month? He'll spend that much on his boad."

"Oh, well, business is business. 'Tula." He sat looking at the paper in silence a few seconds longer, combing back with his fingers the thick, stiff gray hair on his forehead that made him proud of his likeness to General Jackson. "And he might get a mighty sight mo' than twenty, 'Tula. He's been paintin' up some pooty good bits, I reckon, all this time, and now he has a chance to sell 'em."

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That was only the telegram and its effect. Next came the letter designed to explain more fully.

"If I hadn't been dead afraid to miss the chance altogether, I would have put it off till later. These people are just made of money. I met them at a *vernissage* last year, and got solid with them from the word go. With them again on the steamer. They have a daughter—no color, no life, no shape. They want a head of her. Little seven-year-old is *my* sweetheart, and I'd give my ears to do her full length, but they only want Muriel's head, and your Charlie boy knows better than spoil his market with being too willing. Told them must do the job at once—not likely to have another spare day this summer. Am having a bully time here—river, woods, butterflies, fireflies, and Minnie (the seven-year-old), showed me more things in one day than I thought God had made in seven, especially fireflies. Hurrah for good old America! And hurrah for old Kentucky next Tuesday!

"Your affec. son,

"CHARLTON.

"P. S.—It would be all too good, if Muriel would only live."

"You bet, he's struck it rich," said

Farmer Garrard, nodding wisely at the letter.

But she only sighed, looking pained and puzzled. "You think he's stopping there just to make that girl's picture?"

"Of course, 'Tula. Ain't that what the letter says?"

"And they're goin' to *pay* him, besides givin' him his *boa'd*?"

"Huh!—Prob'ly pay him as high as thirty or forty dollars. Don't you never read the papers? Don't you see where some o' them 'way-up painters gets over a thousand dollars for one picture?"

"Those are the ones that's dead, Major. That's why they pay so much; because they can't do any more like them these days."

Tuesday came, and—"Hurrah for old Kentucky!" The Americans of the Quarter would have seen a double meaning in Charlton's pæan. He himself was their "Kentuck"—had been so known to them for several winters. He had come to the Quarter, after two years of a Louisville studio, with unnumbered crudenesses and inconceivable enthusiasm, two long legs, two mighty arms, and a pair of brilliant gray eyes. The atelier manner and the peaked red beard grew on him in six weeks. Bonnat took the whim to teach him in good earnest, and soon compelled his native force into the channel of the school mill. Outside—on the boulevards, in the cafés, in the rooms of the Quarter, at the balls and fêtes—why, this was just "Kentuck." He told the other Americans, when they asked him, that most fellows in Kentucky were pretty much like him—"only with more life in them"—and the Americans proclaimed with one voice that "Kentuck" was the typical American of them all. They tacitly agreed to propagate this theory when Bonnat took to stopping longer at "Kentuck's" easel than at any other, and twice as often; their zeal for it greatly increased after a certain conflict with municipal authority, when Charlton was manifestly treated with more caution by the enemy than was any other student in the mob, although he had really done nothing particularly truculent. His last exploit on the Left Bank was his head of Rosette, of the Hole in the Wall. Rosette was the waitress who beamed on all the American patrons of that dingy

resort. She beamed particularly on "ce gentil Kennetocque," and he vowed not to go without taking away with him a souvenir of that frank, heart-warming smile. The work of getting the smile of Rosette fixed on canvas was accomplished in one afternoon, while she fluttered in and out of the *salle*. When Charlton packed up his brushes, the incorrigible brute of the crowd muttered, "Now she can go drown herself as soon as she likes; her smile is safe."

The inanimate Miss Muriel Schlabinger made the memory of Rosette a sad thing for Charlton; wherefore, in spite of Minnie and other compensations of life on the Hudson, he came back to his own home with all the more joy for the delay. Like the shadows before a tropical sunrise, his mother's trouble seemed to vanish before his appearing—though shadows lurk in the folds of the hills, even after a tropical sunrise.

Before they had well and thoroughly discussed the new peaked beard, dad-da broke in bluntly with the question, how much the boy had "got for that job up there on the Hudson." Charlton made them guess, fumbling inside his coat.

"Twenty," the mother softly ventured.

"Mother!—Do you take me for a sign-painter?"

"There, 'Tula! What'd I tell you?—I say fifty."

When Charlton produced from his letter-case a little white slip perforated "\$500," a hush fell upon the group. Dad-da nervously pulled out a bundle of the native raw material and bit off a piece. Mother turned pale.

"Just wait till I endorse it to your order, dad-da."

"Endorse nothin'. I want that check jus' the way it is. Great Moses! if it ain't certified, too! 'To the order of Charlton M. Garrard.' I'll be dorgorn! 'Five—hundred—dollars'!"

The old man really seemed almost as much shocked as pleased. The mother was still more shocked, and apparently less pleased. Her bosom rose and fell quickly, her face was set in a helpless stare, the tears starting up in her eyes. "You mean to say they give you all that for one week's work, Charlie?"





*Drawn by A. I. Keller.*

"Great Moses' if it ain't certified, too!"—Page 46.

"Five days, ma'am. But it took me more than seven years to learn how."

Garrard, with puckered brow, still examined the check, repeating, "Certified! Certified! Thishyer Schlabinger—Dutch, ain't he? Sheeney?—I reckon he must be one o' them Wall Street gold-bugs, son."

"He's a Christian and a wagon-manufacturer. I don't think he's got any business in Wall Street."

"Shows how long you been out of the country. Of co'se he has. All them Eastern gold-bugs have, one way or 'nother. See here, Charlie, you len' me this check, will ye?"

"It's yours for keeps, Dadda. It's the first instalment——"

"Oh, instalment, you' foot! Mother, you talk to Charlie till I come. I got a little business I want to 'tend to at the post-office. Won't be gone long."

"Now I wonder what dadda's after," said Charlton, winding one long arm about his mother's neck.

"Let him go. I'm glad he's gone, and left you all alone to me. Come and sit out on the porch, Charlie, like we used to do—and tell mother all about your profession."

"But you don't seem to be pleased with it, mother." He smiled down at her, sitting beside him on the red garden-seat just outside the door. "No, you don't. When you saw that check, you looked as if it had been a spook."

She laughed softly, and laid her gray head on her big son's breast. "You don't understand, Charlie, boy. You know what these ignorant people here been sayin' about you? Least, they think it—they think you're not just right in your head."

"Well, perhaps I'm not. Anyway, I have spells."

"Oh, Charlie! Charlie! Don't, son; you scare me."

"Well, nothing shall scare you while I'm here. Just tell me all about it." He took her hand and patted it, quite in his old, childish fashion. "Go on, mother; tell me what they say."

"Oh, that? That was at the Shellbark County Fair, son—what kind o' scared me, and made me mad too. I never told your dadda. That was a year

ago nex' fall. Our church set the dinner, and we was all wiping the dishes—all the church ladies. It was Mis' Bolton, she commenced askin' after you, and she looked so funny when she asked if you wasn't through school yet. Then Cor-deely Breck, she screws up her mouth, kind o' smilin', and says, 'Well, art is long!' And you know, Charlie, they all think her so smart, because she was up to Cincinnati two years studyin' drawin' and sculpture. Then—that was what made me so mad—then I could see old Sallie Philips a-frownin' an' shakin' her head at Mis' Bolton, and she says, 'Every heart knoweth his own bitterness,' she says. 'And the Lord beholdeth all.' I was so outdone, I could hardly keep from flingin' the whole bundle of spoons right in her face."

"I'm glad it didn't come to a regular scrap, mother. No mistake about it, the church ladies think I'm crazy. Well, never mind, mother; they'll think differently in a week. I know dadda's gone to show that check all around the post-office, and in a week it'll be multiplied by ten. Oh, Lord!—now I *feel* I'm back in old Shellbark County!" And he laughed loudly, stretching his long legs, and patting his mother's hand again. "You don't mind all that now, do you? now you've got me back with you?"

She did not answer at once; she looked down, bashfully, like a girl, and laughed. "No, they can't say you're crazy now, Charlie."

"Then what's troubling you?"

"Troublin' me?"

"Yes. You've got to have it all out before dadda gets back. Come now!"

She leaned on his shoulder and said, plaintively, "I want to know all about your profession."

"So you shall, mother. What do you want me to tell you about it?"

"*Everything*—so's I can understand, same as all those people that paid you all that big money."

"Which means, *you* wouldn't have paid me, eh? Oh, mother, aren't you ashamed?"

"Don't make fun of me, Charlie. I tell you, it's mighty hard. When all them people act like they think you're crazy, I don't know what to say to them."



*Drawn by A. I. Keller.*

"Just watch the gold edging on the silver-brown trunk, mother."—Page 53.



If it was you' friends on East, they'd just laugh at their ignorance, and me—your own mother—I'm jus' as bad myself."

"Yes, sweetness; I see now what you mean. But I never could talk art. I'm not what they call an art critic—don't know the theory."

"Can't you tell me what they is *to* it? Can't you make me *see*, like those people that say you're so smart? I know you're smart, son. But you must show me what it means, this paintin'—what they is *to* it. Strangers can understand, and I—it makes me feel so lonesome!"

"Yes, mother. I think I understand what you want. But it takes time. You wait till all my canvases and studies come. They're coming by freight. Then we'll go right through them, and I'll show you what an up-hill job I've had. You'll see what there is to it, I promise you."

"And it's all somethin' quite solid and—honest?"

"If I wasn't sure of that, mother, I'd—no, I wouldn't pitch myself in the river as long as there was you. And I'm going to do your portrait. Do you know, I haven't seen a face all this time with such delicate tints as yours? And the gray hair brings out the transparent pinks so."

She smiled up at the big son. "Aren't you goin' to do your dadda?"

"Sure! I'll do him first, if you like, to give you confidence. I see there's still a red note left in the old beard."

She looked away out at the bars of late sunlight between the locust-trees down in the pasture. "No, I won't never like any picture of your dadda as much as that one in the dinin'-room."

"You mean that crayon?"

"H'h'm. That was done from a photograph of him that was taken just after they come in and laid down their arms, after the war."

"I know, mother."

"And when I die, nobody must have it but you."

Charlton drew in his breath sharply, then hesitated before speaking again. "That's all right, good little mother. You just wait, and I'll make you see it all before the summer's over."

"I won't feel so cut off and lonesome, if I know you can make me understand just as well as anybody else."

Dadda came in from the post-office in time for supper, with his own peculiar smile of inward enjoyment working his thin lips. As he sat down at table, he was rubbing his beard with two fingers of his left hand. "Oh, my! Oh, my!" he kept saying to himself.

"Ain't you goin' to tell us, dadda?" the mother asked.

"Oh, nuthin' much to tell. I been bringin' light to a people that sat in darkness, that's all."

"Who, dadda?"

"Oh, well, if you mus' know, it was Doc Falk. You see, son, Doc Falk—you remember old Doc, don't you?—keeps the post-office? He's all right enough, only narrer-minded. Well, him an' me was havin' a little discussion las' week about art studentin' and things like that. Doc ain't in favor of a young man spendin' much time at the Paris *bo-zah*. So I thought I'd let him get a sight o' that check o' yours."

"So you've been showing that check about the cross-roads, father?"

"You hold you' horse, bud. I ain't no fat head. I took mighty good care to tell him he mustn't let it go no farther. 'Because,' I says, 'Doc, it might sort o' put the boy down in his p'fession, if the others got to thinkin' he made a circ'mstance o' gettin' a triflin' check like that.' Ho, ho! Wild oats! Oh, my Lordy! More like Burleigh, ain't it, mother?—and pooty dorgorn strong crop, too?"

Later, when Charlton was walking with his mother in the summer afterglow, he said, "I knew what the old man was after with that check. I shall have to steer clear of Doc and all the post-office crowd for some time. That won't be hard, either. I'm going to be awfully busy."

So the two of them began making plans, and soon dadda, with feet braced against a wooden pillar of the veranda, heard her laugh aloud, as she seldom did nowadays, and he took the corn-cob pipe from his mouth to ask, "What y'all laughing at?"

"Charlie wants a whole tobacco-barn to hang up his pictures in, dadda."

"Well, he can have two, if he likes. You must invite Doc Falk to you' show, son. He needs a lot of enlightenin'."

But instead of a tobacco-barn, the loft



*Dragon by A. I. Keller.*

"Spoil the picture?"—Page 55.



*Drawn by A. I. Keller.*

"Now I can see what they is to it, son—jus' as *plain*!"—Page 56.



over the wagon-shed was finally decided on, and Charlton worked like a beaver at having it cleared out and fitted to all the purposes of a studio. The shingles were torn away from the sloping gable end to the north, leaving a big gap to be filled in with glass as soon as the glaziers could be got over from Paducah. This occupied most of his time for the next few days, while the freight-train was being waited for, and then there were minor pastimes, none of which took him beyond the boundaries of the farm. He did not ask for the buggy to go and renew his acquaintance with the face of the country and its inhabitants. He never even asked whether Mabel Price was married or still single, dead or alive. He barely mentioned the names of one or two of his old playmates. A gradual failure of his mother's high spirits after the first evening of his arrival seemed to come from the discovery of his earnestness in indulging tastes she could neither understand nor sympathize with. When he was tired of carpentering and acting as foreman, he would make for a particularly luxuriant patch of grass among the peach-trees, where he would lie at full length and look up at the falling blossoms. For a whole hour of one afternoon he lay there studying the way the sunlight caught the crooked stems of the trees, as it shifted and lowered, and he seemed to expect his mother to join him with enthusiasm in this idleness.

"Just watch the gold edging on the silver-brown trunk, mother. Look. It'll turn to copper presently."

As a concession to the returned prodigal, she had come to sit out there, in the orchard, in her wicker rocker, but kept busily sewing on a thing she called a "pillow-sham." "How can I watch the tree, Charlie, and attend to my work too?"

"This *is* your work, mother. This is some of 'what there is to it.'"

She said nothing, only trying to keep one eye on nature, in the gilded tree, and another on art, in the "pillow-sham," but Charlton's demands certainly seemed puerile. Neither did his enthusiasm for chasing fireflies, to be sent in cardboard boxes to Rhinebeck-on-Hudson, please her; he seemed too old for that sort of occupation. His attention to the Polk family

well-nigh disgusted her. Leonidas Polk was a care-taker who occupied a cabin in the nearest tobacco-field, and his family of seven were exceptionally black. Among them was Churubusco, aged six, who did "buck-and-wing" dances to the music of a concertina and hand-clapping. The absorbed wonder in Charlton's bearded face, as he watched this performance, and the frenzy of his applause painfully reminded his mother of that passage with the church ladies at the County Fair.

"I don't see how you can make so much o' that little black nigger," she said.

"That's just it, mother. He's so gloriously black. He's like bog oak with a dancing devil inside. I'm going to try a sketch of him in sepia to send to Minnie. If I can once fix one of his diabolical attitudes, I shall be immortal."

"Immortal!" She looked at him open-mouthed, though he did not happen to be looking at her. Shades of Jackson and Crittenden! This was not any kind of immortality her people or his father's had worked and fought for. They had also made money, some of them, in strong, hard ways. Her own father had gone to immortality when the boiler of his steamboat burst, racing a close rival on the Mississippi River. And there had been distinguished lawyers in the family, one of whom, being a State Senator, had been translated in a misunderstanding with another legislator at Frankfort. His own father, before he courted her, had gone out on horseback, with a carbine and two six-shooters, to fight for a Cause; once, before they were married, he stole through the Yankee lines, wearing his butternut uniform, to visit her, then changed clothes with a brother rebel, who, for strategical reasons, had come without his uniform and then found himself face to face with the provost guard, and Charlton's future father had been within half a second of immortality in consequence; he had risked his life on a dozen other occasions for the cause, had dug his way out of prison once, and when the cause was lost, he had buckled down to hard work that any honest man could understand. Such ways to the stars Charlton's mother could appreciate. But Charlton's way seemed to lie among cardboards, canvases, and brushes, by drawing of little niggers and watching

things that no grown-up white man of her acquaintance had ever had time to notice. How could the poor mother help it, if Charlton's profession seemed to her something like trimming hats?

But she knew that she *must* help it. If she felt inclined at times to care nothing whether she ever understood his work or not, she must remember that she *had* to understand it. It was her son's work, and his heart was in it, and so must hers be, or strangers would take her place.

And after all, Charlton had said all along that he needed that half-carload of his work to explain himself to her. She had that to look forward to, and very early on Saturday morning, after four days' waiting, notice came that the freight-train would be at the siding before noon. That was the day on which he had made all arrangements to begin on his father's portrait. She was afraid that he would leave the big ox wagon unpacked when it came, and so her enlightenment would not begin until Monday, but he promised to stop his work on the portrait and come to unpack as soon as he was called.

"I expect to be more than half through with dadda before that wagon gets here," he said. "If I get the face sketched good and strong, it won't take me two days' work altogether. It'll be more an affair of Rosette than Miss Muriel.—Who's Rosette, mother? You wait till that wagon comes."

So Charlton, in his summer working blouse, took the oak panel he had brought for this very purpose in his baggage—"Quarter-of-an-inch-thick, tough oak. That's where *you* belong," he told his father, tapping the wood with his knuckle—took it up the newly fitted step-ladder, and Major Garrard obediently followed, leaving the anxious mother to wander in unrest, attending to her household routine in a most perfunctory way, and sending successive couriers of the Polk tribe to the depot for news.

The pine floor of the loft was swept and bare. Rough timbers had been nailed in under the rafters on two sides, to make displaying screens, cutting off the two rows of unglazed dormer windows. The strong light of the summer morning came in between the stripped rafters at the north end, and there Charlton set his panel

on the easel and spread his tools, whistling and looking happy.

"Do I sit down or stand up?" Dadda wanted to know. "This coat I got on feels pooty warm up here."

"Take your coat off, if you want to, dadda. I'm not going to paint your coat—not that one, anyway."—A Sunday frock, it was.—"Yes, take that chair; I got it up for that. I want plenty of light on your face, but you needn't face the glare all the time—there, that's good!"

In a very few minutes, while they were still talking about the best conditions for the work, Charlton was already busy striking out masses of brown, gold, and blue shadows on the panel. The old man lit his corn-cob pipe and talked away.

It was not difficult to start him on the early sixties, and what things occupied them in the Pennyrile in those days, though Charlton in vain manoeuvred for a recital of his experiences on that chilly morning when he had stood for one critical moment, pinioned, looking into the musket barrels of a squad of Yankee soldiers; the Major considered that exclusively Mrs. Garrard's story—so he said. And as he smoked and talked, Charlton worked, only showing his appreciation by a nod, a smile, or a grunt, let into his continually hummed "Valkyrs' Ride" accompaniment. So the work went on for nearly two hours.

"Can't I have a peep now?" the old man begged at the end of that time.

"Lord, no! Make you sick to look at it at this stage. Not human yet. Looks like a fried egg overdone. Getting tired? Well, could you let up on that pipe a little?"

"All right. Don't like the smell?"

"Smell's all right. Makes a shadow on your jaw.—Ho-jo-to-ho-o-o-o!—I'm not going to have the pipe in it—Ho-jo-to-ho-o-o-o! Heia-ha!—What? Muriel Schlabinger? Oh, *she* sat as still as a bump on a log. Yes, she's a good sort enough. No life, though."

"But, look a-here, son. Th' old Dutchman ain't got no other children, 'cept that little one you like so much?"

"Minnie?—Yes, Minnie's a great girl."

"Well, I reckon Muriel will be considerable of an heiress, eh?—What I was thinkin'—Now, mind yer, I ain't in favor



o' no fortune-huntin' business. No, sir !—I was jus' wonderin' how you might like—how you might feel about—Huh ? ”

“ Just a minute, dadda. What's that ? Yes ?—Heia-ha !—Ho-jo-to-ho-o-o-o ! ”

“ Why, look a-here, son. You'll be wantin' to settle down 'fo' long. An' 'f co'se, you ain't no lame duck you'self. They ain't no mortgages and mighty few weeds on the Garrard Farm ; anybody c'n tell you that. And you can make a right smart o' money you'self. But I was jus' a-thinkin', you *might* get so's to like—Well, anyway, they's the little one ; first thing you know, she'll be grownup—”

“ A-a-ah !—Dam—na—tion ! ”—This from the inmost depths of the windpipe, like the sudden escape of steam from an overpressed safety-valve. Charlton sprang back from the easel. Then a step forward and a vindictively aimed jab of heavy ultramarine on one spot of the panel. “ See here, dadda, you're knocking the thing all to Hell-and-gone. Made me get that eye clear out of drawing.”

“ Spoil the picture ? ”

“ Huh ? Not yet. I can paint out that eye.—Where's that palette knife ?—What were you talking about ? Schlabin'gers ? Oh, yes. H'h'm. You never met the old man, did you ? ”

“ Meet him ? Where ? ”

“ Why, here, of course—in Kentucky. He was here in the war. Oh, yes. In a Michigan regiment. Told me on the steamer, coming over, that his regiment ran a whole brigade of Morgan's men out of Bardstown one Sunday morning.”

“ Run *us* out o' Bardstown ? Sunday mornin', eh ! ” The Major fairly shouted this and then paused before adding, “ What'd you tell him ? ”

“ I ? Oh, I said I never heard you mention it.”

“ Run *us* out ! Ho, ho, ho-o-o ! Wow-ow ! You know what th' old Dutchman means, don't you ? ”

“ No, I don't.”

“ Why, bud, *you* heard me tell about that Sunday mornin' in '62—no, '63. Co'se you did. Well, it was this way—Brigade ! Oh, Lordy ! They was about hund'ed an' twenty of us layin' for them very fellers, an' they was jus' a-pilin' along to ketch up with Buell's rear.”

“ H'm, that's better,” the artist mut-

tered, painting for dear life. “ Yes ? Well ? ”

“ Co'se we didn't know they was two whole regiments of 'em ; but they was, come to find out. They was two comp'nies of us in the town ; Jim Davis's an' Hargous's—same ol' Colonel Hargous here, was askin' about you yesterday—was my comp'ny after. Well, all them Michiganders—ol' man's right ; they *was* nearly all Dutch—come a-trampin' through 'bout three o'clock in the morning. Moon was jus' settin'. You bet I remember that Sunday mornin' ! We jus' lay low. The whole blessed outfit tramped right through an' out on the Bowlin' Green Pike, till they was only 'bout three comp'nies, *and* the head-quarters, and the baggage. Well, that was our time. Our horses was picketed close, under them trees behind the ol' Catholic College. That little crazy red-headed Englishman—Greville was his name—got himself shot after, tryin' to escape from Dry Tortugas—he give a little whistle when Davis said, ‘ Now ! ’ And, first thing you know—never fired a shot till we had their brigadier and his staff and a whole lot of Yankee ammunition and crackers. And when the shootin' commenced—why, them Michiganders thought they was right in the centre o' Bragg's army. Ho, ho ! Run *us* ! ”

“ Oh, Marse Cha-ah-lton ! ” A shrill barbaric scream came from below. Then another, nearer and more infantile. “ Oh, Marse Cap ! Ol' Mis' say fo' you to come stwintly.”

“ Churubusco Polk,” Charlton called, as the bog-oak head popped up through the trap-door at the other end of the loft, “ you go and tell your mistress, won't she please come up here first. I want her up here *stwintly*. All right, dadda. Just hold on till she comes. So that's the right version of the Bardstown story, is it ? Well, old Schlabin'ger wasn't there himself, you know. I guess the others took advantage of his—That you, mother ? Wait till I come and help you up the steps.”

But mother could get up that step-ladder well enough in an exciting emergency, such as this was. “ I jus' knew you wouldn't want to come, Charlton. The ox wagon's down in the yard awaitin' for you. How much more you got to do ? ”



"Hol' on ther', 'Tula," the old man put in, testily, jumping up from his seat. "I was jus' tellin' Charlie somethin'—What do you think that ol' Dutchman——"

But Charlton stopped him. "In a minute, dad-da. I want to ask mother something about this head. Then we'll go and unpack the wagon right away, mother."

"Well, don't put it off, son." She spoke querulously. "To-morrer's Sunday, you know."

"That's all right, good little mother. This way now—back to the light. No, wait till I turn the easel a little."

"Huh! This what you been doin' all the whole mornin'?"

"Yes. Stand farther away, a little. Eh? Why, what's the matter, mother?"

And dad-da echoed, "What's the matter, Honey?—Here, some o' you niggers down ther', go bring a pitcher o' water an' a tumbler—quick. You' mist'ess is sick."

She was trembling, as she stood just where Charlton had set her, her back to the light, about two yards from the newly painted panel. The blue check sunbonnet had fallen back enough to show some bright wisps of silver straggling on her forehead. Her hands were wrestling together in the folds of the gingham apron, but there was no sickness about the smile with which her eyes turned from the portrait to its original.

"I ain't no such thing—sick!"

Two big tears came with the words, and more tears followed them. Without moving from the spot where he had put her, she stretched out her arms to Charlton, then laid her forehead on his sleeve and sobbed. Then she lifted her head again and brushed the tears away to look longer at the wonderful thing that Charlie had made for her. It was her own old love—the tawny patch lingering on the grizzled beard, his own twist of the mouth and flash of the strong, even teeth under the stiff mustache, and the laughing glint of the steely eyes under bristling brows—and even the dear heart inside, which she had always thought no one in the world but herself could see, Charlie had seen that too, and put it into a picture! The thing was very hard to believe, but there it was in the strong daylight!

Dad-da was at her shoulder, consoling her: "Why, that ain't nothin' to cry about, 'Tula, honey. It ain't *pooty*, but I reckon——"

"Oh, go 'way, Major! I can cry if I want to." She laughed through her tears, and Charlton saw the shell-pink spreading all over her cheeks, as she pulled his head down to whisper, "It come like a sudden shock, Charlie. I didn't know. *Now* I can see what *they* is to it, son—jus' as *plain!*"

## THE PATHS OF DEATH

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

THERE are two folds upon the hill,  
And one is lone and very still—  
Only the rustle of a leaf  
Gives happy sound of life and stir,  
And warbles bubbling bright and brief  
Where the bird skims with fearless whirr,  
Or a bee rifling on his way  
The honey from a wild-rose spray.  
Sometimes a soft and summer shower  
Drops gentle music hour by hour,  
Or a long breath of wandering air  
Makes melancholy murmur there,  
And all is calm and full of peace  
There where the dead have sweet surcease.

Within that other place of graves  
The wild rains fall, the wild wind raves—  
In every dusky alley met  
Sad ghosts, who beat an aching breast  
With anguished longing and regret,  
Remember that they once were blest,  
The heart gone out of them, the soul  
Fled onward to some unknown goal.  
For them no glad and further year,  
Ashes the rose, and beauty sere,  
Without a wish except to fill  
Their eyes with dust—the dead who still  
With ruined hope and joyless mirth  
Go to and fro upon the earth!

# THE HARVEST

By Jesse Lynch Williams



HANSOM cab came bucking down Madison Avenue with the horse at a lope and his ears thrown back. The driver was whipping excitedly. There was a young man inside, leaning forward, trying to stop the wheels with his hands. The rubber tires only spoiled his gloves, and this seemed to interest him.

Along the sidewalk, going in the same direction, was a girl in gray. No one else was in sight. She drew back, startled, as the cab dashed past, close to the curb.

He had not noticed her, but she had seen him. She had looked up, and then dropped her eyes as though it were not a proper sight for her—it was not; the young man was drunk. Yet she looked up again, gazing, with soft eyes opened wide, at the cab as it echoed down toward the next corner. Now the young man seemed to be trying to get up and jump out, and the cab-driver was leaning back, trying abruptly to stop, as if afraid his "fare" would be hurt. The girl saw them come to a standstill near the sidewalk, saw the driver open the hole in the top of the roof and begin gesticulating angrily. As she approached she heard: "Naw, I won't, I tell you! I don't care *who* you are—I'll drive on to the police station, that's where I'll drive—what's that? Naw—I ain't impertinent, either. I guess I've got some rights. I told you an hour ago I was engaged for six o'clock—what?"

The girl was now near enough to discern the voice from within, a fastidious voice. "'Sif I could help your being engaged for six o'clock," it said; "so stupid of you," and the voice died away as though the speaker was leaning back on the cushions.

"And you can't help getting in trouble, either, if you don't pay your fare and let me go."

"Like to," murmured the voice, "like to s'much. Can't do it. No money, you see. D'y' see my money any place?"

Lemme out to get some money. Drive to the——"

The driver seemed to be exasperated. "I'll drive straight to the station!" he shouted, with an oath, gathering up the reins.

"Orright, orright, jussus you say. Have your own way by all means. Sleepy now. Goo' night."

"Wait, driver, how much is it?" The girl in gray said this, and the cabman drew up again, looking behind him; the girl was opening her pocketbook. "How much—quickly!" she said, looking up and down the street. A block off some people were approaching.

"Well, m'am," began the cabbie, "he's had me since——"

"How much?" stamping her foot.

"Four dollars, m'am."

She whisked out a bill and handed it to him, saying: "Drive him home at once—fast—fast as you can. No, you may keep it all. Hurry."

"What address, m'am?"

The girl quickly looked about her; the people were coming nearer. She stepped close to the cab and whispered a number. "Kindly hurry," she said, and moved off.

The driver touched his hat, whipped up and loped off in the other direction. The people approaching now passed the spot where the thing happened, but they had not noticed. It had all taken place in a moment. The girl walked on, holding herself very erect. She was a very young girl.

## II

At last she reached her own room, and letting herself fall down upon the bed—the tears came as fast as they wanted to now. She had held in all the way home. She had even managed to bow to some people, as if nothing had happened.

What had happened was the most overwhelming episode in all her nineteen carefully guarded years. To her it was not a mere episode—it marked an epoch—she

thought she could never be carelessly happy again, that she could never get the scene, with its lurid details, out of her head for a single moment of her future. Clenching her hands at her sides she lay there sobbing and shaking until she heard the dressing-bell ring.

She did not go down to dinner, but she heard the others, and this made her think of her own part in the affair. What she had seen made such an effect upon her that until now she had not stopped to consider what she had done. He was in dire distress and she happened to be there to help him, which was fortunate—that was the only way it had appealed to her. Whether or not he deserved disaster had not occurred to her, perhaps because she was a girl. Nor had the romantic aspect of it struck her—in spite of her being a girl. But now with the sound of family voices and the family dinner below, came the disquieting question, "What would they think; if people we know in that block saw me *would* they think!" This brought color to her pale cheeks, and made her tell herself, "It was because he is Susan's brother. Could I be expected to stand still and do nothing while they took him away and locked him up, my best friend's brother?" She sat up and declared, "I don't care what anyone thinks." Then suddenly a new horror struck her, "What if *he* saw me—recognized me!" About this she seemed to care very much, for she told herself that then she would rather die than let him come near her again. "But I'm glad I did it," she cried, shaking her head. "Oh, I'm so glad I did it." Then being so glad she lay down and wept more than ever. "He never comes near me, anyway," she sighed plaintively, and by and by fell asleep.

### III

NOT far away, in the same block of sombre, similar houses, lay the young man of the hansom cab, likewise dinnerless.

She need not have been afraid of his knowing who sent him home; he knew nothing about it until the next morning when the servant came who had helped him upstairs.

"None of the family saw you come in,

sir," he said. "It was opera night, and they were dressing for dinner early."

The man in bed growled and asked for another glass of water.

With the water the servant also offered this, "The cabman, sir, was very impatient to you."

The young man turned over listlessly.

"He was going to have you arrested."

"Was he?" the young man replied, indifferently.

The old servant thought he could awaken a little more curiosity. "Yes, sir," he said, "the cabman told me he was just starting for the Tenderloin police station when—someone appeared and paid the fare."

This received no comment.

"It was a lady, sir."

"Was it?" said the young man, only half interested.

"I thought you might want to know."

"Yes, very unfortunate, very unfortunate," the man in bed replied, and he turned his back with an air of stopping the prattle. He did it rather grandly, as grandly as he could, being in bed. He did not believe in letting them talk, even the old privileged ones. He was always harsh, sometimes unfair, but they all seemed glad to serve him. They adored him, like his dogs.

A few years ago this episode might have appealed to him as something fine. It would have made a good story to tell his pals. Being a little older now, he felt somewhat ashamed, especially at having allowed himself to get that way in daylight.

However, one reason he did not seek more full information was that he had guessed immediately who had saved him from the police and publicity. He guessed wrongly, as wrongly as possible, though in his mind there was no doubt about it, especially as the one in mind was a member of the party with whom he had lunched.

He fully appreciated his good-fortune, for he knew what a calamity it would have been if he had not been rescued. He knew how completely it would overwhelm the family, and delight the rest of the town, to read in the morning papers—they would have been reading it at this very moment, probably—about a drunken



dispute with a cab-driver in which he figured as chief actor.

He was not surprised at her looking out for him ; it was not the first instance of the sort, and he felt duly grateful, and he would show it the next time he saw her, which would be that day. But he did not feel well enough until evening, and then he had another engagement to keep first, a different sort of engagement : He had promised to go with his sister, intending to leave early.

He intended to leave early, but he stayed late, forgetting or neglecting his other plan, and for such a curious reason : His young neighbor was here, his sister's friend, the real one to whom he was indebted—and she ran away from him. So he ran after her. She slipped away again. This interested him—he was not accustomed to such things ; he noticed her now ; he had never noticed her before. He approved of her timidity, thinking it quite becoming and pretty. He was old enough now not to want very young girls, just out, to look him squarely between the eyes and talk, talk, talk breathlessly until they bored him into silence. He did not like them to be so perfectly at their ease and assured. So he ran after her and stayed late, as late as his sister wanted him to, for it had suddenly come over him that a lovely woman had been quietly growing up beside him without his being aware of it. Driving home he said to his sister : "How you little girls grow up," and she, having watched him, as sisters watch, sighed and was glad, for it was what she wanted to happen.

He put off his other plan the next night too, and the next, for he was saying, "Why do you always avoid me, Edith?" and seeming to her very humble and hurt and handsome, but she would not look up at him. "I believe I can make you look up at me," he thought. "I believe I could make you stop avoiding me in time, if I wanted to."

He wanted to, more and more every day, and he no longer had any thought of carrying out his postponed plan. He had ceased going there entirely. The thought of it disgusted him, so he seldom thought of it except to resent that person's having paid his fare and sent him home in a cab ; it seemed so presumptuous, so as if she had a right to. . . . Perhaps that was why

he finally forgot to send a gift of gratitude, or even a message of excuse.

But all this time he was repaying the one to whose kindness he was really indebted, many times over ; he was making her happier than she had ever been before. It was disquieting happiness, perhaps, but she was loved by the man she loved.

## IV

"DEAREST," he was saying in a troubled voice, "there is something I must speak to you about." His brows took on what seemed to her a strong, imperious scowl. "I have put it off long enough as it is." All the mystery of mannishness seemed to be in that scowl. "I have kept giving myself excuses, but it's because I've been afraid to tell you—afraid it would end everything."

"Don't be afraid, Harry," she said, loving him, "it won't," and she added to herself, "It's what I have been hoping for."

He sincerely desired to be honest and check the matter off in a few generalizations and then drop the subject forever. She was so young and ignorant, he could not go into many details. Besides he was past the age of telling everything. "Edith," he said, "I have lived as most men—" then realizing how stagey that sounded, he concluded—"oh, I am so utterly unworthy of all this, and I want you to know it now, before it is too late." He paused.

"I am listening dear ; go on," she said, with a smile which sometimes came when she thought how strange it was that she could have power over him of all men..

"Well, before I knew you—that is, really knew you—I was what they call a sinful, erring man, I suppose." He smiled self-consciously, then he scowled and looked handsome, feeling foolish and futile.

"Ah, poor old Harry ; never mind then, because, Harry dear, listen, I know about it already." He seemed startled at that. "That time you accidentally took too much champagne, for instance — because you did not realize until too late. There, you see I knew about it all the time. I've forgiven you long ago, Harry," she went on, rapidly, "because I knew it was an accident—I knew you *couldn't* be that kind of

a man. But now you understand why it took me so long to decide ; yes, that's why I was so obstinate, as you said. But now—oh, I'm so glad, so glad—you were so noble, Harry, to tell me voluntarily," she ran on, breathlessly: "I knew you would—I kept telling myself you would. It was so hard, too—like pulling out a thorn, wasn't it, dear boy? But it's out now. Harry, shut your eyes." She drew a long breath. "There—" It was the first time she had kissed him.

"I wonder what she refers to?" he asked himself. But he was deeply touched at her gentle guilelessness, and it was with the best of him that he said, in a low voice with no magnificent scowl this time, "Edith, such things, all such things," dropping his eyes, "are done with forever—you are perfectly sure of that, are you not, little girl? You are not afraid? No matter what I may be guilty of?"

"Of course not, Harry ; I was sure of you before," she added, confidently, "but I'm so glad you told me; everything is right and clear and beautiful ; now there is nothing to mar it. Oh, I trust you so, Harry!" and she looked it.

Her gentle joy over it was painfully beautiful to him ; it made her many times more adorable and desirable.

"I suppose," she said, thoughtfully, "you were in bad company—that must have been the reason." She loved him, therefore she would make excuses for him. "Do you know, I had often heard you were in a gay set, but I thought it was because you wanted to do them good ; you are so strong."

She let him gain possession of her again, and he held her close to him. "How little I knew this gentle creature," he said to himself, recalling his cynicism. She was what he had often dreamed of but somehow ceased to believe in. "To think that she has been in existence all this time, that I used to pass her house every day." And then he said aloud: "Now we'll talk no more about it, shall we, dear, dear little girl? Not at present at least—I'm afraid I must say more some time—but you will help me to be more worthy of you, won't you, my blessedest, my beloved?" He had not expected to say such things as that, quite. Very tenderly, almost

reverently, he raised her hand to his lips : his eyes were closed. "Now let's talk about how we'll arrange the library," he said, in a brisk tone, feeling a little self-conscious over exposing so much raw emotion. "Why do you look so troubled? Another thorn? Well, let's have it out at once." He laughed easily.

"It's my thorn this time," she said, wrinkling her white brow, "I have a confession to make."

"You? Oh, terrible!" he said, smiling in her clear eyes, but they were quite troubled. Then suddenly he bristled: "Edith," he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you once cared for someone else!"

She laughed at him. "No, you great, funny boy, you know it has been you—always you." But she was pleased at the fierce look in his handsome face ; he seemed so strong and competent to protect her ; a little more of her maiden heart ran out to him just then, and she said: "I mustn't let myself love you so much, Harry," shaking her head gravely, "I think maybe it's wrong." There was a wonderful look in her eyes as she added, "But I want to."

He then undertook to make clear his opinion on the subject.

"And you are sure you love me?" she asked, with a laugh which throbbed from sheer happiness ; "I don't mean as much as I do you, because you're only a man——"

But he had answers to such questions too—answers that were as original with this lover as the questions were novel.

She sighed contentedly. "Did you ever guess, Harry, that I was looking at you as you strode by the house? Yes, through the curtains in my room. I used to wait there wondering why you did not come, and when at last you did come by, my heart used to beat so that I could hardly breathe. Then as your broad shoulders—they were these same dear, smoky-smelling shoulders, weren't they?—appeared around the corner I used to wonder what it would be like if you should some day care for me, poor little me! But I thought it could never be. You seemed so much older, and so mysterious. Oh, you used to treat me very kindly, because you are always kind to everyone, but quite as if I were a child ;



until suddenly you—you treated me in another way. Why did you, Harry? You were always so big and brave and domineering, and handsome—I suppose you know that."

He smiled. "I'm glad *you* think so, anyway. Go on, little girl, tell me some more," he said, thinking how vastly different this guileless girlishness was from the coquetry and sham he had begun to expect of all women when known well enough.

"No," she answered, "I must make my confession. All that was a sort of prelude to it, you know; I was leading up to it all this time." She was the one to be self-conscious now. They were not yet used to being engaged. "It is somehow hard for me to speak of it," she began; "it isn't exactly a confession, anyway. First, tell me—I should hate to have you think I'm prying into your affairs; but I want to know something in particular about that afternoon?"

"What afternoon?"

"The time I was just speaking of—the time in the cab, when you—when someone paid your fare."

He seemed startled.

"At least," she added, biting her lip, "I understand that someone paid your fare."

"Good Heavens!" he was saying to himself, "did this blessed angel see me from her window, coming home *that* time?" His alarm drove the word "confession" out of his head, but it never would have occurred to him what she had to confess, for she did not seem to be the daring sort. He was busy thinking; he wondered who could have seen him, and how much of the story had come to her.

"You never found out who it was?" She could not help asking it.

He laughed awkwardly, "I never investigated the matter."

"Did you—did you ever hear that it was a *girl*?"

"Edith!" he exclaimed, "what meddlesome busybody told you this? I mean put such notions into your head?"

"But you know then that it *was* a girl—you know that much at least?"

"Yes, I know that much. But, what of it? Let's not waste any more time over it. Naturally this subject is unpleas-

ant because—well, for a number of reasons, which I'll explain some time."

"What kind of a girl, Harry, do you think would do such a thing? It was a daring thing to do, bold almost, was it not? I know how you hate boldness in girls. Tell me, what do you think of such a person?" She did not see him turn scarlet because she was looking down at the rug, just as he was doing. Only, she was smiling; he was not.

Recovering himself he said, in a reproving tone, "Now, Edith, you have no right to make such insinuations."

She stopped smiling and looked puzzled. "Insinuations?"

"Yes—I say you have no right to assume that that girl was not just as proper a person as yourself," he replied, being on the defensive.

She managed to keep from laughing and said: "But I didn't assume anything, Harry, except that she must be someone"—now she pretended to be still more grave—"someone who cared very much for——"

"Oh," he replied, "women are always jealous!"

"—For your mother or your sister, I was going to say, or for your family name," she added, demurely.

Inwardly the young man could not help even now smiling pityingly at her guileless ignorance, but it was not a comfortable smile. He made no reply and kept staring at the rug.

"I wonder why he isn't more interested," she mused, disappointed, for she had practised this little farce many times with herself and meant to have some fun with it, and meant to have him see how much she had dared for his sake. "Harry," she said, leaning over toward him, "didn't you ever try to guess who it was?"

"To tell the truth, I hadn't thought very much about it."

"Oh!" she answered, "an unknown girl rescues you from a police station—saves you from disgrace and—why, Harry, you must have thought about it a little."

"That's so," he mentally poked himself, mopping his brow, "I must have." But he ventured no reply. It made him feel weak to be reminded of that other person, and all that she stood for, by this



fair young girl and all that she meant to him now.

If he had only been looking at her he could not have been blind to the fun in her eyes, but somehow he did not feel like looking at her eyes just now. "I don't want to talk about anything but you, little girl," he said. "I don't care who it was, and there's an end to the matter—now let's talk about the house."

She did not want him not to care. "I do think, though, Harry," she said, "that at least you'd want to find out who it was, so as to—well, thank her."

"But I don't," said he, and being excited his tone was brusque—unnecessarily emphatic, she thought.

"Then I say that you are very ungrateful and I'm disappointed in you," she rejoined, somewhat in earnest now. She had never seen him in this strange, abrupt mood before. She would put an end to it; so she leaned over to him, put her hand on his arm, and with a wistful look in her eyes said, "Maybe, maybe that girl cared for *you*, though, whether you cared for her or not."

He started so suddenly that she snatched her hand away again, saying, "Why, what's the matter?"

"You don't know anything about it," he said. "That wouldn't make any difference anyway—I don't care a snap of my fingers for her, I tell you—whoever she may be. I should think you would believe me!"

He thought that was what she wanted, but it stung like a whip. "It ought to make a difference," she murmured, insistently. "You might consider her a little in the matter, it seems to me."

"But I say I do *not* consider her in the matter," he snapped out excitedly. "As far as I'm concerned, it's the same as if she were dead."

And now she was more than hurt, angered at his amazing lack of appreciation for all she had done, at such a risk. "Then I say," and she said it with much more decision than he supposed she possessed, "I say it is your duty to consider her in the matter! I say that if you do not, you are not the man I thought you were—and I don't see how I can marry such a man!"

"Really, Edith," he replied, trying to

be calmly superior to the unreasonable-ness of girls, "we are almost losing our tempers. I'm sorry to seem harsh with you, dearie, but really I must decline to discuss this matter any longer."

"Oh, must you!"

"Yes, little girl, you don't at all understand, and this is no time to explain it."

"Indeed!" she cried, springing up wrathfully, "perhaps I understand it already—better than you, perhaps!"

He too jumped up, shot with bewildering alarm at the confident tone of her words.

"Oh, think a minute," she cried, talking rapidly. "Suppose it had reached Papa's ears—you couldn't have come here—we couldn't have been engaged—don't look at me like that, you know it is true, and it was all because—oh, you make me so ashamed to tell you now who it was—because she loved you so! loved you better than herself—don't you see what I mean? Even then when you did not care a snap of your fingers—oh," she cried out, piteously, covering her tears and shame with her hands, "who else could it have been?"

Then in the strange voice of a man in a panic she heard, "Then that woman has turned up here, after all!"

The girl uncovered her eyes and looked at him. "Woman, Harry? What woman?" But he only bit his lips and stared at her in horror at what he had heard his voice say, and what she would never forget.

She started to speak again and then stopped; she let her eyes rest on him a little longer, then dropped her gaze and stepped back. He, staring at her, saw the ghastly light of understanding come over the maiden face. "You have made a mistake," he heard her say, quietly; "I was the one. I sent you home in the cab. I thought—well, it's no matter now." She was moving still farther from him.

He said nothing. In sheer amazement his mouth had dropped open and he leaned forward, his hands on the back of the chair, staring at her without a word. Though he knew his future depended on what he might now say, he kept thinking of what, in his complete bewilderment, he had already said, and he stood there in silence, feeling as impotent to drive away

that pitiful look of shame and intelligence from the face of the maid he loved, as to put back the tears which had fallen to the rug beneath their feet.

She had pressed both her hands to her cheeks—an unconscious characteristic, very dear to him—and now he heard her whimpering, like a terror-stricken child in the dark: “Oh, say it isn’t true, Harry! I won’t believe it, Harry! You of all men! Harry, you aren’t saying anything to me! Oh,” she wailed, “you can’t answer!” Convulsively her hands pressed over her eyelids, and sinking down on the sofa she buried her face in the sofa-cushion, quivering. “And I loved you so!” he heard her whisper.

He walked to the end of the room. He came half way back. He wet his lips. “What you fear is true,” he began, then he had to wet his lips again. “Probably you could not make it too strong. No, I have nothing to deny. This is indeed a fine return for what you did for me.”

He paused for a moment, shuddering at the sight of the slender young figure cowering before his words. “It doesn’t matter now,” sobbed the voice from the sofa. “Please to go away.” She seemed so pitifully young and innocent.

“O God!” he whispered, “why did it have to happen in this way?” Then with an effort, pulling himself together, he said, shaking his head: “I am not going to offer any excuses. Even if I could, I would not go into the details. Such things are not for your ears, that’s why I did not tell you about it, though I meant you to know—I had no intention of letting you remain ignorant of it. You’ll just have to believe that. You do believe it, don’t you?”

“Please to stay over there!” said the muffled voice.

“Over here?” he said, biting his lips as he moved back. “Very well, I shall stand back here if you wish it.” Then forgetting the calm words he intended to speak, “Ah, Edith,” he broke out, “don’t send me off like this; even a criminal has a right to speak before he is sentenced. You have a right to sentence me, but let me speak first. You owe it to me. You owe it to yourself. This is to be a decision for life. You must not make it in the mood of this moment.

You must wait, you must be calm. All this seems awful to you now, I know. To a mind like yours, brought up as you have been brought up, I must seem like a horror, I know. Something repellent—diseased—oh, I know! I have no right to resent it, I suppose, but you must wait before you decide. That is all I ask of you. Oh, you would not be the first one to forgive a thing of this sort—a thing which began and ended before you came into my life, which never would have happened at all, Edith, if I had been blessed with your love earlier in my life. Edith, you know that, you believe that, you will give me credit for that much, will you not?”

He waited.

“Yes,” she said, faintly, but she did not raise her head.

“And, Edith,” he went on, “you could trust me now; you could not fear that ever at any time in the future—surely you could not fear that I, having you—oh, it’s too awful, too impossible to mention. You know what I mean?”

“Yes.”

“And you would not fear?”

“No.”

“And, Edith,” he said, in a low voice, dropping his gaze, “you do not imagine—you do not think that there is any—any echo of that, of all that, which could come into the future, our future—do you?”

An almost imperceptible shudder went over her, but she made no reply.

“Well, there is not,” he said, uncomfortably. “You believe me?”

“Yes,” she said, “I will believe anything you say.” Her dispassionate tones alarmed him much more than would have the tears and rage of jealousy.

“Then, oh, Edith, my beloved, believe that you can forgive—yes, even this, my darling, in time. Oh, I know you can! I know you better than you know yourself. I know the great woman heart you have, there—you, why, you are capable of forgiving anything, and of loving the more for it. Ah, you know it is true, Edith; look up at me, my love! look up at me! come back to me! Forgive me.”

He waited in silence. After awhile she said, speaking in her rapid way: “I have nothing to forgive. You did not intend even to deceive me—you were

going to tell me all along, were you not? You said so. I believe you. It all happened long ago. Men are so tempted. I have nothing to forgive." Then she lifted her head from the sofa and, looking at him searchingly, said, more deliberately, as though she had thought it all out carefully, "You could not have gone to her, even once!"

"But, Edith, Edith," he began, perplexedly, and she interrupted, shaking her head—"or else you would have found out your mistake about the cab that day. Oh, think of it—not even once!"

"But, Edith," he exclaimed, amazed at her unaccountableness, "I loved you so—don't you see? I could not bear the thought of anyone else."

"You did not so much as *think* of her? After all she had been to you, all she had done for you?"

Baffled, he cried: "Oh, why do you harp on that! Why do you take this queer, unreasonable attitude? You are only a young girl, you are very ignorant of life and all that, but you must understand, you must imagine how abhorrent the thought of all that has been to me ever since I found *you*! Why, it would have sickened me to go there. Don't you see—can't you understand—it's all a sort of nightmare to me now!"

"There!" she broke out, no longer calm, "don't you see—don't you see for yourself what you have done, what it all means—don't you see what it shows! O—oh, it would have sickened *you*! it was abhorrent to *you*; *you* couldn't stand it—*you*, always *you*—but never so much as a thought for that other——"

"But, little girl——"

"No!" she cried, shrilly, springing up, "no! I am a little girl no longer! I am a full-grown woman now with knowledge of right and wrong. You have initiated me. See how old I have grown; see, I can stand here and look you in the face and discuss these things with you, my

friend's brother—things I never named before. But I must consider them—it is a decision for life. Listen to me—I could forgive it all, I did forgive some things—oh, I enjoyed forgiving, Harry. In time, perhaps, I could forgive even the rest, as you say others before me have done—weakly, selfishly forgave because they could not have what they wanted without forgiving—but, ah, they were never made to see what I have seen in this hour. Oh, yes, I know I'm only a girl; I don't know much about 'life,' but there is one thing I know—you have made me know, you have made me see you as no girl about to be married ever saw her lover before. I see you not with my own, dazzled, girlish eyes, but with the eyes of that other woman. She loves you, loves you better than herself, although you have cast her off like a—like a necktie you no longer fancied! How do I know? You have as much as told me; why did she not come here as you thought she had done? She loved you too much—she loves you even now while you stand here telling me how sick the thought of her makes you feel. Don't look at me like that! Can you deny any of what I say? Your face shows it's true! She is loving you even now and keeping out of your way so that you may seek your happiness as you please, untrammelled by her—and you are not even grateful, or sorry, or pitiful! Do you wonder that I mistrust you, and fear you, and hate you—just in time? Now you must go—no, it is not what you did in the past—go, go—but what you are as a result of all that—go, now, please to go—with the power to sympathize burned out of you—now go."

He looked at the girl for a moment and then turned to leave the room. "And the pity of it is," he sighed aloud, "that you would have been so happy—if you had not found it out."

"For how long?" she asked.

But this question was left unanswered.





## A GAINSBOROUGH LADY

A CHRISTMAS MASQUE

By Marguerite Merington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY HUTT

SCENE.—Wall of a picture gallery. Background shows panels with nymphs in fresco. In the centre hang two life-size portraits—one a gentleman, handsome and attractive, the other a lady, young and beautiful, both of the school of Gainsborough. At first darkness fills the scene, then a moonbeam lights up the portraits. After a moment's pause the two figures come slowly to life, as if waking from a dream. Their gestures grow more and more animated, as speech ensues, but at no time do they step outside their frames. The gentleman constantly is on the point of saying something, but never once does the lady give him the chance.

(Clock strikes midnight.)

LADY (slowly coming to life.)

'Twas prophesied  
Some Christmas dawning,  
'Twixt midnight and morning,  
Would speech to us restore !

(Looks about gallery.)

My husband-lover, do you live  
Below ? (Gentleman makes emphatic sign of protest, unseen  
by lady.)

Or upward soar ?—

If he were near I'd know ; he was so talk-  
ative ! (Sagaciously wagging head.)

Withal, the sweetest soul that ever sinned  
and died !

"Gad's life" (striking attitude), "now stab my  
vitals if they ain't

A credit to the artist's paint !"

('Twas Colley Cibber spoke !) "So time  
will show !"—

The day we sat for Gainsborough, some  
hundred years ago !

(Looking farther, she sees gentleman. Tender recognition lights  
the face of each.)

Then it *is* you !

How I have wondered— !

After being sundered

A century or more ! (Gentleman has tried to speak.)

Oh, yes ! insist on those odd years !

Altho'

Touching that score,

Your own accounts, my dear, were always  
in arrears !

'Twas monstrous shocking how your debts  
were overdue ! (Gentleman tries vigorously to deny.)

## A Gainsborough Lady



But, if you'll let me speak for once, 'tis  
quaint

To spring to life from canvas, paint,  
And be just boy and girl, just belle and  
beau,

As when we sat for Gainsborough, some  
hundred years ago !

Sometimes, indeed,  
In sunbeam's glinting,  
I have said, " He's squinting,  
That gentleman next door ! "

(Gentleman emphatically shakes head.)

" Pleased with my eyes, perchance, my  
shape,

Some beau—

Perhaps some bore !—

Who would a picture-gallery acquaintance  
scrape ! "

(Gentleman seems about to say, " 'Tis my life ! ")

Now, now, you know you cannot inno-  
cency plead !

You know as well as I you were no saint !  
A man of flesh and blood, not paint !

(As gentleman's eyes roll in protest, she waves him back to-  
ward herself and virtuously draws kerchief closer.)

Yon frescoed nymphs were never taught  
to sew

As we who sat for Gainsborough, some  
hundred years ago !

It seems, then, dear,  
Long ages flitting,  
Here we've hung unwitting !

(I trying to ignore  
The flirt presummer by my side !)

(Gentleman disclaims the epithet.)

When, lo !

One moonbeam froze

Quickens our portraits into life, bride-  
groom and bride !—

'Twas God who joined us living ;—  
dead, the auctioneer !

But hearts beat on as hearts, behind at-  
taint

Of coating varnish, garish paint !

A fairer immortality can love bestow

Than that we sat for Gainsborough, some  
hundred years ago ! (Gentleman signs assent.)

What matters age !

Since fortune chancy

Yields this hour, in fancy

We'll live the sweet life o'er. . . .

Though each be but poor pictured ghost  
A-row !—

When you shed gore

To win the season's belle, the town and  
tavern's toast !



(My dear, I'm modish still ! This hat is  
all the rage !)  
You fought ! Gentleman protests. You did !  
That duel was no feint !  
'Twas crimson blood, not crimson paint —  
You rogue !—and crimson wine you  
caused to flow,  
All in the days of Gainsborough, some  
hundred years ago !

Do you recall  
That sweet pursuing,  
Fleeing game of wooing ?—  
The night this frock I wore ?—  
(Ghostly strain of music is heard. Both listen.)  
It echoes in remembrance yet. . . .  
High—low !— (They beat time.)  
We hold the floor !—

Gentleman makes deep bow, lady deep courtesy.  
The violins play Boccherini's minuet ! . . .  
(They take minuet steps.)  
And you are sparking me at Lady Betty's  
ball !  
These hands poured wine, prepared con-  
fectioned daint—  
(Your heart and stomach were not paint !)  
Next time you called—these lips did not  
say no !—  
All in the days of Gainsborough, some  
hundred years ago !

I won't deny  
That you were trying ! (Gentleman tries to protest.)  
Ah, 'tis useless lying !  
I have known you to snore  
After your dinner, and in church !  
'Tis so !  
But to the core  
Fine ! Never leaving foe or comrade in  
the lurch ! (Gentleman draws up proudly.)  
An English gentleman of a good school  
gone by !

I love you aye, sweetheart, despite re-  
straint  
Of framing canvas, fading paint !

And, speak ! (Their hands reach out toward each other.) Don't you—— ?  
(As gentleman is about to speak, the sounds of dawn are heard.)  
Hush, hush ! That shrill cock's crow  
Says, " Peace, who sat for Gainsborough,  
some hundred years ago ! "

(Lady and gentleman stiffen slowly into pictures again, as dark  
ness falls.)







*Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.*

Nestled herself into it as if she intended to stay there. —Page 71.

# THE BOOMER

By Albert Bigelow Paine

ALONG the bleak, far-lying hills he sees  
The faint first promise of the noonday gold ;  
And in the murmur of a passing breeze  
To him the future marvel is foretold—  
Upspringing cities, harvests manifold—  
His bosom swells with prophecies like these.

Success his creed, he laughs at Fortune's frown—  
Hope springs diurnal in his busy brain.  
At morn a wilderness, at noon a town,  
At eve, perchance, a wilderness again.  
What then ? Behold, along the Western plain  
He beams anew—his spirit will not down.

The golden hue of morning dims and dies  
To dusk and dreams beyond the evening rim—  
He follows it, and lo ! behind him rise  
The homes of sturdy ones, of purpose grim  
To build a state, and these, who laugh at him,  
Reap from his wrack of dreams the golden prize.

# THE WOODEN INDIAN

By Albert Ellsworth Thomas

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY



"I'S no use, Mother, it's no use at all. They won't think right, somehow." And the tall young man at the desk by the window dropped his pen wearily, and looked out blankly over the park.

Mrs. Herrick put down her book with an air of surprise, and turned away from the fireplace.

"Won't think right, Harry ?" she said, inquiringly.

"No, mother, they won't think right. Indeed, indeed, they won't think at all." And he left the window, thrust his hands into his pockets, and began to stride to and fro, in the little library, with his chin on his breast.

"They're blockheads, that's what they are. I could make better ones with an axe." He stopped and kicked the tabouret viciously.

The woman smiled a sympathetic smile. "Tell me about them, Harry," she said. The young man put his feet apart, his hands behind him, and glared malevolently at the fire.

"Oh ! There's nothing to tell, my dear Mother," he said. "They're simply hopeless, that's all." The woman waited—she was good at that—and in a moment he went on, gradually warming to his subject.

"You see, Mother, it's most exasperating. Here I've made them both. I've inspired them with life ; I've given them

brains and temperament; I've educated them; I've endowed them with all the finer sensibilities and appreciations. Best of all, I've brought them together, the inevitable has happened, and now——"

"And now——?" said his mother.

"Now the ungrateful creatures won't even think to oblige me. Did you ever hear of such ingratitude?" He went over and poked the green parrot that was dozing in the cage over the window-seat. "I say, you Paul, did you ever hear of such ingratitude?" The bird remonstrated shrilly. Mrs. Herrick took up her book again.

"Perhaps you've made them too happy for thinking," she suggested, finding her place.

"Happy!" he cried. "They're wretched—perfectly wretched!" And he sank into his chair by the desk again.

"Well," said his mother, putting down her book once more, "you created them, you endowed them with all sorts of things. Didn't you make them miserable, too?"

"Not a bit of it," he cried with a smile. "I simply presented them a problem. I couldn't have done otherwise. Everybody has his problem to solve—his theorem to demonstrate."

"Possibly you forgot amid all the distractions of creation, to include, with other talents, an aptitude for mathematics," the woman intimated.

"I used the wrong figure, Mother. This isn't a mathematical problem."

"Psychological?"

"Ye-es, partly."

"Ethical?"

"Decidedly, if ethics is, as old Hentzmann used to tell us, the philosophy of conduct. Decidedly, it is ethical. Here they are, Mother, with everything in the world, especially themselves, to make them happy, if they would only use the wits I've given them, and yet there they go mooning around as if their heads were as empty as a house on the avenue in the summer. Why, with all I've done for them, they're no better than the curious little Japanese images we saw in that Fourth Avenue shop this morning." And he snapped his fingers in airy disgust.

"But this problem," said his mother, "is it so very difficult?"

"Not at all," he said, promptly; then

he added, "that is, not so very"; and he concluded with a fine anti-climax, "Well, I don't know."

"Ah!" said his mother, lifting her hand reproachfully, "you see. Could you even solve it yourself?"

"For them? Oh! yes."

"For yourself?"

"Objected to," said the young man, passing his hand over his full lips to conceal a smile, "on the ground that the question is incompetent and irrelevant."

Mrs. Herrick smiled openly.

"Objection overruled," she laughed. The elder Herrick had been a judge—of several things.

Her son answered her glance with one that seemed inappropriately grave, and looked out of the window once more.

"Counsel for the plaintiff notes an exception," he said, quietly, at length.

The court proceedings were at this moment interrupted by a tap on the door, and at Mrs. Herrick's light "Come in," there entered a maid bearing a card.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Herrick, as she bent her gaze upon the bit of pasteboard, "say that I will come directly," and, as the maid vanished, she added, "It's Betty Morgan, Harry."

"Yes?" said her son without turning.

If his mother suspected in his tone an assumption of indifference, she gave it no apparent heed, but continued:

"You know, she sails on Wednesday."

"I know, Mother."

"You'd best come and say good-by, Harry. You won't see her again, I suppose."

"I suppose not, Mother."

The woman went as far as the door and turned.

"Are you coming?" she asked.

"Presently, Mother, presently," he said, still with his back to her. "It is very good of her to come." Mrs. Herrick disappeared into the hall.

When Herrick turned from the window his features exhibited a conflict of emotions, but his pace was quiet, though restless, as he strode up and down the little apartment. After a moment he stopped before his desk, sat down abruptly and began to write.

It might have been a half-hour later, he had no notion of the time, when he



threw down his pen and sank back in his chair scowling dubiously at the last words he had written.

"Well," he said at length and with a sigh. "it's done—somehow."

At that instant there came a gentle, yet confident, tap at the door.

"Come," he said, with a start, and there entered a dark little figure that he knew—oh! how well he knew it. He rose hastily. "Betty!" he said, and was half way across the room to meet her.

"Bad, bad boy," she said, cheerily, as she put her small white hand in both of his. "It's Mohammed and the mountain, modernized, it appears."

"And dramatized, too," he smiled. "I always knew you had the making of a prophetess."

"Well," she retorted, "you certainly played the mountain to the life."

"I *have* been moved, though," he retorted.

"But not by me?"

"I didn't say that. Being like the Father of his Country in one celebrated respect, at least, I could not say it. Do sit down," and he wheeled a big leather chair up to the fire. The girl nestled herself into it as if she intended to stay there forever. It was a way she had—one of the many ways he found so ineffably charming. Possibly other girls had them, too. He did not know.

If you had asked him to describe her, he would have stared blankly. If you had insisted, he would doubtless have tried, and then he would have stammered so piteously that you would have changed the subject out of pure humanity. He could have told you that she was dark and little and—oh! so dainty. He could have told you just one thing more, but you could not have drawn it from him with wild horses. His mother knew, but he had not told her. Neither had she used wild horses.

The girl glanced at the desk.

"Writing," she said with scorn, "always writing. Can't you be satisfied for a little while with what you've done? Those Travers stories are selling enormously well, I hear. I never go anywhere without hearing about them."

"I'm sorry you've been so bored," he said.

"Harry!" she cried, bringing her hand down smartly on the broad arm of the chair, "Don't be nasty!" He smiled.

"Very well," he apologized. "I *was* writing; but I hadn't forgotten that you were here—that is, I hadn't forgotten you."

"Indeed," said Betty. He ignored the sarcasm.

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "I was thinking of you." The girl volunteered no comment, but she questioned with her eyes. Herrick evaded the inquiry. There was a long pause. He knew she was looking at him, but he kept his gaze on the fire. At length the parrot shrieked. Betty laughed softly to herself.

"And so you're going abroad?" he said. The girl nodded.

"What for?" he asked.

"Oh, Aunt's going and she wants me along."

"But she's got her companion."

"How foolish, Harry."

"Foolish?"

"Foolish, I said."

"Can't see it," he said, obstinately. Betty clasped her hands behind her head and mocked him.

"Would you prefer a paid companion to me?" she asked. Herrick looked up and smiled.

"It was foolish," he said.

"Awfully foolish?"

"Inconceivably absurd," and he smote his forehead with his open hand.

The girl threw back her head until her throat showed slenderly white against the background of the deep chair, and laughed so merrily that the parrot awoke and volunteered an irrelevant remark.

"Why don't you ask me where we are going?" she asked, as he showed no sign of speaking.

"What does it matter—so long as you are going?" he returned.

"It matters a great deal to me, I can tell you!"

"I suppose it does—to you." Again he relapsed into silence.

"I'm going to tell you, though, even if you won't display even a civil curiosity. We're bound for the Riviera."

"I hope you'll have a jolly time," he said, with an obvious effort.

"Oh, it isn't a funeral, you know," said

Betty, with an air of challenge. Herrick capitulated.

"I beg your pardon," he said, smiling, "I really do hope you'll have a pleasant season, and I'm sure you will. Why shouldn't you? You always do have good times."

"Do I?" she said, reflectively. "Yes, I suppose I do. What were you doing there?" and she waved her hand at the desk. "You must have been—that is, I hope you were—tremendously absorbed."

"You hope I was?"

"It wouldn't have been altogether complimentary to me—when you knew I was here—if—" and she hesitated, smiling up at him.

Herrick fixed his eyes on her lips. He always did that when she smiled. There had been a time when it annoyed her, but that time had gone by never to return. He hastened to interrupt her.

"As it happens, I was more or less intent on my—my work." He rose and walked to the window. "You see," he began, briskly, then stopped abruptly, and added, "but I dare say it wouldn't interest you."

"Indeed, indeed it would," she cried, heartily.

"Well," he said, hesitatingly, "I made some people over there," indicating his desk, "and at first they pleased me. Just because they could roll their eyes and move their arms and—and——"

"Squeak when you squeezed them?" she suggested.

"Thank you. Squeak when you squeezed them, and wouldn't fall down when you set them up—I thought they were alive. I was so pleased with them that I thought seriously of telling them how nice they were, when all at once——"

"All at once?"

"I found they were dead."

"Dead?"

"Dead as a herring."

"Please, is that very dead indeed?"

"Awfully dead, believe me."

"How annoying!"

"Wasn't it? Imagine," and he came and stood behind her chair. "Here they were with every outward symbol of value, from the standpoint of the artist; proportions and color, and all that, admirable, but only so much lumber after all—the

man especially. He—oh! he was an awful wooden Indian."

"Poor boy! What could you do for them?"

"I simply made 'em do things. I'm ashamed to own it, so don't you go and tell; but, when they wouldn't move, I shoved 'em around, and when they wouldn't think, I said they did. Oh, I lied about 'em, as cook says, 'mos' scandalous.' I only hope nobody will find it out."

"Harry, I don't believe it," said Betty, with gay incredulity.

"Oh, but I did, I assure you; you don't think I'd say it if I didn't?"

"I shouldn't think you'd say it anyhow," she retorted. "Now, when I tell just a wee, little, white one—" He smiled, and she concluded, "However, that's beside the point." She put her chin in her hand and gazed into the fire, considering. Presently she asked, innocently:

"How did you find out they were dead?"

"Why, they wouldn't do anything. They wouldn't think."

"Wouldn't?"

"Wouldn't."

"But perhaps they could. Wouldn't implies will." He was silent. "Besides, you made them do it after all."

"I said," he replied, deliberately, "that I *said* they did it."

The girl pressed the tips of her fingers together.

"Come, now," she said, "what were they like, and what was it you asked them to do? You may have been unreasonable, you know."

"Well," said Herrick, "he was a decent enough sort of chap—good family—wholesome instincts, and all that, with just about enough money to live, with a reasonable amount of industry, you know, and she——"

"A love-story?" the girl interrupted. He nodded, and went on: "She was not altogether different in many ways, for their people had known each other for generations, but, still her case was—was——"

"Different?"

"In some ways, different. You see her father had so much money that he was obliged to spend most of his time preventing other people from getting it away from

him. There was every reason why she should have lived the life that was lived by the people of her particular little world, and so—she lived it.” He gripped the arms of his chair.

“Do you blame her—so very much?” asked Betty, in a low voice; she was giving his recital the closest attention. He started.

“No—no,” he cried, with disproportionate anxiety, “certainly not; haven’t I said there was every reason for it?” and after a pause, that was only barely perceptible, he went on:

“As for him, it may as well be said that he loved her—loved her so—but we needn’t go into that. It’s enough for our purpose to say that he loved her.”

The girl shot a lightning glance at him from under her dark lashes.

“Still,” she said, musingly, “I should like to know how much he loved her.” Herrick passed one hand over his brow.

“Possibly,” he said, gravely, “possibly I’ll read it for you some time.”

“How about her—how about the girl?” demanded Betty.

“Well, he thought she liked him.”

“Didn’t he know?”

“Well, yes, he knew she liked him. If she hadn’t, she—she wouldn’t have given him as much of her time as she did, nor have been so kind to him in other ways.”

“But she didn’t love him?”

“I didn’t say so.”

“But did she?”

Herrick cleared his throat.

“He—he didn’t know,” he said, hesitatingly.

“Oh! dear!” said Betty. “He *was* a wooden Indian. He should have found out. He could have done that easily enough, now couldn’t he?”

“I think,” said Herrick, “that he was something of a coward. He was a little afraid of—well, of the money.”

“Afraid of what people would say!” said Betty. “A fine hero you’ve made!”

“My dear—Betty,” said Herrick, “we are all of us more or less afraid of what people will say. I fancy I am perhaps as courageous morally as most people, but I should scarcely care to appear at church in an otherwise correct attire that included tan shoes, nor, I think, would you

revel in the idea of accompanying me in such——”

“But I would,” cried Betty, triumphantly, “if the game were worth the candle.”

“I was about to say,” he responded, “that this chap, although he knew unpleasant people would say he wanted the money, had made up his mind that the game was worth the candle.”

“And still he hesitated?” she asked, impatiently.

“And still he hesitated. You see,” he went on, with sudden energy, “he realized that it was the happiness—for all their lives—of both of them that depended. Here was a girl whose life was largely occupied with things that were not for him. She spent her time in ways and with people that to him seemed, for the most part, utterly wearisome, hopelessly vapid, and mentally degrading. And though it had not spoiled her, how could he ask her to give it up, for he knew that he could not live that life himself, no, not even for her, and not even with her.”

“Don’t you think——” the girl began, but he rushed on, as if in fear that he might not say it if he were stopped.

“And then, too, he distrusted his power to hold her. He feared that even if she tried to give them up, there would, after a time, come stealing back a longing for the old, gay, smart, empty things that had grown up around her and from which he took her, and—well, he couldn’t conceive of anything more horrible—for both of them.” The girl was not to be deterred.

“Don’t you think,” she said, again, “that maybe she did all these—these tiresome——” He took his hand from his eyes sharply—“useless things, because—because she had nothing better?”

“Eh?” said Herrick, blankly.

“Don’t you think that maybe she was starving all the while for what he was withholding from her? What right,” she added steadily, with a ring of sweet reproach in her low voice, “what right had he to starve her?”

“Betty!” he said in wonderment.

“And so your fine hero stood between ‘maybe’ and ‘perhaps’ and ‘I wonder’ and ‘I’m afraid,’ and all the while she was—at least, she may have been—starving at his door. He thought she might be there, but he wasn’t sure. He hoped she



was, but he might be sorry a hundred years after, if she were, so he left the door shut and sat inside stingily toasting his feet at the fire. Pshaw! Harry, I don't think much of your hero. But I can't stay here discussing him or I shall be late for dinner," and she rose and stood before the fire. Herrick rose, too.

"I said in the first place," he said, "that although he wouldn't move I pushed him around." Betty sat down again. "I made him open the door." Betty opened her eyes.

"Was she there?" she said.

"Yes," said he, "and I forced him to ask her to come in, and then he told her all the reasons why she shouldn't." Betty sighed plaintively.

"He must have been awfully afraid of you," she said. "Did she come?"

"What do you think she said?" he asked, and his heart beat so violently that he tapped on the arm of the chair so that she might not hear it. Betty considered an hour, he thought.

"That depends," she announced at length. "You haven't told me, oddly enough, whether she loved him or not."

"To tell the truth," he faltered, guiltily, "I don't know."

"If she didn't," Betty went on, "then she probably said: 'I'm very much obliged to you, kind sir, but I was merely sitting on your doorstep to enjoy the view. I really had no idea, from the stillness about the house, that anybody was at home. I'm so sorry I disturbed you.'"

"But, if she did?" insisted Herrick.

This time it was Betty who rose and Betty who went to the window. Far off across the Park arose the big hotels on the Plaza,

—dim, instinct in the twilight,

their lofty outlines blending obscurely with the darkened sky; up through the foliage of the early spring glimmered faintly the lights of swiftly moving carriages; and above all and through all trembled the unearthly voice that is never silent, though it speaks in various moods, the voice that blends into itself the cry of human happiness, the wail of human woe, the rush and roar and crash of the thousand mindless things that man has made to serve his ends—the voice of the great city. It was a sight and a sound that she never forgot.

"I think," she said at last, and her voice seemed to Herrick so very far away, "that if she truly loved him, she must have said: 'I've all the world outside—without you; but if you please, I'd like so much to come in—with you—and shut it out—forever.'"

Herrick leaped to his feet with a half-suppressed cry and strode to the desk.

"Betty, Betty," he said, "that's what I made her say; see here," and he sank into the chair and tapped his finger triumphantly upon the words.

The girl still looked out over the twinkling park. Presently she turned and came to his side; her hands were clasped before her and the heavy lashes covered the brown eyes.

"Yes," she answered, tremulously; "yes, that's what you've made her say." At that moment he saw her as she was.

"Betty," he said; Oh! Betty, I—am the wooden Indian." No answer.

"I've thrown the door open to you—so wide—so wide that I can never close it again with you outside. Won't you come in?"

She tried to speak, but her lips would not respond, so she put two white arms around his neck instead. Also she opened her eyes. And they were wet.





## WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN

By Florence Earle Coates

Ox that divine all-hallowed morn  
When Christ in Bethlehem was born,  
How lone did Mary seem to be,  
The kindly beasts for company!

Yet when she saw her infant's face—  
Fair with the soul's unfading grace,  
Softly she wept for love's excess,  
For painless ease and happiness.

She pressed her treasure to her heart—  
A lowly mother, set apart  
In the dear way that mothers are,  
And heaven seemed nigh, and earth afar:

And when grave kings in sumptuous guise  
Adored her babe, she knew them wise;  
For at his touch her sense grew dim—  
So all *her* being worshipped him.

A nimbus seemed to crown the head  
Low-nestled in that manger-bed,  
And Mary's forehead, to our sight,  
Wears ever something of its light;

And still the heart—poor pensioner!  
In its affliction turns to her—  
Best loved of all, best understood,  
The type of selfless motherhood!



# MILITARY PARADES AND PARADE TRAINING

By David B. Macgowan



The Pavlosk Regiment Uniform.

WHEN Frederick the Great reviewed his grenadiers at Potsdam they were in battle order. The monarchs of Europe continue to hold Frederickian parades, but there is not one of them who would not shudder at the thought of sending his battalions from the "Field of Mars" into an engagement. A parallel can thus be drawn between the military pageant of to-day and the

tourney, for, Sir Walter Scott to the contrary, it is quite evident the tourney attained its greatest brilliancy after the knight had ceased to be of capital importance in war. The Field of the Cloth of Gold was a century after Agincourt and Crécy.

For reasons which will appear later, the St. Petersburg parade is the most showy and effective in Europe, and in witnessing the review held there, it was easy to turn back in the mind to Henry VIII., Charles V., and Francis I. In brilliancy of color, as a grand living tapestry, it would probably stand comparison with the traditional splendors of the meeting between the rivals of the great Charles. A superb picture—but absolutely without relevance to genuine military preparation, if, indeed, the parade drill cannot be considered as a positive handicap. The modern parade, is, as were the *Ædile* games, the gladiatorial contests and the chariot races in olden times, a part of the governing scheme in countries where it is considered wise to entertain, but not to consult, the taxpayer.

As a spectacle, the St. Petersburg parade is worth describing before the ex-

periences of the Transvaal War have sent it to join knight errantry and the joust with lances.

Germany and Russia being the military powers *par excellence*, it is entirely natural that the superiority of their reviews should be generally acknowledged. Which of the two, the Berlin or the St. Petersburg exercises, should be regarded as best, depends entirely on the point of view. The writer has seen three reviews on the Temple of Field, and has no desire to criticise them, but the Russian parade is indisputably more effective to the unmilitary eye. The reasons why this is so cannot be open to dispute. The Russian uniforms and equipment are more decorative and offer finer color effects. The "crack" cavalry regiments of Russia are also better mounted—at least from the point of view of the observer, who loves a harmonious ensemble. The main difference, however, is that the Temple of Field is so large that no single observer can see one-fourth of the picture at one time. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the St. Petersburg display excels its Berlin rival largely on account of its more glaring sins against modern military science.

The local "Field of Mars," where nearly 30,000 soldiers of the three principal branches engage in mimic war, is an ordinary city block, in size not more than a quarter by three-eighths of a mile. On two sides of the smoothly rolled and carefully sprinkled floor, are palaces. On the other, public gardens. Nearly the whole of the widest side is taken up with loges, backed by tiers of chairs and benches, with the imperial loge, a tent carpeted with Bokharas and Afghans, slightly advanced. Imagine the loges peopled with the fashion and beauty of a cosmopolitan capital, arrayed in the choicest Parisian costumes that the wealth of an empire of 130,000,000 souls can pay for, while gaudily dressed officers with clanking swords are grouped in the foreground. Fill the field with dense, straight lines of infantry





The Procession of Their Imperial Majesties.

in parade uniforms of every hue and design. Commanding officers and orderlies dash hither and thither forming the ranks. There is a fringe of populace on the outskirts, and, in the distance, fair faces look down from brightly hung palace windows. Above is a cloudless sky, and the light breeze insures comfort.

The Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch, with his aide-de-camp, makes a galloping inspection and elicits from the mighty machine a series of jerky, metallic sounds which pass for cheers. At eleven o'clock the Grand Duke Vladimir appears with his staff. He is commander of the St. Petersburg military district and his advent marks the official beginning. Meantime members of the imperial families and court ladies are arriving in open barouches.

The amateur's camera is doing duty in every loge. Professional photographers have their tripods planted in the foreground and our American lecturer, armed with a permit from the Prefect of Police, appears to be everywhere at once. There is a camera in

every pocket, and two slung round his neck. Just now he is photographing the American Ambassador and Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, General and Mrs. George Williams, of Washington, the Princess Cantacuzene, and groups of officers in particularly fine uniforms. He aims his lens at two grand duchesses. One quickly turns away with a pretty pout, and the other tries to look pleasant and is entirely successful. Later on, he will biograph the stately tread of infantry and the impetuous

charge of cavalry, and record for American friends the smile, the gestures, and the motion of the lips of the Czar of all the Russias as he rides around the circle of his officers to receive written reports and to thank them, with a hearty grip of the hand, for the successful performance of their commands.

The Empress and the Dowager Empress arrive and are greeted with a trifle less warmth from the loges than the beauty and amiability of the one and the dignity and wisdom of the other would seem to entitle them to. The young Empress has not yet completely won



His Majesty's Hussars' Rather Showy Uniform.



The Loges Before the Parade.

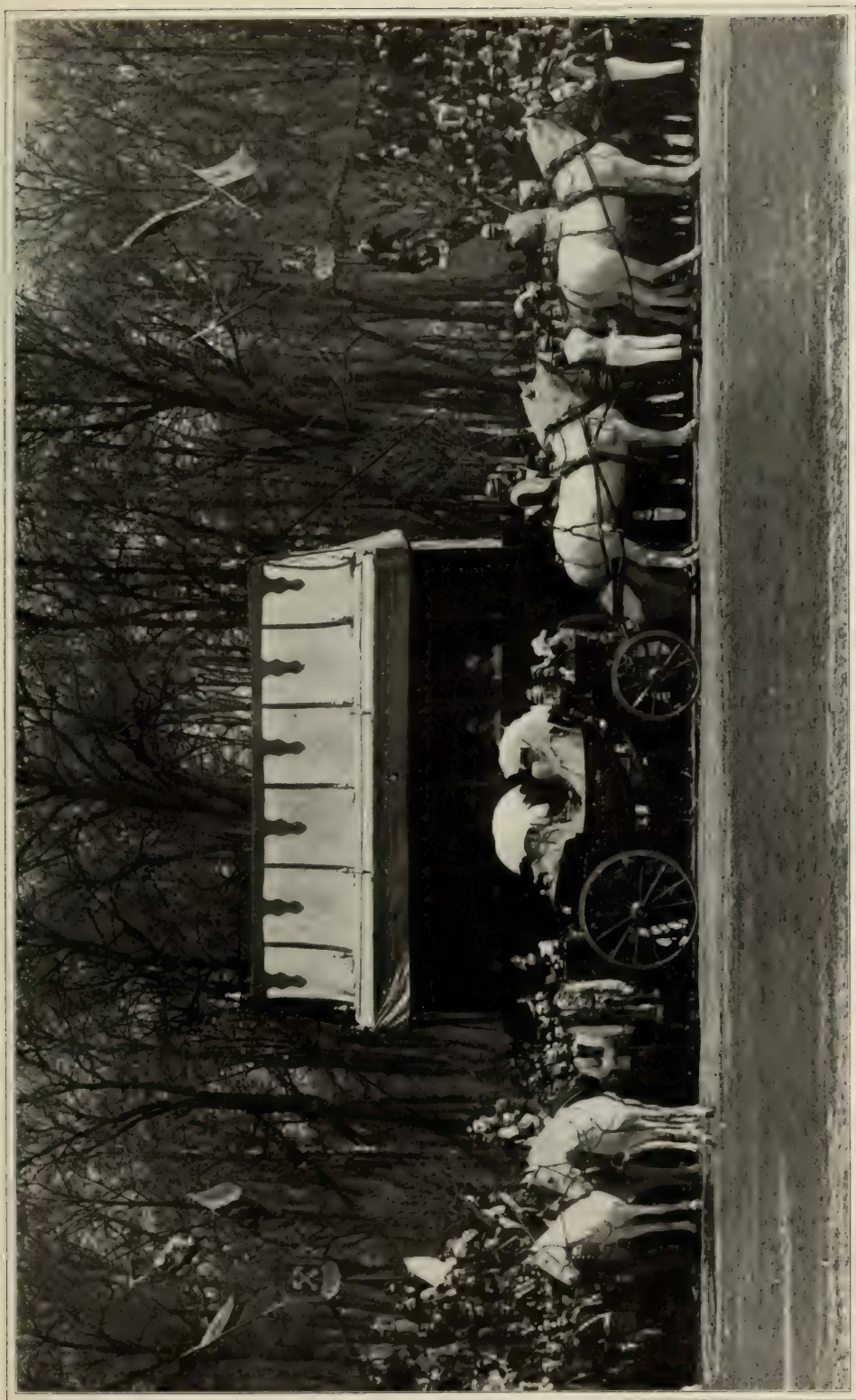
the hearts of her people. All eyes are now directed toward the imperial loge. The Empresses are starting to drive around the field through five lanes of compact humanity, for there is not room on the field for infantry and cavalry and artillery at the same time. It is a pretty procession. A court-marshal precedes the barouche on a milk-white horse, four mates of whom draw the vehicle, while the Emperor rides beside the Empress, followed by his staff and the military attachés, among whom may be distinguished Captain Slocum, U.S.A. Slowly the cavalcade wends its way from avenue to avenue, to the accompaniment of deafening cheers.

On the return to the loge the Emperor posts himself a little in advance of his suite and his faithful Cossack escort. At noon the review begins. The battalions—there are no complete regiments—pass in a swift walk, company front and close files. Note the Pavlosk regiment, with its queer bishop's mitre of a headpiece in gold and yellow; the Palace Grenadiers, with bushy pall-like plumes; the Preobrajensky Guards and a dozen more elite organizations, each in different colors and cut. The infantry pass off the field and the artillery follow, but there is little opportunity here for variety.

And then the cavalry—Cossacks of Kouban in scarlet caftans, astride splendidly matched chestnut horses; Cossacks of the Urals, Hussars of his Majesty in beaver-trimmed cloaks; Cuirassiers of her Majesty the Empress, with their queer embroidered velvet devices; lancers; mounted guardsmen, and the military tailors only know what besides, each troop as well matched in color, size, and form of mount as in uniform.

The last "sotnia" of Cossacks wheels off to the left and falls into place. The stage is set for the final tableau. Massed a third the depth of the field, and extending from street to street, these holiday troopers present a wonderful array of military smartness. The rainbow has scarcely enough shades for two successive commands. Silver and gilded cuirasses and helmets catch up the noon-day sunlight. It is a dancing, waving





The Empress and Dowager Empress Before the Imperial Lodge.





Forming for

vision of lances, pennants, and coats which would have put Joseph to shame.

Starting with a leap, the line moves straight across the plain. With poised lances, sabres high in air, and the Cossack "nagaika" singing in circles around the heads of the lithe Cossack ponies, standing a-stirrup and leaning far forward, they rush directly at the Emperor and the loges. The general in command waits quietly until they are only twenty yards from His Majesty. He gives a silent signal and every rider reins in and every

horse comes to a full stop within two lengths. It is the Heavy Brigade at Waterloo. The observer is literally spell-bound. The eye can no more turn away from that glistering line than the doomed bird can from the serpent which has mesmerized it. One breathes an involuntary sigh of relief when it is certain sabre, lance, and nagaika will not play upon loges and tribunes.

It is a great show, and those who want to see it should take time by the forelock, for it can hardly survive long. It is an anachronism, with scarcely more relation to modern war than a chariot race would have. The tourney, too, was worth a journey to see, but it could not live in an atmosphere poisoned with gunpowder. There was not room enough even in Spain for both Cervantes and Don Quixote.

This is the opinion of an officer, still browned by the South African sun, who witnessed the latest parade. On being asked how highly he estimated parade drill as military training, he answered, with true military brevity:

"What a soldier needs to fit him to fight is less barrack drill, more gymnastics, and as much field exercise; above all as much individual instruction as possible—how to ride, how to shoot, how to observe. Most men ride through a field or wood without seeing anything. He wants to know how to conceal himself and, in



The Palace Grenadiers.



the Review.

general, to act intelligently on his individual responsibility.

"Lines in modern war are enormously extended, and direct personal control over men by officers, which prevailed in the days of masses, is now impossible. The enlisted man must learn rigid discipline, but not mechanical rigidity and mechanical precision. He must be disciplined in such manner that when beyond control he can execute orders previously given.

"Individuality can be developed by field exercises alone.

"The minutiae of drill, such as perfect alignment, precise evolutions and machine-like execution of the manual of arms, are results requiring too much time in proportion to the benefits obtained and should not be required."

It may be objected that a parade has nothing to do with military training and is not intended to have ; that the real training is in the manoeuvres. Unfortunately the first period of the Transvaal War shows this to be untrue, and that English army training is dominated by the parade traditions, and a brief glance at the literature that has grown up in connection with this war shows that the candid observers of other nations admit England's fault was a fault which is shared by all European armies. No criticism of English tactics could have been more severe than were some of the articles of writers of the Prussian General Staff in the "Militaer

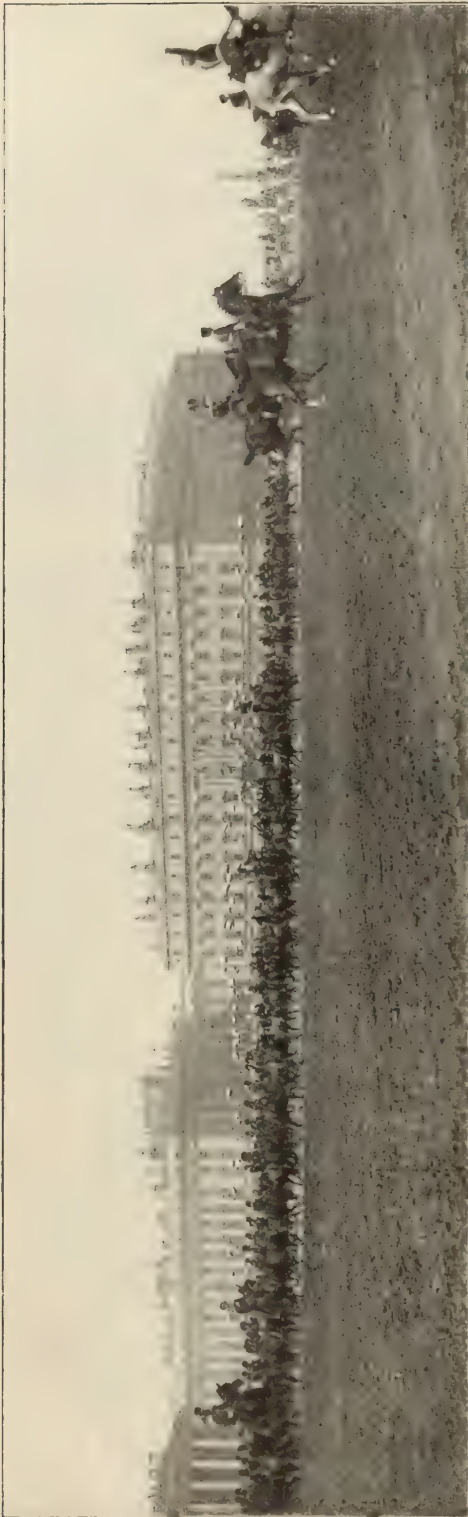
Wochenblatt" last year, dealing with German manoeuvres, especially the handling of cavalry.

A few citations will suffice. Comparing English with Boer tactics and training (or lack of training, according to the former military view), Captain J. Vaughan of the Seventh Hussars in his field notes, published in the "Journal of the Royal United Service Institution," April, 1901, remarks (the quotations are almost at random):

"The Boers are very much better skirmishers than our men. They are quick on



Drummer of Her Majesty's Cuirassiers.



The Cavalry Charge.  
(A view of one-half of the field.)

and off their horses, and take cover rapidly. . . . They occupy ground more quickly. Twenty Boers will occupy a kopje of half a mile or more frontage, and it is impossible to tell whether they are twenty or 200 until you get round their flanks or shell them out of it. Compare our clumsy method. The men halt, form up, advance, extend, and finally occupy the position—generally in a straight line.

“Train the mind as well as the muscle. The greatest fault of our training is that in peace subordinates never think for themselves.

“Our present system provides more for the care of horses for the show-yard than for the field.

“What is required of a sentry is to keep his eyes at attention and his body hid, not to stand at attention and see nothing.”

Major-General C. E. Webber, lecturing on army reform (same publication), asks :

“Can it be said that the cavalry of European armies is not far more a peace organization for purposes of military pageant and spectacle for police duties than for war? Is there a cavalry officer who has been under modern rifle fire who thinks the charge of the Heavy Brigade at Waterloo or of the French Cuirassiers at Woerth can be repeated?”

In a brief but pithy article, Adalbert Count Sternberg, who witnessed the war on the Boer side, observes :

“The breech-loading rifle reduced the size of the fighting unit, and the magazine must have the same effect in a greater degree. I do not attribute so much importance to the rapidity of magazine fire as to the extraordinary flatness of trajectory and the distance to which the projectile is carried. The modern weapon carries much farther than the field-gun did in 1870. . . . The return from quantity to quality is the necessary consequence. One good marksman is worth a company of bad ones. The soldier is to-day not only hunter but also game. He must therefore have the



hunter's skill with the rifle and the hunted animal's watchfulness and gift of concealment. The soldier's training must be calculated to make him enduring, active, obedient, circumspect, and a dead shot. Patience must take the place of impetuous courage.

"The most important thing in the training of men and officers is, therefore, to make them as independent as possible.

"I mention one thing—that those Europeans on the Boer side who had the old military tactics, so to say, inbred in them, were all either shot or taken prisoners without being of any real use whatever.

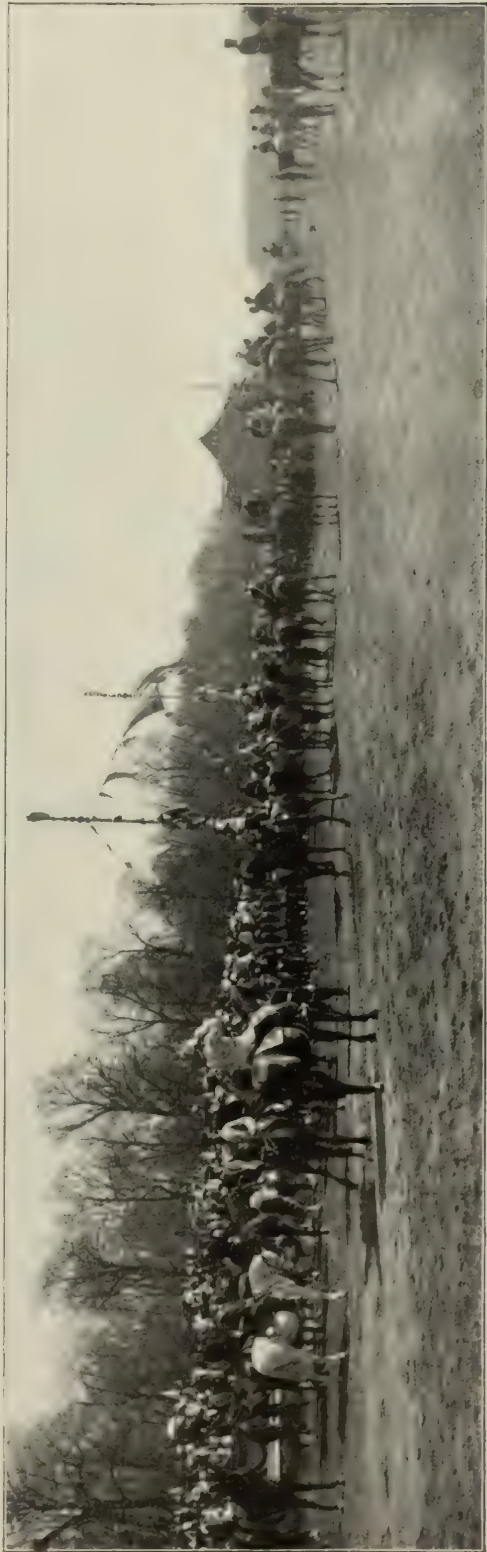
"Our first care must be at manœuvres in time of peace to pay attention to and reckon with this effect of modern weapons.

"The English army was drilled precisely on the Continental model, and its method of fighting in the disastrous first stages of the war was just that which we European armies all practise here at home.

"We who have watched this war with straining eyes know now that our modern European tactics are antiquated pedantry, quite as much out of date to-day as were the regulations of Frederick the Great in the Napoleonic wars.

"Battles are not to be won in a day. They must be begun as Wellington begun them, and ended as Lord Roberts ended them."

Fortunately the small size of the American army, compared to the active service required of it, has hitherto prevented concentration in cities and the development of the parade mania. The traditions of American service, as developed by contact with an enemy who possessed "the hunter's skill with the rifle and the hunted animal's watchfulness and gift of concealment" to an eminent degree, to a large extent counteracted the teachings of the mass tacticians. There is, however, always a sprinkling of officers among us who aspire to copy European military smartness,



Immediately After the Parade.



A "Sotnia" of Cossacks Passing in Review.



Emperor Nicholas II. Surrounded by His Officers After the Cavalry Charge.





At the Imperial Loge Entrance.

and the prospect of peace with an army far larger than we had before 1898, as well as the annual encampments of the National Guard organizations, are factors which might easily strengthen their hands. It would be the bitterest irony should we take up the faded, cast-off finery of European parade armies.

## PROGRESS

By Tom Masson

BACK, back he slipped in desperation grim  
With tyrant Failure busy every hour!  
Till once his mirrored face looked out at him  
Unrecognized, so had it grown in power!

# THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

## CHAPTER V—(*Continued*)



IN full justice to the members of the Chesapeake Club the scribe must admit that such light-weights as Billy Talbot, Tom Gunning, and Carter Thom did not fairly represent the standing of the organization. Many of the most cultivated and enlightened men about Kennedy Square and in the country around enjoyed its privileges; among them not only such men as Richard Horn, Nathan Gill, the Chief Justice of the State, and those members of the State Legislature whose birth was above reproach, but most of the sporting gentry of the country, as well as many of the more wealthy planters who lived upon the Bay and whose houses were opened to their fellow-members while the ducks were flying.

Each man's lineage, occupation, antecedents, and opinions on the leading topics of the time were as well known to the club as to the man himself. Any new-comer presenting himself for membership was always subjected to the severest scrutiny, and had to be favorably passed upon by a large majority of the committee before a sufficient number of votes could be secured for his election.

The only outsider elected for years had been Amos Cobb, of Vermont, the abolitionist, as he was generally called, who invariably wore black broadcloth, and whose clean-shaven face—a marked contrast to the others—with its restless black eyes, strong nose, and firm mouth, was as sharp and hard as the rocks of his native State. His election to full membership of the Chesapeake Club was not due to his wealth and commercial standing—neither of these would have availed him—but to the fact that he had married a daughter of Judge Wharton of Wharton Hall, and had thus, by reason of his alliance with one of the first families of the

State, been admitted to all the social privileges of Kennedy Square. This exception in his favor, however, had never crippled Cobb's independence nor stifled his fearlessness in expressing his views on any one of the leading topics of the day. The Vermonter had worked with his hands when a boy on his father's farm, and believed in the dignity of labor and the blessings of self-support. He believed, too, in the freedom of all men, black and white, and looked upon slavery as a crime. He spoke openly and unreservedly of these things, and declared that no matter how long he might live South he would never cease to raise his voice against a system which allowed a man—as he put it—"to sit down in the shade and fan himself to sleep while a lot of niggers whose bodies he owned were sweating in a corn-field to help feed and clothe him."

These sentiments, it must be said, did not add to his popularity, although the time had not yet arrived when he would have been thrown into the street for uttering them.

As Oliver passed down the street, Nathan Gill, in his long pen-wiper cloak, mounted the steps of the club, shook hands with Colonel Clayton, and the two entered the main room, and seated themselves at one of the tables.

Billy Talbot, who had moved to the window, and who had been watching Oliver until he disappeared around the corner, dropped his eye-glass with that peculiar twitch of the upper lid which no one could have imitated, and crossed the room to where the Colonel and Nathan had taken their seats. Waggles, the scrap of a Skye terrier, who was never three feet from Billy's heels, instantly crossed with him. After Billy had anchored himself and had taken his customary position, with his feet slightly apart, Waggles, as was his habit, slid in and sat down on his haunches between his master's gait-



*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.*



ers. There he lifted his fluffy head and gazed about him. The skill with which Mr. Talbot managed his dog was only equalled by the dexterity with which he managed his eye-glass; he never inadvertently stepped on the one nor unconsciously let slip the other. This caused Mr. Talbot considerable mental strain, but as it was all to which he ever subjected himself he stood the test bravely.

"Who is that young man, Colonel?" Billy began, as he bent his head to be sure that Waggles was in position. He had been abroad while Oliver was growing up, and so did not recognize him.

"That's Richard Horn's son," the Colonel said, without raising his eyes from the paper. The Colonel never took Billy seriously.

"And a fine young fellow he is," broke in Nathan, straightening himself proudly.

"Hope he don't take after his father, Gill. By the way, what's that old visionary doing now?" he asked, throwing back the lapels of his coat, and slapping his checked trousers with his cane. "Larst time you talked to me about him he had some machine with w'eels and horse-shoe magnets, didn't he? He hasn't been in here for some time, so I know he's at work on some tomfoolery or other. Amazing, isn't it, that a man of his blood, with a cellar of the best Madeiwa in the State, should waste his time on such things. Egad! I cawn't understand it." Some of Billy's expressions, as well as his accent, came in with his clothes. "Now, if I had that Madeiwa, do you know what I'd do with it? I'd——"

"Perfectly, Billy," cried a man at the next table, who was bending over a game of chess. "You'd drink it up in a week." Talbot had never been known by any other name than Billy, and never would be as long as he lived.

When the laugh had subsided, Nathan, whose cheeks were still burning at the slighting way in which Talbot had spoken of Richard, and who had sat hunched up in his chair combing with his long, spare fingers the white hair farther over his ears, a habit with him when he was in deep thought, lifted his head and remarked quietly, addressing the room rather than Talbot:

"Richard's mind is not on his cellar;

he's got something to think of besides Madeira and cards and dogs." And he looked toward Waggles. "You will all, one day, be proud to say that he lived in our town. Richard is a genius, one of the most remarkable men of the day, and everybody outside of this place knows it; you will be compelled to admit it yet. I left him only half an hour ago, and he is just perfecting a motor, gentlemen, which will——"

"Does it go yet, Nathan?" interrupted Cobb, who was filling a glass from a decanter which a brown-coated darky had brought him. Cobb's wife was Nathan's cousin, and, therefore, he had a right to be familiar. "I went to see his machine the other day, but I couldn't make anything out of it. Horn is a little touched here, isn't he?" and he tapped his forehead and smiled knowingly.

"No, Amos, the motor was not running when I left the shop," answered Nathan, drily and with some dignity, "but it will be, he assured me, perhaps by to-morrow." He could fight Billy Talbot, but he never crossed swords with Cobb, never in late years. Cobb was the one man in all the world, he once told Richard, with whom he had nothing in common.

"Oh, to-morrow?" And Cobb whistled as he put down the decanter and picked up the day's paper. It was one of Cobb's jokes—this "to-morrow" of his neighbors. "What was a Northern man's to-day was always a Southern man's to-morrow," he would say. "I hope this young man of whom you speak so highly is not walking in the footsteps of this *genius* of a father? He looks to me like a young fellow that had some stuff in him if anybody would bring it out."

The half-concealed sneer in Cobb's voice as he again spoke of Richard grated also on old Judge Bowman, who threw down his book and looked up over his bowed spectacles. He was a testy old fellow, with a Burgundy face and shaggy white hair, a chin and nose that met together like a parrot's, and an eye like a hawk. He prided himself on never permitting even his intimates to speak ill of his friends in his hearing. Criticisms, therefore, by an outsider like Cobb were especially obnoxious.

"Richard Horn's head is all right, Mr. Cobb, and so is his heart," he exclaimed in an indignant tone. "As for his genius, sir—Gill is within the mark. He *is* one of the remarkable men of our day. You are quite right, too, about his young son, who has just left here. He has all the qualities that make a gentleman, and many of those which will make a jurist. He is now studying law with my associate, Judge Ellicott—a profession ennobled by his ancestors, sir, and one for which what you call his 'stuff,' but which we, sir, call his 'blood,' especially fits him. You Northern men, I know, don't believe in blood. We do down here. This young man comes of a line of ancestors that have reflected great credit on our State for more than a hundred years, and he is bound to make his mark. His grandfather on his mother's side was our Chief Justice in 1810, and his great-grandfather was——"

"That's just what's the matter with most of you Southerners, Judge," interrupted Cobb, his black eyes snapping. "You think more of blood than you do of brains. We rate a man on Northern soil by what he does himself, not by what a bundle of bones in some family burying-ground did before he was born. Don't you agree with me; Clayton?"

"I can't say I do, Cobb," replied the Colonel slowly, stirring his toddy. "I never set foot on your soil but once, and so am unfamiliar with your ways." He never liked Cobb. "He's so cursedly practical, and so proud of it, too," he would often say; "and if you will pardon me, sir—a trifle underbred."

"When was that?" asked Cobb, looking over the top of his paper.

"That was some years ago, when I chased a wounded canvas-back across the Susquehanna River, and had to go ashore to get him; and I want to tell you, sir, that what you call 'your soil' was damned muddy and disagreeable stuff. I had to change my boots when I got back, and I've never worn 'em since." And the Colonel crushed the sugar in his glass with his spoon as savagely as if each lump was the head of an enemy, and raised the mixture to his mouth.

Amos's thin lips curled. The high and lofty airs of these patricians always nettled him. The shout of laughter that followed

the Colonel's reply nettled him all the more.

"Chased him like a run-away nigger, I suppose, Clayton, didn't you? and wrung his neck when you got him—" retorted Amos, biting his lips.

"Of course, like I would any other piece of my property that tried to get away, or as I would wring the neck of any man who would help him—" And the Colonel looked meaningly at the Vermonter and drained his glass with a gulp. Then smothering his anger, he moved away to the window, where he watched Mr. Talbot, who had just left the Club and who at the moment was standing on the corner making his daily afternoon inspection of the two connecting streets; an occupation which Billy varied by saluting each new-comer with a slap of his cane on his check-board trousers and a stentorian "Bah Jove!" Waggles meanwhile squatting pensively between his gaiters.

When an hour later the Colonel presented himself at the Horn mansion, no trace of this encounter was in his face nor in his manner. Men did not air their grievances in their own or anyone else's home around Kennedy Square.

The mistress met him with her hand extended. She had been watching for Oliver's return with a degree of impatience rarely seen in her. She had hoped that the Colonel would have called upon her before he went to his office, and could not understand his delay until Oliver had given his account of the morning mishaps. She was too anxious now to chide him. It was but another indication of his temperament, she thought—a fault to be corrected with the others that threatened his success in life.

Holding fast to the Colonel's hand she drew him to one of the old haircloth sofas and told him the whole story.

"Do not give the mortgage a thought, my dear Sallie," the Colonel said, in his kindest manner, when she had finished speaking, laying his hand on her wrist. "My only regret is that it should have caused you a moment's uneasiness. I know that our bank has lately been in need of a large sum of money, and this loan, no doubt, was called in with the others. But it will be all right—if not I will provide for it myself."



"No—I do not want that, and Richard, if he knew, would not be willing either. Tell me, please, how this money is loaned," and she turned and looked earnestly into his face. "What papers are passed, and who signs them? I have never had anything to do with such matters, and you must explain it all clearly."

"A note signed by Richard and made payable on a certain date was given to the bank, and the mortgage was deposited as security."

"And if the note is not paid?"

"Then the property covered by the mortgage is sold, and the bank deducts its loan—any balance, of course, is paid over to Richard."

"And when the sale is put off—what is done then?"

"A new note is given," and here the Colonel stopped as if in doubt, "and sometimes a second name is placed on the note increasing the security. But, Sallie dear, do not let this part of it ever again cross your mind. I will attend to it should it become necessary. It is not often," and the Colonel waived his hand gallantly, "that a Clayton can do a Horn a service."

"Thank you, dear friend, and it is just like you to wish to do it, but this I cannot agree to. I have thought of another way since you have been talking to me. Would it—" and she stopped and looked down on the floor. "would it be of any use if I signed a note myself? I have some little property of my own, which will come to me from my father's estate when it is settled, and which I would give the bank if anything should happen."

The offer was so unusual that the Colonel caught his breath—a woman helping a man! He looked at her in astonishment, but her eyes never wavered. He felt instantly that, however lightly he might view the subject, the matter was intensely serious with her. The Colonel half rose to his feet, and with a bow that in Kennedy Square had earned for him the title of "the Chesterfield of his time, sir," placed his hand on his heart.

"My dear Sallie," he said, "not a member of the board could refuse. It would at once remove any obstacle the directors might have."

"Thank you, then we will leave it so, and I will have the papers prepared at once."

"And is this Richard's advice?" the Colonel ventured to ask, slowly regaining his seat. There were some misgivings still lingering in his Chesterfieldian mind as to whether the proudest man he knew, gentle as he was, would not forbid the whole transaction.

"No. He does not know of my purpose, and you will please not tell him. This obligation will be between me and the bank, and I will pledge myself to carry it out. And now, one thing more before you go, and I ask this because you have seen him grow up and I know you love him. What shall I do with Oliver?"

The Colonel again caught his breath. Gallant gentleman of the old school, as he was, with a profound respect for the other sex, the question startled him. According to his experience and traditions, the fathers generally looked after the welfare of the sons and found them places in life—not the mothers.

"What do you want to do with him?" he asked, quietly.

"I want him to go to work. I am afraid this life here will ruin him."

"Why, I thought he was studying law with Ellicott." The announcement could not have been very surprising to the Colonel. He doubtless knew how much time Oliver spent at Judge Ellicott's office.

"He no doubt *thinks* he's studying, dear friend, but he really spends half his time in old Mr. Crocker's studio, who puts the worst possible notions into his head, and the balance of his time he is with your Sue," and she smiled faintly.

"For which you can hardly blame him, dear lady," and the Colonel bent his head graciously.

"No, for she is as sweet as she can be, and you know I love her dearly, but they are both children, and will be for some years. You don't want to support them, do you? and you know Richard can't," and there flashed out from her eyes one of those quizzical glances which the Colonel remembered so well in her girlhood.

The Colonel nodded his head, but he did not commit himself. He had never for a moment imagined that Oliver's love-



affair would go as far as that, and, then again, he knew Sue.

"What do you suggest doing with him? I will help, of course, in any way I can," he said after a pause, during which Mrs. Horn sat watching every expression that crossed his face.

"I don't know. I have not fully made up my mind. What do you think of my sending him to New York?"

"*The North*, Sallie! Why, you wouldn't send Oliver North, would you?"

The announcement this time gave the Colonel so genuine a shock that it sent the blood tingling to his cheeks. Really, the idiosyncracies of the Horn family were beyond his comprehension! Evidently Richard's vagaries had permeated his household.

"I do not like the influence of the North on our young men, my dear Madam." The Colonel spoke now with great seriousness and with some formality, and without any of the Chesterfieldian accompaniments of tone or gesture. "If he were my boy, I should keep him here. He is young and light-hearted, I know, and loves pleasure, but that will all come out of him. Let him stay with Ellicott; he will bring him out all right. There is a brusqueness and a want of refinement among most Northern men, with some exceptions no doubt, that have always grated on me. You can see it any day in Amos Cobb." As he spoke a slight flush overspread his listener's face. The positiveness of his tone, she thought, carried with it a certain uncomplimentary criticism of her suggestion. The Colonel saw it, and, as if in apology and to prove his case, added, in a gentler tone: "Only this afternoon at the club I heard Cobb speaking in the most outrageous manner about our most treasured institutions. It is not his fault perhaps. It is the fault of his breeding, but it is unbearable all the same. Keep Oliver here. He has a most engaging and lovable nature, is as clean and sweet as a girl, and I haven't a doubt but what he will honor both you and his blood. Take my word for it, and keep him at home. He is young yet, barely twenty-two—there is plenty of time for him." And the Colonel rose from the sofa, lifted Mrs. Horn's fingers to his lips and bowed himself out.

The Colonel only told the truth as he saw it. In his day and generation men of twenty-two were but boys. Then only gray-beards ruled state and counting-house. The senators were indeed grave and reverend seniors, and the merchants, in their old-fashioned dress-coats, looked more like distinguished diplomats than buyers and sellers of produce. In those days, too, the young man with a mustache was thought presuming and dangerous, and the bank who would have selected a cashier under forty would have caused a run on its funds in a week after the youth had been appointed to his position. If there were any young Napoleons around Kennedy Square at the time, they were being carried in the arms of their black mammies.

Mrs. Horn followed the Colonel to the door and thanked him again and again for his kindness, although the critical tones of his voice still lingered in her memory. But her judgment had not been shaken nor her mind satisfied. Oliver still troubled her. The Colonel might be right, but she dared not risk it.

The next day she sent for Amos Cobb: Malachi took the message this time, not Oliver. Cobb came on the minute. He was greatly surprised at Mrs. Horn's note, for although Nathan and he were related by marriage, and his wife an intimate friend of Mrs. Horn's, he was seldom present at any of the functions of the house and could not be considered one of its intimate guests. He did not like music, he said to his wife, when urged to go, and, as he did not play chess or drink Madeira, he preferred to stay at home.

Malachi relieved Amos of his hat, and conducted him into Mrs. Horn's presence with rather a formal bow—quite different from the low salaam with which he had greeted Colonel Clayton. "Dat bobolish'nest, Mister Cobb, jes' gone in de parlor," he said to Aunt Hannah when he regained the kitchen. "Looks like he lived on parsimmons, he dat sour."

Mrs. Horn received her visitor cordially, but with a reserve which she had not maintained toward the Colonel. Cobb had never represented to her anything but a money standard pure and simple. There was, too, according to her

ideals, despite his straightforward, kindly bearing, certain evidences of a lack of training which jarred upon her. She had not thought of him until the Colonel mentioned his name, and only her urgent need of just such sound practical advice as she knew he could give had determined her to seek his services—quite as if she were consulting an architect or an attorney.

The Vermonter took his seat on the extreme edge of the sofa, squared his shoulders, pulled up the points of his high collar, touched together the tips of all his fingers, and looked straight at his hostess.

"I am greatly obliged to you," she began, "for coming, for I know how busy you are, but I have a question to ask of you which I feel sure you can answer better than anyone I know. It is about my son Oliver. I am going to be perfectly frank with you, and I want you to be equally frank with me." And she summed up Oliver's aims, temptations, and failings with a skill that gained the Vermonter's closest attention. "With all this," she continued, "he is affectionate; loves me dearly, and has never disobeyed me in his life. It is his love of change that worries me—his instability—one thing one moment, and another the next. It seems to me the only way to break this up is to throw him completely on his own resources so that he may realize for once what life really means. It is this point I want you to help me settle in my mind. Now tell me—" and she looked searchingly into Cobb's face, as if eager to note the effect of her question—"if he were your only son, would you, in view of all I have told you, send him to New York to make his start in life, or would you keep him here?"

The Vermonter's face had begun to lighten as she progressed, and had entirely cleared when he learned why he had been sent for. He had been afraid, when he received her note, that it had been about the mortgage. Cobb was chairman of the Loan Committee at the bank, had personally called attention to Richard's note being overdue, and had himself ordered its payment.

"My two boys are at school in Vermont, Madam," he answered, slowly.

"But Oliver must earn his own living,"

she said, earnestly. "His father will have nothing to give him."

Cobb made no reply. He was not surprised. Most all of these aristocratic Southerners were on their last legs. He was right about the note, he said to himself—it was just as well to have it paid—and he made a mental memorandum to inquire about it as soon as he reached his office, and have it pressed for settlement at once. Business matters must be kept intact.

"What do you want him to do Madam?" he asked, looking at her keenly from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Anything to earn his bread," she replied, in a decided tone.

Cobb passed his hand over his face, pinched his chin with his thumb and forefinger, and looked out of the window. The answer pleased him. It pleased him, too, to be consulted by the Horns on a matter of this kind. It pleased him most of all to realize that when these aristocrats got into a hole they had to send for him to pull them out.

For a moment the Vermonter remained in deep thought. "Here is a Southern woman," he said to himself, "with some common-sense and with a head on her shoulders. If her husband had half her brains I'd let the mortgage stand." Then he turned his head and faced her squarely, his eyes boring into hers.

"Send him to New York, by all means, Madam, or anywhere else out of here," he said firmly, but with a kindly tone in his voice. "When you decide, let me know—I will give him a letter to a business friend of mine who lives on the Hudson, a short distance above the city, who may help him. But let me advise you to send him at once. I saw your son yesterday at the club, and he exactly fits your measure, except in one respect. He's got more grit in him than you give him credit for. I looked him over pretty carefully, and if he gets in a tight place you needn't worry about him. He'll pull out, or my name isn't Cobb. And now one thing more—" and he rose stiffly from the sofa and buttoned up his coat—"don't give him any pocket-money. Chuck him out neck and heels into the world and let him shift for himself. That's the way I was treated, and that's the way I got on. Good-day."



## CHAPTER VI

## A SEAT IN UNION SQUARE

WITHIN a day's journey of Kennedy Square lay another wide breathing-space, its winding paths worn smooth by countless hurrying feet.

Over its flat monotony straggled a line of gnarled willows, marking the wanderings of some guileless brook long since swallowed up and lost in the mazes of the great city like many a young life fresh from green fields and sunny hill-sides. This waste of weeds and sun-dried, yellow grass, this kraal for scraggly trees and broken benches, breasted the rush of the great city as a stone breasts a stream, dividing its current—one part swirling around and up Broadway to the hills and the other flowing eastward toward Harlem and the Sound. Around its four sides, fronting the four streets that hemmed it in, ran a massive iron railing, socketed in stone and made man-proof and dog-proof by four great iron gates. These gates were opened at dawn to let the restless in, and closed at night to keep the weary out.

Above these barriers of stone and iron no joyous magnolias lifted their creamy blossoms; no shy climbing roses played hide-and-seek, blushing scarlet when caught. Along its foot-worn paths no drowsy Moses ceased his droning call; no lovers walked forgetful of the world; no staid old gentlemen wandered idly, their noses in their books.

All day long on its rude benches and over its thread-bare turf, sprawled unkempt women with sick babies from the shanties; squalid, noisy children from the rookeries; beggars in rags, and now and then some hopeless wayfarer—who for the moment had given up his search for bread and who rested or slept until the tap of a constable's club would bring him to consciousness and his feet.

At night before the gates were closed—ten o'clock was the hour—there could always be found, under its dim lamps, some tired girl, sitting in the light for better protection while she rested, or some weary laborer on the way home from his long day's work, and always passing to and fro, swinging his staff, bullying the street-

rats who were playing tag among the trees, and inspiring a wholesome awe among those hiding in the shadows, lounged some guardian of the peace awaiting the hour when he could drive the inmates to the sidewalk, and shut the gates behind them with a bang.

Here on one of these same straight-backed wooden seats one September night—a night when the air was heavy with a smoky haze, through which the lamps peered as in a fog, and the dust lay thick upon the leaves—sat our Oliver.

Outside the square—all about the iron fence, and surging past the big equestrian statue, could be heard the roar and din of the great city—that maelstrom which now seemed ready to engulf him. No sound of merry laughter reached him only rumbling of countless wheels, the slow thud of never-ending, crowded stages lumbering over the cobbles, the cries of the hucksters selling hot corn, and the ceaseless scrapings of a thousand feet.

He had sat here since the sun had gone down watching the crowds, wondering how they lived and how they had earned their freedom from such cares as were now oppressing him. His heart was heavy. A long-coveted berth, meaning self-support and independence and consequent relief to his mother's heart, had been almost within his grasp. It was not the place he had expected when he left home. It was much more menial and unremunerative. But he had outlived all his bright hopes. He was ready now to take anything he could get to save him from returning to Kennedy Square, or what would be worse still from asking his mother for a penny more than she had given him. Rather than do this he would sweep the streets.

As he leaned forward on the bench, his face in his hands, his elbows on his knees, his thoughts went back to his father's house. He knew what they were all doing at this hour; he could see the porches crowded with the boys and girls he loved, their bright voices filling the night-air; Sue in the midst of them, her curls about her face. He could see his father in the big chair reading by the lamp, that dear old father who had held his hands so tenderly and spoken with such earnestness.



"I am glad you are going, my son," Richard Horn had said. "Your mother is right; the men at the North are broader-minded than we are here, and you will soon find your place among them. Great things are ahead of us, my boy. I shall not live to see them, but you will."

He could see his mother too, sitting by the window, looking out upon the trees. He knew where her thoughts lay. As his mind rested on her pale face his eyes filled with tears. "Dear old mother," he said to himself—"I am not forgetting, dearie. I am holding on. But oh, if I had only got the place to-day, how happy you would be to-morrow."

A bitter feeling had risen in his heart, when he had opened the letter which had brought him the news of the loss of this hoped-for situation. "This is making one's way in the world, is it?" he had said to himself with a heavy sigh. Then the calm eyes of his mother had looked into his again, and he had felt the pressure of the soft hand and heard the tones of her voice:

"You may have many discouragements, my son, and will often be ready to faint by the way, but stick to it and you will win."

His bitterness had been but momentary, and he had soon pulled himself together, but his every resource seemed exhausted now. He had counted so on the situation—that of a shipping-clerk in a dry-goods store—promised him because of a letter that he carried from Amos Cobb's friend. But at the last moment the former clerk, who had been laid off because of sickness, had been taken back, and so the weary search for work must begin again.

And yet with everything against him Oliver had no thought of giving up the struggle. Even Amos Cobb would have been proud of him could he have seen the dogged tenacity with which he clung to his purpose. This strength of character so suddenly developed in one heretofore so weak, may have sprung from his youth, from his buoyant, happy temperament, or it may have been born of his devotion to his mother's wishes. Or perhaps—and this is more than probable—he owed it to some drops of blood that reached his own through his mother's veins—the blood of

that Major with the blue and buff coat, it may be, whose portrait hung in the dining-room at home, and who in the early days had braved the flood at Trenton side by side with the Hero of the Bronze Horse—now overlooking the bench on which Oliver sat; or he may have owed it to that other ancestor in the queue whose portrait hung over the mantel of the club and who had served his State with distinction in his day.

Whatever the causes of these several effects, the one dominating power which he now recognized as controlling him was his veneration for his mother's name and honor. For on the night after Amos Cobb's visit she had gone into Oliver's bedroom, and shutting the door had told him of the mortgage; of his father's embarrassment, and the danger they suffered of losing the farm, their only hope for their old age unless success crowned Richard's inventions. With his hand fast in hers she had given him in exact detail all that she had done to ward off this calamity; recounting, word by word, what she had said to the Colonel, lowering her voice almost to a whisper as she spoke of the solemn promise she had made him—involving her own and her husband's honor—and the lengths to which she was prepared to go to keep her obligations to the bank.

Then, her hand still clasping his, the two sitting side by side on his bed, his wondering, startled eyes looking into hers—for this world of anxiety was an unknown world to him—she had by slow stages made him realize that he, their only son, was their sole dependence, and she had shown him how necessary it was for him to begin to earn his bread, not only on his own account but on hers and his father's.

"It is the law of nature, my son," she had added. "Everything that lives must *work* to live. You have only to watch the birds out here in the Square to convince you of that. Notice them to-morrow, when you go out. See how busy they are; see how long it takes for any one of them to get a meal. You are old enough now to begin to earn your own bread, and you must begin at once, Ollie. Your father can no longer help you. I had hoped your profession would do this

for you, but that is not to be thought of now."

Oliver, at first, had been stunned by it all. He had never before given the practical side of life a single thought. Everything had gone along smoothly from his earliest remembrance. His father's house had been his home and his protection; his room with its little bed and pretty hangings and all its comforts—a room cared for like a girl's—had always been open to him. He had never once asked himself how these things came about, nor why they continued. These revelations of his mother's therefore were like the sudden opening of a door covering a vault over which he had walked unconsciously and which now, for the first time, he saw yawning beneath him.

"Poor daddy," were his first words. "I never knew a thing about his troubles; he seems always so happy and so gentle. I am so sorry—dear daddy—dear dad—" he kept repeating.

And then as she spoke there flashed into his mind the thought of his own hopes. They were shattered now. He knew that the art career was dead for him, and that all his dreams in that direction were over.

He was about to tell her this, but he stopped before the words were formed. He would not add his own burden to her sorrow. No, he would bear it alone. He would tell Sue, but he would not tell his mother. Next there welled up in his heart a desire to help this mother whom he idolized, and this father who represented to him all that was kind and true.

"What can I do? Where can I go, dearie?" he cried with sudden resolve. "Even if I am to work with my hands I am ready to do it, but it must be away from here. I could not do it here at home with everybody looking on; no, not here! not here!"

This victory gained, the mother with infinite tact, little by little, unfolded to the son the things she had planned. Finally with her arms about his neck, smoothing his cheek with her hands she told him of Amos Cobb's advice and of his offer, adding: "He will give you a letter to his friend who lives at Haverstraw near New York, my boy, with whom you can stay until you get the situation you want."

The very impracticability of this scheme did not weigh with her. She did not see how almost hopeless would be the task of finding employment in an unknown city. Nor did the length of time her son might be a burden on a total stranger make any difference in her plans. Her own home had always been open to the friends of her friends, and for any length of time, and her inborn sense of hospitality made it impossible for her to understand any other conditions. Then again she said to herself: "Mr. Cobb knows; his friend will welcome Oliver, or he would not have allowed my son to go." She had repeated however no word of the Vermonter's advice "to chuck the boy out neck and heels into the world and let him shift for himself," but the very Spartan quality of the suggestion, in spite of its brusqueness, had greatly pleased her. She could not but recognize that Amos understood. And she would have faced the situation herself if she had been in her son's place. She said so to herself. And she felt too, that Oliver would face it as bravely when the time came.

As for the temptations that might assail her boy in the great city, she never gave them a thought. Neither the love of drink nor the love of play ran in her own or Richard's veins—not for generations back. "One test of a gentleman, my son," Richard always said, "lies in the way in which he controls his appetites—in the way he regards his meat and drink. Both are foods for the mind as well as for the body, and must be used as such. Gluttons and drunkards should be classed together." No, her boy's heart might lead him astray, but not his appetites, and never his passions. She was as sure of that as she was of his love.

As she talked on, Oliver's mind, yielding to her stronger will as clay does to a sculptor's hand, began to take shape. What at first had looked like a hardship now began to have an attractive side. Perhaps the art career need not be wholly given up. Perhaps, too, there was a better field for him in New York than here—old Mr. Crocker had always told him this. Then, too, there was something of fascination after all, in going out alone like a knight-errant to conquer the world. And in that great Northern



city, too, with its rush and whirl and all that it held for him of mystery! How many times had Crocker talked to him by the hour of its delights. And Elliott's chair! Yes, he could get rid of that. And Sue? Sue would wait—she had promised him she would. No, there was no doubt about Sue! She would love him all the better if he fought his battle alone. Only the day before she had told him of the wonderful feats of the White Knight, that the new English poet had just written about and that everybody in Kennedy Square was now reading.

Above all there was the delight of another sensation—the sensation of a new move. This really pleased him best. He was apparently listening to his mother when these thoughts took possession of him, for his eyes were still fixed on hers, but he heard only a word now and then. It was his imagination that swayed him now, not his will nor his judgment. He would have his own adventures in the great city and see the world as Mr. Crocker had done, he said to himself.

"Yes, dearie, I'll go," he answered quickly. "Don't talk any more about it. I'll do just as you want me to, and I'll go anywhere you say. But about the money for my expenses? Can father give it to me?" he asked suddenly, a shade of anxiety crossing his face.

"We won't ask your father, Ollie," she said, drawing him closer to her. She knew he would yield to her wishes, and she loved him the better for it, if that were possible. "I have a little money saved which I will give you. You won't be long finding a good place."

"And how often can I come back to you?" he cried, starting up. Until now this phase of the situation had not entered his mind.

"Not often, my boy—certainly not until you can afford it. It is costly traveling. May be once or twice a year."

"Oh, then there's no use talking, I can't go. I can't—can't, be away from you that long. That's going to be the hardest part." He had started from his seat and stood over her, a look of determination on his face.

"Oh, yes, you can, my son, and you will," she replied, as she too rose and

stood beside him, stopping the outburst of his weakness with her calm voice, and quieting and soothing him with the soft caressing touch of her hand, smoothing his cheek with her fingers as she had so often done when he, a baby, had lain upon her breast.

Then with a smile on her face, she had kissed him good-night, closed the door, and staggering along the corridor steadying herself as she walked, her hand on the walls, had thrown herself upon her bed in an agony of tears, crying out:

"Oh, my boy—my boy! How can I give you up? And I know it is forever!"

And now here he is foot-sore and heart-sore, sitting in Union Square, New York, the roar of the great city in his ears, and here he must sit until the cattle-barge which took him every night to the house of Amos Cobb's friend was ready to start on her voyage up the river.

He sat with his head in his hands, his elbows on his knees, not stirring until a jar on the other end of the bench roused him. A negro hod-carrier, splashed with plaster, and wearing a ragged shirt and a crownless straw hat, had taken a seat beside him. The familiarity of the act startled Oliver. No negro wayfarer would have dared so much in his own Square at home.

The man reached forward and drew closer to his own end of the bench a bundle of sawed ends and bits of wood which he had carried across the park on his shoulder.

Oliver watched him for a moment, with a feeling amounting almost to indignation. "Were the poverty and the struggle of a great city to force such familiarities upon him?" he wondered. Then something in the negro's face, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the back of his hand, produced a sudden change of feeling. "Was this man, too, without work?" Oliver asked himself, as he felt the negro's weariness, and realized for the first time, the common heritage of all men.

"Are you tired, Uncle," he asked.

"Yes, a little mite. I been a-totin' dis kindlin' from way up yander in 'Twenty-third Street where the circus useter be. Deys buildin' a big hotel dere now



—de Fifth Avenue dey calls it. I'm a-carryin' mortar for de brick-layers an' somehow dese sticks is monst'ous heavy after workin' all day."

"Where do you live?" asked Oliver, his eyes on the kindling-wood.

"Not far from here, sah; little way dis side de Bow'ry. Whar's yo'r home?" And the old man rose to his feet and picked up his bundle.

The question staggered Oliver. He had no home, really none that he could call his own—not now.

"Oh, a long way from here," he answered, thoughtfully, without raising his head, his voice choking.

The old negro gazed at him for a moment, touched his hat respectfully, and walked toward the gate. At the entrance he wheeled about, balanced the bundle of wood on his shoulder and looked back at Oliver, who had resumed his old position, his eyes on the ground. Then he walked away, muttering:

"'Pears like he's one o' my own people calling me uncle. Spec' he ain't been long from his mammy."

Two street-rats now sneaked up toward Oliver, watched him for a moment, and whispered to each other. One threw a stone which grazed Oliver's head, the other put his hand to his mouth and yelled: "Spad, spad," at the top of his voice. Oliver understood the epithet, it meant that he wore clean linen, polished shoes, and perhaps, now and then, a pair of gloves. He had heard the same outcry in his own city, for the slang of the street-rat is Volapük the world over. But he did not resent the assault. He was too tired to chase any boys, and too despondent to answer their taunts.

A constable, attracted by the cries of the boys, passed in front of him swinging his long staff. He was about to tap Oliver's knees with one end of it, as a gentle reminder that he had better move on, when something in the young man's face or appearance made him change his mind.

"Hi, sonny," he cried, turning quickly and facing Oliver, "yer can't bum round here after ten, ye know. Keep yer eyes peeled for them gates, d'ye hear?"

If Oliver heard he made no reply. He was in no mood to dispute the officer's right to order him about. The gates were

not the only openings shut in his face, he thought to himself; everything seemed closed against him in this great city. It was not so at home on Kennedy Square. Its fence, was a shakly, moss-covered, sagging old fence, intertwined with honeysuckles, full of holes and minus many a paling; where he could have found a dozen places to crawl through. He had done so only a few weeks before with Sue in a mad frolic across the Square. Besides, why should the constable speak to him at all? He knew all about the hour of closing the New York gates without the policeman reminding him of it. Had he not sat here every night waiting for that cattle boat? He hated the place cordially, yet it was the only spot in that great city to which he could come and not be molested while he waited for the barges. He always selected this particular bench because it was nearest the gate that led to the bronze horse. He loved to look at its noble contour silhouetted against the sky or illumined by the street-lamps, and was seldom too tired to be inspired by it. He had never seen any work in sculpture to be compared to it, and for the first few days after his arrival, he was never content to end his day's tramping until he stood beneath it, following its outlines, his heart swelling with pride at the thought that one of his own countrymen and not a European had created it. He wished that his father, who believed so in the talent of his countrymen, could see it.

Suddenly, while he was still resenting the familiarity of the constable, his ears were assailed by the cry of a dog in pain; some street-rat had kicked him.

Instantly Oliver was on his feet. A small spaniel was running toward him, followed by half a dozen boys who were pelting him with stones.

Oliver sprang forward as the dog crouched at his feet; caught him up in his arms and started for the rats, who dodged behind the tree-trunks, calling "Spad, spad," as they ran. Then came the voice of the same constable.

"Hi, yer can't bring that dog in here."

"He's not my dog, somebody has hurt him," said Oliver in an indifferent tone, examining carefully the dog's legs to see if any bones were broken.

"If that ain't your dog what yer doin' with him? See here, I been a-watchin' ye. Yer got ter move on or I'll run ye in. D'ye moind?"

Oliver's eyes flashed. In all his life no man had ever doubted his word, nor had anyone ever spoken to him in such terms.

"You can do as you please, but I will take care of this dog, no matter what happens. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to see him hurt, and not want to protect him. You're a pretty kind of an officer."

A crowd began to gather.

Oliver was standing with the dog under one arm, holding the little fellow close to his breast, the other bent with fist clinched as if to defend himself.

"I am, am I? yer moon-faced spad! I'll show ye," and he sprang toward Oliver.

"Here now, Tim Murphy," came a sharp voice, "kape yer hands off the young gentleman. He ain't a-doin' nothin', and he ain't done nothin'. Them divils hit the dog, I seen 'em myself."

The officer turned quickly and faced a big, broad-shouldered Irish woman, bare-headed, her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, every line in her kindly face replete with indignation.

"Don't put yer hands on him, or I'll go to the lock-up an' tell McManus."

"Oh, it's you, is it, Mrs. Mulligan?" said the officer, in a conciliatory tone.

"Yes, it's me. The young gentleman's right. It's the b'ys ye oughter club into shape, not be foolin' yer time over the dog."

"Well, ye know it's agin the rules to let dogs inside the gates," he retorted as he continued his stroll along the walk, swinging his club as he went, puffing out his chest and cheeks with his old air as he moved toward the gate.

"Yes, an' so it's agin the rules to have them rapscllions yellin' like mad an' howlin' bloody murder when a body comes up here to git a breath o' air," she called after him.

"Is the dog hurt, sir?" and she stepped close to Oliver and laid her big hand on the dog's head, as it lay nestling close to Oliver's side.

"No, I don't think so—he would have been if I had not got him."

The dog, under the caress, raised his head, and a slight movement of his tail expressed his pleasure. Then his ears shot forward. A young man was rapidly walking up the path, whistling as he came. The dog, with a quick movement, squirmed himself from under Oliver's arm and sprang toward him.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Fred, is it?" broke out the woman, "and it's Miss Margaret's dog, too. Of course it's her dog, an' I was that dumb I didn't know it. But it's not me ye can thank for savin' its skin—it's the young gentleman here. Them divils would have killed it but for him."

"Is the dog yours, sir?" asked Oliver, raising his hat with that peculiar manner of his which always won him friends at first sight.

"No, I wish it were. It's Miss Grant's dog—one of our students. I am taking care of it while she is away. The little rascal ran out and got into the Square before I knew it. I live right across the street—you can see my house from here. Miss Grant will be awfully obliged to you for protecting him."

"Oh, don't mention it. I got hold of him just in time, or these ruffians would have hurt him. I think the old lady here, however, is most to be thanked. We might both have been locked up," he added, smiling, "if she had not interfered. You know her, it seems."

"Yes, she's Mother Mulligan, as we call her. She's janitress of the Academy of Design, where I draw at night. Come over to where I live—it's only a step."

"Well, I will if you don't think it's too late," and the two young fellows left the Square, the dog bounding before them.

The edge of Oliver's cloud had at last caught the light!

And what a light it was!

It shone right down into Oliver's soul and warmed and cheered him to his fingertips, opened his heart, and brought out all his secrets.

Within the hour—in less time indeed—Oliver had told Fred the story of his fruitless tramps for work; of his mother's hopes and fears; of his own ambitions and his aims. And Fred, his own heart wide open,

had told Oliver with equal frankness the story of his own struggles ; of his leaving his father's farm in the western part of the State, and of his giving up everything to come to New York to study art.

It was the old, old story of two chance acquaintances made friends by reason of the common ground of struggle and privation on which they stood—comrades fighting side by side in the same trenches for the same end—and both dreaming of the morrow which would always bring victory and never death. A story told without reserve for the disappointments of life had not yet dulled their enthusiasm, nor had the caution and reserve acquired by its many bitter experiences yet checked the free flow of their confidences.

To Oliver, in his present despondent mood, the hand held out to him was more than the hand of a comrade. It was the hand of a strong swimmer thrust out of the sea to save a drowning man. There were others then besides himself, he thought, as he grasped it, who were making this fight for bread and glory—there was something else in the great city besides cruelty and misery, money-getting and money-spending—something of unselfishness, sympathy and love.

The two sat on the steps of Fred's boarding-house—that house where Oliver was to spend so many happy days of his after-life—until there was only time enough to catch the barge. Reluctantly he bade his new-found comrade good-by and, waving his hand, turned the corner in the direction of the dock.

## CHAPTER VII

### MISS TEETUM'S TOP FLOOR

NOT only had the sunshine of a new friendship illumined the edge of Oliver's clouds, but before the week was out a big breeze laden with success had swept it so far out to sea, that none but the clearest of skies radiant with hope arched now above his happy face.

A paste-board sign had wrought this miracle.

One day he had been tramping the lower parts of the city, down among the docks, near Coenties Slip, looking up the people

who on former visits had said : "Some other time, perhaps," or "If we should have room for another man we will be glad to remember you," or "We know Mr. Cobb, and shall be pleased," etc., etc., when he chanced to espy a strange sign tacked outside a warehouse door, a sign which bore the unheard-of announcement—unheard of to Oliver, especially the last word, "SHIPPING CLERK WANTED."

No one, for weeks, had *wanted* anything that Oliver could furnish. Strangely enough too, as he afterward discovered, the bullet-headed Dutch porter had driven the last tack into the clean, white, welcome face of the sign only five minutes before Oliver stopped in front of it. Still more out of the common, and still more incomprehensible, was the reply made to him by the head salesman, whom he found just inside the door—a wiry, restless little man with two keen black eyes, and a perfectly bald head.

"Yes, if you can mark boxes decently ; can show any references ; don't want too much pay, and can come *now*. We're short of a boy, and it's our busy season."

Oh ! blessed be Mr. Crocker, thought Oliver, as he picked up a marking-brush, stirred it round and round in the tin pot filled with lamp-black and turpentine, and to his own and the clerk's delight, painted, on a clean board, rapidly and clearly, and in new letters too—new to the clerk—the full address of the bald-headed man's employers :

MORTON, SLADE & CO.,

121 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

More amazing still were the announcements made by the same bald-headed man after Oliver had shown him Amos Cobb's recommendations : Oliver was to come to work in the morning, the situation to be permanent provided Cobb confirmed by letter the good wishes he had previously expressed, and provided Mr. Morton, the senior partner, approved of the bald-head's action ; of which the animated billiard-ball said there was not the slightest doubt as he, the ball, had charge of the shipping department, and was responsible for its efficiency.



All of these astounding, incomprehensible and amazing occurrences Oliver had written to his mother, ending his letter by declaring in his enthusiasm that it was his art, after all, that had pulled him through, and that but for "his readiness with the brush, he would still be a tramp, instead of "rolling in luxury on the huge sum of eight dollars a week, with every probability of becoming a partner in the house, and later on a millionaire." To which the dear lady had replied, that she was delighted to know he had pleased his employers, but that what had pleased her most was his never having lost heart while trying to win his first fight, adding: "The second victory will come more easily, my darling boy, and so will each one hereafter." Poor lady, she never knew how sore that boy's feet had been, nor how many times he had gone with half a meal or none at all, for fear of depleting too much the small store she had given him when he left home.

With his success still upon him, he had sallied forth to call upon young Fred Stone who had grasped his hand so warmly the night he had rescued the dog from the street-boys, and whose sympathy had gone out to him so freely. He had written him of his good fortune, and Fred had replied, begging him to call upon him, and had appointed this same Saturday night as the night of all others when he could entertain him best.

But Oliver is not the same boy who said good-by to Fred that moonlight night the week before. His eyes are brighter; his face is aglow with some ill-concealed pleasure. Even his step shows the old-time spring and lightness of the days at home—on his toes part of the time, as if restraining an almost uncontrollable impulse to stop and throw one or two hand-springs just to relieve the pressure on his nerves.

When he reached the bench in the Square where he had sat so many nights with his head in his hands, one of those quick outbursts of enthusiasm took possession of him, the kind that sets young hearts singing with joy when some sudden shift of hope's kaleidoscope opens a wide horizon brilliant with the light of future success. With an exclamation of boyish glee he plumped himself down upon the hard planks of the bench, and jumped up

again, pirouetting on his toe and slanting his hat over one eye as if in a spirit of sheer bravado against fate. Then he sauntered out of the iron gate to Fred's house.

Even as he waited on the stone steps of Miss Teetum's boarding-house—for the dowdy servant-girl's return—such dirty, unkempt steps as they were, and such a dingy door-plate, spotted with rain and dust, not like Malachi's, he thought—he could hardly restrain himself from beating Juba with his foot, a plantation trick Malachi had taught him, keeping time the while with the palms of his hands on his shapely legs.

Meanwhile another young enthusiast is coming down-stairs three steps at a time, this one bare-headed, all out of breath, and without a coat, who pours out his heart to the first Juba-beating enthusiast as the two climb the stairs together to the second enthusiast's room on the top floor. He tells him of his delight at seeing him again and of the lot of fellows waiting to welcome him under the skylight; and of what a jolly lot the "Skylarkers" really were; and of Mr. Slade, Oliver's employer, whom Fred knows and who comes from Fred's own town; and of how much Mr. Slade likes a certain new clerk, one Oliver Horn, of Kennedy Square, he having said so the night before, this same Horn being the precise individual whose arm at the moment was locked in Fred's own and which was now getting an extra squeeze merely for the purposes of identification.

All of this Fred poured into Oliver's willing ear without stopping to take breath, as they mounted the four long flights of stairs that led to the top floor, where, under the roof, there lived a group of Bohemians as unique in their personalities as could be found the great city over.

At the moment when the two pairs of feet had reached the last flight of steps under the flat roof of the house, the "Skylarkers" were singing "Old Dog Tray" at the top of their voices, with piano accompaniment, and of some other instruments, the character of which our young hero failed to recognize, the strains having grown louder and louder as the young men mounted the stairs.

As Oliver stood in the open doorway and looked in through the haze of tobacco-

smoke upon the group, he instantly became conscious that a new world had opened before him, a world as he had always pictured it—full of mystery and charm, peopled by a race as fascinating to him as any Mr. Crocker had ever described, and as new and strange as if its members had been the denizens of another planet.

The interior into which he looked was not a room, but a square low-ceiled hall into which opened some six or more small bed-rooms, slept in, whenever sleep was possible, by an equal number of Miss Teetum's boarders. The furnishings and appointments of this open garret, with two exceptions, were similar to those of all other garrets of its class. It had walls and ceiling, once white-washed, and now discolored by roof-leaks from a weather-beaten skylight. Its floor was bare of carpet, and its well-worn woodwork was stained with time and use. Chairs were scarce, most of the boarders and their guests being seated on the floor.

The two exceptions, already noted, were the crisp, telling sketches, big and little, in color and black-and-white, which covered every square inch of the leak-stained surface of ceiling and wall, the work of the artist members of this coterie, and the yellow-keyed, battered piano which occupied the centre of the open space and which stood immediately under two flaring gas-jets. At the moment of Fred's and Oliver's arrival the top of this instrument was ornamented by two musically inclined gentlemen, one seated cross-legged like a Turk, voicing the misfortunes of Dog Tray, the other, with his legs resting on a chair, beating time to the melody with a cane. This cane, at short intervals, he brought down upon the shoulders of any ambitious member who attempted to usurp his place. The chief object of the gathering, so far as Oliver's hasty glance could determine, was undoubtedly the making of as much noise as possible.

While the young men stood looking into the room waiting for the song to cease prior to Oliver's entry and introduction, Fred whispered into his guest's ear some of the names, occupations, and characteristics of the group before him.

The cross-legged man with the long neck, drooping mustache, and ropy black

hair, was none other than Bowdoin, the artist—the only American who had taken a medal at Munich for landscape, but who was now painting portraits and starving slowly in consequence. He mounted to this eyry every Saturday night, so as to be reminded of the good old days at Schwartzs. The short, big-mustached, bald-headed man swinging the cane, was Bianchi—Julius Bianchi—known to the Skylarkers as "The Pole," and to the world at large as an accomplished lithographer and maker of mezzotints. Bianchi was a piece of the early artistic driftwood cast upon our shores—an artist indeed, for he drew from the life, and handled the crayon like a master.

The pale-faced young fellow at the piano, with bulging watch-crystal eyeglasses and hair tucked behind his ears, was the well-known, all-round musician, Wenby Simmons—otherwise known as "Pussy Me-ow"—a name associated in some way with the strings of his violin. This virtuoso played in the orchestra at the Winter Garden, and occupied the bedroom next to Fred's.

The clean-shaven, well-groomed young Englishman standing behind Simmons and holding a coal-scuttle half full of coal which he shook with deafening jangle to help swell the chorus, was "My Lord Cockburn" so called—an exchange clerk in a banking-house. He occupied the room opposite Fred's.

With the ending of the chorus Fred Stone stepped into the open space with his arm through that of his guest, and the noise was hushed long enough for the entire party to welcome the young Southerner—a welcome which kindled into a glow of enthusiasm when they caught the look of frank undisguised pleasure which lighted up his face, and noticed the unaffected bow with which he entered the room, shaking hands with each one as Fred introduced him—and all with that warm, hearty, simple, courteous manner peculiar to his people.

The slight ceremony over—almost every Saturday night some new guest was welcomed—Fred seated himself on the floor with his back to the white-washed wall, although two chairs were at once offered them, and made room for Oliver, who settled down beside him.



As they sat leaning back, Oliver's eyes wandering over the room drinking in the strange, fascinating scene before him, as bewildering as it was unexpected, Fred—now that they were closer to the scene of action, again whispered or shouted, as the suddenly revived noise permitted, into Oliver's alert and delighted ears, such additional facts concerning the other members present as he thought would interest his guest.

The fat man behind the piano astride of a chair, a pipe in his mouth and a black velvet skull-cap on his head, was Tom Waller, the sheep-painter—Thomas Brandon Waller, he signed it—known as the Walrus. He, too, was a boarder and a delightful fellow, although an habitual grumbler. His highest ambition was to affix an N. A. at the end of his name, but he had failed of election by thirty votes out of forty cast. That exasperating event he had duly celebrated at Pfaff's in various continued libations covering a week, and had accordingly, on many proper and improper occasions, renewed and celebrated the event, breathing out meanwhile, between his pewter mugs, scathing anathemas against the "idiots" who had defeated him out of his just rights, and who were stupid enough to believe in the school of Verboeckhoeven. Slick and shiny Verboeckhoeven, "the mechanic," he would call him, with his fists clinched, who painted the hair on every one of his sheep as if it were curled by a pair of barber's tongs—not dirty and woolly and full of suggestions as, of course, he—the great Waller, alone of all living animal painters—depicted it. All of which, to Waller's credit, it must be parenthetically stated, these same "idiots" learned to recognize in after years as true, when that distinguished animal painter took a medal at the Salon for the same picture which the Jury of N. A.'s had rejected at their Spring Exhibition; Frederick Stone, N. A., alone protesting against the injustice done to so deserving an artist.

The irreproachable, immaculate young person, with eyes half closed, lying back in the arm-chair—one which he had brought from his own room—was "Ruffle-shirt" Tomlins. He was the only member who dressed every day for dinner, whether he was going out afterward or not—spike-

tailed coat, white tie and all. Tomlins not only knew intimately a lady of quality who owned a box at the Academy of Music, in Fourteenth Street, and who invited him to sit in it at least once a season, but he had besides a large visiting acquaintance among the people of quality living on Irving Place. A very agreeable and kindly little man was "Ruffle-shirt" Tomlins—so Fred said—the sort of a little man whose philosophy of life was based on the possibility of catching more innocent, unwary flies with honey than he could with vinegar, and who, in consequence, always said nice things about everybody—sometimes in a tone loud enough for everybody to hear. This last statement of Fred's Tomlins confirmed ten minutes later by remarking, in a stage-whisper to Waller:

"Did you see how that young Mr. Horn entered the room? Nobody like these high-bred Southerners, my boy. Quite the air of a man of the world—hasn't he?" To all of which the distinguished sheep-painter made no other reply than a slight nod of the head, as he blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling—Tomlins's immaculate appearance being a constant offence to the untidy painter.

The member with the stentorian voice, who was roaring out his opinions to Cockburn, Fred continued, was "Fog-horn" Cranch, the auctioneer. His room was next to Waller's. His weaknesses were gay-colored waist-coats and astounding cravats. He varied these portions of his dress according to wind, weather, and sales of the day—selecting blue for sunshiny mornings, black for rainy ones, green for pictures, red for household furniture, white for real estate, etc. Into these color-schemes he stuck a variety of scarf-pins of coral lava and amethyst—none very valuable or rare, but each one distinct—a miniature ivory skull, for instance, with little garnets for eyes, or tiny onyx dice with sixes on all sides.

The one man of all the others most beloved by Fred and every other boarder, guest, and *habitué* that gathered around the piano in this garret-room, and now conspicuous by his absence, he having gone to the circus opposite the Academy of Music, not likely to return until late—a fact greatly regretted by Fred who made this announcement with lowered voice to Oli-



ver—was a young Irishman by the name of McFudd—Cornelius McFudd, the life of the house, and whom Waller, in accordance with the general custom, had christened “Continuous McFuddle,” by reason of the nature of the Hibernian’s habits. His room was across the open space opposite Fred’s, with windows overlooking the yard.

This condensation of good-nature, wit, and good-humor, Fred went on to say, had been shipped to “The States” by his father, a rich manufacturer of Irish whiskeys in Dublin, that he might learn something of the ways of the New World. And there was not the slightest doubt in the minds of his comrades, so Fred assured Oliver, that he had not only won his diploma, but that the sum of his knowledge along several other lines far exceeded that of any one of his contemporaries. His allowances came regularly every month, through the hands of Cockburn, who had known him in London, and whose bank cashed McFudd’s remittances—a fact which enabled my lord to a greater extent than the others to keep an eye on the Irishman’s movements and expenditures.

Whatever deviltry was inaugurated on this top floor during the day as well as the night, and it was pretty constant, could be traced without much difficulty to this irrepressible young Irishman. If Tomlins found his dress-suit put to bed, with a pillow for a body and his crush-hat for a head; or Cranch found Waller’s lay-figure (Waller often used his bedroom as a studio) sitting bolt upright in his easy-chair, with its back to him reading a newspaper—the servant having been told to announce to Cranch, the moment she opened the door, that “a gentleman was waiting for him in his room”; or Cockburn was sent off on some wild-goose chase up-town—it was safe to say that Mac was at the bottom of it all.

If, Fred added impressively, this rollicking, devil-may-care, perfectly sound and hearty young Hibernian had ever been absolutely, entirely, and completely sober since his sojourn in the land of the free, no one of his fellow-boarders had ever discovered it.

Of this motley gathering “Ruffle-shirt” Tomlins, the swell; “Fog-horn” Cranch,

the auctioneer; “Walrus” Waller, the sheep-painter; “My Lord” Cockburn, the Englishman; Fred Stone and Cornelius McFudd, not only occupied the bedrooms, but had seats at Miss Teetum’s table, four flights below. Bianchi and the others were the guests of the evening.

All this, and more, Fred poured into Oliver’s willing ear in loud or soft tones, dependent upon the particular kind of bedlam that was loose in the room at the moment, as they sat side by side on the floor, Oliver’s back supported by a pillow which Tomlins had brought from his own bed and tucked behind his shoulders with his own hand.

This courtesy had been followed by another, quite as comforting and as thoughtful. Cockburn, the moment Oliver’s back touched the wall, had handed him a toothbrush mug without a handle, filled to the brim with a decoction of Cockburn’s own brewing, compounded hot according to McFudd’s receipt, and poured from an earthen pitcher kept within reach of Cockburn’s hand, and to which Oliver, in accordance with his habitual custom, had merely touched his lips, he being the most temperate of young gentlemen.

While they talked on, stopping now and then to listen to some outburst of Cranch, whose voice drowned all others—or to snatches of song from Wenby Simmons, the musician, or from Julius Bianchi, Waller’s voice managed to make itself felt above the din with an earnestness that gained the attention and calmed all the others.

“You don’t know what you’re all talking about,” he was heard to say. He was still astride his chair, his pipe in his hand. “Young Inness’s picture was the best thing we had in the Exhibition, except Eastman Johnson’s ‘Old Kentucky’ sketch. Durand’s big tree was——”

“What—that Innes’s smear?” retorted “My Lord” Cockburn, who still stood with the coal-scuttle in his hand ready for another chorus. “Positively, Waller, you Americans amuse me. Do you really think that you’ve got anybody about you that can paint anything worth having——”

“Oh! oh! Hear the high-cockalorum! Oh! oh!”

The sheep-painter raised his hand to command silence.

"Do I think we've got anybody about here who can paint?—you fog-headed idiot from Piccadilly? We've got a dozen young fellows in this very town that put more real stuff into their canvases than all your men put together. They don't tickle their things to death with detail. They get air and vitality and out-of-doors into their work, and——"

"Names! Names!" shouted "My Lord" Cockburn, rattling the scuttle to drown the answers to his questions.

"George Inness for one, and young McEntee and Sanford Gifford, and Eastman Johnson, Page, Casilear—a lot of them," shouted "The Walrus." "Go to the Exhibition and see for yourself, and you——"

The rest of the discussion was lost to Oliver's ears owing to the roar of Cranch's fog-horn, accompanied by another vigorous shaking of the scuttle, which the auctioneer caught away from "My Lord" Cockburn's grasp, and the pounding of Simmons's fingers on the yellow keys of the wheezy piano.

The tribute to Inness had not been missed by Oliver, despite the deafening noise accompanying its utterance. He remembered another green smear, that hung in Mr. Crocker's studio, to which that old enthusiast always pointed as the work of a man who would yet be heard from if he lived. He had never appreciated it himself at the time, but now he saw that Mr. Crocker must be right.

Someone now started the chorus—

Down among the dead men, down.

Instantly every man was on his feet crowding about the piano, Oliver catching the inspiration of the moment and joining in with the others. The quality of his voice must have caught the ear of some of the singers, for they gradually lowered their tones, leaving Oliver's voice almost alone.

Fred's eye glowed with pleasure. His new-found friend was making a favorable impression. He at once urged Oliver to sing one of his own Southern songs as the darkies sung them at home, and not as they were caricatured by the end men in the minstrel shows.

Oliver, at first abashed, and then anx-

ious to contribute something of his own in return for all the pleasure they had given him, hummed the tune for Simmons, and in the hush that followed began one of the old plantation songs that Malachi had taught him, beginning with

De old black dog he bay at de moon,  
Away down yan ribber.  
Miss Bull-frog say she git dar soon,  
Away down yan ribber.

As the melody rang through the room, now full and strong, now plaintive as the cooing of a dove, or the moan of a whip-poorwill, the men stood stock-still, their wondering eyes fixed on the singer, and it was not until the timely arrival of the Bull-frog and the escape of her lover had been fully told that the listening crowd allowed themselves to do much more than breathe. Then there came a shout that nearly raised the roof. The peculiar sweetness of Oliver's voice, the quaintness of the melody, the grotesqueness of his gestures—for it was pantomime as well as music—and the quiet simplicity and earnestness with which it had all been done, had captivated every man in the room. It was Oliver's first triumph—the first in all his life.

And the second was not far off, for in the midst of all the uproar that followed, as he resumed his place on the floor, Cockburn sprang to his feet and proposed Mr. Oliver Horn as a full member of the Skylarkers' Club. This was carried unanimously, and a committee of two, consisting of "Ruffle-shirt" Tomlins and Waller, were forthwith appointed to acquaint the said member, who stood three feet away, of his election, and to escort him to Tomlins's chair—the largest and most imposing-looking one in the room. This action was endorsed by the shouts and cat-calls of all present, accompanied by earthquake shakings of the coal-scuttle and the rattling of chair-legs and canes on the floor.

Oliver rose to his feet and stood blushing like a girl, thanking those about him in halting sentences for the honor conferred upon him. Then he stammered something about his not deserving their praise, for he could really sing very few songs—only those he had sung at home to help out an occasional chorus, and that



he would be delighted to join in one now, if any one of the gentlemen present would start a tune.

These last suggestions being eminently distasteful to the group, were immediately drowned in a series of protests, the noise only ceasing when "Fog-horn" Cranch mounted a chair and in his best real estate voice commanded silence.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," thundered the auctioneer, "I have the honor to announce that the great baritone, Mr. Oliver Horn, known to the universe as the 'Musical Cornucopia,' late of the sunny South, and now a resident of this metropolis, will delight this company by singing one of those soul-moving plantation melodies which have made his name famous over two hemispheres. Mr. 'Pussy Me-ow' Simmons, the distinguished fiddling pianist, late of the Bowery, very late, I may remark, and now on the waiting list at Wallack's Theatre, every other month, I am told, will accompany him."

"Hear! Hear!" "Horn! Horn!" "Don't let him get away, Fred." "Song! Song!" was heard all over the room.

Oliver again tried to protest, but he was again shouted down by cries of—

"None of that!" "Can't fool us," "You know a barrel of 'em." "Song! Song!"

Cranch broke in again—"Mr. Horn's modesty, gentlemen, greatly endears him to his fellow-members, and we love him the better for it, but all the same—" and he raised his hand with the same gesture he would have used had it held an auctioneer's hammer—"All in favor of his singing again say 'Aye!' Going! Going! Gone! The ayes have it." In the midst of the cheering Cranch jumped from the chair and taking Oliver by the hand as if he had been a young prima donna at her first appearance, led him to the piano with all the airs and graces common to such an occasion.

Our young hero hesitated a moment, looked about in a pleased but helpless way, then nerving himself tried to collect his thoughts sufficiently to recall some one of the songs that were so familiar to him at home. Then Sue's black eyes looked into his—there must always be a woman helping Oliver—and the strains of the last song he had sung with her the night be-

fore he left home floated through his brain. (These same eyes were gazing into another's at the moment, but our young Oliver was unconscious of that lamentable fact.)

"Did you ever happen to hear 'The Old Kentucky Home'?" Oliver asked Simmons. "No? Well, it goes this way," and he struck the chords.

"You play it," said Simmons, rising from the stool.

"Oh, I can only play the chords, and not all of them right—" And he took Simmons's seat. "Perhaps I can can get through—I'll try it," he added, simply, and squared himself before the instrument and began the melody.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay.  
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow is in bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day.

Weep no more, my lady—oh, weep no more  
to-day!  
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For the old Kentucky home far away.

As the words rolled from his lips Oliver seemed to forget the scene before him. Somehow he could see the light in Sue's eyes, as she listened, and hear her last words. He could hear the voice of his mother, and feel her hand on his head; and then, as the soft vowels and cadences of the quaint melody breathed themselves out, he could catch again the expression of delight on the face of Malachi—who had taught him the song—as he listened, with his black head on his hand. It was a supreme moment with Oliver. The thrill of happiness that had quivered through him for days, intensified by this new heaven of Bohemia, vibrated in every note he uttered.

The effect was equally startling on those about him. Cranch craned his head, and for once lowered his voice to a whisper in speaking to the man next him. Bowdoin, the painter, and one of the guests, left his seat and tiptoed to the piano, listening attentively, his eyes riveted on Oliver's face, his whole being absorbed in the melody. Bianchi and Waller so far lost themselves that their pipes went out, while Simmons was so entranced that he forgot to applaud when Oliver finished.



The effect produced was not so much due to the quality in Oliver's voice—sweet and sympathetic as it was—nor to his manner of singing, nor to the sentiment of the song itself, but to the fact of its being, with its clear, sweet notes, a positive contrast to all of noise and clamor that had gone before. This fact, more than any other, made his listeners hold their breath in wonder and delight. It came like the song of a bird bursting out after a storm and charming everyone with the beauty of its melody, while the thunder of the tempest still reverberated through the air.

In the hush of the death-like stillness that followed, the steady tramp of feet was heard on the staircase, and the next instant the head of a young man, with a rosy face and side-chop coachman whiskers, close-cut black hair and shoe-button eyes, glistening with fun, was craned around the jamb of the door.

Mr. Cornelius McFudd had arrived.

He was in full evening dress, and as immaculate as if he had stepped out of a bandbox.

Whatever stimulants had permeated his system and fired his imagination had evidently escaped his legs, for they were as steady as those of a tripod. His entrance, in a measure, restored the assemblage to its normal condition. Mr. McFudd raised his hand impressively, checking the customary outbreak that always greeted his appearance on occasions like this, struck a deprecatory attitude and said, solemnly, in a rich, North-of-Ireland accent:

"Gentlemen, it is with the greatest surprise that I find ye contint to waste your time over such riotous proceedings as I know have taken place here to-night, when within a block of yez is a performance that would delight yer souls. Think of a man throwing a hand-spring over——"

At this instant a wet sponge was fired point blank from an open bedroom door, missed McFudd's head by an inch and bounded down the staircase.

"Thank ye, Admiral Lord Cockburn, for yer civility," cried McFudd, bowing low to the open bedroom door, "and for yer good intentions, but ye missed it as ye did yer mither's blessing—and as ye do most of the things ye try to hit." This was said without raising his voice or

changing a muscle of his face, his eyes fixed on the door inside of which stood Cockburn.

McFudd continued, "The performance of this acrobat is one of the——"

Cries of "Don't you see you disturb the music?" "Go to bed!" "Somebody sit on McFudd!" etc., filled the room.

"Go on, gentlemen. Continue your insults; defame the name of an honest man who is attempting to convey to yer dull comprehensions some idea of the wonders of the acrobatic ring. I'll turn a hand-spring for yez meself that will illustrate what I mane," and Mr. McFudd carefully removed his coat and began sliding up his shirt-cuffs.

At this juncture "My Lord" Cockburn, who had come from behind the door, winked significantly at Waller, and creeping on all fours behind McFudd, just as that gentleman was about lifting his legs aloft, swept him off his feet by a twist of his arm, and deposited him on the small of his back next to Oliver, his head resting against the wall. There Waller stood over him with a chair, which he threatened to turn over him upside down and sit on if the prostrate Irishman moved an inch.

McFudd waved his hand sadly as if in acquiescence to the inscrutable laws of fate, begged the gentlemen present to give no further thought to his existence, and after a moment of silence continued his remarks on the acrobatic ring to Oliver in the same monotonous tone of voice which he had addressed to the room before Cockburn's flank movement had made him bite the dust.

"It may seem to you, Mr.— Mr.—, I haven't your name, sir," and he bent his head toward Oliver.

"Horn, sir," Oliver suggested. "Oliver Horn."

"Thanks, it may seem to you that I'm exaggerating, Mr. Oliver Horn, the wonder of this performance, but——"

The rest of the sentence, despite the Hibernian's well-intentioned efforts, was not addressed to Oliver, but to the room at large, or rather to its furniture, or to be still more exact, to the legs of the piano, and such chairs and tables as the Irishman's prostrate body bumped into on the way to his room. For at that instant Waller, to save Oliver, as he pretended, from

further annoyance, had caught the distinguished Hibernian by both feet, and in that position dragged him along the floor, as if he had been a wheelbarrow, McFudd's voice never changing its tone as he continued his remarks on physical culture, and the benefits which would accrue to the human race if they would practise the acrobat's handspring.

When Fred and Oliver had closed their bedroom door for the night, the guests having departed and all the regular boarders being supposedly secure in their beds (Fred without much difficulty had persuaded Oliver to share his own bed over night), there came a knock at Fred's door, and the irrepressible Irishman stalked in.

He had removed his vest, high collar, and shoes, and had the air and look of an athlete. The marvellous skill of the acrobat still occupied his mind.

"Don't disturb yourself, my dear Stone, but me deloightful conversation with yer friend, Mr. Horn, was interrupted by that beast of a Waller, and I wanted to finish it. I am quite sure I can do it—the trick I was telling ye of. I've been practizing in me room. It's as easy as rolling off a jaunting-car."

"No, Mac, old man. Go to bed again," pleaded Fred.

"Not till I show ye, me boy, one of the most beautiful feats of agility——"

"Come off, Mac, I say," cried Fred, catching the Irishman around the waist.

"I'll come nothing! Unhand me, gentlemen, or by the——" and tearing himself free McFudd threw a hand-spring, with the ease of a professional, toppled, for a moment, his feet in the air, scraped along the white-washed wall with his heels, and sweeping the basins and pitchers filled with water from the washstand, measured his length on the floor. Then came the crash of broken china, a deluge of water, and Fred and Oliver began catching up sponges and towels to stay the flood.

A minute later a man in a long gray beard and longer night-robe—one of the regular boarders—bounded up the stairs two steps at a time and dashed through Fred's open door.

"By thunder, boys!" he cried, "I don't mind how much noise you make, rather

like it; but what the devil are you trying to drown us out for? Wife is soaking—it's puddling down on our bed."

By this time every door had been flung open, and the room was filled with half-dressed men.

"It's that lunatic McFudd. He's been to the circus and thinks he's Martello," cried Fred, pointing, with the sponge which he had been squeezing out in the coal-scuttle, to the prostrate Irishman.

"Or the clown," remarked Waller, stooping over McFudd, who was now holding his sides and roaring with laughter.

Long after Fred had fallen asleep, Oliver lay awake thinking of the night's pleasure. He had been very, very happy—happier than he had been for many months. The shouts of approval on his election to membership, the rounds of applause that had followed his rendering of the simple negro melodies, resounded in his ears, and the joy of it all still tingled through his veins. This first triumph of his life had brought with it a certain confidence in himself—a new feeling of self-reliance—of being able to hold his own among men, something he had never experienced before. This made it all the more exhilarating.

And the company!

Real live painters who sold their pictures and who had studied in Munich, and who knew Paris and Dresden and all the wonderful cities of which Mr. Crocker had talked. And real musicians, too!—who played at theatres; and Englishmen from London, and Irishmen from Dublin, and all so jolly and unconventional and companionable. It was just as Mr. Crocker had described it, and just what he had about despaired of ever finding. Surely his cup of happiness was full to the brim.

We can forgive him, we who are older and wiser; we remember those glimpses of the actors behind the scenes—our first and never-to-be-forgotten! How real everything seemed, even the grease-paint, the wigs, and the clothes. And the walking gentleman and the leading old man and low comedian! What splendid fellows they were and how we sympathized with them in their enforced exiles from a be-

loved land. How they suffered from scheming brothers who had robbed them of their titles and estates, or flint-hearted fathers who had turned them out of doors because of their infatuation for their "art" or because of their love for some dame of noble birth or simple lass, whose name—"Me boy, will be forever sacred!" How proud we were of knowing them, and how delighted they were at knowing us—and they so much older too! And how tired we got of it all—and of them—and of all their kind when our eyes became accustomed to the glare and we saw how cheap and commonplace it all was and how much of its glamour and charm had come from our own inexperience and enthusiasm—and youth.

As Oliver lay with wide-open eyes, going over every incident of the evening, he remembered, with a certain touch of exultant pride, a story his father had told him of the great Poe, and he fell to wondering whether the sweetness of his own song, falling on ears stunned by the jangle of the night, had not produced a similar effect. Poe, his father had said, on being pressed for a story in the midst of a night of revelry in a famous house in Kennedy Square, had risen from his seat

and repeated the Lord's Prayer with such power and solemnity that the guests, one and all, stunned and sobered, had pushed their chairs from the table and had left the house. He remembered just where his father sat when he told the story and the impression it had made upon him at the time. He wished Kennedy Square had been present to-night to have heard *him* and to have seen the impression *his* song had made upon those gathered about him.

Kennedy Square! What would dear old Richard Horn, with his violin tucked lovingly under his chin, and gentle, white-haired Nathan, with his lips caressing his flute, have thought of it all, as they listened to the uproar of Cockburn's coal-scuttle? And, that latter-day Chesterfield, Colonel John Howard Clayton, of Pongateague, whose pipe-stemmed Madeira glasses were kept submerged in iced finger-bowls until the moment of their use, and whose rare Burgundies were drunk out of ruby-colored soap-bubbles warmed to an exact temperature. What would this old aristocrat have thought of McFudd's mixture and the way it was served?

No! It was just as well that Kennedy Square, at the moment of Oliver's triumph, was fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

## SONG

By Marie van Vorst

IN among the tall weeds  
 There lives a briar-rose.  
 All among the rugged reeds  
 She bends and sways and glows.  
 The ragged bloom around her grows,  
 And rough and rude her bed,  
 But kisses of the wind she knows  
 And blushes warm and red.

The sunny moor about her lies,  
 The stream runs blithe and clear.  
 She does not reck o' sombre skies,  
 Nor knows the changing year.  
 She hath no ken o' Winter drear,  
 Nor dreads the frost and storm,  
 For Summer winds have called her dear,  
 She blushes, red and warm.



# THE CATTLE-MAN WHO DIDN'T

By Arthur Ruhl

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS



**W**HEN Dinny Cadogan threw up his place in the stockyards the Brighton people said that they always knew he would land in a cattle-ship. The Brighton people knew all about Dinny Cadogan and they knew all about cattle-crews, and their remark meant very much the same to them as though they had said that they knew he would some day be hung. When Dinny heard of it he laughed—as he had laughed at pretty much of everything since he could remember.

A boy with his first pair of trousers was not happier than Dinny Cadogan when he first heard the roar and yells as the nine-hundred steers came thundering up the chute into the ship, when he caught the smell of the real sea, and when, with his half-month's pay in his pocket and the gang behind him, he first swung down Derby Road. As soon as the ship got back to Boston, he hurried over to Brighton with wild tales for the boys in the Yard and a new English shilling for a girl he knew. That was his first trip. In two years he learned a lot of things. He learned to go from East Boston to the Alexandra docks in Liverpool without a look at green water except that which showed through the portholes behind the backs of his cattle; he knew how to make a steer get on its feet when it didn't want to; he learned to feel out of place when away from his gang and among his old friends of the Brighton Pleasure Club; and he knew that it took four days to get well after leaving Liverpool and one night after leaving Boston, on account of the relative heaviness of American beer and English ale.

It came over him one day that he wasn't getting his money's worth. It also happened that Fate and a large piece of salt halibut gave him a quite ungovernable thirst.

When he started for Brighton to get back his old place the drink that quenched

his thirst made him laugh at his seriousness, the laugh made him drink again for the fun of the thing, and the fun of the thing landed him from where he had started—asleep behind the stove in a bar-room in Commercial Street. Next day he had remorse. This ought to have shown him that he wasn't, as yet, a real cattleman, but instead it scared him greatly. And he took it so hard that this time it was not to the Yards nor the home of his fathers that he returned.

The little cottage stood back a bit from the street. He vaulted the fence and strode very carefully through the snow up to the lighted window. He looked and started—and looked. Now he could have wound young Jones into a knot almost as easily as Jones himself wound the tape over his finger in a downtown department store, but it must be remembered that he was in a state to be afraid of high white collars, to run from a made-up Ascot as he would flee a bursting shell. The pair of exceedingly long and sharply pointed patent-leather shoes that stretched toward him like miniature crocodiles struck him with all the tragic force of the levelled finger and the "Begone!" of the plays he once had known. He had no way of knowing that the girl, who spent so much of her time washing dishes and sewing things for her young brother that she could hardly be expected to know the meaning of romance, kissed a certain English shilling every night before she went to bed. So he merely looked at her for a while, whistling very softly between his teeth, then, drawing a plug from his pocket, he took a bite and slouched away.

It was midnight when Dinny Cadogan passed the watchman, at the gate to the Brazilian's dockshed. Lines of stevedores were trotting up the gangway with the last stuffing for the bowels of the leviathan, and in the glare of the arc-lamps he could see, rising from the funnel, a steadily blackening cloud of smoke. It occurred to him that a cattle-boat though easy to en-

ter was rather like a rat-trap when it came to getting out, but he had been his own judge and jury too long to admit that he had made a fool of himself. And as he saw his fellow-rats, lounging on a pile of loose straw near the gangway, somehow his heart went out toward them as though they were all he had in the world. Their ten days' beards and wrinkled boots, the very smell of stale beer and clay pipes as he came nearer, were like the lights of home.

They were a lot of men whom the sieve of Fate in its various jostlings had shaken to the bottom in a common pile. All of them had naive ignorance of any power upon, beneath, or above the earth, which they were bound to respect, except their foreman, the police, and the man big enough to back up his words with his fists. Dinny Cadogan was that man. For two years he had been the only man strong enough to fight their battles and reckless enough to amuse their somewhat unsprightly spirits. They knew that and he knew they knew it, and he also knew how now—after he had deserted them during their last day on shore—they felt toward him.

"Where's the old man—it's time he's here?" said he, following that plan of hitting first which is proverbially said to be useful in street fights. The men pulled moodily on their pipes and said nothing. With fine indifference one of them asked the negro for a match. The negro, Johnson, had left the sleeping-car business because he found that everyone slept but the porter, and on account of his previous contact with luxury he was supposed always to be supplied with the minor details of it. Dinny drew his sleeve across his nose and yawned. Then he demanded, abruptly:

"Where've ye all been?"

Hobbs, the little Englishman, glanced over the supporters combatively.

"Wot's that to you?" he snapped. Hobbs had once sold matches along the Strand, and it seemed to have left his disposition inflammable. "'Ee's shook us—that's wot 'ee's done!" piped Hobbs turning to the gang. "'Ee don't want us—'ee don't want beer—wot does 'ee want?"

"It's women!" sneered one of the men. His name was Williams, but they called him Ginger Blue, because of his temper and the color of his jeans. Considering

the circumstances, the remark was inopportune. "It's women!" repeated the cattle-man.

"Women be damned," said Dinny, gravely.

"Look 'ere," cried Hobbs, jerking his thumbs characteristically, as he turned on Dinny. "Wot we want to know is this—*We* want to know 'oo in 'ell are you! That's wot we want to know. 'Oo—in—'ell—are——"

"Aw go wan!" suddenly bellowed Dinny. Then he laughed all over. "Come on all of ye an' have dhrink!" That was one way.

The gang was on its feet when a sudden stamping of boots down the shed announced the coming of the tardy foreman. He was a big, bullet-headed man with hands like small hams and the air of one who commands with a club. As he saw his men he flung up his hands with a snort, like a steer which is hit on the nose.

"Here you! Where are you going now?" This is not at all what he said, but as near to it as is comfortable.

As he came floundering toward them, looking from one to another out of beady, bloodshot eyes, the men glanced at one another significantly.

"He's drunk it for us," muttered Ginger Blue. It was very apparent that the foreman was in worse shape than usual. The men had always expected something of this sort, but the company kept Buckerson because he could manage any crew that fell into his hands, and he had the record of seldom losing a steer. His disposition had, to be sure, its defects. He once had had a little dispute with an awkward young "stiff," as they were unloading at Liverpool; but the coroner's jury decided that the boy had been kicked by an ugly bullock. The company has no time to go into details. The men, obedient as poodles at his first word, were moving toward the ship when Buckerson broke out again:

"Here, you! where you goin'? Stop! My—my—my—God! Get along with ye! Barry—way aft 'tween decks—you with 'im Paddy Diggin. Larry—dam ye, wake up—take the top of the gangway. Dinny—you stay with me. Now boys keep 'em movin'!"

As the advance guard of the nine hun-



dred half-wild beasts clattered out of the cars, across the docks, and up the narrow chute, Dinny Cadogan forgot the look of a certain pair of patent-leather boots. He had never yet quite got over the fun of hearing the volleying oaths and the cattle-men's cry of "Hi—you!" and the crash of broken stanchions as the frightened-eyed creatures were driven down the aisles and shunted behind the headboards. Above the yells and bellows he could hear the foreman cursing in a way he had never heard before. Once or twice, as they worked side by side, he had to push him away when he was pitchforking the line in the wrong direction, and once he drew him back, as he was about to fall beneath the trampling feet. In a short half hour, however, the lights of the arc-lamp showed between the slats of the empty cars, and up from the depths of the great hull, into the cold air of the deck, rose a warm, steamy smell and the rustle of many bodies.

From above came the long-drawn, thunderous rattle of the whistle, and a moment later, rolling grandly with her unsettled load, the Brazilian turned her thick, black nose to the East. Though they knew that nine hundred very unruly heads had to be tied to headboards, it was also an unwritten law of the Brazilian's crew that, until the foreman leaves his stateroom, no cattle-man stirs from the fo'c's'le. They were as pleased that Buckerson had shut himself up in his room as are school-children when their teacher is sick. They knew that he could have his steak and eggs and a tablecloth, while they must wait for their pan of pork and pail of "scouse"; what they didn't know was that beneath the blankets of the upper berth in Buckerson's stateroom were half a dozen bottles of cheap whiskey, and that the foreman himself sat on the edge of the lower berth with another in his hand.

It was not until they were sinking into that dead sleep which follows a week ashore that a heavy boot kicked open the door and the flushed face of the foreman was thrust into the opening.

"Damn ye, get up!" he blurted, continuing with various comments more or less relevant, and remarking incidentally that if any of them wanted a job as dead men they knew where they could get it. Swearing sulkily the men dragged their

boots from the straw. As they straggled down the narrow aisles between the rows of broad heads, the cement floors heaved majestically, and from all round and from below came the nervous moan of tired and thirsty cattle. The gray gloom of a dark winter's day was just beginning to fade the long rows of incandescent lamps. Slowly and sulkily they clambered over the headboards, and with clubs and forks and tail-twisting forced the burly brutes into their proper places. As the foreman had disappeared shortly after setting them to work, and there was no one to drive them, it was noon before the ropes were knotted and the sideboards hammered in. It was night before hay had been shaken out and the men gathered round the fo'c's'le table. The tiny incandescent lamp shone down on the tousled heads, on the rough table stained with ancient grease-spots and scarred with knife slashes, and lit dimly the rows of bunks which, set one above the other, lined the walls and extended down the middle of the tiny cubby-hole in which they all ate and slept.

"One feed a day," chuckled Dinny, resting his elbows on the table as he gnawed a bit of hard-tack. "It's like a picnic on the grass!" The men, who were finding it too much work to stay sore against him, grinned over their tin mugs.

"This 'ere trip makes me think of a bit of a blow on a river-boat," chirped little Hobbs, "on a bloomin' river-boat down to Gravesend of a Sunday." Dipping his cup into the common soup-pail, he broke into it some hard-tack and then added vinegar. "I'm 'appy!" said he, holding out the vinegar bottle; "oo'l 'ave the beer?" For the cattle-crew, beer stops at the dockshed, and this joke was Hobbs's best. Dinny leaned over toward the Englishman and tapped the board playfully with his huge fist.

"Lemme tell ye this, Matches," said he, "ye're like to be glad many times before ye're out o' this that it's no river-boat ye're on. Ye've niver made the February passage before—d'ye mind that, Matches?"

A few moments later the men tumbled into their bunks. The one who went out to turn the ventilator aft for fear of fresh air, remarked, as he closed the fo'c's'le door, that it was beginning to snow.





He looked and started—and looked.—Page 110.

Heavy snores were droning from every huddled heap round him, while Dinny Cadogan still lay flat on his back, staring at the dusty lamp above his head. Before he had taken to cattling he had seen lamps just like it in the wings at the "Grand," and, as he stared, he swore softly, and drew his dirty blanket over his head. Above the noise of the sleepers, he could hear from without the steady rush of a wind that seemed to grow with the minutes. The voice of the lookout, which can be heard at night when the fo'c's'le is still, from the foremast overhead, was lost.

The little triangular room, up in the very stem of the ship, rose and fell dizzily, like the end of a great walking-beam. As the big hulk shouldered through the growing hills of water, Dinny thought he could hear the surge and swash as the splintered swells raced past the bows. Up on the bridge they may have known what was coming, but, even on the bridge, weather reports cannot tell just what will happen when a vessel is twenty-four hours from Boston Light. And, as he lay there, shame

at the sorry showing he had made the night before came over him with painful weight. For the first time, he saw that he was no longer a boy, and yet that this two years had made him even less a man. The old days in the yards at Brighton, and the people he had known, seemed like a warm, bright, gay country, miles and years away, to which he could never return. He always thought of Brighton as it looked in summer, and it seemed even more bright and warm now as the sea-wind moaned past the portholes. He could see the "Port" on Sunday afternoon, with the sidewalks full of people, and the open cars bumping and fluttering by. With his old gang round him, he was loafing in front of the store windows, his hat on one side, a cigarette between his lips, and nodding, if he chose, as the girls passed by.

It may have been six hours later that he was routed from sleep by a crash on the deck overhead. It was followed by a long rumbling, like the rolling of heavy safes. He sat up in his bunk. There had been a list to starboard when the Brazilian

put out from her dock, but he now found himself clinging in his bunk like a slater on a roof. From the upper bunks, the young "stiffs"—boys who had never seen more of the sea than Nantasket—stared down at him in silent, wild-eyed terror. Though the ventilator was turned aft, sparkling crystals of snow sifted down into the reeking, steamy atmosphere of the crowded room. The fo'c's'le slewed and swung as it sank like a drunken man going down hill. There was another crash over his head, and Dinny could hear the water pouring into the hatchway, outside the fo'c's'le door. The heaps stretched and rustled in their straw, and all at once Hobbs jumped out of his bunk.

"What's h'up!" he gasped, pulling open the door. The snow, piled outside like a drift against a cellar-door, fell in upon his feet. The hatch looked like a gully in the Sierras. Snow lay drifted on the floor, glistened on the backs of the cattle who were near the opening, and swirled fiercely down the open aisles. Just then there was another thunder on the deck and Hobbs slamming the door shut, turned back as though he had seen a ghost.

"My gawd!" he cried, "w'ots comin' of us?" The men, all awake now, braced themselves in their bunks and said nothing, but the Cockney, stumbling back into his berth, sat bolt upright in the straw with his thumbs jerking and body twitching as though he were speaking rapidly. His eyes flitted hurriedly from one to another of the older veterans. Then his voice came again.

"Is it all h'up with us?" As he made this demand one of the young stiffs, who could keep down his terror no longer, suddenly cried as though in pain, and burying his head in his blanket, like a child who is afraid of the dark, broke into hysterical sobs. The men jumped as though they had been hit and snarled out a string of curses.

"Hit's too much!" shrieked Hobbs. "A man's got to 'ave something. I say damn the rules! We've got to 'ave drink, d' y' 'ear me—drink!"

Ginger Blue jumped up fiercely. "Who's got it?" he demanded.

"Oo's got it! Buckerson's got it. H't it was in 'im w'en 'e come on, h't it was

in 'im yesterday, an' there's more w'ere it come from. Of course 'e's got it—'is room's floatin' with it!" His shrill voice rang above the heavy roar of the sea, and clinging to a deck-stanchion he faced the gang.

"Are you blokes afraid!" he yelled, bracing his own courage with the strength of his voice. "Ye sneakin' bloody——"

A slap on the back almost knocked his breath away. Dinny Cadogan, who had been all the time staring stolidly ahead of him, was up and laughing. "Matches—ye're all right! We'll do ut—we'll do ut. Ye may have to dhrink water enough before we're out o' this. Come on with ye!"

As the little attacking party sallied down the long aisle toward the foreman's state-room, the water which had been shipped swashed up and down with the pitching of the vessel, and gurgled ankle-deep around their boots.

The Brazilian not only pitched as all vessels must, but she had a way of rolling that most intelligent logs might have managed to avoid. The terrified cattle, helpless to resist, bumped against one another with every contortion of the ship. Edging slowly along, now pulling himself half hand-over-hand, now holding himself back from running down hill, Dinny led the insurgents.

They had gone half way and were just under the open bunker hatchway, when, with a slow fearful rise, the Brazilian slewed off to one side as though she were taking rapids, then a green torrent swung over the opening and swept them off their feet. Dinny was far enough ahead to miss the worst of it. Clinging to a head-board as the water swashed round him and raced through the scuppers, he yelled exultingly at the men:

"Come on—y're all right—come on! If ye go down ye go down singin'! Come on!" But the gang were scrambling away like frightened frogs.

He turned toward the foreman's door. Seizing the knob in one hand he brought his fist down on the iron panel like a boxer's on a punching-bag.

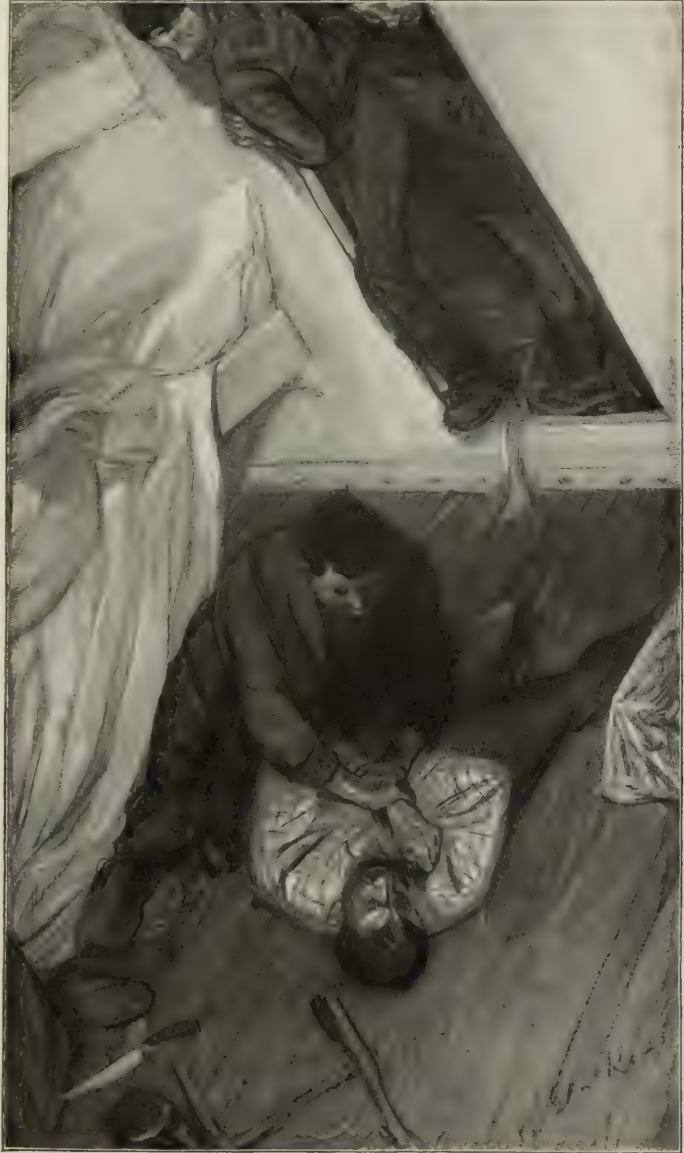
"Buckerson—O Buckerson!" As he roared through the keyhole, the storm had gone miles and years away, and Dinny Cadogan was leading the gang again.

"Buckerson! Ye've got more than is good for ye—d'y' 'ear Buckerson—we're dhroundin' fer thirst!" Before he could dodge, the iron door struck him in the face, and the foreman's heavy arm, brandishing a bread-knife, was thrust through the opening. As he caught sight of it, Dinny lunged forward and the door snapped on the arm like a steel trap.

"Lemme out!" screamed Buckerson, with a torrent of incoherent curses, "I'll kill you—you——"

Seizing the helpless wrist and suddenly letting go the door, Dinny threw himself on the body of the drunken foreman and bore him to the floor. Before Buckerson could bite or kick he was turned over on his belly like a turtle on its back. Ripping the oil-cloth table-cover into strips Dinny tied the foreman's hands behind his back and with the sheets of the berth wrapped him like a mummy. Then wadding a bit of cloth into his mouth he wedged him very neatly underneath his berth. Dinny was too excited and happy to notice that he lay against the wall instead of sitting on the floor, but as he pulled himself to his feet he saw that the starboard list had grown terrific. Without touching the contents of the upper berth he stepped outside, locked the door and took the key. Scarcely had he done so, when, with a long creaking shiver, the laboring vessel heeled over to starboard. There was a sound like falling

walls at a fire, a river of water bore down upon him and he was "boiled" like a swimmer in the surf. For an instant it



Dinny threw himself on the body of the drunken foreman.

seemed that mountains of water poured into the Brazilian, she lifted groggily, and then, stopping, lay like a log in the trough of the sea. At the moment Dinny Cadogan knew not that other tides than the one which surged round him were at the flood; neither did he know that a poorly packed cargo had shifted. But he saw the



hatch-cover to the lower deck smashed into firewood, he heard the bellowing and stamping of terrified cattle and he knew that down below some four hundred steers were struggling in the water that gurgled around their necks.

Just what went on inside Dinny Cadogan in those few moments he did not know at the time, and could only guess at afterward. A few seconds later, however, he found himself bursting open the f'o'c'sle door and ordering out of their bunks a lot of men who had shut themselves in from the storm, as frightened children close the door upon the thunder. He saw them stare at him in dumb wonder and fear, saw them stumble ahead of him along the aisle and jump down the hatch to the lower deck, heard his orders and saw them obeyed as though he had not been, ten minutes before, one with those who now received them.

Now the lower deck of a cattle-ship is like a big iron box, with little holes along its upper edges for light, and along the lower for drainage, and when the ship is on her beam ends with water pouring into her at every roll, these scuppers are worth about as much as pinholes in a pail. As Dinny and his gang dropped into the grim twilight 'tween decks, the roar of the hurricane was drowned in the din of bellows, the straining of ropes, and the splashing of tangled legs. Pitchforks in hand they waded to the clogged scuppers. It was like digging postholes in four feet of water, but there was no time to wait. Cursing his men here and cheering them there, Dinny waded along the headboards, clubbing, forking, and dragging the benumbed and stupid beasts to their feet. Steers have an exasperating habit of lying down and dying, without asking anybody. Dinny had as many ways of meeting that habit as a wrestler has of outwitting his opponent, and humane societies don't count when the water is four feet deep.

Amid the blind, bull-headed, heaving and pulling and crushing of the cattle, Dinny could hear from their black cubby-hole amidships, the more human neighs, and the sharper, fiercer struggles of the horses. Their row of tightly packed stalls was wedged in between the ship's outer wall and the partition that shut off the furnace-shaft. Between their noses

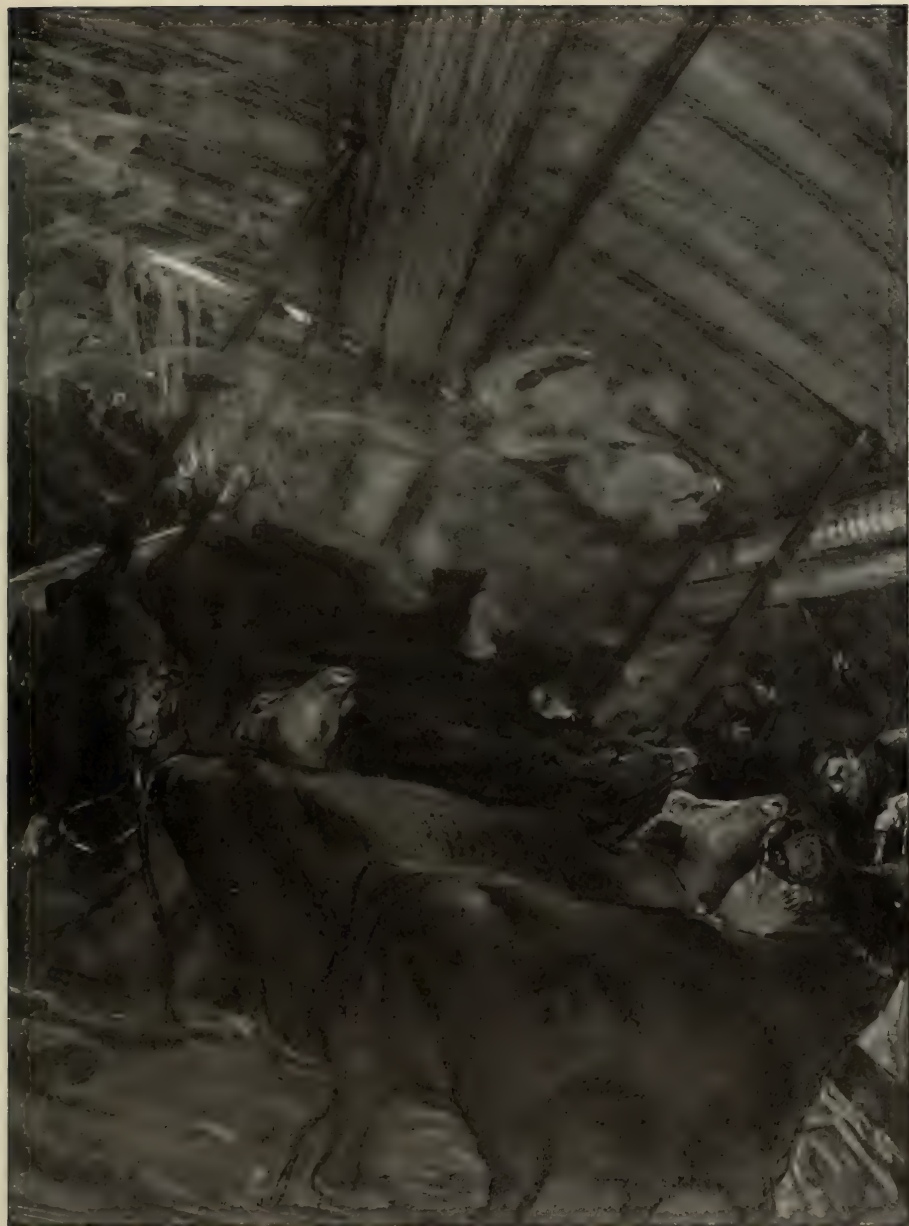
and the hot air from the furnace-rooms, was just three feet of space and a wall of sheet iron; the oats which they ate would run warm through your hands like the sand on the beach in summer. There were fifty horses boxed in this dark, low-walled oven, with their heads tied fast, the water over their legs, and the sides of their narrow stalls pressing their flanks like the sides of a coffin. With Hobbs ahead of him, because he was likeliest to bolt, Dinny pushed his way to the starboard side amidships. Through the semi-darkness he could see the terrified animals, rearing and struggling until some hung helpless over their mangers like runaways over the yoke. Pushing Hobbs to the scuppers, he worked along the headboards, untwisting tangled legs. Cadogan was the only man on the boat who could carry two cornsacks at once from the lazarette to the forward hatch, and he took the beasts by the fetlocks and lifted them back as you would lift a man off the ground by taking him by the wrists.

As they worked farther and farther along into this steamy tunnel, the side of the ship, on which they clung, seemed to list at a greater and greater angle. From the open hatch behind them, every now and then, came the splashing crash of tons of falling water. Though the scuppers were doing their best, it seemed to be deepening around them. Hobbs, his waxy face gray in the twilight, his head twitching here and there as though to find a way of escape from his master, crept tremblingly ahead, cursing like a maniac. They had pushed as far as the centre of the row of stalls when the ship swung over sickeningly; the hungry waters closed over the glass of the ports and it became almost dark.

With a shriek, Hobbs threw his arms for an instant about the man beside him, then he stumbled frantically toward the open hatch. Dinny was as quick as he. Snatching him by the belt, he snapped him back, and set him down on his feet on the other side.

"Get along with ye!" he said.

Just what went on down in the reek and roar of that cattle-ship, during the next two days and nights, none but the cattle-men know, and they never tell. The crew could tell how all that day, and the



Blind, bull-headed, heaving and pulling and crushing of the cattle.—Page 116.

night following, they bumped round in the hold, jettisoning the cargo that loaded the listed side ; the stokers, how, down in their black cave, out of the noise of the gale, and ready at any moment to be drowned like puppies in a bag, they trundled their wheelbarrows from the starboard to the port coal-bins. Four passengers, which were all the Brazilian carried, could tell how they were routed from their

prayers and moanings as they knelt together in the tiny saloon, carried below by a strange fierce person to a steamy hades, where they were forced to do things that they thought no human being could ever before have done. The boatswain could tell how this same being, blind to cattle-ship etiquette, had pounced upon his seamen as they were heaving overboard the hay-bales that weighted the star-

board deck, and had driven them, at risk of their death, to shift the hay to the port side below, on the curious plea that, as the ship would be long overdue, a lot of cows down below might not be half-starved as well as half-drowned.

The cattle-men, however, could tell the strangest tales. With Dinny behind them and beside them and sleepless through it all, they learned to do, in one and the same minute, the work of derricks and battering-rams and doctors and wet-nurses. They learned how to keep a steer's nose out of salt water, while down his throat they urged fresh water and hay. Dinny drove his men as a desperate Arctic explorer drives his last few dogs. He cursed them and cheered them and rested and forced them, and at critical moments fed them, like babies from a bottle, with whiskey. He didn't know what was coming next; and he hoped that the people on the bridge were doing what was best. He knew only that something had happened and a chance had come, and he was fighting the fight of his life, for himself and for the man, a thousand miles behind, whose name was on the hay-bales and whose tag was in each bullock's ear.

Once there came a voice from above—

"How are you doing, Buckerson?" As he looked up he didn't know that the light which was paling the lamps was the light of the second morning.

"We're doin' what we can," yelled Dinny. "We're not dead nor shleepin'!" With the swell that was left there was nothing to suggest 'tween decks that the gale had lulled.

The captain knew as much about what went on beneath the bridge as the conductor of a Pullman car knows about firing a locomotive. Dinny had never before heard him speak to a cattle-man. As he stepped into the open hatchway to look upward he was met by a sound between a snarl and a roar. Buckerson, broken from his bonds, with the shreds of sheet still hanging to his waist, his little eyes red as blood and his great fists churning before his face, was stumbling toward the hatch. Before Dinny could get himself together the foreman had seized a pitchfork and raised it above his head. Buckerson had the courage of anger, but he did not reckon his own weakness nor the ice-

covered deck. As he lunged forward, the deck lunged too and his great hulk tottered over the hatch rim and crashed below.

One of his legs had doubled under him as he turned in the air and struck, and when he tried to struggle to his feet he sank back groaning. Dinny was bending over him when the captain's voice came again.

"Buckerson—H'y! foreman!"

"I think, sir," called Dinny, looking upward, "that mishter Buckerson's indishposed."

The captain was staring down at him. "What the devil's the matter?" he snapped, and started down the ladder. The foreman was rolling in pain like a wounded hippopotamus.

"Put it up—put it up!" muttered Dinny, pulling a clasp-knife from the foreman's fist. Then he sat himself calmly on Buckerson's chest and squeezed tightly both his wrists. The foreman's eyes burned at him.

"I'd like to kill you, Dinny Cadogan," he muttered between his teeth. "I'd—like—to—kill—you——"

As the captain stepped off the ladder Hobbs and a young stiff were hurrying up. Without leaving his hold, Dinny turned his head toward them and said "Go back!" They went. The captain looked at him and Buckerson and gasped:

"Who the devil are you," he demanded; "you seem to be running this thing!"

They picked up Buckerson like a corn-sack and carried him to his room. As they dumped him in his berth, a lurch of the ship sent an empty bottle rolling across the floor. The place smelled rank of liquor. The captain peered through the door like the member of a rescue league inspecting the slums.

"This looks bad for you, Buckerson," he said. The foreman, who all this time had been purring curses like a kettle at boil, turned his little red eyes on the captain and yelled a final oath.

Ten days later the battered Brazilian, with half her boats gone and a dizzy list to starboard, was steaming slowly up to Liverpool. The gale which had swung and pummelled her for twelve days had died just off the Fastnet; the Irish Sea was





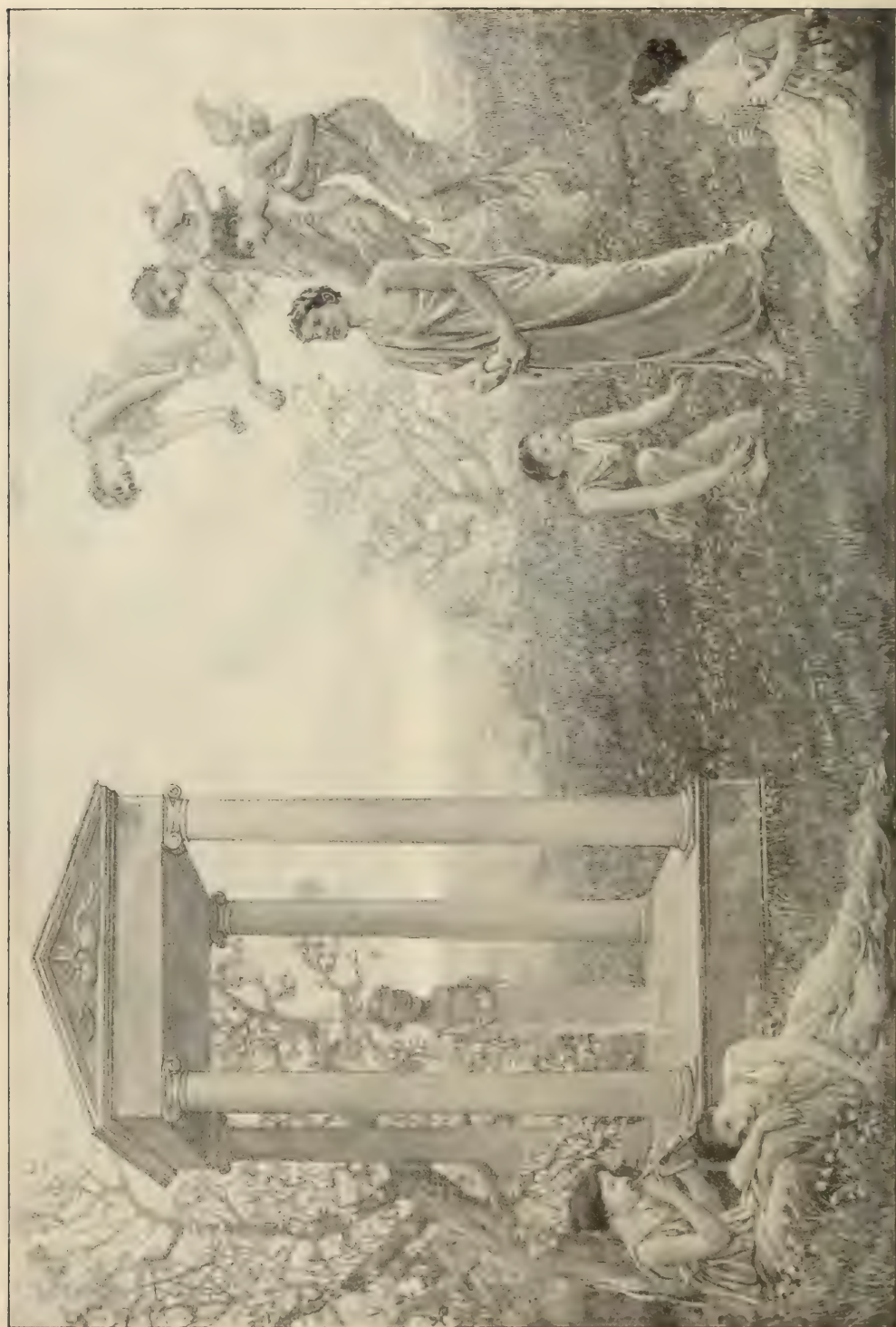
They huddled, with heads bent low over their pewter mugs.

around them, all blue and sparkling, and along the right the brown Welsh hills lay sleeping in the sun. Way forward and way aft where the winch engines rattled, black, bloated bodies showed out against the soft blue as they swung up from below and then fell with heavy splash into the sea. Now and then something gave way and the winch chains, clutching a bodiless head, rattled back angrily to the lower deck—back into the steamy stench and the muck and swash where the men still worked, feeding the living while they dragged off the dead.

Late that afternoon, when he had seen his charges thunder into the landing-stage at Birkenhead, Dinny Cadogan hurried up town to explain how out of eight hundred and ninety-eight, he had saved but eight hundred and seventy-two.

By ten o'clock that night the cattle-crew of the Brazilian were drunk as lords. Behind a red-hot stove in the taproom of a dingy little lodging-house in Derby Road they huddled, with heads bent low over

their pewter mugs and sparks from their pipes falling unnoticed upon their clothes. The steamy air was thick with smoke, rank with the smell of beer and tobacco, buzzing with amiable blasphemies, and they were very happy. Once more they had pulled through, and the deep sea and the devil could only wait until next trip. Some cattle-men get worse, some merely die, some stay cattle-men and some don't. In a room above, beside a hot little lamp, sat Dinny Cadogan, a pen in his hand, sweat on his face, and breath coming hard. It was the first letter he had written in two years, but the thought of how Jones might have written it did not bother him. As he wrote, the sound of cheerful roars and poundings came confusedly up from below, but Dinny Cadogan was not worrying about that. In the first place, he was wondering by how many days and hours a mail-boat beats a cattle-boat between Liverpool and Boston; in the second place, dignity of a certain sort is expected of the foreman of the Brazilian.



*Drawn by Will H. Low.*

# BALLADE OF HORACE'S LOVES

By George Meason Whicher

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY WILL H. LOW

"All the ladies who figure in his love-poems are creatures of his fancy."

—Editor of the *Odes*.

LYDIA, fickle and fair,  
Lyce, the faded of hue,  
Lalage, Pholoë—there!  
Hark, how the l's ripple through.  
These were the beauties that drew,  
These lilting and lyrical dames!  
Leuconoë, Glycera—Pooh!  
Why, Horace, they're nothing but names!

Pyrtha, the golden of hair,  
Lyde the lyrist, the shrew  
Myrtale—well, I declare!  
What in the world shall we do?  
Must we abandon the crew,  
Their gallants and gaddings and games?  
Barine, Lycoris, adieu!  
Alas! ye are nothing but names!

All were but syllabled air,  
Fancies that fluttered and flew,  
Innocent Phidyle's prayer,  
Chloë the fawn, and the few  
Years that your Cinara knew,  
Cinara, sweetest of flames!  
Ah, Horace, I'm sorry for you;  
Alas! they were nothing but names!

## *Envoi.*

Ladies! ye shrink from this view;  
But soon all your loves and your fames,  
Fun, frailties, frolics, ye too,  
Alas! will be nothing but names.



## THE POINT OF VIEW

WITH "the most literary President since Jefferson" now in the White House, the old question how far a man is helped or hindered in a public career by a sneaking fondness for literature gains a certain fresh pertinence. We put one side the political rewards which come to a writer as such. These have been markedly in our history diplomatic rewards.

Letters and  
Public Life.

Mr. Lindsay Swift has written of "Our Literary Diplomats," and is able to make out a long list of distinguished names, from Franklin to Hay, of men who have been sent abroad to represent the republic of letters as well as the republic of the United States. These appointments have made American diplomacy a thing by itself—as has also, and less agreeably, our habit of making an ambassador out of a politician who, as Lowell said, "will at most only bewilder some foreign court with a more desperately helpless French than his predecessor." But this is the exceptional courtesy which American politics makes to the "d——d literary feller." How goes the battle of the books in the ordinary pursuit and attainment of the ordinary political office?

One necessary distinction we are enabled to make from French experience. France has always delighted to honor literary as well as other forms of intellectual eminence with a seat in Senate or Chamber. M. Maurice Barrès is the latest *littérateur* to appear among the Deputies, but he made the sad though excusable mistake of thinking that he might represent letters in the Chamber, just as the others represented fisheries or agriculture or manufactures. This was against the traditions. Barrès undertook to enlighten his fellows concerning an abuse in the publishing business, but at once discovered the truth of Marcel Prévost's remark: "Qu'un député soit *littérateur*, il semble admis à l'avance qu'il n'a plus le droit de parler *littérature*." The inference is, and it holds for other politics than French, that literature is not an "interest" which may be "recog-

nized" in public life, as may, for example, tobacco or pork. And this limitation at once suggests the only ways in which literary baggage may prove a help, and not pure *impedimenta*, to a man called to public affairs. His literature he may use as a resource or adornment, and he may fall back upon it as a consolation. The modern politician has to deliver himself to the public a great deal, by voice and pen, and knowing how does not, as the Spanish proverb says, take up any room. The literary gift which Disraeli possessed had a great deal to do with his becoming chief of the Tory Party. "Long files of speechless men," in Bagehot's phrase, needed someone to speak up for them audaciously, and Dizzy was just the man for them. His successor, Lord Salisbury, has not been hurt politically, if he has sometimes given hurt to others, by what has been called his *Saturday-Review* manner. Garfield's acquaintance with good literature enabled him to lend point and pungency to many a speech on a dry subject—as when he made Lady Godiva figure in a discussion of taxation—and even President McKinley, who made no pretension to *belles-lettres*, more and more frequently dropped into quotation in his later addresses.

But I suspect that the books most used by the literary man in office are of the order of "*de Philosophiæ Consolatione*." A peaceful refuge from the strife of tongues, a cool shadow of a great rock—this is what literature must often stand for to the cultured official in the public service. Matthew Arnold was deeply touched and pleased, readers of his life will remember, at being told by John Morley that the latter was fond of carrying a volume of Arnold's criticism in his pocket on the way to rough-and-tumble encounters with the iron-workers at Newcastle-on-Tyne. President Roosevelt is said to snatch moments from his absorbing occupations, to read Thucydides. One can well believe that, before his term of office is over, he will often find it a mental and moral relief to turn to the calm and noble page of the Greek historian, and

may even thank Tacitus for supplying so many biting phrases to apply to greed and baseness.

AT the commemoration exercises held on the final day of the celebration in honor of the 200th anniversary of the founding of Yale College, honorary degrees were conferred by the authorities of Yale University upon some threescore guests who had been invited to New Haven especially to receive this compliment.

Doctors of  
Letters.

The degree given to the most of these guests—to those who had distinguished themselves in public life—to the President of the United States, to the Secretary of State, to the Prime Minister of Japan, to the dignitaries of various churches, to the presidents of sister-universities and seats of learning and to important professors of these institutions—was the degree of Doctor of Laws, now emptied of any immediate connection with the legal profession, and conventionally accepted merely as a reward of merit and as a degree of honor. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was bestowed upon a certain number of ministers of the gospel. And, finally, the degree of Doctor of Letters was granted to eight American authors—Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Cable, Mr. Clemens, Mr. Gilder, Mr. Howells, Mr. Brander Matthews, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, and Mr. Woodrow Wilson.

A consideration of this list of names suggests various reflections. In the first place, there is to be noted that it does not contain the name of any Yale man, as on this memorable occasion the university had scrupulously refrained from conferring any mark of distinction upon any of her own sons. In the second place, whatever the omissions that may be noted in the list when it is examined curiously, it is hardly possible to deny that these eight authors, chosen by a great university to receive the degree of Doctor of Letters, are fairly representative of American literature at the beginning of the twentieth century. And it is because they are representative that the composition of this list is worthy of analysis.

Of these eight authors six have written novels; three have published poems; four have had plays performed with more or less success; six have come forward as essayists and four as critics of literature; one is an historian; and while two are now college pro-

fessors, three are or have been editors of leading magazines. One of the eight, although he has written stories and plays and essays, is best known as a humorist, and another of the eight has been poet, novelist, critic, essayist, dramatist, and editor. The variety of fields in which these eight authors have sought to express themselves is characteristic of the present condition of American literature, which is marked by a healthy versatility among men of letters.

Of these eight authors, only one is a New Englander by birth, and only two are New Englanders by residence; and this in spite of the fact that the selection of these men of letters was made by the officers of a New England institution. No one of them is a New Yorker by birth, and four of them are now living in New York City. Five of them were born south of Mason and Dixon's Line, and no one of them is now a resident of any Southern State. Two of them were born in the middle West, and both of these now live in New York, after having dwelt for years in New England.

Of these eight authors, only three are college graduates, and they are the three youngest. For the honorable reason already given there is no graduate of Yale among the eight; but what is rather unexpected is the discovery that the list contains the name of no graduate of Harvard, the mother of so many American authors of the last generation. The three institutions of learning where these youngest men of letters spent their undergraduate days are Princeton, Columbia, and the University of Virginia. The remarkable fact that only the three youngest of these eight authors received their early instruction in the scholarly walls of a college, and that the other five managed to acquire their own culture without the benefit of the foundation regularly laid in the usual four-years course, may serve to draw attention again to the singular alternation in the history of American literature, of groups of college-bred men with groups of men without college training.

Of the so-called Knickerbocker writers, Irving prepared for Columbia, but did not enter. Cooper entered Yale and was expelled. Bryant spent a year at Williams and did not care to complete his course. Of the New England men of letters who took over the supremacy from the New Yorkers, the majority were graduates of Harvard, although two of the most distinguished are to

be credited to Bowdoin. When this most important group in the history of American letters left the scene one by one, the men who came forward to take their places, and who are now the foremost figures of our literature, are most of them Southerners and Westerners. Very few of them are from New England or New York; and very few of them are college-graduates. But the younger men of the generation now advancing are most of them men who have enjoyed the early advantage of college training. In other words, the most prominent American authors of the present day who happen to be over fifty years of age, are—by a large majority—not college-bred men, whereas it is from the colleges that have come many of the most promising of the American men of letters who have not yet attained the dignity of half a century.

Perhaps the explanation of this fourfold alternation in the brief history of American literature is not far to seek. In the very be-

ginning a college education was hard to get, and often was hardly worth the having. Then in time, with the settling of the country, the advance of our civilization, and the improvement in our educational facilities, there came to the front a group of men trained in the humanities and ready to supply to a new people the olden culture and the classical tradition. But the land kept on expanding and its population having crossed the great river and the great plains and the great mountains, and pushed on to the Pacific coast, a new generation thrust themselves forward, in whom native ability was abundant, and who applied exact observation and a large vision to the wealth of new material displayed on every hand. Now at last the conditions seem to be becoming a little too complicated either for the academic artist or for the gifted student of life; and this is the reason why some of the best of the younger men are seeking to combine in a measure the qualities of the successive groups of their predecessors.





# THE FIELD OF ART

## *THE EXHIBITION AT BUFFALO—THE COLOR SCHEME, BY THE DIRECTOR OF COLOR \**

A T a meeting held in Buffalo of the Board of Architects, to which were invited Mr. Bitter, the Director of Sculpture, and myself, a general plan of treatment was discussed. A number of small models and drawings of the horticultural group of buildings were presented by Robert Peabody, of Boston, and these were treated in color according to a very elaborate scheme. The drawings of the various buildings, then completed or under way, were also accessible. I was able to say that I believed that the body of the buildings should be colored in some shade of warm white and the ornamental portions enriched with color. The suggestion was adopted by the Board of Architects, and I was instructed to proceed with the work in consultation with the individual architects. With this idea in view I proceeded to make my own studies, and, returning to New York, took up the matter and laid out a general plan for coloring the buildings of the Exposition. Mr. Bitter's scheme † for the arrangement of the sculpture according to a cumulative general plan commended itself to me, and I assumed that the grounds would be entered by the visitor going through the beautiful Delaware Park and then, entering through the forecourt, seeing the electric tower at the extreme northern end of the grounds and completing their architectural disposition. I concluded that the strongest primary colors should be applied at and near the entrance, and that as the visitor advances up the grounds, going generally from south to north, the colors should be more refined and less sharply contrasting, while the tower, which is to suggest the triumph of man's achievement up to the present epoch, should be the lightest and most delicate in color of all the buildings in the group. Moreover, as I wished to emphasize in some way the great power which was being used to run the mechanical part of the Exposition—its machinery and its

lighting—which power is taken from the Niagara River with its sudden 160 foot change of level, it was impossible to avoid reference to the beautiful emerald green hue of the water as it curls over the crest of the American falls near at hand. This combination of green and white seemed to me the most fitting note to carry throughout the chromatic scheme adopted for the Exposition.

In the tower this scheme has received marked emphasis, and the general tone of the tower is ivory white, green, and gold. The other buildings when seen together will be found to tend toward a culmination in the great tower already named.

My first step was to make a small sketch in color; and then I took a photographic enlargement of the bird's-eye view which had been executed by Mr. Bosworth in the office of Carrère and Hastings, and colored that; but before completing this drawing I became satisfied that I must have something larger and more in detail. Therefore, I applied to the director-general for permission to have made models of the various buildings, all carefully made to scale. This was accomplished in time, and the whole model when set up in my studio covered a space of about twelve by sixteen feet in horizontal dimensions; the models being on a scale of one-sixteenth of an inch to the foot. This model I could then color, and I could change the coloring as often as might be necessary. Of course, only the general tints of the bodies of the buildings and the roofs could be given, with such slight suggestion of the coloring of doors and pinnacles as my scheme would allow. It was, of course, necessary to make large-scale drawings of each building to be colored in detail, the general elevations being themselves on a very large scale, and the details still larger; but all this has been shown at the exhibition of the Architectural League of New York, held in the spring of 1901.

As the style of architecture approved by the Board of Architects was Spanish-American, suggested by the buildings of Mexico, and the simple but still interesting structures

\* See Field of Art. June, 1901.

† Ibid.

of the Missions of the Southwestern States and Territories of the Union, this style itself suggested the use of brilliant colors in external decoration, for the buildings of Mexico especially excel in the beauty of glazed tile used in wall, roof, and cupola. I was able to familiarize myself to some extent with the manner of the Hispano-American design, and pursued the course of aiming at a result which might resemble as near as possible the work of that school.

The horticultural group has orange as a basis for the color of the body of the building. The Government Building has for its plain surfaces a warm yellow. For the Music Hall I have used red, quite pure, as the foundation color. For the Ethnological Building, an orange red; for the Machinery and Transportation Building, green as the basis, and for the Liberal Arts Building across the court, chocolate color or golden brown as the general tone. For the buildings of Electricity and Agriculture forming pendant to one another toward the northern end of the grounds, different shades of light yellow are used, while the restaurants and the entrances to the Stadium are treated with French gray for the basis, while a lighter shade of the same is reserved for the Propylæa, which stands beyond the tower and almost wholly concealed by the tower and its flanking colonnades. The coloring of the tower itself has been already named.

In this way the scale of diminishing the intensity but increasing the refinement of the coloring from the southern entrance to the northern termination of the grounds has been carried out.

As for the details of the color, it will be difficult to express this in words except at great length. Thus, in the horticultural group of buildings on the extreme left and surrounding the west esplanade fountains, the five cupolas were to be blue.

Coming now to the two great buildings which face one another, standing at the west and at the east of the Court of Fountains, that on the left, Machinery and Transportation, has much brilliant color used in small details. Rich yellow and green are freely employed to pick out the architectural mouldings and relief ornament of the great doorways, especially those in the corner pavilions. Moreover, in the Electricity Building immediately to the north of this and so near it that it seems part of the same composition, the

yellow of the walls is relieved by much painting in gray and green. Across the great court and fronting it upon the east the buildings of Manufacturers and Liberal Arts are strongly painted in blue and gold wherever the architectural details allow it, especially in ceilings of colonnades and in the great entrances to the east and the west. Immediately to the north of these buildings, and corresponding on that side of the court to Electricity on the other side, the Agricultural Building is treated in a warmer key with blue, yellow, and ivory white, and stronger notes of red and green in the entrances. This brings us to the northern end of the buildings, and once more to the electric tower, accompanied by a propylæa behind it, and the two restaurant buildings with their great porticoes, one on either side. The Stadium, half concealed by one of these two restaurant buildings, is so removed from the general effect of the grounds that it is not here included in my statement of the general scheme of color. The three buildings that are most plainly seen and which are named above have each large open arcades or porticoes for their ground story. The ceilings of these are generally blue; but the walls and columns, which are the parts that show most distinctly from the grounds, are warmer in tone, and in particular the fluted or channelled shafts are generally painted yellow and the large surfaces of the propylæa where the reproductions of classical statues are placed are of Pompeian red; although this color is not especially intended to relieve the statues, as they have in each case an open arch for a background, through which the green of natural foliage is seen.

The tower alone of all the buildings is treated with metallic gold in considerable abundance, and its panels have received the brightest blue-green we could procure. All this is intended to suggest the color and the brilliancy of the water at the crest of Niagara Falls. The statuary is treated in white, as it was my belief that this would form a pleasant contrast and make the color more apparent. Lamps and urns are treated as green bronze, and the flag-staffs are treated in a similar way, except the greater ones, which have been made to harmonize with the buildings in their immediate neighborhood—cool at the north ends of the grounds and warmer in color at the south. The great piers at the entrance and which sup-

port sculptured groups, are soft, warm gray, but the neighboring pergolas being small in their parts, slender and light, are treated in much brighter colors. The notes of green, gold, ivory, blue, and red are distributed throughout all the buildings, so that the remark was just which a critic made to me: "I see you are using the Pan-American colors on buildings, red, white, blue, green and yellow."

This is the first time, to my knowledge, that a general scheme of color has been undertaken and carried out in any exposition; and it is the sincere hope and belief of all concerned in the work that the result warrants the time, labor, and expense involved in it, and has given and will give pleasure besides exercising a good influence on the art of our country in the immediate future.

The interior decorations, designed and carried on under the direction of Miss Adelaide J. Thorpe, Assistant Director of Interior Decoration, conform in general plan to the exterior coloring of the buildings, and relate as far as possible to the exhibits contained therein.

C. Y. TURNER.

NOW that the buildings are dismantled and the site is returning to its natural condition as Unimproved Property, the chief interest of Mr. Turner's color scheme is in the possibility of its influencing future architectural design. The condition of modern artistic building is such that it needs every help that can be brought to it; and, even if this were not so terribly true, there would still be room to ask, even as one might have asked the European architects of the sixteenth century, or of any subsequent epoch, whether the use of color was not as important to them as the use of form. As important? Not as essential! When one has to build, form is a necessity. Form, ugly or beautiful, refined or vulgar, carefully thought out or as it were accidental—form must be: and therefore it will be always the first thing to think of. When, however, it has been thought of—when the general scheme of mass and of the larger details is determined—when the character of your building as a solid object is clear to you, then the development of the building and of its details into an architectural whole is perhaps as much a matter of color as of form. The color of the building can only be effective

when it is closely united to the details of form, and when larger surfaces, if they are treated with reference to their chromatic effect, are so adapted to the requirements of the case that there shall be no forcing of the situation. Thus the builders of the Romanesque churches of middle France had sandstone of many shades which might be classified roughly as dark reddish-brown, yellow-gray, and ivory-white; and they combined these colors skilfully. Now, had they been desirous (as indeed some of them were) to make a much more elaborate piece of color decoration than these few tints alone would furnish, they would have been unwise to have denied or accepted reluctantly that almost necessary series of colors. The nature of their material dictated to them what should be the general character of their polychromatic scheme, nor in a time when building was as a matter of course a thing to be treated in color would they have ventured to refuse to accept that which nature had, as it were, provided in advance.

As to the effect of temporary exhibition buildings upon the architectural world, it is not to be doubted that this influence is very great. The temporary structures of these large fairs appeal to thousands of people who would never notice in a critical spirit the buildings of their own towns. Indeed it was urged by those architects who designed buildings for the Chicago Fair of 1893, and who were troubled by the very unfavorable remarks of foreign critics upon the non-employment of new principles of design for the new conditions, that the one important thing had seemed to them to be this—to accustom Americans to good traditional architecture. The porticoes and peristyles were assumed to be instructive architecturally, even if they were only a simulacrum of building. In like manner, the free use of decorative color upon the Buffalo buildings will develop certainly a new popular consciousness of the fact that architecture has to do with color as well as with form.

Architectural coloring in the stricter sense may be simple or elaborate; and many of the buildings at Buffalo have merely that generally agreeable contrast of dark-red roofs, reddish-brown eaves, cream-white walls and pale-green trellises which as an obvious color scheme is presented in a good many American suburban neighborhoods. And yet as the design of the forms of these



buildings is all Spanish-American in its suggestion, as the roofs are low pitched, the towers low and fantastic in outline, even the great Tower of Electricity not of a soaring but of a set-fast and enduring type, so it is avowed as the Director's purpose to give something of Hispano-Colonial brilliancy and variety of colored detail. This, however, has been done with extreme reserve. There is nothing in these buildings to correspond with the cupolas of Mexico, covered with brilliantly glazed tiles of green, bluish green, or yellow. The colors at Buffalo are subdued, they are matt or non-lustrous, as being of pigment applied to plaster and wood, they are pale and high-keyed, and they are most commonly flat tints without gradation of their own or even that gradation which nature furnishes when light and shade play over rounded surfaces. Mr. Turner had to remember that his work would not be exposed long enough for it to "weather" properly, and therefore he dared not use strong color: nor would the funds have held out if seriously harmonized coloring had been taken into his scheme.

Moreover, it is only in a few cases that the architectural details of staff are reinforced with color. In the great doorways of the Transportation Building red is used judiciously to strengthen and throw out the mouldings, and those relief ornaments which, if not exactly sculpture, are at least somewhat elaborate breaking-up of the surface. In like manner, the extremely well-imagined pierced pattern which fills the great surfaces of the Electrical Tower is strengthened and enforced by very judicious coloring, this time in pale green and gold. Here are two instances of coloring used in connection with form with strict attention to the influence of the details upon the whole design. Where, however, the soffit of an arch is panelled in the familiar way with circles and parallelograms alternating, and the sunken ground of those panels is treated with a color slightly different from that of the frame around, that can hardly be called attention to the details, because those panels and their treatment with flat tints has become so vulgarized by constant repetition in the com-

monest domestic work and in all the hotels and steamboats of the land that it has lost its effect. It can never be of interest to the public unless it is combined with very elaborate color decoration indeed and forms a mere foil to it.

The most effective use of architectural color is that in which the minor forms themselves are closely united with the contrasting hues. Thus the glazed earthenware friezes of Luca della Robbia, the *épis* and crestings of the early Renaissance, the relief-patterned tiles of the Moors in Spain, the bricks with moulded surface of the builders at Persepolis, the terra-cotta antefixes of the Etruscans, the gutters of the Græco-Roman builders at Pompeii, the fourteenth century friezes, architraves and rondels of the Certosa in Lombardy, the contemporary open-work traceries of Brandenburg and Tangermünde, are all combinations of delicate and minute form with varied and brilliant color. In each of these instances the color is immeasurably more powerful because it is applied to details of form. No flat pattern of tiles, even where the color avoids flatness, can be compared for a moment with such examples of color combined with softly rounded and sharply contrasted surfaces. But to have painted the staff buildings of Buffalo in this way would have cost thousands of dollars more than Mr. Turner had at his disposal. No one who finds the painting of the Buffalo buildings a trifle ineffective, as he sometimes will, need be discouraged on that account. When there is question of building not twenty buildings but one, and of making that a structure to last for some centuries, there will not be that difficulty of cost. The use of color in carved stone and in ceramic ware will not prove more expensive than the use of form without color. It is only the architect who will have to suffer. It is only the controlling designer who will have to give hours of thought to design invested with this increased splendor and therefore with this increased complexity. It is only the decorative designer who dares break ground in a new field who will have to pay high for his enjoyment; and it will not be he whose regrets will be poignant or outspoken. R. S.





*Drawn by Walter Appieton Clark.*

**"GENTLEMEN, THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!"**

—"The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," page 222.



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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## WASHINGTON, A CITY OF PICTURES

By Francis E. Leupp

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULES GUÉRIN

IT is only since the United States became a nation in the stricter sense that Washington can be said to have become a capital in the broader one. Vaguely forecast in the Constitution as the "seat of government," yet even that distinction marred by frequent threats of removal; satirically described by Moore as the City of Magnificent Distances; despised abroad as a Botany Bay for diplomatists needing discipline, and socially ignored at home as a place where nobody had been born and everybody was a pilgrim; politically ring-ridden, æsthetically neglected, destitute of civic pride, the lot of no town in America seemed less to be envied. But all this was changed by the remodelling of the Union after the Civil War and the troublous period immediately following. Patriotic Americans awoke to the fact that the era of mere federation was over, that they were a nation with a national government, and that the seat of government was a capital with settled claims on their regard and permanent interests, like London and Paris and Berlin. The isolation of Washington for so many years was then proved to have been a blessing in disguise; for it had left the city free from the drawbacks, noisy and noisome, of a centre of trade, and the social soil still in a virgin state, waiting for the seed of letters and art and the humanities generally.

Then began a metamorphosis. In a half-dozen years an overgrown village,

characterless and forlorn, was transformed into a real city with an assured cosmopolitan future and the rudiments of a literature of its own. From numberless pens we have had treatments of Washington as an historic city, founded by and named for the greatest of Americans; as an architectural and sculptural museum; as a model municipality, fit subject for every administrative experiment; as a democratic capital without local self-government; as a coming educational centre and a present Mecca of new-made wealth—of Washington in all its phases, in short, except as the picture city of the New World, yet that is the aspect in which it appeals most strongly to its familiars. No other city seems to have made beauty its first thought, and relegated the harder and coarser things of life to a secondary place, as Washington has. No other is so enveloped in an atmosphere of artistic feeling that even the sternest actualities must be studied through this medium. That the atmosphere is real, and not merely an evanescent effect which passes away with the first surprise it excites, cannot be doubted by anyone who has applied the supreme test of long association. Indeed, on one who makes the city his home, the first impression soon settles into a spell, and the spell grows stronger with every year's acquaintance, till no common exorcism can prevail against it. If the strenuous life be here, as we are bound to assume that it is, it

does not obtrude itself. The all-pervading spirit of things visible is one of calm, of cheerfulness, of indifference to the flight of time. The present is everywhere dominant, with its most agreeable face to the front. There is nothing to remind one that yesterday had heaped pledges upon to-day, or that to-day is mortgaging the freedom of to-morrow. It is as if a community of 300,000 souls, carved out of the midst of our restless Yankeeland, had shaken off its more serious obligations and voted itself a daily half-holiday.

This suggestion of leisure and recreation is intensified by the width of the highways and the multitude of open spaces, inviting floods of sunshine and pure air. Wherever a street and an avenue intersect, they celebrate their meeting by at least a triangular parklet or two, if not with a more formal circle or square. Grass, trees, and shrubbery revel everywhere in joyous life. Vines spread themselves wantonly over any wall that does not repel their advances, till a commonplace dwelling becomes a castle of living green with arrow-slits and a sally-port. Look in any direction and you have a vista fringed in summer with luxuriant verdure, in winter with a delicate gray lacework of leafless boughs. Statues of the nation's heroes appear at intervals. From this point the fiery Thomas, reining in his steed, stands clear-cut like a big black cameo against a saffron shell of sky; from that, behold the imperious Scott crossing at a stately walk the arena which bears his name; yonder, see the sombre McPherson through an opening in the grove where his comrades have left him to receive the salutes of posterity. And following with the eye any radial line toward the place where the river makes its great bend, one sees the Washington Monument standing guard, a hoary sentinel at the city's water-gate.

Would you leave the gayly peopled streets, with their human chatter, for a brief communion with nature? Here is the Mall, stretching westward like an elongated U from the Capitol to the shores of the Potomac. You could lose yourself in this retreat, so densely is it wooded in spots; but the keen eye can usually catch a glimmer of light from a public thoroughfare on one side, or on

another some dash of color reflected from the rainbow front of the National Museum or the decorous red-brown of the Smithsonian Institution. Possibly your state of mind calls for an atmosphere charged with spiritual prompting? Go, then, from the centre of the city to its edge, and thread one of the paths in the wood which gives Georgetown College its background. Here will be met, now a black-robed Jesuit father, his chin bent on his breast as he moves along absorbed in his solitary reverie, now a brace of neophytes engaged in sober consultation. Is your taste for history, the traditions of patriotic sacrifice and glory? Over there in the eastern quarter is the Soldiers' Home, a tract of field and forest intermixed, where gray-bearded veterans stroll about and feed the squirrels, or cluster under the trees to fight their battles over and tell stories of comrades who have answered the last roll-call. A cross-road leads to the Zoo, that big, breezy garden of animal exotics, and out again into Rock Creek Park, where a dashing, plashing stream, fed from springs in the Maryland hills, winds through miles of woodland, forcing picturesque little passes for itself, like an Alpine river in miniature.

All these are but glimpses, however. For the broader views seek certain places, and for the best effects seize certain times. So far as I know, one experience of mine in landscape-hunting a dozen years ago remains unique—watching the sunrise from the top of the Washington Monument. It was during a recess in an all-night session of Congress. The journey began at the darkest hour before the dawn, in a weary climb through an echoing dungeon ninety fathoms into the sky, with no guide for my steps but the flicker from a smoke-dimmed lantern, and no company save the spirits of the night, already spreading their wings for flight.

At the top at last! The winding staircase ends in a square chamber pierced with deep-recessed windows, like the eyes of a giant peering from under glowering brows. Through them may be seen a haze overhanging everything below, thickening in the west and south, where a dense mist marks the tortuous course of the Potomac. The lamps in the city streets



*Drawn by Jules Guérin.*

A Hoary Sentinel at the City's Water-gate.—Page 130.





Where classic marble façades peep between parted curtains of leaves.—Page 143.

no longer twinkle, but merely lend a yellow radiance to the veil of vapor above them. The only distinct points of light visible are the stars in an inky firmament. Yes, one other : against a background of black in the east glows a flame like a great fixed meteor. Flowing curves which lead down from it, so shadowy as to seem like a phantom etching, suggest a cone-shaped dome. By degrees the contour becomes bolder as the stars go out and the colorless sky takes on a grayish tinge. Then slowly the rosy flush of morning rolls up from the horizon and overcomes

the gray ; the haze in the foreground melts away ; the flame at the top of the dome vanishes like the light of a candle snuffed, and the mass of the Capitol stands forth as a mammoth block of marble on a terraced pedestal of green—the detail of the façade barely visible, but the proud outlines sweeping down and disappearing in a tangle of roofs and foliage.

Faint sounds float skyward from the streets—the first yawns of a waking city. They are presently drowned in echoes which come whirling up the hollow shaft. These repeat the exchange of greetings



Globes of white light suspended here and there among the trees. Page 143.

between the watchman mounting guard and the colleague whom he is relieving from a night's vigil. The morrow is here, and life is astir again even in the Washington Monument.

Before the witchery of this spectacle has quite released its hold, let me picture another. I have spoken of the way the Monument figures in every view that embraces the river bend. Spread the city out like a fan, and this pile is the pivot which holds the frame together. The visitor who has seen it once has just be-

gun to see it. A smooth-faced obelisk, devoid of ornament, it would appear the stolidest object in the world ; in truth, it is as versatile as the clouds. Every change in your position reveals it in a new phase. Go close to it and look up, and its walls seem to rise infinitely and dissolve into the atmosphere ; stand on the neighboring hills, and you are tempted to throw a stone over its top. Sail down the Potomac, and the slender white shaft is still sending its farewells after you when the city has passed out of sight. It plays chameleon to the weather. It may be



*Division by Jules Guérin.*

This long, narrow tongue of land where





Anacostia Creek joins the Potomac.—Page 141.



*Drawn by Jules Guérin.*

The quaint old river-front of the White House.—Page 141.

gay one moment and grave the next, like the world. Sometimes in the varying lights it loses its perspective and becomes merely a flat blade struck against space ; an hour later, each line and seam is marked with the crispness of chiselled sculpture. On a fair morning it is radiant under the first beams of the rising

which have been hanging so low as to hide the apex of the monument, are folding back upon themselves in the southern heavens, forming a rampart dark and forbidding. Against this the marble obelisk is projected, having caught and held one ray of pure sunshine which has found an opening and shot through like a search-



Statues of the nation's heroes appear at intervals.—Page 130.

sun ; in the full of the moon it is like a thing from another world—cold, shimmering, unreal. Often in the spring and fall its peak is lost in vapor, and the shaft looks as if it were a tall, thin Ossa penetrating the home of the gods. Again, with its base wrapped in fog and its summit in cloud, it is a symbol of human destiny, emerging from one mystery only to pass after a little into another. Always the same, yet never twice alike, it is to the old Washingtonian a being instinct with life, a personality to be known and loved. It has relatively little to tell the passing stranger, but many confidences for the friend of years.

It is mid-morning now, but from our outlook on the Capitol terrace we face a thick and troubled sky. The air is murky. Clouds fringed with fine gray fleece,

light. It is plain that an atmospheric battle is at hand. The garrulous city seems struck dumb ; the timid trees are shivering with apprehension ; the voice of the wind is half sob and half warning. The search-ray vanishes as the door of the cloud fort is closed and the rumbling of the bolts is heard behind it. The landscape in the background is blotted from view by eddies of yellow dust, as if a myriad of horsemen were making a tentative charge. Silent and unmoved the obelisk stands there, a white warrior bidding defiance to the forces of sky and earth. As the subsiding dust marks the retreat of the cavalry, the artillery opens fire. First one masked porthole and then another belches flame, but the sharp crash or dull roar which follows passes quite unnoticed by the champion. Then comes





*Drawn by Jules Guérin.*

That unbroken mile of avenue.—Page 143.



*Drawn by Jules Guérin.*

Mount the Capitol terrace at night.—Page 143.



*Descent by Jules Guérin.*



the rattle of musketry, as a sheet of hail sweeps across the field.

We are not watching a combat, only an assault, for these demonstrations call forth no response. On the champion—taking everything, giving nothing—the only effect they produce is a change of color from snowy white to ashen gray. Even that is but for a moment. As the storm of hail melts into a shower of limpid rain-drops to which the relieved trees open their palms, the wind ceases its wailing, and the wall of cloud falls apart to let the sun's rays through once more.

I realize that I have gone rapidly over a wide range. Well, there is no better place to rest than the President's garden on a summer Saturday afternoon, when all the Washington world and its sweet-heart turns out to hear the Marine Band play. We can find a cool, soft spot on the side of this grass-tufted hillock to stretch ourselves at full length. Lean on your elbow a moment and look about. To your left is the quaint old river-front of the White House, scenically framed between wings of dark green foliage. Its semi-circular portico, upheld by stately columns, fills the central space, and dense masses of honeysuckle rail in the stone stairways, worn smooth by the tread of the lords and ladies of our republican court for eighty years. To the right, a gentle slope of lawn sweeps away toward the river, but soon loses itself in a labyrinth of shrubbery. Its surface is broken midway by a fountain noiselessly playing, whose spray is blown by the breeze over first one cluster of scarlet cannas and then another. Three-fourths of the horizon is a billowy line of tree-tops; and looming above it, projected against a cloudless southern sky, is seen the upper half of the Monument. The sun has settled far enough to cast long shadows over most of the leaf-walled space and enable the pleasure-seekers to stroll about the green-sward without discomfort. The men are clad for the most part in white or in the cooler grays; the women in a multitude of delicate tints which arrange themselves in kaleidoscopic groupings as they stray from place to place.

Where is the city, with its brick and stone and its hard-paved highways, its

clang of gongs and clatter of traffic? Surely, a hundred miles away. We cannot see it, for the White House on the one hand and the Monument on the other are the only signs of man's handiwork to remind us that we are not alone with nature; listen as we may, we cannot catch even its distant hum, for between us and it has fallen a curtain of music—one of those untamed Polish dances in which the brasses seem to chase each other across the field, and a night-wind to go howling after the hindmost. Close your eyes. Cannot you see the dainty shapes in lavender and straw-color and white, at which you were looking just now, swaying and swinging and sweeping, this way and that, with the tumultuous rhythm? Are you not watching a village festival in far-off Plotzk?

The dance is ended. You open your eyes for an instant, roused from your day-dream by the clapping of hands; but you close them again and sink back on your grassy couch as the brasses fall to the rear for the encore, and the wood instruments send forth the first melodious bars of the Spring Song. A hush falls upon the whole assemblage. You cannot analyze the sentiment which holds you now, but you are conscious that hundreds of others are feeling what you feel. No wonder the master made this a song without words.

Late October is the season to visit the Old Arsenal, when the grass is at the half-way stage between green and brown, and the yellow leaves strew the ground and play color tricks with the eye that moves from them to other objects. The sunsets are then at their best, and sunset is the hour of hours here.

No spot in all Washington is steeped in more varied associations than this long, narrow tongue of land where Anacostia Creek joins the Potomac. By turns a military post under command of one of Lafayette's lieutenants; the site of the gunshop established by the infant republic; the scene of a disastrous explosion when the British were plying the torch in the War of 1812; a repository for army stores; a penitentiary; the stage on which the last act of the Lincoln tragedy was played; an artillery school; an engineer

barrack-ground: here are relics of every occupation, like fossil remains in broken strata, waiting for the historian to dig them out and classify them according to the æon to which each belonged in life. But now the old reservation is well on its way toward a fresh chapter in its career, which will exceed all the rest in dignity and lead, perhaps, to its permanent transformation; for it has been chosen as the home of the new War College, where the international art of meeting force with force will be taught as one teaches a game of chess.

There is a spacious parade, of course, enclosed between footpaths and a carriage drive, and bordered with rows of trees set out with great precision, like troops at drill in open order. The walls of the former prison-yard have been razed, and the two wings of the institution, made over into officers' quarters, in their coats of clean paint wear the air of veterans who are keeping back the signs of age by a careful regard for their health and plenty of cold baths and exercise. Between the two buildings rises a green mound, crowned with a mass of foliage plants and flowers, and in the midst a fountain; here is where the gibbet stood of old, and underneath this sod the bones of many a friendless malefactor have been laid away after he has paid his last debt to justice.

The river side, however, is the one from which to view the sunset. A vine-laden sea-wall, pretty well gone to decay, catches the wash of the vessels which go tacking up the current to reach the shelter of some friendly wharf before night can overtake them. The clouds have deserted the upper heavens and followed the sun down to within a little distance of the skyline, where they are halted and drawn up to bid the day adieu. The old Lee Mansion, which looked down at us from Arlington Heights an hour ago, has faded from sight. The outline of the crest beyond is softened by a faint purple haze; above this the purple fades into pink, the pink into yellow, the yellow into green, the green into turquoise, and the turquoise into pure sapphire blue. Every gradation of color is reflected in the river, sifted through the embroidery of the trees which line Potomac Island, the redeemed shoal between the Old Arsenal and the Virginia

shore. In the northwest the Monument rises out of what seems a plain, so dwarfed are all neighboring objects by its towering height. The sun, even after sinking out of view, continues to mark its descent, dial-fashion, on the shaft, up which creep rapidly the shadows of the hills, absorbing the flush that has suffused its marble face during the last few seconds of farewell.

There is a stir about one of the old bronze cannon on the rise of ground back of us. A bugle-call—a flash—an echo-waking roar—and a dagger of smoke stabs the thin vapors which have already begun to rise from the river. From the staff in the centre of the parade the colors descend like the relieved lookout from a ship's masthead, hand under hand. As the bunting touches the grass, the troops in the several squads, who have been standing like statues at "attention," break ranks and saunter into their barracks. The day is done.

Returning to Capitol Hill for a last look before going to bed, we can do no better than to take a leisurely stroll through a negro quarter which will soon be swept away by the fast advancing tide of improvement. It was forlorn enough in the garish light of noon, but now the dusk has softened everything and laid a poetic touch upon even poverty and dirt. These whitewashed shanties are squatter dwellings which seem to have dropped down at random on the ragged turf. They are a rude patchwork of old bits of board and shingle picked from waste-heaps in the city. With no regularity of structure, and saved from collapse only by many props projecting at uncertain angles, they are nevertheless human homes, with such domestic suggestions as here a pair of bean-vines trained on strings over a doorway, there a protruding elbow of stovepipe shooting up a stream of sparks, and yonder an opening with the light of a candle gleaming through. Had we come here in winter we should have found a sprig of Virginia mistletoe tacked to nearly every lintel, and caught the glow of holly-berries against the single pane which serves for a window.

The city engineers are running a sewer across this malarial flat, and have mounted a zigzag row of ruby lanterns to warn



wayfarers away from the open ditch. In front of one of the shanties sit an Uncle and Auntie, all rags and tatters, smoking their pipes demurely beside a little bon-fire, while a brawny young son of Ham, half clad and with his black throat and chest exposed, leans against the door-jamb, thrumming a banjo. Around him a dozen solemn-faced pickaninnies are circling in a weird dance, each a law unto himself as to steps and postures, but all keeping perfect time with the well-punctuated jig-tune. It is a bit of the South of forty years ago thrown out on the picket line of to-day.

Climbing the hill, we reach the Library of Congress and mount the staircase to the portico. Night has come on meanwhile, but the moon has not risen. The blackness overhead is pierced with tiny holes through which glow the fires of other worlds; the blackness below is relieved by globes of white light suspended here and there among the trees like will-o'-the-wisps in a wood, and causing fantastic shadows to chase each other across the ground as the boughs sway with every passing breeze.

Grand and gray, the bulk of the Capitol stands out against a dark expanse. Its base-line, like the hull of an anchored ship, is partly hidden by the surf of foliage between. Studied from here, no obtrusive roof or tower breaks the symmetry of its silhouette. For all that we can see, its nearest neighbors on the other side are the stars. The illumination of the city, however, is reflected against the wall of the western sky-vault, lending to it the faintest hint of ruddy color, and thus accentuating the noble lines of the dome and its massive shoulders.

The Capitol is resting after a period of internal turmoil. Not a window is lighted, not even a watchman is visible. The mantle of sleep is over everything. But somewhere up in the sky, though we cannot see her, we know that "the great bronze Freedom" still

Peers eastward, as diving  
The new day from the old.

It will be observed that Washington offers its wealth to the picture-seeker only by a frequent shifting of the point of view. Its beauties are many, but lack continuity.

Owing to the accidental character of the city's development hitherto, they are still amid incongruous surroundings, and so scattered that one must learn by patient experiment where to go in search of them. The topography is full of wonderful possibilities, some of which have been improved, though here and there a vista with a perfect foreground calls for the free use of the axe and battering-ram to clear the middle distance, and another with a beginning of great promise ends ingloriously. It is to the task of assembling the unrelated fragments and adjusting them to each other in a harmonious whole, that the new Park Commission, consisting of Messrs. Burnham, McKim, and Olmsted, with Augustus St. Gaudens as advising sculptor, has just addressed itself.

No city in the world is so bountifully supplied with parks and breathing-places, but they need a common key and a consecutive interpretation. These the Commission hopes to give them before proceeding to its larger scheme, which embraces novel enterprises in landscape engineering and architectural assimilation. The single feat of connecting by a generous driveway the several scenic beauties, and thus reducing them to a system, would be worthy of the highest artistic endeavor. If no more than the plans already in hand are carried out, the visitor may be borne through grassy fields and virgin forests; along a river's edge bristling with masts; past corners where classic marble façades peep between parted curtains of leaves; down into gorges ploughed by foaming streams, and up over panoramic hill-tops; across spider-web bridges and viaducts of massive masonry: and all within an hour's walk of the heart of a teeming city—a heart that throbs with the concentrated life of 70,000,000 people.

Whether from the heights of Arlington on a fair spring morning we survey the valley of domes and spires, or mount the Capitol terrace at night and sweep with our glance that unbroken mile of avenue which impresses even the Parisian fresh from his boulevards, whether we assist at the dedication of a new monument to heroism or watch the devotees of pleasure taking their way homeward from an official ball, it is always the picturesque



Washington which first reveals itself to us. Our capital has its practical side, its sordid side, even its repulsive side, but these do not appear till we have broken the spell of that first impression. And why should not the spell work deeper than the surface? If nature and art, joined hand in hand, exert the ennobling influence with which we credit them, is it too much to hope that in course of time, when the renaissance now in prospect shall have reached its full fruition, the face of the City Beautiful may become but the mirror of its soul?

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## A TRYST

By Winston Churchill

ALAS, alas, the leaves do blow  
 To East and South and West!  
 And so my thoughts and longings go.

O gray or gold, or steel-blue cold,  
 My spirit hath no rest.  
 Where'er I turn, thy story's told.

'Tis whispered from the hills by day,  
 And nightly by our star.  
 The burden on the wind—thy lay.

My waking hours are dreams of thee:  
 My spirit, wandering far,  
 Comes back, so wearily, to me.

Of thee, the blue light 'neath the pines,  
 Where silent needles fall,  
 Repeats, O faintly, wondrous lines.

And ever, ever can I hear  
 Thy voice beyond my call.  
 Am I to see thee never, dear?

The misty sun slips in and out  
 Behind our bare oak-tree.  
 And so I sway 'twixt hope and doubt.

But in the night my soul takes flight.  
 Our trysting-place can be  
 What star in all of Heaven's height?

# THE PROPOSED ISTHMIAN SHIP-CANAL

By William H. Burr

Member of the Isthmian Canal Commission



THE project of a transportation route across the Central American isthmus to connect the two oceans is nearly four hundred years old. The early Spanish explorations were so thorough and well directed that apparently no feasible crossing of the isthmus from Tehuantepec to the Atrato River escaped their examination. The good judgment, energy, and intrepidity displayed by these early Spaniards in pushing their explorations successfully in every direction where anything was to be gained, cannot fail to command admiration and respect, even though the accomplishment of their purposes was frequently accompanied by indescribable cruelties to the natives. From the time of Balboa's first view of the Pacific Ocean, which he called the great South Sea, from the summit of the divide on the Isthmus of Darien, on September 25, 1513, the Spaniards were ceaseless in their search for possible commercial routes across the isthmus. It was while Charles V. was on the throne of Spain, in 1521, that Gil Gonzales de Avila sailed northward from the vicinity of Panama, along the Pacific coast of Central America, searching for a connecting strait between the seas, and discovered Lake Nicaragua. He named it Lake Nicaragua, after a native chief. This furnished practically the first material evidence pointing to the Nicaragua route as feasible for a canal. The work begun by De Avila in Nicaragua was extended in 1529 by the Spanish captain Diego Machuka, who constructed some vessels on the shore of Lake Nicaragua, explored that lake, and then passed down the Desaguadero River, now called the San Juan, to the Caribbean Sea. The memory of his exploration is maintained in the rapids which bear his name.

One of the routes of travel across the Isthmus of Panama, established between the years 1517 and 1519, made the town of Nombre de Dios the Atlantic terminus,

and the site of old Panama, about five miles east of the present city of Panama, the Pacific terminus. The settlement of old Panama was begun in 1517, and in 1521 it became a city. Subsequently it became the Pacific terminus of a paved road seventeen miles long, running to Cruces, a town on the Chagres River. Great quantities of the precious metals were transported across the isthmus along these early lines of communication, and they were the means of developing an active commerce between the old countries and the new. Indeed, this commerce attained such importance that the idea of a ship-canal took shape soon after the passage across the isthmus was made. It is stated with apparent authority that the Spanish king, Charles V., directed a survey to be made for a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Panama in 1520, and in 1534 the country between the Chagres and the Pacific was examined under royal decree for that purpose. In the report made the project was considered impracticable on account of the obstacles in the way of forming a water connection between the two seas.

These few facts in the early history of the isthmus show that progressive and broad-minded men have entertained the idea of a ship-canal between the two oceans almost since the earliest years of discovery. During the last half of the nineteenth century the project was actively agitated, and the advocates of both the Nicaragua and Panama routes have set forth the relative merits of the two lines in a literature that has swelled to proportions far beyond the imagination of those who have not had occasion to examine it. Between 1870 and 1900 the United States Government equipped and sent out a number of well-fitted expeditions for the purpose of authoritatively determining the principal features of all feasible routes between Tehuantepec and the Atrato. These governmental efforts



The American Isthmus, showing Routes Investigated for a Ship-Canal.

- Routes Investigated by the Isthmian Canal Commission.  
 - - - - - Routes Investigated by Others.

1. Tehuantepec Route (not shown above). 2.\* Fonseca. 3. Realejo. 4. Tamarindo. 5. Brito. 6. San Juan del Sur. 7. Salinas Bay. 8. Panama Route. 9. San Blas Route. 10. Caledonia Bay Routes. 11. Tupisa-Tiati-Acanti Route. 12. Argua-Paya-Tuyra Route. 13. Atrato-Cacirica-Tuyra Route. 14. Atrato-Peranchita-Tuyra Route. 15. Atrato-Truindo Route. 16. Atrato-Napija Route. 17. Atrato-Bojaya Route. 18. Atrato-Bauda Route. 19. Atrato-San Juan Route.

culminated in the appointment of the Isthmian Canal Commission in 1899, whose duties as set forth in the instructions of the Secretary of State included surveys and examinations requisite to determine the most practicable and feasible route for a ship-canal across the Central American isthmus. The operations of the Commission were confined between the rather indefinite eastern limit of what is called the Isthmus of Darien and the Nicaragua route, as including all territory across which it is

practicable or feasible to construct a ship-canal. Although the Tehuantepec route has at times been considered in connection with a canal project, it has been sufficiently examined prior to the present time to demonstrate that it cannot be considered as a practicable or feasible line for a canal, although adapted to railroad location and construction.

Parties well equipped for explorations and surveys were sent out by the Isthmian Canal Commission to examine all that part of the isthmus between the

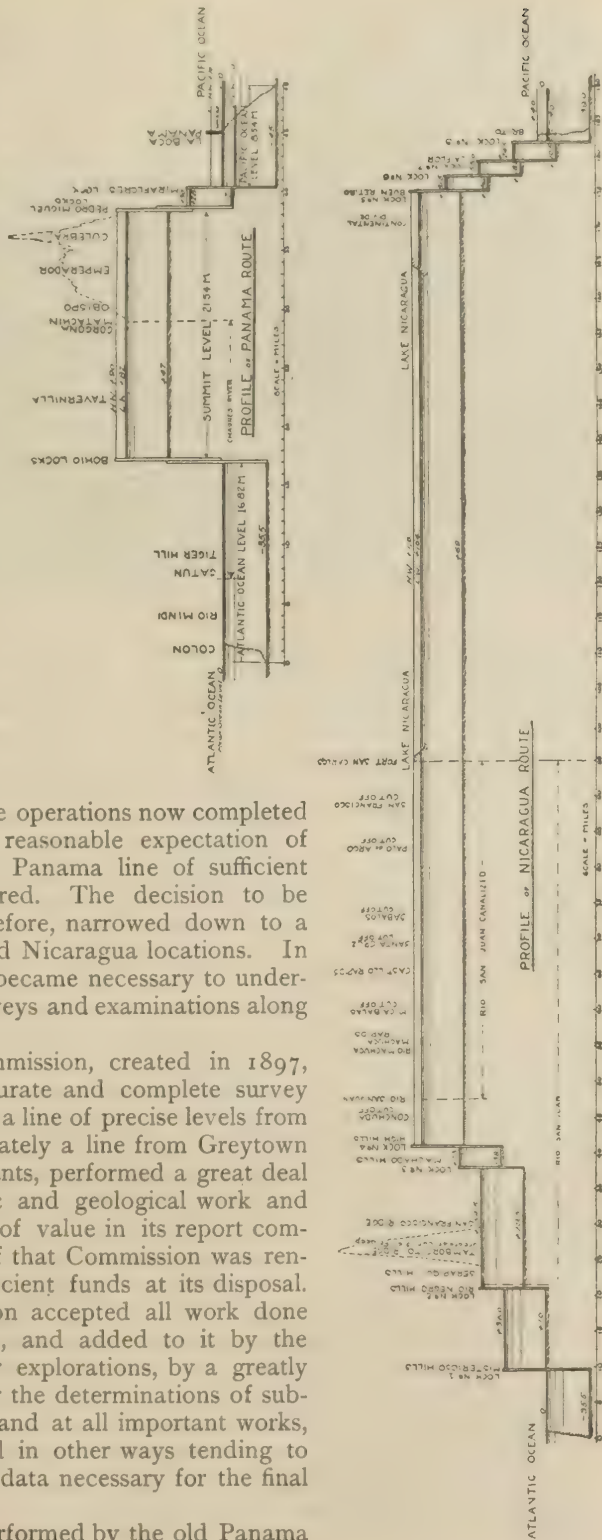
\* Routes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 are routes in Nicaragua



Panama line, running from the city of Colon to Panama, and the mouth of the Atrato River. The most promising routes on this part of the isthmus have been known as the San Blas and the Caledonia. The former will be familiar to many in connection with the examinations made prior to 1860 by Mr. Frederick Kelley. It involves the construction of a ship-tunnel 4.2 miles long. The Caledonia route, running from Caledonia Bay across the isthmus to the Bay of San Miguel on the Pacific side, has been advocated in the past by unscrupulous explorers as one with a very low divide and adapted to easy construction. The surveys and examinations of the Isthmian Canal Commission demonstrate that neither of these routes can be considered as practicable and feasible as either the Panama or Nicaragua route. Other lines on the Isthmus of Darien have been advocated from time to time, but the operations now completed show clearly that there is no reasonable expectation of finding any route east of the Panama line of sufficient merit to be seriously considered. The decision to be made by the Commission, therefore, narrowed down to a choice between the Panama and Nicaragua locations. In order to make that choice it became necessary to undertake extensive and detailed surveys and examinations along both of these routes.

The Nicaragua Canal Commission, created in 1897, made for the first time an accurate and complete survey of Lake Nicaragua. It also ran a line of precise levels from ocean to ocean, surveyed accurately a line from Greytown to Brito with a number of variants, performed a great deal of most valuable hydrographic and geological work and accumulated much other data of value in its report completed in 1899, but the work of that Commission was rendered incomplete by the insufficient funds at its disposal. The Isthmian Canal Commission accepted all work done by the Nicaragua Commission, and added to it by the extension of surveys, by further explorations, by a greatly increased number of borings for the determinations of sub-surface material along the line and at all important works, by further hydraulic work, and in other ways tending to the completion of all classes of data necessary for the final solution of the problem.

The work which has been performed by the old Panama



and the new Panama companies fixed definitely the location of the canal as those companies intended to construct it. There are one or two possible variations of location examined by the Isthmian Canal Commission, but its operations on that route consisted mainly of such surveys and examinations as would confirm the estimates made by the French companies of the work already completed, and determine the chief physical features of the finished canal. In addition to this a considerable amount of examination of subsurface material by jet borings was accomplished at possible sites of the proposed great dam near Bohio. It will be seen, therefore, that there was a very much smaller amount of work required to be done on the Isthmus of Panama than in Nicaragua.

Both routes lie in tropical countries. Naturally, as canal locations must avoid high ground, both locations are but little above sea-level. The temperatures on both lines are, therefore, high, and except for those localities where there is a dry season during a portion of the year the climate is humid. The latter observation applies with particular force to that portion of the Nicaragua route lying between Lake Nicaragua and the Caribbean Sea, where the season is rainy throughout the entire year. Between Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific Ocean there is a well-defined dry season, extending from about the middle of December to the middle of May. The amount of rainfall in the vicinity of Greytown, on the Caribbean coast of Nicaragua, may be as much as 300 inches in a year. The easterly and northeasterly trade-winds carry the water-laden atmosphere from the Caribbean Sea up the valley of the San Juan to the lake, the precipitation of rain beginning immediately on reaching the coast, but at a rate which decreases from the sea-coast to the lake, where the annual rainfall may be found less than 100 inches. These trade-winds also blow across the lake, but seem to be freed of so much moisture as to afford no precipitation on the Pacific side during the dry season already mentioned. From about the middle of May to about the middle of December the country between the lake and the Pacific Ocean is subject to rains which records show, at Rivas and Granada during the fifteen years

1886 to 1900, may vary annually from 20.5 inches to 96 inches at those points.

In such a tropical climate all classes of vegetation flourish luxuriantly. Nearly the whole country along the route is covered with forests with thick undergrowth wherever the soil is firm enough to carry it, and with dense vegetation of palms, canes, and coarse grasses on the lower and softer grounds, so that lines of surveys can only be carried forward where ranges of sight have previously been cut out and cleared.

The general course of the Nicaragua route from Greytown is a little north of west to the lake; about westerly through the lake; and a little south of west from Las Lajas, the point where the line leaves the lake, to Brito, on the Pacific Ocean. Besides two small towns on the San Juan River (Castillo Viejo on the river and Fort San Carlos at the point where it leaves the lake), there is practically no population to be found anywhere on the route after leaving Greytown. The only exceptions to this observation are the crude thatched-roof dwellings of the natives found at rare intervals. The old city of Rivas, about four miles from the west side of the lake, is, however, but a half-dozen miles from the canal line.

The San Juan River is the outlet of Lake Nicaragua. The lake has a surface area of about 3,000 square miles, or nearly one-third that of Lake Erie. The San Juan leaves the lake at what may be called its southeast corner, and flows through an uncultivated and almost uninhabited forest country about 110 miles to the Caribbean Sea. It is a clear-water stream with insignificant tributaries only for a distance of about fifty-five miles, or half its course. At that point it receives the waters of the San Carlos, a river rising in the mountains of Costa Rica and bringing down, in times of flood, great quantities of sand and sediment. Another river, the Serapiqui, flows into the San Juan from the Costa Rica side about twenty miles below the confluence of the San Carlos, and also contributes considerable quantities of sand and sediment to the San Juan. The solid matter brought down from the volcanic regions of Costa Rica by these and other rivers has formed a wide strip of low, marshy, marginal



The Commission at the Mouth of Rio Las Lajas, where the Canal enters Lake Nicaragua on its western shore.

country or coastal plain between the ocean and the high grounds or mountains of the adjacent country. The coastal plain is, in some places, over fifteen miles wide, and the San Juan delta with its two principal mouths is included in it. The smaller of these two mouths is named the "Lower San Juan" and empties into the ocean practically at Greytown, while the larger, called the Colorado, empties into the ocean about thirty miles southeast of Greytown, the latter at times carrying three-fourths to five-sixths of the discharge of the San Juan River.

The San Juan River is navigable for vessels of light draught, but in periods of extreme low water the navigation cannot be carried below the junction of the Lower San Juan and the Colorado, about twelve miles from the sea, except through the mouth of the latter. At Castillo there are rapids with a fall of six feet in a few hundred, and at low water vessels do not pass them. A short tramway a half-mile long, with cars drawn by mules, carries both passengers and freight from the steamer below the rapids to that above them, a transshipment being necessary. There are also rapids at other points between Castillo and the lake, but steamboats can pass them without great difficulty, even during the low-water seasons.

All the steamboats on the San Juan River are rather crude in character, although well adapted to the existing conditions of navigation. They are stern-wheel vessels with machinery arranged very much as on the stern-wheel boats of our Western rivers. They draw from three to six or eight feet of water.

The greater portion of Lake Nicaragua has considerable depth, being at points as much as 160 feet deep. The bottom of the lake is, therefore, about fifty feet below sea-level at those points, the surface of the lake itself varying from about 100 to 110 feet above sea-level. A small screw steamboat, called the *Victoria*, drawing four to six feet of water, navigates the lake under an exclusive concession and does a very profitable business. A line of steamboats navigated the San Juan River and the lake from Greytown to a point called La Virgin, at the southwest extremity of the lake, from about 1850 to 1865, forming a part of the route then much travelled from New York City to San Francisco. This line of steamers operated, in connection with a well-constructed country road, from La Virgin to a harbor on the Pacific coast about fourteen miles distant, called San Juan del Sur. Pacific coasting steamers called at San Juan del Sur and thus completed the trip to San Francisco. This





Three Members of the Commission on the Chagres River.

and the route across the Isthmus of Panama were competing lines for the Pacific-coast travel in those early days. The San Juan River line of steamers was owned and operated by Commodore Vanderbilt and his associates. It was an active transportation line with much business. The wagon route between La Virgin and San Juan del Sur still exists, but it has accommodated an insignificant local traffic only since the abandonment of the San Juan River transcontinental route in 1865.

The canal route from Las Lajas, on the western shore of the lake, to Brito, on the Pacific Ocean, cuts the continental divide about twelve miles from the coast, where it is only 153 feet above sea-level. This country is largely forested, but there is a greater population contiguous to it than east of the lake. Indeed, there is considerable land devoted to agricultural purposes at various points but a short distance from the canal line. Between the lake and the divide the canal line follows approximately the course of the small Las Lajas River. Between the divide and the Pacific Ocean it follows quite closely the course of a small river called the Rio Grande. The entire length of the canal from Greytown, on the Caribbean Sea, to Brito, on the Pacific, is 183.66 miles. The distance by the canal from the sea at Greytown to Fort San Carlos is 95.81 miles; from Fort San Carlos across the lake to Las Lajas, 70.51 miles; and from Las Lajas to Brito, 17.34 miles.

It is of the utmost importance to determine, with the greatest attainable accuracy, the elevation of the highest part of the canal above the two oceans. In the older examinations of possible isthmian canal lines it was usually reported that the mean elevation of the surface of the Pacific Ocean was different from that of the Atlantic, and that idea probably survives to the present day in some minds. The fact that the rise and fall of the tides are quite different in the two oceans on the shores of the isthmus obscures the actual mean elevations of the two great surfaces of water. At Brito the extreme range of the tides is not precisely known, in the absence of a sufficiently extended series of tidal observations, but it may be taken at about eight feet. At Greytown the same extreme range may be taken at one foot. At Colon, on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Panama, the mean range of tides may be also taken at one foot, but the vertical height between mean high and mean low tides at Panama is about twenty feet. Precise levels have been run both on the Nicaragua route and the route at Panama, the former by the Nicaragua Canal Commission and the latter by the engineering force of the old and new Panama companies. The results of these levels leads to the conclusion that the mean ocean level may be taken the same on the two sides of the isthmus. In discussing the highest portions, *i.e.*, the summit levels, of either route, therefore, the elevations above mean sea-level should

be understood to be the elevations above the common mean level of the two oceans.

Obviously the highest part of the canal, or, as civil engineers call it, the summit level, on the Nicaragua route, would be the surface of the water in Lake Nicaragua; but the convenient and efficient operation of the canal will not permit the elevation of that lake surface to vary beyond certain fixed limits in either direction. In seasons of great rain

never permit the surface of the lake to fall lower than 104 feet above mean sea-level, or sensibly higher than 110 feet above the same level.

The lake, acting as a reservoir, has a number of important functions to perform. No canal having locks can be operated without a continuous supply of water, as every time a ship passes through a lock a lockful of water may be taken out of that portion of the canal on the upper level.



A Picture of Seven Members of the Commission taken on the Veranda of the House of the San Antonio Sugar Estate, near Corinto.

or inflow into the lake, therefore, its surface must be under such control as never to rise to an elevation producing inconvenience to the operation of the canal or damage to its structures. On the other hand, in seasons of extreme drought or low water, the elevation of the lake surface must not be permitted to fall too low, for in that case there would not be sufficient depth of water for navigation purposes in those parts of the canal immediately adjacent to the lake. It is, therefore, essential to control the elevation of the lake surface within certain limits. After a careful examination of all the lake conditions and the consideration of the amount of water which might come into the lake during rainy seasons, the Isthmian Canal Commission decided to make plans for such controlling works as would

Having given the number of locks and their volumes in a canal and the number of times per day they will be operated, it is a matter of comparatively simple computation to determine how much water will be required to operate a given canal. If it be assumed that enough ships would pass through the Nicaragua Canal to have a carrying capacity of 10,000,000 tons per year, the amount of water required for all canal purposes of every kind would be but a little less than 1,100 cubic feet for each second of time. All of this water-supply must flow down from the summit level or highest part of the canal, *i.e.*, in the present instance from Lake Nicaragua, as a reservoir. During the rainy season, when far more water is running into the lake than is required to operate the canal, the surplus water over that required to





A Dredge in Greytown Harbor Owned by the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua.



A Near View of Same, showing Wrecked Condition.

keep the lake surface as high as is desired, will be allowed to run to waste, and that is one function of the controlling-works. In dry seasons, however, when there is at most very little water running into the lake, the amount required to operate the canal and to meet the loss due to evaporation must be found stored in the lake. Indeed, so much water must be stored in the lake that at the end of the driest season which the records have ever shown, there must be sufficient water left in the lake to keep its surface above the lowest elevation permissible, or 104 feet above the sea. The total amount of water required per year for the operation of the canal is only about one-twelfth of

the amount evaporated from the lake surface; it represents a depth of water over the entire lake area of about five inches only.

The regulating-works alluded to consist chiefly of a large masonry dam at a point called Conchuda, on the San Juan River, about fifty-three miles from the lake, together with a masonry overflow or wasteway constructed across a wide channel leading through a small valley on the Costa Rican side of the river, at a point about three-fourths of a mile from the latter. This wasteway is, therefore, a construction entirely independent of the dam. The top of the masonry over which the water flows, both for the wasteway and the dam, has an elevation above mean sea-level of 104 feet, the least allowed elevation of the lake surface. When, therefore, there is more water flowing into the lake than is desired, the surplus will waste both over the dam and the wasteway, the aggregate length of the crests of which is 1,600 feet. These crests are fitted with movable iron or steel gates, which may be raised or lowered so as to allow any desired amount of water within the capacity of the gates to flow through. They are constructed of such dimensions that when necessary the water of the lake may be held at 110 feet above mean sea-elevation. The proper operations of these gates, therefore, will always control the lake-surface elevation within the limits of 104 and 110 feet above the sea.

In order that a ship may be brought through the canal either from the Atlantic Ocean or the Pacific Ocean, and on its way carried up to the summit level of the lake, locks must be used. These locks are in their general features of the same type as those used on the Erie and other canals, both in this country and in Europe. In the main they consist of large and massive masonry enclosures, of a length somewhat greater than the longest ship ever passing through them, and with a width a little greater than that of the width or beam of the widest ship. The side walls of these locks are in fact sides of the canal, but at the ends there are gates of two leaves opening at the centre and swinging about vertical axes in the sides. These gates may be made of timber or metal; the Commission has planned to use gates of steel on both



routes. Suitable valves, in pipes or conduits leading from the upper and lower canal levels into the locks, are employed to control their filling or emptying.

The Nicaragua Canal has been planned to require four locks in passing up to the lake level from either ocean. These locks have lifts varying from  $18\frac{1}{2}$  to 37 feet. They are distributed at suitable points along the line where the topography is fa-

feet below the water back of the dam at its highest elevation. These foundations are planned to be sunk by what is known as the pneumatic process, enabling them to be inspected during all stages of construction. There is but little rock at present known along the line of the canal adapted to such dimension stone-work as is largely used in this country; hence the great mass of masonry for the dam would be



Catamaran on the Rio San Juan.  
Boring party at work for the Commission.

vorable to securing any lift desired, and where rock is found for their foundation-beds.

The dam and wasteway at Conchuda convert the upper portion of the San Juan River into what is practically an arm of the lake. In its natural condition that part of the San Juan River is not deep enough at all points for the desired navigation, even with the water backed up in it by the dam, hence some excavation must be made in many places to give the desired depth as well as to secure a straightened channel by excavating through points around which the river flows, *i.e.*, by cut-offs.

In order to construct the dam across this river, which is subject to heavy floods, it will be necessary to resort to the most advanced engineering expedients. The masonry must be carried to bed-rock at a maximum depth of about eighty feet below mean water of the river, or 135

composed of concrete, for which there is an abundance of good stone. The total length of the dam is 1,310 feet, and its cost is estimated at \$4,017,650.

The canal line enters the arm of the lake formed by the Conchuda dam at a point about three miles and three-tenths up the river from that structure. During flood discharges over the dam, therefore, ships navigating that part of the San Juan River above the dam would have to contend with the flood current. The greatest flood discharge over the dam and the wasteway near it may possibly amount to 70,000 cubic feet per second, and it will flow in those portions of the canal lying within a distance of twenty-five miles east of Fort San Carlos containing the most restricted sections. This discharge may, for short periods of a few days each, raise the velocity of the flowing water nearly to four feet per second, or about 2.7 miles per hour, which will

give no sensible inconvenience to ships passing either way along the canal. All the wastage from the lake is down the course of the San Juan River. The only water flowing toward the west is that required for lockage and other canal purposes between the lake and the Pacific Ocean.

The Federal statute under which the Isthmian Canal Commission was created required that body to make examinations and devise plans for a canal of sufficient navigable depth and of the requisite dimensions to accommodate the largest vessels afloat. As a rule, merchant ships are longer than naval vessels, while the latter class have relatively much the greater beam or width. The longest vessel now afloat is the Oceanic of the White Star Line; it has a length of practically 704 feet. It is quite probable that within a comparatively short time longer vessels will be built, but it would manifestly be impracticable for the Commission to take into consideration the possible development of ship design for an indefinite future period. It was, then, necessary to consider those vessels at present afloat whose dimensions are the largest yet used, and design the canal and its works so as to afford a reasonable margin beyond those limits, but not so great as to involve excessive cost. To meet these conditions the locks were designed to give a clear length of 740 feet



Mouth of the Rio Grande, taken from Brito Head, Adjacent to the Pacific Terminus of the Nicaragua Canal.

and a clear width of eighty-four feet. The greatest beam or breadth of warship at present is practically seventy-seven feet. The locks, therefore, meet the requirements of the law and give some room for developments beyond the maximum limits of size already attained.

It is well known that ships drawing as much as thirty-two feet in sea-water have entered or passed from New York Harbor as well as some other ports, and there is no reason to believe that the limit of draught has yet been reached. It was, therefore, decided that the least navigable depth in the canal should be thirty-five feet, and that limit has been carefully observed throughout its entire length. In the harbor entrances at the extremities of the canal this depth of thirty-five feet is provided at mean low tide. This involves some extensive excavation at the entrance of the canal at Panama, but the Commission was of the opinion that in so great a work prompt passage might be an imperative requirement, and that provision should be made for it.

One of the most serious questions in connection with the development of the canal plans was that relating to the dimensions of the canal prism, or what may



View of Beginning of Excavation for the Nicaragua Canal, by the Maritime Canal Company, at Greytown.



The Beach at Brito, at the Pacific Terminus of the Nicaragua Canal, taken from Brito Head.

be called the standard canal section. There are a number of ship-canals in the world, such as those at Kiel, Suez, Manchester, and between Amsterdam and the North Sea, but as none of them has been constructed to meet the same class of requirements as those at the American isthmus, it was necessary to give the question of dimensions consideration based upon independent treatment born of the necessities of the case. A bottom width of 150 feet was adopted over which the minimum navigable depth of 35 feet would always be found. The side-slopes extending upward from this bottom width must necessarily depend upon the character of the material in which the excavation is made. In firm earth the slope on each side is one vertical to one and a half horizontal below a berm, ten feet wide six feet under water, and a slope of one on one, or forty-five degrees, above that berm. In order to prevent wash or injury above the berm caused by the waves of passing ships, these side-slopes are to be covered with a heavy stone pavement, extending up to an elevation six feet above the water. In soft earth and in sand the side-slopes below the berm are one vertical on three horizon-

tal, and above the berm one vertical on two horizontal. In rock the sides are vertical from the bottom up to a berm ten feet wide, five feet above the water-surface and with a slope nearly vertical, *i.e.*, four vertical on one horizontal above the berm. In other materials of a more or less special nature the side-slopes are to be varied to suit the nature of the material, as is the treatment of those surfaces wherever any treatment may be necessary. The dimensions and side-slopes must be determined in view of the needs of navigation, the protection of the banks, or any other consideration arising from conditions of use or maintenance. A gently sloping earth-bank below the water-surface is not objectionable, since a ship's hull may occasionally rub against it without damage; but a gently sloping rock bank with its jagged surface would, under the same circumstances, tear open a ship's bottom. It is, therefore, advisable to make the rock-banks of a canal below the surface of the water vertical, so that the top portion exposed to view makes clear the line of danger. Again, it is not permissible to make the surface of the canal-banks flush with the water-surface, because the unavoidable variation of water-level in the prism and the swells of passing ships would constantly cause overflows and in many cases serious damage. It was, therefore, determined that wherever embankments exist their tops should be carried to an elevation five feet above the ordinary surface



The Junction of the San Juan and San Carlos Rivers, Nicaragua.



## The Proposed Isthmian Ship-Canal

of water in the prism, and that the tops of the banks should nowhere be less than twenty feet wide. In the locks and in other special places it is not necessary to maintain a free-board so high, but it has in no instance been made less than about three feet, so that ample provision exists against possible overflow.

The availability of a canal for purposes of navigation involves easily accessible

heavy shipping be excavated, and, further, that its entrance be protected against the encroaching sands. The Commission has made ample provision for these purposes. Its plans include a harbor of sufficient dimensions to accommodate all the shipping that may seek it, with an entrance protected by two breakwaters extending out into the ocean to the six-fathom curve. It would be necessary to main-



Castillo Viejo, on San Juan River, Nicaragua.

harbors at the extremities. These harbors must not only be of sufficient capacity to afford ample room for all ships there at one time, but they must also be easy to enter under all stress of weather. The Nicaragua route possesses the disadvantage of having no natural harbor at either end. Formerly there existed at Greytown a good natural harbor, and fifty years ago it offered easy entrance and a navigable depth of thirty feet. At the present time and for many years past the movement of sand northwesterly along the coast into the bay which in early days formed the harbor of Greytown has partially filled the latter and closed the entrance to it, forming a closed lagoon completely unavailable for harbor purposes. Occasionally the action of the waves forces a temporary opening into the lagoon, but closure soon follows. It is necessary, therefore, that a harbor of sufficient dimensions and depth of water for

tain this harbor entrance by annual dredging, but this is perfectly practicable at moderate cost.

The place called Brito, at the Pacific terminus, is simply a location on the sandy coast of the Pacific Ocean easterly of a point of rocks called Brito Head. There is no town there, nor even a single native habitation. A harbor must be excavated back of the shore-line in the sand, and made of sufficient dimensions to give all the harbor facilities desired and a suitable entrance to it. This is all practicable and involves no operation of a particularly costly character. The entrance to the harbor would be protected by a breakwater on the easterly side, the westerly side being amply protected by Brito Head. This portion of the Pacific coast is rarely stormy, and the harbor would easily be approached at practically all times.

The Panama route is but 49.09 miles long from ocean to ocean, which is but

little more than one-fourth of the total length of the Nicaragua route. There is, therefore, less room for variety of features than is found on the Nicaragua line. The city of Colon, formerly called Aspinwall, was chosen by the old Panama Company as the Atlantic terminus. The route then follows along the marshes in a south-westerly direction to a little place called Gatun, on the Chagres River. From that point it follows the line of that river in a general way to Obispo, thirty miles from Colon. At Obispo the route leaves the Chagres and enters the Emperador cut, which merges into the great Culebra cut, where the line crosses the continental divide. From the latter point its general course lies along a small stream called the Rio Grande until it reaches the waters of Panama Bay.

This route has attained great prominence within the past twenty years in consequence of the work done on it by the old Panama Canal Company, a French corporation of which Ferdinand de Lesseps was the head. It was not until 1883 that work upon a large scale was begun. The plan adopted was that of a sea-level canal and included a bottom width of 72 feet and a navigable depth of 29.5 feet. The entire cost of the work was estimated by de Lesseps in 1880 at about \$128,000,000, and eight years for the time



Telegraph Office, Ochoa, on San Juan River, Nicaragua.

required. Work under this sea-level plan was prosecuted actively until near the end of 1887, when it became evident that the canal on a sea-level plan could not be constructed for the amount of money and time then available to the company. A change of plan was then made under which the canal was to be immediately constructed with locks so as to open it to



The Commission's Service Raft at Toro Rapids, San Juan River, Nicaragua.

navigation within the shortest possible time, leaving the completion on a sea-level plan for a future time when sufficient funds could be obtained. This procedure was considered to be provisional only and various means were proposed to supply the summit level temporarily with water. Among them the use of pumps was suggested. Work was prosecuted under this plan until 1889, when the

tion, including the expenses of administration and financing, would be about \$174,600,000. An estimate of the value of the work done and of the plant was not made with confidence, but a rough approximation, called an "intuitive estimate," was made at about half of the above total cost of completion, *i.e.*, about \$87,300,000. In consequence of the failure of the old company and the sus-



Surveying Party in the Silico Swamps, near Greytown.

company became bankrupt and was dissolved by a judgment of the French court called the "Tribunal Civil de la Seine," and the liquidator was immediately appointed by the court to take charge of the company's affairs. Work was continued under the direction of the liquidator for a few months, but was finally suspended on May 15, 1889. He kept constantly in view the ultimate completion of the work, and all his acts were shaped for the final attainment of that end. Immediately after the suspending of work he took measures to satisfy himself of the feasibility of the project. He appointed a "Commission d'Études," composed of eleven French and foreign engineers to visit the isthmus and make a thorough study of the entire subject.

This Commission rendered a report on May 5, 1890, submitting a plan for a canal with locks. In this report it was estimated that the total cost of comple-

pension of work the liquidator was obliged to obtain from the Columbian Government an extension of ten years of the period within which the work was to be done. This extension of time is dated December 26, 1890. It required a new company to be formed and work upon the canal to be resumed on or before February 28, 1893. As this latter condition was not fulfilled a second extension of time was obtained on April 4, 1893, providing that the term of ten years granted by the extension of 1890 should begin to run not later than October 31, 1894. By another agreement, dated April 26, 1900, the time was again extended to October 31, 1910; but there appears to be a shadow over the validity of the last extension. After many difficulties the liquidator succeeded in securing the organization of a new company now known as the New Panama Canal Company on October 20, 1894. This company has a





Fort San Carlos, at Entrance of San Juan River from Lake Nicaragua.

capital stock of 650,000 shares of 100 francs each. Fifty thousand of these shares, however, were given as full-paid stock to the Columbian Government, as required by the terms of the extension of the concession on December 26, 1890. At that time it was very difficult, if not impossible, to secure public subscriptions to the stock of the new company. It was a question, therefore, where should be found the subscribers to this new stock. The failure of the old company was followed by suits brought against certain loan associations, administrators, contractors, and others who were charged with having been benefited in an illegal manner under the operations of the old company. A number of convictions were secured and other suits were in progress when compromises were made under which these parties agreed to subscribe for stock on discontinuance of the suits. Blocks of stock were taken by them and a small amount was also obtained by public subscription. The remainder of the stock was subscribed for by the liquidator in his official capacity from funds remaining in his hands as assets of the old company or from other sources. The new Panama Canal Company took possession of the property of the old immediately after organization in 1894.

The Panama Railroad Company, whose line was completed prior to 1860, held an exclusive concession from the Columbian

Government for all trans-isthmian transit within certain specified limits, which included all feasible railroad or canal lines along or in the vicinity of the Panama route. When the first concession was granted to the original French association it was subject to the rights of the Panama Railroad Company. No work could be done under it until the rights of that company were satisfied. In order to remove all difficulties which might be encountered in consequence of the prior grant to the railroad company, the old Panama Canal Company secured 68,500 of the 70,000 shares of the capital stock of the Panama Railroad Company. This gave the canal company practically all the rights for the construction of trans-isthmian transit lines along the Panama route, and no canal can be built across the isthmus on that route without satisfying the terms of the original concession to the railroad company. The Panama Railroad shares are held in trust for the benefit of the New Panama Canal Company. Immediately after taking possession of the property of the old company by the New Panama Canal Company the latter proceeded to make a most careful study of the whole project of constructing a canal across the isthmus both as to its engineering and commercial features. It resumed work with a force sufficient to satisfy the terms of the concession. This force has been reported to be from 1,900 to 3,600 men.



The Bohio Lock Site, Panama Canal.

The company's charter requires the appointment jointly by it and the liquidator of a special engineering commission of five members, whose duty it should be to report upon the work done and upon the conclusions justified by it. This commission was to report when the money expended by the new company should have reached one-half the capital stock, which was in 1898. The New Panama Company also appointed a technical committee composed of fourteen eminent European and American engineers. After a careful consideration of the whole matter and with the aid of additional surveys and examinations, this committee reported on November 16, 1898. The report was referred to the special engineering commission of five members who reported in 1899 that it was feasible to build the canal "within the limits of time and money estimated." Owing to disagreements among the shareholders of the new company, no action has ever been taken on this report. The new company is still carrying on its work in a provisional way, but an element of uncertainty now exists in consequence of the United States Government having taken up the question of constructing a canal across the isthmus.

The plan adopted by the New Company

involves the use of locks and has two levels, the summit level at an elevation of 97.5 feet above the sea, being supplied by water drawn from a reservoir formed by a dam across the Chagres River, about twelve miles above Obispo, at a place called Alhajuela.

This summit level is limited at the end toward the Atlantic by two locks placed immediately adjacent to each other, so as to form a flight at Obispo. The Pacific end of the summit level would be limited by a single lock at a place called Paraiso. The lower



Obispo Lock Site of Old Panama Canal.

level on the Atlantic side would extend from the flight of two locks at Obispo to a point near the village of Bohio, where two locks are again arranged as a flight. By this second flight the Atlantic maritime section of the canal is reached where the level in the canal is the same as that of the Caribbean Sea. On the Pacific side the lower level is reached by the single lock at Paraiso, about a mile and a half from which a flight of two locks at a point called Pedro Miguel leads down to the Pacific maritime section, with a level identical with that in the Bay of Panama at high water. Inasmuch as the range of tides in the Bay of Panama is about twenty feet, by this plan a tidal lock would be placed at a place called Miraflores. At high tide



Panama.

the gates would be left open, but at all other stages they would be opened and closed as in the ordinary operation of locks. This plan, with its locks with lifts varying from twenty to thirty-three feet and two levels, was a provisional measure to which resort was made by the New Panama Canal Company, to secure a ship-canal across the isthmus if possible within the limits of time and money at its command. The estimated cost of completing the works alone of this plan, not including either administration or financing, was \$101,850,000. It did not appear to be the plan to which the free preference of the Company was given; it was, so to speak, recommended under pressure of adverse circumstances.

The plan which the New Company and its engineers seemed to prefer involved only one level above the ocean, and that was the level of the artificial Bohio Lake, the latter being formed by a suitable dam near Bohio. This plan necessitated a much deeper cut at Emperador and Culebra and contemplated the abandonment of the feeder from Alhajuela, but the retention

of the latter reservoir. In this case the feeding of the canal would be done through the Chagres River, which the canal line would join near Obispo. Although this plan would involve a much greater volume of excavation, two locks and the costly feeder from Alhajuela would be avoided and the total cost would not be much increased. The elevation of the Bohio-Culebra level, the Paraiso lock being omitted, would be 61.5 feet above the sea. The estimated cost of completing the works on this plan, covering only the same items as before, was \$105,500,000. It is thus seen that the difference in estimated cost of the two plans was, for such a matter, small, while the advantages gained were great, *i.e.*, two less locks with the correspondingly diminished time of transit, and with the troublesome feeder with its expensive and hazardous maintenance omitted. It seems somewhat inexplicable that the small additional cost, more than compensated for by the increased merits of the latter plan, did not secure its approval by the New Panama Canal Company. The increased time required for its construction probably had





The Excavated Portion of the Panama Canal,  
About Eight Miles from Colon.

much more weight than the increased cost.

This was the situation of the Panama Canal enterprise when the Isthmian Canal Commission was appointed by the President of the United States. In order to inform itself thoroughly of the entire history and all features of the Panama Canal project a majority of the members of the Commission visited Paris, the headquarters of the New Panama Canal Company, in August and September of 1899, where the officials of the New Company

received them most courteously and gave them complete information regarding the estimates and plans of all work completed or initiated up to that time. Subsequently the entire Commission, with the exception of one member, made an extended visit of examination over the Nicaragua and Panama routes in the early months of 1900. After the Commission had completed its examination, both in Paris and on the isthmus, of the plans and estimates and other data, and of the actual work in progress on the line of the



The French Site for the Bohio Dam across the Chagres,  
Panama Canal.



View through the Culebra Cut, from the Dump on the Easterly Side.

New Panama Canal Company, it selected for its estimates practically the line adopted by the French company, together with the main features of the plans of the latter with two or three material modifications only.

The New Panama Canal Company planned to waste the surplus waters of the Chagres, partly over the dam at Bohio and partly through a saddle or notch suitably located between two hills near the dam. Again the same company made plans for an earth-dam, based upon borings along the adopted



The Culebra Cut, Panama Canal, Showing Railroad Tracks on the Face of the Excavation.

site, which, however, were in a few cases only carried to bed rock. The Commission supplemented these borings by others, which revealed considerable sandy material pervious to water between the lowest limit of the French borings and the underlying rock. This appeared to the Commission to be a subsurface condition possibly involving grave danger to the safety of the dam. A large number of borings were, therefore, made both up and down stream from the French site, with a view of determining the best location, if possible, for either a masonry dam or an earth dam, with a heavy masonry core, the foundation of the masonry in either case to be carried down to bed-rock so as to complete a positive closure of the geologic channel against any possible flow of subsurface water. Such a

site was found about one-fourth of a mile down-stream from the French location, where the deepest rock was 128 feet below sea-level, but under such circumstances that the well-known pneumatic method of constructing subaqueous foundations could be executed without exceeding the limits of air-pressure heretofore encountered.

The Commission further decided that it would be safer and better in every way to permit no surplus flood-waters of the Chagres to be wasted, either over the dam or between the adjoining low hills, but that a location for a wasteway, about three miles southwest of the dam, discovered by the French engineers but a short time before the Commission was appointed, should be utilized for the purpose of carrying off wastage. This location is at



Old Dredges at Colon, Panama Canal.

a low divide between the head-waters of a small tributary of the Chagres called the Gigante, and the water-shed of the Lower Chagres. This wasteway consists of a simple but massive masonry weir about 2,000 feet long in the clear, so that the wasting stream in times of the Chagres flood would be that wide, while its depth would vary up to a maximum of six to seven feet. This flood-water, after leaving the wasteway, would flow through two large swamps connected by a short artificial channel of suitable dimensions, and eventually into the Chagres a few miles from the sea. Levees or embankments would be required to protect the canal for a short portion of its length below Bohio against these flood-waters, but their construction involves no difficulty and insures the safety of the canal beyond any doubt.

Finally, the Commission decided that, inasmuch as a flight of two locks could be advantageously used at Bohio, it would be advisable to make the mean summit-level the level of the water in the artificial Bohio Lake at its ordinary stage, eighty-five feet above mean sea-level. The line, therefore, as approved by the Commission for the purposes of its estimates and comparison with the Nicaragua route, would include the following main features: From the entrance to Colon Harbor at sea-level to Bohio locks and dam, the two structures having practically the same locations, 16.81 miles; the flight of two locks to the summit level of the artificial Lake Bohio, eighty-five feet at ordinary stage above mean sea-level; Lake Bohio continuing 13.96 miles; thence

7.91 miles at the same level through the Culebra section to the flight of two locks at Pedro Miguel; thence descending to the Pedro Miguel level thirty feet above the sea for a distance of 1.68 miles to Miraflores lock; from the latter point, where the Pacific level is reached with the varying lift of nothing at high water to twenty feet at low water, 8.73 miles to the entrance to Panama Harbor; the total length of the line being 49.09 miles.

The investigations of the Commission show that under this plan the volume of storage available in Lake Bohio during the lowest recorded rainy season is sufficient to supply all the water needed for evaporation from the lake, and for all the uses of the canal during the dry season, until the business of the canal exceeds 10,000,000 tons, which it is not likely to reach for a considerable number of years after its opening. It is not the judgment of the Commission, therefore, that the Alhajuela reservoir should be built concurrently with the opening of the canal, but that its construction should be deferred until the traffic has grown to proportions needing the water that would be stored in it. This conclusion was reached only after the most complete computations had shown that the volume of Lake Bohio, in connection with the capacity of wastage of the Gigante spillway, is sufficient to control floods of the Chagres larger than any yet recorded, without damage to the canal works or any inconvenience to the passage of ships, beyond, possibly, the suspension of navigation for a few hours at the height of the highest floods considered.

The operation of control at Lake Bohio



is automatic. When water pours into the lake, its level being above the crest of the Gigante weir, the surplus will waste over the latter at an increasing rate as the flood-waters of the Chagres increase, and that operation will continue until the head or depth on the weir is about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet for a river discharge of 140,000 cubic feet per second. The highest flood of which there is any information whatever was that of 1879, which, at its maximum height, is supposed to have discharged 112,000 cubic feet per second. The flood discharges of the Chagres River, under this plan, would be deprived of all their dangerous features, and become the agents by which the required feeding of the summit-level of the canal would be simple and effectively accomplished.

During the dry season following the lowest recorded rainy season, the use of the canal, if the traffic of the latter amounted to 10,000,000 tons, would draw Lake Bohio down three feet below the crest of the weir, or to an elevation of eighty-two feet above mean sea-level, before the replenishment of the succeeding rainy season would occur. It is possible, therefore, for the elevation of water in the summit-level to vary between the limits of 82 feet and 91.5 or 92 feet above sea-level, the elevation above 85 feet being temporary and holding only during short periods of high rainfall. Whenever the business of the canal gives promise of exceeding 10,000,000 tons per annum, the construction of the dam at Alhajuela would be undertaken. The site is most desirable for a masonry structure, as the rock is at the surface. The storage secured by such a dam is sufficient to furnish water for an increase of at least 40,000,000 tons of traffic per annum. The water-supply for the Panama route may therefore be considered as practically inexhaustible so far as the purposes of the canal are concerned.

This plan of the Commission possesses the advantage of requiring no more time for the passage of a ship than the second plan of the New Panama Canal Company, but its increased elevation of the summit level diminishes materially the volume of excavation in the Culebra-Emperador cut, avoids entirely the Alhajuela feeder, and the Alhajuela dam until it is needed by the large increase of traffic, and renders the

control of the Chagres floods extremely simple and perfectly safe.

The main features of these two principal lines of trans-isthmian waterways are as thus set forth. While quite different in most of their detailed features, some of the main characteristics are alike. Both cross the continental divide not more than twelve miles from the Pacific Ocean; both receive their water-supplies from lakes constituting their summit levels, one being natural and the other artificial, and more than half of the length of each lying on the Atlantic slope is controlled by the course of a river subjected to heavy floods but capable of complete control. The summit elevations are also not very different, that for Panama being about twenty feet less than that for Nicaragua. The general character of the work to be done on the two routes is about the same, but it is not so concentrated in Nicaragua as at Panama. Nearly half of the total excavation on the latter line is found in the great Culebra-Emperador cut, the other great feature being the Bohio dam. As a rule, it is advantageous to have work so conditioned that it can be prosecuted at a comparatively large number of points; this condition exists on the Nicaragua line to a greater extent than at Panama. On the latter line there is an extraordinary concentration of work at Culebra. Whether this concentration is advantageous or disadvantageous depends upon the character of the attack, but there are no difficulties involved which may not be overcome by suitable organization and appliances. It is not to be supposed that work on either route would be undertaken under the auspices of the United States Government without such effective organization and efficient appliances as to enable the work of excavation on either line to be done without serious difficulty or unnecessary delay.

The dam in either case may be said to be the most important single feature of the work. The location selected for the Conchuda dam on the Nicaragua route makes that work comparatively simple, and for such a matter not very costly. The site at Bohio on the Panama route is less favorable. The rock for the foundation-bed is deeper and the structure is longer. The type selected for the purposes of esti-

mate is that of an earth structure with a heavy masonry core carried down to bed-rock, and its estimated cost is \$6,370,000. The Commission was not perfectly satisfied with this site. Its examinations, however, were extensive, and the time at its command did not permit further work of this character to be done. The site is feasible and meets the demands of the situation; but it was the opinion of the Commission that before work of construction would be commenced further examination should be made with a view of finding, if possible, a location at which a dam could be constructed in less time and for less money. It is possible that such a site could be found.

The harbor features of both routes are not quite satisfactory, and yet as planned they would always be adequate for the purposes of a canal. The great difficulty on the Nicaragua route will be found at Greytown, where the sand movement along the coast has been so active for an indefinitely extended period. It is perfectly feasible to maintain the harbor contemplated for Greytown, but it will require an annual expenditure of at least as much as estimated by the Commission, \$100,000, to keep the harbor entrance free from the moving sand to a depth of thirty-five feet below mean low water, even after the construction of the two jetties or breakwaters. This is not a new difficulty in the maintenance of a harbor. It has been experienced not less seriously at the Mediterranean end of the Suez Canal, as well as in many other places. Apparently, Greytown is about the northern limit of the sand movement on that part of the Nicaragua coast. A river called the Indio empties into the ocean between five and six miles north of the proposed entrance into Greytown Harbor. At the mouth of this river present appearances indicate that the sand movement is practically nothing; indeed, that there has been essentially no movement outward of the sea-shore for a considerable distance south of the mouth of the Indio. Although the foreshore at this point is less steep than at the point selected for entrance into Greytown Harbor, requiring more extended protection works, on account of the apparent absence of any essential sand movement the writer is of opinion that it promises some material

advantages over the Greytown location and is worthy of further examination.

The time required for passing through a trans-isthmian canal is an important feature of the problem; it is affected by the length, by the number of locks, by the number of curves, and by the sharpness of the curvature, for in general it is not feasible to run a ship on a curve in a narrow channel with the same speed as on a straight course, unless, indeed, the curvature is very slight. The speed is also affected by depth of water under the keel of the ship. It is well known that the same power applied to a ship in deep water of unlimited width will produce a much higher rate of movement than the same power applied to the same ship in a restricted waterway, especially when the draft of the ship is but little less than the depth of the water. These considerations all have their bearing upon the dimensions of a ship-canal and they have probably never before received such careful consideration in connection with the designing of a waterway as by the Isthmian Canal Commission. The effect of the depth and width of the canal on the time of passage by either route was determined with as great a degree of accuracy as the data at the command of engineers at the present time will permit. Equally careful consideration was given to the effect of curvature and to the time of passing through the locks on each line, the latter including the delay of slowing on approaching the lock and of increasing speed after passing it, the time of opening and closing the gates, and the time of emptying or filling the locks. The computations based upon all these elements of the question indicate that what may be called an average ship will require thirty-three hours for passing through the Nicaragua Canal and twelve hours for the Panama Canal. It is thus seen that the time of passage through the Panama Canal will not much exceed one-third of the time required by the Nicaragua route.

The commercial value of the canal received careful and extended study from the Commission. One of its members, Professor E. R. Johnson, was authorized to make a special investigation of this entire question and report his findings to the Commission. This was done, and his valuable work will be found embodied in



a report over his signature in the report of the Commission.

It is obvious, from an examination of the map of the Eastern Hemisphere, that the Nicaragua Canal offers the shortest route between the Atlantic and the Pacific ports of the United States, although a considerable portion of that advantage in distance is lost by the greater time required to pass through the Nicaragua Canal.

The effect of this ship waterway upon the well-being of the United States is not altogether of a commercial character. As indicated by the Commission, this additional bond between the two portions of the country will have a beneficial effect upon the unity of the political interests, as well as upon the commercial welfare of the people. Indeed, it is the judgment of many well-informed people that the commercial advantages resulting from a closer touch between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the country are of less consequence than the unifying of political interests. The distances between our Atlantic ports and the ports on the west coast of South America are less by the Panama crossing than by that in Nicaragua, although either would efficiently serve the interests of that commerce. Nor would there be any material advantage in either route over the other so far as our Atlantic trade with the Orient is concerned. Indeed, so far as our political or commercial interests are concerned, neither route has any material advantage over the other.

The time within which an isthmian canal may be completed and ready for traffic is an element of the problem of much importance. The Commission has estimated ten years for the completion of the canal on the Panama route and eight years for the Nicaragua route, including in both cases the time required for preparation and that consumed by unforeseen delays. The writer believes that the actual circumstances attending work on the two routes would justify an exchange of these time relations. There is great concentration of work in the Culebra-Emperador cut, on the Panama route, covering about forty-five per cent. of the total excavation of all grades, which is distributed over a distance of about seven miles, with the location of greatest intensity at

Culebra. This demands efficient organization and special plant so administered as to reduce the working force to an absolute minimum by the employment of machinery to the greatest possible extent. A judicious, effective organization and plant would transform the execution of this work into what may be called a manufactory of excavation with all the intensity of direction and efficiency of well-designed and administered machinery which characterizes the concentration of labor and mechanical appliances in great manufacturing establishments. Such a successful installation would involve scarcely more advance in contract operations than was exhibited, in its day, in the execution of the work on the Chicago Drainage Canal. By such means only can the peculiar difficulties attendant upon the execution of great works in the tropics be reduced to controllable dimensions. The same general observations may be applied to the construction of the Bohio dam, even should a no more favorable site be found.

The greatest concentration of excavation on the Nicaragua route is between the lake and the Pacific, but it constitutes only ten per cent. of the total excavation of all grades, and it can be completed in far less time than the great cut on the Panama route. If this were the only great feature of work besides the dam, the time for completion of work on this route would be materially less than that required for the Panama crossing. As a matter of fact there are a succession of features of equivalent magnitude, or very nearly so, from Greytown nearly to Brito, extending over a distance of at least 175 miles, requiring the construction of a substantial service railroad over a considerable portion of the distance prior to the beginning of work. This attenuation of work requires the larger features to be executed in succession to a considerable extent, or much duplication of plant and the employment of a great force of laborers, practically all of whom must be foreigners, housed, organized, and maintained in a practically uninhabited tropical country where many serious difficulties reach a maximum. It is not within the experience of civil engineers to execute by any practicable means that kind of a programme on schedule time.



The weight of this observation is greatly increased when it is remembered that the total volume of work is considerably greater in Nicaragua than at Panama, and that large portions between Lake Nicaragua and the Caribbean Sea must be executed in a region of continual and enormous rainfall. It would seem more reasonable to the writer to estimate eight years for the completion of the Panama Canal and ten years for the completion of the Nicaragua Canal.

There is a widespread, popular impression that the Central American countries are necessarily intensely unhealthy. This is an error, in spite of the facts that the construction of the Panama Railroad was attended with an appalling amount of sickness and loss of life, and that records of many epidemics at other times and in other places exist in nearly all of these countries. There are the best of good reasons to believe that with the enforcement of sanitary regulations, which are now well understood and completely available, the Central American countries would be as healthful as our Southern States. A proper recognition of hygienic conditions of life suitable to a tropical climate would work wonders in Central America in reducing the death-rate. At the present time the domestic administration of most of the cities and towns of Nicaragua and Panama, as well as the generality of Central American cities, is characterized by the absence of practically everything which makes for public health, and by the presence of nearly every agency working for the diseases which flourish in tropical climates. When the United States Government reaches the point of actual construction of an isthmian canal, the sanitary features of that work should be administered and enforced in every detail with the rigor of the most exacting military discipline. Under such conditions, epidemics could either be avoided or reduced to manageable dimensions, but not otherwise.

It is not improbable that the requirements of our Pacific-coast commerce and industries may demand an isthmian canal either with tolls just sufficient to pay costs of operation and maintenance, or, possibly, without tolls. The expenses to be incurred annually, therefore, in the operation and maintenance of the canal after completion

constitute an item of gravity. The Commission made a most careful study of this feature. Its estimates were \$3,350,000 for the Nicaragua route, and \$2,000,000 for the Panama route, exhibiting a less annual cost of operation and maintenance in favor of the Panama route of \$1,350,000, which should not be lost sight of in the comparison of the two crossings.

The Commission sums up the cost of constructing the canal on the Nicaragua route and of completing the Panama Canal, excluding the costs of acquiring both the concessions from the different governments and the rights and property of the New Panama Canal Company, as follows: Nicaragua, \$189,864,062; Panama, \$144,233,358.

The New Panama Canal Company has estimated the value of its rights and property at \$109,141,500, but the Commission estimates the value of the same rights and property at \$40,000,000. If the former sum be included, the total cost of completion of the Panama Canal and the acquisition of the rights and property of the New Panama Canal Company would be \$253,374,858. This is the amount which must now be compared with the preceding estimated cost of the Nicaragua Canal.

In order to determine the total estimated cost of the isthmian canal by either route, there must be added to the preceding figures the costs of securing the requisite concessions from the Colombian Government in the one case, and from the governments of Costa Rica and Nicaragua in the other, as there are at present neither concessions from nor treaties with any of those countries of sufficient scope or in terms suitable or adequate for the completion of the canal.

The statutory instructions under which the Commission acted show that the selection of the route to be recommended was not to be dependent upon either engineering or commercial considerations only, although those matters were to be carefully weighed. The disinclination which the officers of the New Panama Canal Company have exhibited to part with all property and rights at a reasonable price and so as to enable the United States to secure prompt possession, may render the physical advantages of the Panama route unavailable to this country.

Whatever the route selected, it is essential that it should be owned and controlled by the United States Government, and the Commission wisely concluded that neither under the terms of the law nor in view of a proper public policy could the United States Government enter into any partnership in the ownership of an isthmian waterway; it must own and control an isthmian ship-canal without any qualifications whatever as to divided ownership. The Nicaragua Canal meets all the requirements of the law in that respect.

Concisely stating the situation, its main features may be expressed somewhat as follows:

Both routes are entirely "practicable and feasible."

Neither route has any material commercial advantage over the other as to time, although the distance between our Atlantic (including Gulf) and Pacific ports is less by the Nicaragua route.

The Panama route is about one-fourth the length of that in Nicaragua; it has less locks, less elevation of summit-level, and far less curvature, all contributing to correspondingly decreased risks peculiar to the passage through a canal. The estimated annual cost of operation and maintenance of the Panama route is but six-tenths that for the Nicaragua route.

The harbor features may be made adequate for all the needs of a canal by either route, with such little preponderance of advantage as may exist in favor of the Panama crossing.

The Commission estimated ten years for the completion of the Panama Canal and eight years for the Nicaragua waterway, but the writer believes that these relations should be exchanged, or at least that the time of completion for the Panama route should not be estimated greater than for the Nicaragua.

The water-supply is practically unlimited on both routes, but the controlling or regulating works, being automatic, are much simpler and more easily operated and maintained on the Panama route.

The Nicaragua route is practically un-

inhabited and consequently practically no sickness exists there. On the Panama route, on the contrary, there is a considerable population extending along the entire line, among which yellow fever and other tropical diseases are probably always found. Initial sanitary works of much larger magnitude would be required on the Panama route than on the Nicaragua, although probably as rigorous sanitary measures would be required during the construction of the canal on one route as on the other.

The railroad on the Panama route and other facilities offered by a considerable existing population render the beginning of work and the housing and organization of the requisite labor force less difficult and more prompt than on the Nicaragua route.

The greater amount of work on the Nicaragua route, and its distribution over a far greater length of line, involve the employment of a correspondingly greater force of laborers for an equally prompt completion of the work.

The relative seismic conditions of the two routes cannot be quantitatively stated with accuracy, but in neither case are they of sufficient gravity to cause anxiety as to the effects upon completed canal structures.

Concessions and treaties require to be secured and negotiated for the construction of the canal on either route, but the Nicaragua route only is free from the complications of prior rights and concessions.

In view of the unreasonably high price put upon their rights and property by the New Panama Canal Company the Nicaragua route must be taken as the most "practicable and feasible" for the construction of a ship-canal by the United States Government. This decision may ultimately be affected by further negotiations or by the reasonableness of terms under which concessions may be secured or treaties negotiated with the respective Central American governments and the promptness with which these ends may be attained.

# FLICKERBRIDGE

By Henry James

## I

FRANK GRANGER had arrived from Paris to paint a portrait—an order given him, as a young compatriot with a future, whose early work would some day have a price, by a lady from New York, a friend of his own people and also, as it happened, of Addie's, the young woman to whom it was publicly both affirmed and denied that he was engaged. Other young women, in Paris—fellow-members there of the little tight transpontine world of art-study—professed to know that the pair had been "several times" over so closely contracted. This, however, was their own affair; the last phase of the relation, the last time of the times, had passed into vagueness: there was perhaps even an impression that if they were inscrutable to their friends they were not wholly crystalline to each other and themselves. What had occurred, at all events, for Granger, in connection with the portrait, was that Mrs. Bracken, his intending model, whose return to America was at hand, had suddenly been called to London by her husband, occupied there with pressing business, but had yet desired that her displacement should not interrupt her sittings. The young man, at her request, had followed her to England and profited by all she could give him, making shift with a small studio lent him by a London painter whom he had known and liked, a few years before, in the French *atelier* that then cradled, and that continued to cradle, so many of their kind.

The British capital was a strange, gray world to him, where people walked, in more ways than one, by a dim light; but he was happily of such a turn that the impression, just as it came, could nowhere ever fail him, and even the worst of these things was almost as much an occupation—putting it only at that—as the best. Mrs. Bracken, moreover, passed him on, and while the darkness ebbed a little in the April days he found himself consolingly committed to a couple of fresh subjects.

This cut him out work for more than another month, but meanwhile, as he said, he saw a lot—a lot that, with frequency and with much expression, he wrote about to Addie. She also wrote to her absent friend, but in briefer snatches, a meagreness to her reasons for which he had long since assented. She had other play for her pen, as well as, fortunately, other remuneration; a regular correspondence for a "prominent Boston paper," fitful connections with public sheets perhaps also, in cases, fitful, and a mind, above all, engrossed at times, to the exclusion of everything else, with the study of the short story. This last was what she had mainly come out to go into, two or three years after he had found himself engulfed in the mystery of Carolus. She was indeed, on her own deep sea, more engulfed than he had ever been, and he had grown to accept the sense that, for progress too, she sailed under more canvas. It had not been particularly present to him till now that he had in the least got on, but the way in which Addie had—and evidently, still more, would—was the theme, as it were, of every tongue. She had thirty short stories out and nine descriptive articles. His three or four portraits of fat American ladies—they were all fat, all ladies and all American—were a poor show compared with these triumphs; especially as Addie had begun to throw out that it was about time they should go home. It kept perpetually coming up in Paris, in the transpontine world, that, as the phrase was, America had grown more interesting since they left. Addie was attentive to the rumor, and, as full of conscience as she was of taste, of patriotism as of curiosity, had often put it to him frankly, with what he, who was of New York, recognized as her New England emphasis: "I'm not sure, you know, that we do *real* justice to our country." Granger felt he should do it on the day—if the day ever came—he should irrevocably marry her. No other country could possibly have produced her.



## II

BUT meanwhile it befell, in London, that he was stricken with influenza and with subsequent sorrow. The attack was short but sharp—had it lasted Addie would certainly have come to his aid ; most of a blight, really, in its secondary stage. The good ladies his sitters—the ladies with the frizzled hair, with the diamond ear-rings, with the chins tending to the massive—left for him, at the door of his lodgings, flowers, soup, and love, so that with their assistance he pulled through ; but his convalescence was slow and his weakness out of proportion to the muffled shock. He came out, but he went about lame ; it tired him to paint—he felt as if he had been ill for a month. He strolled in Kensington Gardens when he should have been at work ; he sat long on penny-chairs and helplessly mused and mooned. Addie desired him to return to Paris, but there were chances under his hand that he felt he had just wit enough left not to relinquish. He would have gone for a week to the sea—he would have gone to Brighton ; but Mrs. Bracken had to be finished—Mrs. Bracken was so soon to sail. He just managed to finish her in time—the day before the date fixed for his breaking ground on a greater business still, the circumvallation of Mrs. Dunn. Mrs. Dunn duly waited on him, and he sat down before her ; feeling, however, ere he rose, that he must take a long breath before the attack. While asking himself that night, therefore, where he should best replenish his lungs, he received from Addie, who had had from Mrs. Bracken a poor report of him, a communication which, besides being of sudden and startling interest, applied directly to his case.

His friend wrote to him under the lively emotion of having from one day to another become aware of a new relative, an ancient cousin, a sequestered gentlewoman, the sole survival of "the English branch of the family," still resident, at Flickerbridge, in the "old family home," and with whom, that he might immediately betake himself to so auspicious a quarter for change of air, she had already done what was proper to place him, as she said, in touch. What came of it all, to be

brief, was that Granger found himself so placed almost as he read : he was in touch with Miss Wenham of Flickerbridge, to the extent of being in correspondence with her, before twenty-four hours had sped. And on the second day he was in the train, settled for a five-hours' run to the door of this amiable woman who had so abruptly and kindly taken him on trust and of whom but yesterday he had never so much as heard. This was an oddity—the whole incident was—of which, in the corner of his compartment, as he proceeded, he had time to take the size. But the surprise, the incongruity, as he felt, could but deepen as he went. It was a sufficiently queer note, in the light, or the absence of it, of his late experience, that so complex a product as Addie should have *any* simple insular tie ; but it was a queerer note still that she should have had one so long only to remain unprofitably unconscious of it. Not to have done something with it, used it, worked it, talked about it at least, and perhaps even written—these things, at the rate she moved, represented a loss of opportunity under which, as he saw her, she was peculiarly formed to wince. She was at any rate, it was clear, doing something with it now, using it, working it, certainly, already, talking—and, yes, quite possibly writing—about it. She was, in short, smartly making up what she had missed, and he could take such comfort from his own action as he had been helped to by the rest of the facts, succinctly reported from Paris on the very morning of his start.

It was the singular story of a sharp split—in a good English house—that dated now from years back. A worthy Briton, of the best middling stock, had, early in the forties, as a very young man, in Dresden, whither he had been dispatched to qualify in German for a stool in an uncle's counting-house, met, admired, wooed, and won an American girl, of due attractions, domiciled at that period with her parents and a sister, who was also attractive, in the Saxon capital. He had married her, taken her to England, and there, after some years of harmony and happiness, lost her. The sister in question had, after her death, come to him, and to his young child, on a visit, the effect of which, between the pair, eventually defined itself as a sentiment that was not to be resisted. The be-

reaved husband, yielding to a new attachment and a new response, and finding a new union thus prescribed, had yet been forced to reckon with the unaccommodating law of the land. Encompassed with frowns in his own country, however, marriages of this particular type were wreathed in smiles in his sister's-in-law, so that his remedy was not forbidden. Choosing between two allegiances he had let the one go that seemed the least close, and had, in brief, transplanted his possibilities to an easier air. The knot was tied for the couple in New York, where, to protect the legitimacy of such other children as might come to them, they settled and prospered. Children came, and one of the daughters, growing up and marrying in her turn, was, if Frank rightly followed, the mother of his own Addie, who had been deprived of the knowledge of her indeed, in childhood, by death, and been brought up, though without undue tension, by a stepmother—a character thus, in the connection, repeated.

The breach produced in England by the invidious action, as it was there held, of the girl's grandfather, had not failed to widen—all the more that nothing had been done on the American side to close it. Frigidity had settled, and hostility had only been arrested by indifference. Darkness, therefore, had fortunately supervened, and a cousinship completely divided. On either side of the impassable gulf, of the impenetrable curtain, each branch had put forth its leaves—a foliage wanting, in the American quarter, it was distinct enough to Granger, in no sign or symptom of climate and environment. The graft, in New York, had taken, and Addie was a vivid, an unmistakable flower. At Flickerbridge, or wherever, on the other hand, strange to say, the parent stem had had a fortune comparatively meagre. Fortune, it was true, in the vulgarest sense, had attended neither party. Addie's immediate belongings were as poor as they were numerous, and he gathered that Miss Wenham's pretensions to wealth were not so marked as to expose the claim of kinship to the imputation of motive. To this lady's single identity, at all events, the original stock had dwindled, and our young man was properly warned that he should find her shy and solitary. What was singular was that, in these conditions, she should

desire, she should endure, to receive him. But that was all another story, lucid enough when mastered. He kept Addie's letters, exceptionally copious, in his lap; he conned them at intervals; he held the threads.

He looked out between whiles at the pleasant English land, an April *aquarelle* washed in with wondrous breadth. He knew the French thing, he knew the American, but he had known nothing of this. He saw it already as the remarkable Miss Wenham's setting. The doctor's daughter at Flickerbridge, with nippers on her nose, a palette on her thumb, and innocence in her heart, had been the miraculous link. She had become aware, even there, in our world of wonders, that the current fashion for young women so equipped was to enter the Parisian lists. Addie had accordingly chanced upon her, on the slopes of Montparnasse, as one of the English girls in one of the thorough-going sets; they had met in some easy collocation and had fallen upon common ground; after which the young woman, restored to Flickerbridge for an interlude and retailing there her adventures and impressions, had mentioned to Miss Wenham, who had known and protected her from babyhood, that that lady's own name of Adelaide was, as well as the surname conjoined with it, borne, to her knowledge, in Paris, by an extraordinary American specimen. She had then recrossed the Channel with a wonderful message, a courteous challenge, to her friend's duplicate, who had, in turn, granted, through her, every satisfaction. The duplicate had, in other words, bravely let Miss Wenham know exactly who she was. Miss Wenham, in whose personal tradition the flame of resentment appeared to have been reduced by time to the palest ashes—for whom, indeed, the story of the great schism was now but a legend only needing a little less dimness to make it romantic—Miss Wenham had promptly responded by a letter fragrant with the hope that old threads might be taken up. It was a relationship that they must puzzle out together, and she had earnestly sounded the other party to it on the subject of a possible visit. Addie had met her with a definite promise; she would come soon, she would come when free, she would



come in July ; but meanwhile she sent her deputy. Frank asked himself by what name she had described, by what character introduced him to Flickerbridge. He felt mainly, on the whole, as if he were going there to find out if he were engaged to her. He was at sea, really, now, as to which of the various views Addie herself took of it. To Miss Wenham she must definitely have taken one, and perhaps Miss Wenham would reveal it. This expectation was really his excuse for a possible indiscretion.

### III

HE was indeed to learn on arrival to what he had been committed ; but that was for a while so much a part of his first general impression that the fact took time to detach itself, the first general impression demanding verily all his faculties of response. He almost felt, for a day or two, the victim of a practical joke, a gross abuse of confidence. He had presented himself with the moderate amount of flutter involved in a sense of due preparation ; but he had then found that, however primed with prefaces and prompted with hints, he had not been prepared at all. How *could* he be, he asked himself, for anything so foreign to his experience, so alien to his proper world, so little to be preconceived in the sharp north light of the newest impressionism ? and yet so recognized, after all—really, in the event, so noted and tasted and assimilated ? It was a case he would scarce have known how to describe—could doubtless have described best with a full, clean brush, supplemented by a play of gesture ; for it was always his habit to see an occasion, of whatever kind, primarily as a picture—so that he might get it, as he was wont to say, so that he might keep it, well together. He had been treated, of a sudden, in this adventure, to one of the sweetest, fairest, coolest impressions of his life—one, moreover, visibly, from the start, complete and homogeneous. Oh, it was *there*—if that was all one wanted of a thing ! It was so “there” that, as had befallen him in Italy, in Spain, confronted at last, in dusky side-chapel or rich museum, with great things dreamed of or with greater ones unex-

pectedly presented, he had held his breath for fear of breaking the spell ; had almost, from the quick impulse to respect, to prolong, lowered his voice and moved on tip-toe. Supreme beauty suddenly revealed is apt to strike us as a possible illusion, playing with our desire—instant freedom with it to strike us as a probable rashness.

This, fortunately, however—and the more so as his freedom, for the time, quite left him—didn’t prevent his hostess, the evening of his advent and while the vision was new, from being exactly as queer and rare and *impayable*, as improbable, as impossible, as delightful, at dinner, at eight (she appeared to keep these immense hours), as she had, overwhelmingly, been at tea at five. She was in the most natural way in the world one of the oddest apparitions, but that the particular means to such an end *could* be natural was an inference difficult to make. He failed in fact to make it for a couple of days ; but then—though then only—he made it with confidence. By this time indeed he was sure of everything, including, luckily, himself. If we compare his impression, with slight extravagance, to some of the greatest he had ever received, this is simply because the image before him was so rounded and stamped. It expressed with pure perfection, it exhausted its character. It was so absolutely and so unconsciously what it was. He had been floated by the strangest of chances out of the rushing stream into a clear, still backwater—a deep and quiet pool in which objects were sharply mirrored. He had hitherto, in life, known nothing that was old except a few statues and pictures ; but here everything was old, was immemorial, and nothing so much so as the very freshness itself. Vaguely to have supposed there were such nooks in the world had done little enough, he now saw, to temper the glare of their opposites. It was the fine touches that counted, and these had to be seen to be believed.

Miss Wenham, fifty-five years of age and unappeasably timid, unaccountably strange, had, on her reduced scale, an almost Gothic grotesqueness ; but the final effect of one’s sense of it was an amenity that accompanied one’s steps like wafted gratitude. More flurried, more spasmodic, more apologetic, more completely at a



loss at one moment and more precipitately abounding at another, he had never before, in all his days, seen any maiden lady; yet for no maiden lady he had ever seen had he so promptly conceived a private enthusiasm. Her eyes protruded, her chin receded, and her nose carried on, in conversation, a queer little independent motion. She wore on the top of her head an upright circular cap that made her resemble a caryatid disburdened, and on other parts of her person strange combinations of colors, stuffs, shapes—of metal, mineral, and plant. The tones of her voice rose and fell, her facial convulsions, whether tending—one could scarce make out—to expression or repression, succeeded each other by a law of their own; she was embarrassed at nothing and at everything, frightened at everything and at nothing, and she approached objects, subjects, the simplest questions and answers and the whole material of intercourse, either with the indirectness of terror or with the violence of despair. These things, none the less, her refinements of oddity and intensities of custom, her suggestion at once of conventions and simplicities, of ease and of agony, her roundabout, retarded suggestions and perceptions, still permitted her to strike her guest as irresistibly charming. He didn't know what to call it—she was a fruit of time. She had a queer distinction. She had been expensively produced, and there would be a good deal more of her to come.

The result of the whole quality of her welcome, at any rate, was that, the first evening, in his room, before going to bed, he relieved his mind in a letter to Addie which, if space allowed us to embody it in our text, would usefully perform the office of a "plate." It would enable us to present ourselves as profusely illustrated. But the process of reproduction, as we say, costs. He wished his friend to know how grandly their affair turned out. She had put him in the way of something absolutely special—an old house untouched, untouchable, indescribable, an old corner such as one didn't believe existed, and the holy calm of which made the chatter of studios, the smell of paint, the slang of critics, the whole sense and sound of Paris, come back as so many signs of a huge

monkey-cage. He moved about, restless, while he wrote; he lighted cigarettes and, nervous and suddenly scrupulous, put them out again; the night was mild, and one of the windows of his large, high room, which stood over the garden, was up. He lost himself in the things about him, in the type of the room—the last century with not a chair moved, not a point stretched. He hung over the objects and ornaments, blissfully few and adorably good, perfect pieces all, and never one, for a change, French. The scene was as rare as some fine old print with the best bits down in the corners. Old books and old pictures, allusions remembered and aspects conjectured, reappeared to him; he knew now what anxious islanders had been trying for in their backward hunt for the homely. But the homely, at Flickerbridge, was all style—even as style, at the same time, was mere honesty. The larger, the smaller past—he scarce knew which to call it—was at all events so hushed to sleep round him as he wrote that he had almost a bad conscience about having come. How one might love it—but how one might spoil it! To look at it too hard was positively to make it conscious, and to make it conscious was positively to wake it up. Its only safety, of a truth, was to be left still to sleep—to sleep in its large, fair chambers, and under its high, clean canopies.

He added thus, restlessly, a line to his letter, maundered round the room again, noted and fingered something else, and then, dropping on the old flowered sofa, sustained by the tight cubes of its cushions, yielded afresh to the cigarette, hesitated, stared, wrote a few words more. He wanted Addie to know—that was what he most felt, unless he perhaps felt more how much she herself would want to. Yes, what he supremely saw was all that Addie would make of it. Up to his neck in it there he fairly turned cold at the sense of suppressed opportunity, of the outrage of privation, that his correspondent would retrospectively and, as he even divined with a vague shudder, almost vindictively nurse. Well, what had happened was that the acquaintance had been kept for her, like a packet enveloped and sealed for delivery, till her attention was free. He saw her there, heard her and felt her—

felt how she would feel and how she would, as she usually said, "rave." Some of her young compatriots called it "yell," and in the reference itself, alas, illustrated their meaning. She would understand the place, at any rate, down to the ground; there wasn't the slightest doubt of that. Her sense of it would be exactly like his own, and he could use, in anticipation, just the terms of recognition and rapture in which she would abound. He knew just what she would call quaint, just what she would call bland, just what she would call weird, just what she would call wild. She would take it all in with an intelligence much more fitted than his own, in fact, to deal with what he supposed he must regard as its literary relations. She would have read the obsolete, long-winded memoirs and novels that both the figures and the setting ought clearly to remind one of; she would know about the past generations—the lumbering county magnates and their turbaned wives and round-eyed daughters, who, in other days, had treated the ruddy, sturdy, tradeless town, the solid square houses, and wide, walled gardens, the streets to-day all grass and gossip, as the scene of a local "season." She would have warrant for the assemblies, dinners, deep potations, for the smoked sconces in the dusky parlors, for the long, muddy century of family coaches, "holsters," highwaymen. She would put a finger, in short, just as he had done, on the vital spot—the rich humility of the whole thing, the fact that neither Flickerbridge in general nor Miss Wenham in particular, nor anything nor anyone concerned, had a suspicion of their character and their merit. Addie and he would have to come to let in light.

He let it in then, little by little, before going to bed, through the eight or ten pages he addressed to her; assured her that it was the happiest case in the world, a little picture—yet full of "style" too—absolutely composed and transmitted, with tradition, and tradition only, in every stroke, tradition still noiselessly breathing and visibly flushing, marking strange hours in the tall mahogany clocks that were never wound up and that yet audibly ticked on. All the elements, he was sure he should see, would hang together with a charm, presenting his hostess—a strange

iridescent fish for the glazed exposure of an aquarium—as floating in her native medium. He left his letter open on the table, but, looking it over next morning, felt of a sudden indisposed to send it. He would keep it to add more, for there would be more to know; yet, when three days had elapsed, he had still not sent it. He sent instead, after delay, a much briefer report, which he was moved to make different and, for some reason, less vivid. Meanwhile he learned from Miss Wenham how Addie had introduced him. It took time to arrive with her at that point, but after the Rubicon was crossed they went far afield.

## IV

"OH, yes—she said you were engaged. That was why—since I *had* broken out so—she thought I would like to see you; as I assure you I've been so delighted to. But *aren't* you?" the good lady asked as if she saw in his face some ground for doubt.

"Assuredly—if she says so. It may seem very odd to you, but I haven't known, and yet I've felt that, being nothing whatever to you directly, I need some warrant for consenting thus to be thrust on you. We *were*," the young man explained, "engaged a year ago; but since then (if you don't mind my telling you such things; I feel now as if I could tell you anything!) I haven't quite known how I stand. It hasn't seemed that we were in a position to marry. Things are better now, but I haven't quite known how she would see them. They were so bad six months ago that I understood her, I thought, as breaking off. I haven't broken; I've only accepted, for the time—because men must be easy with women—being treated as 'the best of friends.' Well, I try to be. I wouldn't have come here if I hadn't been. I thought it would be charming for her to know you—when I heard from her of the extraordinary way you had dawned upon her, and charming, therefore, if I could help her to it. And if I'm helping you to know *her*," he went on, "isn't that charming too?"

"Oh, I so want to!" Miss Wenham murmured, in her unpractical, impersonal way. "You're so different!" she wistfully declared.



"It's *you*, if I may respectfully, ecstatically say so, who are different. That's the point of it all. I'm not sure that anything so terrible really ought to happen to you as to know us."

"Well," said Miss Wenham, "I do know you a little, by this time, don't I? And I don't find it terrible. It's a delightful change for me."

"Oh, I'm not sure you ought to have a delightful change!"

"Why not—if you do?"

"Ah, I can bear it. I'm not sure that *you* can. I'm too bad to spoil—I *am* spoiled. I'm nobody, in short; I'm nothing. I've no type. You're *all* type. It has taken long, delicious years of security and monotony to produce you. You fit your frame with a perfection only equalled by the perfection with which your frame fits you. So this admirable old house, all time-softened white within and time-faded red without, so everything that surrounds you here and that has, by some extraordinary mercy, escaped the inevitable fate of exploitation: so it all, I say, is the sort of thing that, if it were the least bit to fall to pieces, could never, ah, never more, be put together again. I have, dear Miss Wenham," Granger went on, happy himself in his extravagance, which was yet all sincere, and happier still in her deep, but altogether pleased, mystification—"I've found, do you know, just the thing one has ever heard of that you most resemble. You're the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood."

He still had no compunction when he heard her bewilderedly sigh: "Oh, you're too delightfully droll!"

"No, I only put things just as they are, and, as I've also learned a little, thank heaven, to see them—which isn't, I quite agree with you, at all what everyone does. You're in the deep doze of the spell that has held you for long years, and it would be a shame, a crime, to wake you up. Indeed I already feel, with a thousand scruples, that I'm giving you the fatal shake. I say it, even though it makes me sound a little as if I thought myself the fairy prince."

She gazed at him with her queerest, kindest look, which he was getting used to, in spite of a faint fear, at the back of his head, of the strange things that sometimes occurred when lonely ladies, however ma-

ture, began to look at interesting young men from over the seas as if the young men desired to flirt. "It's so wonderful," she said, "that you should be so very odd and yet so very good-natured." Well, it all came to the same thing—it was so wonderful that *she* should be so simple and yet so little of a bore. He accepted with gratitude the theory of his languor—which, moreover, was real enough and partly perhaps why he was so sensitive; he let himself go as a convalescent, let her insist on the weakness that always remained after fever. It helped him to gain time, to preserve the spell even while he talked of breaking it; saw him through slow strolls and soft sessions, long gossips, fitful, hopeless questions—there was so much more to tell than, by any contortion, she *could*—and explanations addressed gallantly and patiently to her understanding, but not, by good fortune, really reaching it. They were perfectly at cross-purposes, and it was all the better, and they wandered together in the silver haze with all communication blurred.

When they sat in the sun in her formal garden he was quite aware that the tenderest consideration failed to disguise his treating her as the most exquisite of curiosities. The term of comparison most present to him was that of some obsolete musical instrument. The old-time order of her mind and her air had the stillness of a painted spinnet that was duly dusted, gently rubbed, but never tuned nor played on. Her opinions were like dried rose-leaves; her attitudes like British sculpture; her voice was what he imagined of the possible tone of the old gilded, silver-stringed harp in one of the corners of the drawing-room. The lonely little decencies and modest dignities of her life, the fine grain of its conservatism, the innocence of its ignorance, all its monotony of stupidity and salubrity, its cool dullness and dim brightness, were there before him. Meanwhile, within him, strange things took place. It was literally true that his impression began again, after a lull, to make him nervous and anxious, and for reasons peculiarly confused, almost grotesquely mingled, or at least comically sharp. He was distinctly an agitation and a new taste—that he could see; and he saw quite as much, therefore, the excitement she al-



ready drew from the vision of Addie, an image intensified by the sense of closer kinship and presented to her, clearly, with various erratic enhancements, by her friend the doctor's daughter. At the end of a few days he said to her: "Do you know she wants to come without waiting any longer? She wants to come while I'm here. I received this morning her letter proposing it, but I've been thinking it over and have waited to speak to you. The thing is, you see, that if she writes to *you* proposing it——"

"Oh, I shall be so particularly glad!"

## V

THEY were, as usual, in the garden, and it had not yet been so present to him that if he were only a happy cad there would be a good way to protect her. As she wouldn't hear of his being yet beyond precautions she had gone into the house for a particular shawl that was just the thing for his knees, and, blinking in the watery sunshine, had come back with it across the fine little lawn. He was neither fatuous nor asinine, but he had almost to put it to himself as a small task to resist the sense of his absurd advantage with her. It filled him with horror and awkwardness, made him think of he didn't know what, recalled something of Maupassant's—the smitten "Miss Harriet" and her tragic fate. There was a preposterous possibility—yes, he held the strings quite in his hands—of keeping the treasure for himself. That was the art of life—what the real artist would consistently do. He would close the door on his impression, treat it as a private museum. He would see that he could lounge and linger there, live with wonderful things there, lie up there to rest and refit. For himself he was sure that after a little he should be able to paint there—do things in a key he had never thought of before. When she brought him the rug he took it from her and made her sit down on the bench and resume her knitting; then, passing behind her with a laugh, he placed it over her own shoulders; after which he moved to and fro before her, his hands in his pockets and his cigarette in his teeth. He was

ashamed of the cigarette—a villainous false note; but she allowed, liked, begged him to smoke, and what he said to her on it, in one of the pleasantries she benevolently missed, was that he did so for fear of doing worse. That only showed that the end was really in sight. "I dare say it will strike you as quite awful, what I'm going to say to you; but I can't help it. I speak out of the depths of my respect for you. It will seem to you horrid disloyalty to poor Addie. Yes—there we are; there *I* am, at least, in my naked monstrosity." He stopped and looked at her till she might have been almost frightened. "Don't let her come. Tell her not to. I've tried to prevent it, but she suspects."

The poor woman wondered. "Suspects!"

"Well, I drew it, in writing to her, on reflection, as mild as I could—having been visited, in the watches of the night, by the instinct of what might happen. Something told me to keep back my first letter—in which, under the first impression, I myself rashly 'raved'; and I constructed instead of it an insincere and guarded report. But guarded as I was I clearly didn't keep you 'down,' as we say, enough; the wonder of your color—daub you over with gray as I might—must have come through and told the tale. She scents battle from afar—by which I mean she scents 'quaintness.' But keep her off. It's hideous, what I'm saying—but I owe it to you. I owe it to the world. She'll kill you."

"You mean I sha'n't get on with her?"

"Oh, fatally! See how *I* have. She's intelligent, remarkably pretty, remarkably good. And she'll adore you."

"Well, then?"

"Why, that will be just how she'll do for you."

"Oh, I can hold my own!" said Miss Wenham, with the head-shake of a horse making his sleigh-bells rattle in frosty air.

"Ah, but you can't hold hers! She'll rave about you. She'll write about you. You're Niagara before the first white traveller—and you know, or rather you can't know, what Niagara became *after* that gentleman. Addie will have discovered Niagara. She will understand you in perfection; she will feel you down to the ground; not a delicate shade of you will

she lose or let anyone else lose. You'll be too weird for words, but the words will nevertheless come. You'll be too exactly the real thing, and to be left too utterly just as you are, and all Addie's friends and all Addie's editors and contributors and readers will cross the Atlantic and flock to Flickerbridge, so, unanimously, universally, vociferously, to leave you. You'll be in the magazines with illustrations; you'll be in the papers with headings; you'll be everywhere with everything. You don't understand—you think you do, but you don't. Heaven forbid you *should* understand! That's just your beauty—your 'sleeping' beauty. But you needn't. You can take me on trust. Don't have her. Say, as a pretext, as a reason, anything in the world you like. Lie to her—scare her away. I'll go away and give you up—I'll sacrifice everything myself." Granger pursued his exhortation, convincing himself more and more. "If I saw my way out, my way completely through, I would pile up some fabric of fiction for her—I should only want to be sure of its not tumbling down. One would have, you see, to keep the thing up. But I would throw dust in her eyes. I would tell her that you don't do at all—that you're not, in fact, a desirable acquaintance. I'd tell her you're vulgar, improper, scandalous; I'd tell her you're mercenary, designing, dangerous; I'd tell her the only safe course is immediately to let you drop. I would thus surround you with an impenetrable legend of conscientious misrepresentation, a circle of pious fraud, and all the while privately keep you for myself."

She had listened to him as if he were a band of music and she a small shy garden-party. "I shouldn't like you to go away. I shouldn't in the least like you not to come again."

"Ah, there it is!" he replied. "How can I come again if Addie ruins you?"

"But how will she ruin me—even if she does what you say? I know I'm too old to change and really much too queer to please in any of the extraordinary ways you speak of. If it's a question of quizzing me I don't think my cousin, or anyone else, will have quite the hand for it that *you* seem to have. So that if *you* haven't ruined me——"

"But I *have*—that's just the point!"

Granger insisted. "I've undermined you at least. I've left, after all, terribly little for Addie to do."

She gave her beautiful laugh. "Well, then, we'll admit that you've done everything but frighten me."

He looked at her with surpassing gloom. "No—that again is one of the most dreadful features. You'll positively like it—what's to come. You'll be caught up in a chariot of fire like the prophet—wasn't there, was there, one?—of old. That's exactly why—if one could but have done it—you would have been to be kept ignorant and helpless. There's something or other in Latin that says that it's the finest things that change the most easily for the worse. You already enjoy your dishonor and revel in your shame. It's too late—you're lost!"

## VI

ALL this was as pleasant a manner of passing the time as any other, for it didn't prevent his old-world corner from closing round him more entirely, nor stand in the way of his making out, from day to day, some new source, as well as some new effect, of its virtue. He was really scared at moments at some of the liberties he took in talk—at finding himself so familiar; for the great note of the place was just that a certain modern ease had never crossed its threshold, that quick intimacies and quick oblivions were a stranger to its air. It had known, in all its days, no rude, no loud invasion. Serenely unconscious of most contemporary things, it had been so of nothing so much as of the diffused social practice of running in and out. Granger held his breath, on occasions, to think how Addie would run. There were moments when, for some reasons, more than at others, he heard her step on the staircase and her cry in the hall. If he played freely, none the less, with the idea with which we have shown him as occupied, it was not that in every measurable way he didn't sacrifice, to the utmost, to stillness. He only hovered, ever so lightly, to take up again his thread. She wouldn't hear of his leaving her, of his being in the least fit again, as she said, to travel. She spoke of the journey to London—which was in fact a matter of



many hours—as an experiment fraught with lurking complications. He added then day to day, yet only, hereby, as he reminded her, giving other complications a larger chance to multiply. He kept it before her, when there was nothing else to do, that she must consider ; after which he had his times of fear that she perhaps really would make for him this sacrifice.

He knew that she had written again to Paris, and knew that he must himself again write—a situation abounding for each in the elements of a quandary. If he stayed so long, why then he wasn't better, and if he wasn't better Addie might take it into her head—! They must make it clear that he *was* better, so that, suspicious, alarmed at what was kept from her, she shouldn't suddenly present herself to nurse him. If he was better, however, why did he stay so long ? If he stayed only for the attraction the sense of the attraction might be contagious. This was what finally grew clearest for him, so that he had for his mild disciple hours of still sharper prophecy. It consorted with his fancy to represent to her that their young friend had been by this time unsparingly warned ; but nothing could be plainer than that this was ineffectual so long as he himself resisted the ordeal. To plead that he remained because he was too weak to move was only to throw themselves back on the other horn of their dilemma. If he was too weak to move Addie would bring him her strength—of which, when she got there, she would give them specimens enough. One morning he broke out at breakfast with an intimate conviction. They would see that she was actually starting—they would receive a wire by noon. They didn't receive it, but by his theory the portent was only the stronger. It had moreover its grave as well as its gay side, for Granger's paradox and pleasantry were only the most convenient way for him of saying what he felt. He literally heard the knell sound, and in expressing this to Miss Wenham with the conversational freedom that seemed best to pay his way he the more vividly faced the contingency. He could never return, and though he announced it with a despair that did what might be to make it pass as a joke, he saw that, whether or no she at last understood, she

quite at last believed him. On this, to his knowledge, she wrote again to Addie, and the contents of her letter excited his curiosity. But that sentiment, though not assuaged, quite dropped when, the day after, in the evening, she let him know that she had had, an hour before, a telegram.

"She comes Thursday."

He showed not the least surprise. It was the deep calm of the fatalist. It *had* to be. "I must leave you then to-morrow."

She looked, on this, as he had never seen her ; it would have been hard to say whether what was in her face was the last failure to follow or the first effort to meet. "And really not to come back ?"

"Never, never, dear lady. Why should I come back ? You can never be again what you *have* been. I shall have seen the last of you."

"Oh !" she touchingly urged.

"Yes, for I should next find you simply brought to self-consciousness. You'll be exactly what you are, I charitably admit—nothing more or less, nothing different. But you'll be it all in a different way. We live in an age of prodigious machinery, all organized to a single end. That end is publicity—a publicity as ferocious as the appetite of a cannibal. The thing therefore is not to have any illusions—fondly to flatter yourself, in a muddled moment, that the cannibal will spare you. He spares nobody. He spares nothing. It will be all right. You'll have a lovely time. You'll be only just a public character—blown about the world for all you are and proclaimed for all you are on the housetops. It will be for *that*, mind, I quite recognize—because Addie is superior—as well as for all you aren't. So good-by."

He remained, however, till the next day, and noted at intervals the different stages of their friend's journey ; the hour, this time, she would really have started—the hour she would reach Dover, the hour she would get to town, where she would alight at Mrs. Dunn's. Perhaps she would bring Mrs. Dunn, for Mrs. Dunn would swell the chorus. At the last, on the morrow, as if in anticipation of this, stillness settled between them ; he became as silent as his hostess. But before he went she brought out, shyly and anxiously, as



an appeal, the question that, for hours, had clearly been giving her thought. "Do you meet her then to-night in London?"

"Dear, no. In what position am I, alas, to do that? When can I *ever* meet her again?" He had turned it all over. "If I could meet Addie after this, you know, I could meet *you*. And if I do meet Addie," he lucidly pursued, "what will happen, by the same stroke, is that I *shall* meet you. And that's just what I've explained to you that I dread."

"You mean that she and I will be inseparable?"

He hesitated. "I mean that she'll tell me all about you. I can hear her, and her ravings, now."

She gave again—and it was infinitely sad—her little whinnying laugh. "Oh, but if what you say is true, you'll know."

"Ah, but Addie won't! Won't, I mean, know that I know—or at least won't believe it. Won't believe that anyone knows. Such," he added, with a strange, smothered sigh, "*is* Addie. Do you know," he wound up, "that what, after

all, has most definitely happened is that you've made me see her as I've never done before?"

She blinked and gasped, she wondered and despaired. "Oh, no, it will be *you*. I've had nothing to do with it. Everything's *all* you!"

But for all it mattered now! "You'll see," he said, "that she's charming. I shall go, for to-night, to Oxford. I shall almost cross her on the way."

"Then, if she's charming, what am I to tell her from you in explanation of such strange behavior as your flying away just as she arrives?"

"Ah, you needn't mind about that—you needn't tell her anything."

She fixed him as if as never again. "It's none of my business, of course I feel—but isn't it a little cruel if you're engaged?"

Granger gave a laugh almost as odd as one of her own. "Oh, you've cost me that!"—and he put out his hand to her.

She wondered while she took it. "Cost you —?"

"We're not engaged. Good-by."

## USES

By Edith Wharton

Ah, from the niggard tree of Time  
How quickly fall the hours!  
It needs no touch of wind or rime  
To loose such facile flowers.

Drift of the dead year's harvesting,  
They clog to-morrow's way,  
Yet serve to shelter growths of Spring  
Beneath their warm decay.

Or, blent by pious hands with rare  
Sweet savors of content,  
Surprise the soul's December air  
With June's forgotten scent.



At Work on Bust of Count Tolstoy.

## PAUL TROUBETZKOY, SCULPTOR

By William Jarvis



Paul Troubetzkoy.

PAUL TROUBETZKOY, the successful competitor for the equestrian statue of the late Emperor Alexander III., soon to be erected at St. Petersburg, and the winner of the Grand Prix in the Russian exhibit of sculpture at the Paris Exposition of 1900, is of course claimed as a Russian sculptor.

But his mother is an American, and as he was born and educated in Italy, the question to which nation rightfully be-

longs this man of real genius is somewhat complicated.

Americans may at least believe that his American mother's devotion to art—her particular branch being music—indicates the origin of his own artistic temperament, which, combined with indomitable perseverance—another Anglo-Saxon attribute—has made him what he is.

Paul Troubetzkoy was born at Intra, Lago Maggiore, on the 15th of February, 1866, the second son of Prince Pierre and Princess Ada Troubetzkoy (*née* Winans). The delight of the child was to model; using first soft bread, then later, at the age of seven, being allowed modelling wax to play sculptor. He chose for his first model an old beggar whom he chanced to find outside the villa gates, and whom he paid



The Indian Scout.

with fruit saved from his own dessert. From this beginning, always encouraged by his mother, he continued to model from life, his pets and other domestic animals serving as subjects, until, at ten years of age, he was so successful with the head of a horse, that his mother, realizing that the child was becoming serious in his work, took the head to Milan for the criticism of the sculptor Grandi.

Looking at it carefully, Grandi pronounced it the work of genius, and said that the boy if he worked on was destined to become a famous sculptor. This prediction did not meet with the approval of Prince Troubetzkoy, whose ambition for this son was a military career, the eldest having been already granted permission to study art, as he showed a decided talent for portraiture.

Accordingly, at the age of seventeen the young sculptor was sent to his paternal relatives in Russia, with the hope that un-

der new influences the youth might be made to forget his hobby. But the power of calling was too great. The allurements of a high military career failed to turn him, and after some months absence he returned to Italy.

In Milan he became a pupil of Baccaglia, with whom he studied one month; then he worked under Bazzaro, another famous Milanese sculptor, and after remaining with him two months his pupilage was finished. Finding that he could not follow the others, however great they might be, Paul Troubetzkoy began working according to his own particular light; he opened a studio of his own; toiled with all his might, deaf to the criticism of friend or foe; and so impressed both public and critics that it was finally acknowledged that a new star had arisen, the magnitude of which it was at first difficult to measure.

In 1886 he exhibited the figure of a





Child and Dog.



Mother and Child.

horse at the Brera, in Milan, which attracted marked attention. At Venice, the following spring, his exhibit made still more agitation in artistic circles. He won a gold medal at Rome in 1894, when he exhibited his famous bronze "Indian Scout," the modelling for which was made while Buffalo Bill was performing in Milan. This bronze was afterward purchased for the Gallery of Modern Art at Rome.

Troubetzkoy has exhibited in all the leading cities of Italy, and his works, while exciting harsh criticism, have also forced admiration. The Italians now seem to claim him as their own, in spite of the fact that he has not one drop of Italian blood in his veins, and in spite of their assertion that he is not of the modern Italian school. Upon this point a well-known Italian critic is quoted: "In my

opinion he is so original in his works that even in the smallest detail he cannot be said to have derived his characteristics from any other modern Italian sculptor. He may have some far-away and unconscious affinity of disposition, in the search for picturesque effects, and in the ambition to give the impression of movement, with one or two foreign sculptors, perhaps with the Frenchman, Auguste Rodin, perhaps with the Belgian, Constantin Meunier. But while they are the exponents of strength, of the most violent passions, he is, over and above all, the evocator of grace, of elegance, and of the most gentle and noble of human sentiments."

A visit to his studio is indeed all convincing that Troubetzkoy has marked individuality. His works, bold as they are in outline, have always the light, shade,



Mother and Child.





Father and Child.

and softness to produce a likeness ; and if at times details are seemingly slighted, it is only in a way to bring out more important characteristics and the true spirit of the subject—the innermost soul rather than the outer drawing. What a world of parental tenderness and love is expressed in the attitudes of the two mothers, and of the father with his child held so close in his arms ! Then what tender sympathy between the little girl and her favorite dog ! Imagination has but a small part to play

in these heart sketches. How natural, indeed, are all of his figures ! How easy, graceful, and perfect their poise. How true to life the keen glance of the Indian scout, and the careless attitudes of his other horsemen ! In modelling animal life Troubetzkoy has no superior, and few if any equals.

About three years ago, wishing to enlarge his field of action, Troubetzkoy had almost decided to go to the United States,



Statue of Alexander III.

when chance turned his course. A cousin of his, living in Moscow, wrote advising a visit to that city. Troubetzkoy went, and soon proved by his works that the reputation which had preceded him was deserved.

His first commission was for a full-length figure of the Grand Duchess Elisabeth Feodorovna, wife of the Grand Duke Sergius Alexandrovich, Governor-General of Moscow; his next, a bust of Count Tolstoy, the bronze of which was purchased by the Luxembourg. After these followed other models, distinctly Russian, his success leading to his appointment as professor of sculpture at the Academy of Fine Arts at Moscow; and as the crowning triumph, he was proclaimed the winner of the contest, open to the world, for the statue of Alexander III. His model for this statue is regarded as a masterpiece. The Dowager Empress is especially pleased with the likeness to the Emperor, and the attitude is one familiar to all who have ever seen Alexander III. reviewing his troops. The horse was the subject of special study, for it was only after a personal search in three kingdoms,

and with the royal Russian stables placed at his disposal, that Troubetzkoy finally selected his model. He is now at work upon the final model in a studio built especially for him at St. Petersburg, and the casting of the bronze is to be under his direct supervision. There is an interesting incident in connection with this last work which shows Troubetzkoy's force of character. It was the night before the model was to be presented to the judges, just after the finishing touches had been given, that in some unaccountable way it was knocked from its pedestal and broken into fragments. For a moment Troubetzkoy hesitated, thinking to let Fate decide; then his indomitable will reasserted itself; he would not be ruled out without a trial, and, clearing the studio, he set to work and at daybreak had another model completed which he considered better than the first, and which he personally carried to St. Petersburg that same day.

Paul Troubetzkoy, personally, is young, strong, vigorous, of fine physique, genial in his bearing, courteous, gentle, and unassuming; he has attributes well worthy of the fame which he is winning.



Cow Feeding.



# CROWNED WITH GLORY AND HONOR

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

MISTS blew about the mountains across the river, and over West Point hung a raw fog. Some of the officers who stood with bared heads by the heap of earth and the hole in the ground shivered a little. The young Chaplain read, solemnly, the solemn and grand words of the service, and the evenness of his voice was unnatural enough to show deep feeling. He remembered how, a year before, he had seen the hero of this scene playing football on just such a day, tumbling about and shouting, his hair wild and matted and his face filled with fresh color. Such a mere boy he was, concerned over the question as to where he could hide his contraband dress boots, excited by an invitation to dine out Saturday night. The dear young chap! There were tears in the Chaplain's eyes as he thought of little courtesies to himself, of little generousities to other cadets, of a manly and honest heart shown everywhere that character may show in the guarded life of the nation's schoolboys.

The sympathetic, ringing voice stopped, and he watched the quick, dreadful, necessary work of the men at the grave, and then his sad eyes wandered pitifully over the rows of boyish faces where the cadets stood. Just such a child as those, thought the Chaplain—himself but a few years older—no history; no life, as we know life; no love, and what was life without—you may see that the Chaplain was young; the poor boy was taken from these quiet ways and sent direct on the fire-lit stage of history, and in the turn, behold! he was a hero. The white-robed Chaplain thrilled and his dark eyes flashed. He seemed to see that day; he would give half his life to have seen it—this boy had given all of his. The boy was wounded early, and as the bullets poured death down the hill he crept up it, on hands and knees, leading his men. The strong life in him lasted till he reached the top, and then the last of it pulled him to his feet and he stood and waved and cheered

—and fell. But he went up San Juan Hill. After all, he lived. He missed fifty years, perhaps, but he had Santiago. The flag wrapped him, he was the honored dead of the nation. God keep him! The Chaplain turned with a swing and raised his prayer-book to read the committal. The long black box—the boy was very tall—was being lowered gently, tenderly. Suddenly the heroic vision of Santiago vanished and he seemed to see again the rumpled head and the alert, eager, rosy face of the boy playing football—the head that lay there! An iron grip caught his throat, and if a sound had come it would have been a sob. Poor little boy! Poor little hero! To exchange all life's sweetness for that fiery glory! Not to have known the meaning of living—of loving—of being loved!

The beautiful, tender voice rang out again so that each one heard it to the farthest limit of the great crowd—"We therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come."

An hour later the boy's mother sat in her room at the hotel and opened a tin box of letters, found with his traps, and given her with the rest. She had planned it for this time and had left the box unopened. To-morrow she must take up life and try to carry it, with the boy gone, but to-day she must and would be what is called morbid. She looked over the bend in the river to the white-dotted cemetery—she could tell where lay the new mound, flower-covered, above his yellow head. She looked away quickly and bent over the box in her lap and turned the key. Her own hand-writing met her eyes first; all her letters for six months back were there, scattered loosely about the box. She gathered them up, slipping them through her fingers to be sure of the writing. Letter after letter, all hers.

"They were his love-letters," she said to herself. "He never had any others, dear little boy—my dear little boy!"

Underneath were more letters, a package first; quite a lot of them, thirty, fifty—it was hard to guess—held together by a rubber strap. The strap broke as she drew out the first envelope and they fell all about her, some on the floor, but she did not notice it, for the address was in a feminine writing that had a vague familiarity. She stopped a moment with the envelope in one hand and the fingers of the other hand on the folded paper inside. It felt like a dishonorable thing to do—like prying into the boy's secrets, forcing his confidence; and she had never done that. Yet someone must know whether these papers of his should be burned or kept, and who was there but herself? She drew out the letter. It began "My dearest." The boy's mother stopped short and drew a trembling breath, with a sharp, jealous pain. She had not known. Then she lifted her head and saw the dots of white on the green earth across the bay and her heart grew soft for that other woman to whom he had been "dearest" too, who must suffer this sorrow of losing him too. But she could not read her letters, she must send them, take them to her, and tell her that his mother had held them sacred. She turned to the signature.

"And so you must believe, darling, that I am and always will be—always, always, with love and kisses, your own dear, little 'Good Queen Bess.'"

It was not the sort of an ending to a letter she would have expected from the girl he loved, for the boy, though most undemonstrative, had been intense and taken his affections seriously always. But one can never tell, and the girl was probably quite young. But who was she? The signature gave no clew; the date was two years before, and from New York—sufficiently vague! She would have to read until she found the thread, and as she read the wonder grew that so flimsy a personality could have held her boy. One letter, two, three, six, and yet no sign to identify the writer. She wrote first from New York on the point of starting for a long stay abroad, and the other letters were all from different places on the other side. Once in awhile a familiar name cropped

up, but never to give any clew. There were plenty of people whom she called by their Christian names, but that helped nothing. And often she referred to their engagement—to their marriage to come. It was hard for the boy's mother, who believed she had had his confidence. But there was one letter from Vienna that made her lighter-hearted as to that.

"My dear sweet darling," it began, "I haven't written you very often from here, but then I don't believe you know the difference, for you never scold at all, even if I'm ever so long in writing. And as for you, you rascal, you write less and less, and shorter and shorter. If I didn't know for certain—but then, of course, you love me? Don't you, you dearest boy? Of course you do, and who wouldn't? Now don't think I'm really so conceited as that, for I only mean it in joke, but in earnest, I might think it if I let myself, for they make such a fuss over me here—you never saw anything like it! The Prince von H—— told Mamma yesterday I was the prettiest girl who had been here in ten years—what do you think of that, sir? The officers are as thick as bees wherever I go, and I ride with them and dance with them and am having just the loveliest time! You don't mind that, do you darling, even if we are engaged? Oh, about telling your mother—no, sir, you just cannot! You've begged me all along to do that, but you might as well stop, for I won't. You write more about that than anything else, it seems to me, and I'll believe soon you are more in love with your mother than with me. So take care! Remember, you promised that night at the hop at West Point—what centuries ago it seems, and it was a year and a half!—that you would not tell a living soul, not even your mother, until I said so. You see, it might get out and—oh, what's the use of fussing? It might spoil all my good time, and though I'm just as devoted as ever, and as much in love, you big, handsome thing—yes, just exactly!—still, I want to have a good time. Why shouldn't I? As the Prince would say, I'm pretty enough—but that's nonsense, of course."

The letter was signed like all the others "Good Queen Bess," a foolish enough name for a girl to call herself, the boy's mother thought, a touch contemptuously.



She sat several minutes with that letter in her hand.

"I'll believe soon that you are more in love with your mother than you are with me"—that soothed the sore spot in her heart wonderfully. Wasn't it so, perhaps. It seemed to her that the boy had fallen into this affair suddenly, impulsively, without realizing its meaning, and that his loyalty had held him fast, after the glamour was gone. And perhaps the girl, too. For the boy had much besides himself, and there were girls who might think of that.

The next letter went far to confirm this theory.

"Of course I don't want to break our engagement," the girl wrote. "What makes you ask such a question? I fully expect to marry you some day, of course, when I have had my little 'fling,' and I should just go crazy if I thought you didn't love me as much as always. You would if you saw me, for they all say I'm prettier than ever. You don't want to break the engagement, do you? Please, please, don't say so, for I couldn't bear it."

And in the next few lines she mentioned herself by name. It was a well-known name to the boy's mother, that of the daughter of a cousin with whom she had never been over-intimate. She had had notes from the girl a few times, once or twice from abroad, which accounted for the familiarity of the writing. So she gathered the letters together, the last one dated only a month before, and put them one side to send back.

"She will soon get over it," she said, and sighed as she turned to the papers still left in the bottom of the box. There were only a few, a thin packet of six or eight, and one lying separate. She slipped the rubber band from the packet and looked hard at the irregular, strong writing, woman's or man's, it was hard to say which. Then she spread out the envelopes and took them in order by the post-marks. The first was a little note, thanking him for a book, a few lines of clever nothing signed by a woman's name which she had never heard.

"My dear Mr. ——," it ran. "Indeed you did get ahead of 'all the others' in sending me 'The Gentleman from Indi-

ana.' So far ahead that the next man in the procession is not even in sight yet. I hate to tell you that, but honesty demands it. I have taken just one sidewise peep at 'The Gentleman'—and like his looks immensely—but to-morrow night I am going to pretend I have a headache and stay home from the concert where the family are going, and turn cannibal and devour him. I hope nothing will interrupt me. Unless—I wonder if you are conceited enough to imagine what is one of the very few things I would like to have interrupt me? After that bit of boldness, I think I must stop writing to you. I mean it just the same. And thanking you a thousand times again, I am,

"Sincerely yours."

There were four or five more of this sort, sometimes only a day or two, sometimes a month apart; always with some definite reason for the writing, flowers or books to thank him for, a walk to arrange, an invitation to dinner. Charming, bright, friendly notes, with the happy atmosphere of a perfect understanding between them, of mutual interests and common enthusiasms.

"She was very different from the other," the boy's mother sighed, as she took up an unread letter—there were but two more. There was no harm in reading such letters as these, she thought with relief, and noticed as she drew the paper from the envelope that the post-mark was two months later.

"You want me to write once that I love you"—that is the way it began.

The woman who read dropped it suddenly as if it had burned her. Was it possible? Her light-hearted boy, whose short life she had been so sure had held nothing but a boy's, almost a child's, joys and sorrows! The other affair was surprise enough, and a sad surprise, yet after all it had not touched him deeply, she felt certain of that; but this was another question. She knew instinctively that if love had grown from such a solid foundation as this sweet and happy and reasonable friendship with this girl, whose warm heart and deep soul shone through her clear and simple words, it would be a different love from anything that other poor, flimsy child could inspire. "L'ami-



tié, c'est l'amour sans ailes." But sometimes when men and women have let the quiet, safe god Friendship fold his arms gently around them, he spreads suddenly a pair of shining wings and carries them off—to heaven—wherever he wills it, and only then they see that he is not Friendship, but Love.

She picked up the letter again and read on :

"You want me to write once that I love you, so that you may read it with your eyes, if you may not hear it with your ears. Is that it—is that what you want, dear ? Which question is a foolish sort of way for me to waste several drops of ink, considering that your letter is open before me. And your picture just back of it, your brown eyes looking over the edge so eagerly, so actually alive that it seems very foolish to be making signs to you on paper at all. How much simpler just to say half a word and then—then ! Only we two can fill up that dash, but we can fill it full, can't we ? However, I'm not doing what you want, and—will you not tell yourself, if I tell you something ? To do what you want is just the one thing on earth I like most to do. I think you have magnetized me into a jelly-fish, for at times I seem to have no will at all. I believe if you asked me to do the Chinese kotow, and bend to the earth before you, I'd secretly be dying to do it. But I wouldn't, you know, I promise you that. I give you credit for liking a live woman, with a will of her own, better than a jelly-fish. And anyway I wouldn't—if you liked me for it or not—so you see it's no use urging me. And still I haven't done what you want—what was it now ? Oh, to tell you that—but the words frighten me, they are so big. That I—I—I—love you. Is it that ? I haven't said it yet, remember. I'm only asking a question. Do you know I have an objection to sitting here in cold blood and writing that down in cold ink ? If it were only a little dark now, and your shoulder—and I could hide my head—you can't get off for a minute ? Ah, I am scribbling along light-heartedly, when all the time the sword of Damocles is hanging over us both, when my next letter may have to be good-by for always. If that fate comes you will find me steady to stand by you,

to help you. I will say those three little words, so little and so big, to you once again, and then I will live them by giving up what is dearest to me—that's you, dear—that your 'conduct' may not be 'unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.' You must keep your word. If the worst comes, will you always remember that as an American woman's patriotism. There could be none truer. I could send you marching off to Cuba—and how about that, is it war surely ?—with a light heart, knowing that you were giving yourself for a holy cause and going to honor and fame, though perhaps, dear, to a soldier's death. And I would pray for you and remember your splendid strength, and think always of seeing you march home again, and then only your mother could be more proud than I. That would be easy, in comparison. Write me about the war—but, of course, you would not be sent.

"Now here is the very end of my letter, and I haven't yet said it—what you wanted. But here it is, bend your head, from way up there, and listen. Now—do you hear—I love you. Good-by, good-by, I love you."

The papers rustled softly in the silent room, and the boy's mother, as she put the letter back, kissed it, and it was as if ghostly lips touched hers, for the boy had kissed those words, she knew.

The next was only a note, written just before his sailing to Cuba.

"A fair voyage and a short one, a good fight and a quick one," the note said. "It is my country as well as yours you are going to fight for, and I give you with all my heart. All of it will be with you and all my thoughts, too, every minute of every day, so you need never wonder if I'm thinking of you. And soon the Spaniards will be beaten and you'll be coming home again 'crowned with glory and honor,' and the bands will play fighting music, and the flag will be flying over you, for you, and in all proud America there will be no prouder soul than I—unless it is your mother. Good-by, good-by—God be with you, my very dearest."

He had come home "crowned with glory and honor." And the bands had played martial music for him. But his horse stood riderless by his grave, and the

empty cavalry boots hung, top down, from the saddle.

Loose in the bottom of the box lay a folded sheet of paper, and, hidden under it, an envelope, the face side down. When the boy's mother opened the paper, it was his own crabbed, uneven writing that met her eye.

"They say there will be a fight to-morrow," he wrote, "and we're likely to be in it. If I come out right, you will not see this, and I hope I shall, for the world is sweet with you in it. But if I'm hit, then this will go to you. I'm leaving a line for my mother and will enclose this and ask her to send it to you. You must find her and be good to her, if that happens. I want you to know that if I die, my last thought will have been of you, and if I have the chance to do anything worth while, it will be for your sake. I could die happy if I might do even a small thing that would make you proud of me."

The sorrowful woman drew a long, shivering breath as she thought of the magnificent courage of that painful passing up San Juan Hill, wounded, crawling on, with a pluck that the shades of death could not dim. Would she be proud of him?

The line for herself he had never written. There was only the empty envelope lying alone in the box. She turned it in her hand and saw it was addressed to the girl

to whom he had been engaged. Slowly it dawned on her that to every appearance this envelope belonged to the letter she had just read, his letter of the night before the battle. She recoiled at the thought—those last sacred words of his, to go to that empty-souled girl! All that she would find in them would be a little fuel for her vanity, while the other—she put her fingers on the irregular, black writing, and felt as if a strong young hand held hers again. She would understand, that other; she had thought of his mother in the stress of her own strongest feeling; she had loved him for himself, not for vanity. This letter was hers, the mother knew it. And yet the envelope, with the other address, had lain just under it, and she had been his promised wife. She could not face her boy in heaven if this last earthly wish of his should go wrong through her. How could she read the boy's mind now? What was right to do?

The twilight fell over Crow Nest, and over the river and the great heaped-up mountains that lie about West Point, and in the quiet room the boy's mother sat perplexed, uncertain, his letter in her hands; yet with a vague sense of coming comfort in her heart as she thought of the girl who would surely "find her and be good to her." But across the water, on the hill-side, the boy lay quiet.

## GOOD NIGHT—GOOD DAY

By Marrion Wilcox

I

Good Night hath filled her cup with white  
Star-sparkling wine—

O'erbrimmed our valley with moonlight—  
Your cup and mine.

It is the dreamful wine of sleep :  
Drink of it, my Delight, drink deep.  
Good-night !

II

Now fade night fancies, white and gray,  
In sunlit blue.

All that Night gave Day takes away—  
Takes me from you.

Too far from us the morning sky :  
"Good Day" you scarce will say ; as I,  
"Good Day !"

# THE AMERICAN "COMMERCIAL INVASION" OF EUROPE

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

Formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

## SECOND PAPER—ITALY, AUSTRIA, GERMANY



INDUSTRIALLY it is no longer the Old World. It is New Europe and Old America! It is New Europe, a land of undeveloped possibilities, abounding in opportunity for keen captains of industry. It is mature America, the exemplar of modern industrial methods, perfected mechanical ideas, and ripe economic policy.

This conception of a new Europe, looking toward mature America for the best illustrations of industrial development, was novel enough when I first encountered it, but it becomes familiar as one goes from country to country and sees field after field rich in opportunities for the introduction of better methods, the application of better mechanical ideas, and the planting of more correct economic policies. It was in Rome that I first met this thought of a new Europe. I was told that Italy was but thirty years old, that the present economic life dates back only to 1870, and that the modern Roman is to-day an industrial pioneer in a virgin country. Such a thought applied to almost the oldest European civilization is especially striking, but every other country of Europe offers illustrations of the truth of the paradox. We not only find that Italy has suddenly awakened to the possibilities of conserving the force of her enormous water-power, and is beginning a great movement to turn into electrical energy numberless cascades and rapids, but an examination of the industrial side of every other nation shows much that is still unhewn and unwrought. Austria has just formulated a legislative plan for a great net-work of canals which will cost hundreds of millions of florins and revolutionize the transportation of the empire.

Germany, from this industrial point of view, is a picture of youth—new factories on every hand, new development everywhere, and the spirit of the industrial pioneer in all the people. England, wedded as she is to industrial precedent, turning instinctively from methods that mean change, holding close to the ways that were the ways of the fathers, presents a field unploughed when looked at from the point of view of the opportunity offered for the introduction of the best industrial methods and the most economical mechanical equipment. France, with her satisfaction over her minute subdivision of ownership and her contentment with small things, offers virgin fields for the exploitation of modern ideas of specialization, combination, and community of interests. Vast Russia, enormous in extent and population, is immaturity itself, new industrially beyond anything America has known for two generations.

When we see that Europe is an industrial field, still undeveloped; that in many directions the methods and practices current in industrial life are as wasteful and expensive as are operations in some new country, we perceive at once that such a condition has two important relations to our own industrial life. If our foreign competitors are not making the most of their opportunities, their time, and their labor, gauged by our standards, it means that they are under a handicap in competition with our industrial output, and so long as our methods are superior to the methods in vogue in Europe we may look for continued advantage in international competition.

The idea of an undeveloped Europe is of decided interest to us, however, from another point of view. With such a field for development as we have had at home



we have become experts in seeing new opportunities, and have become quick to disregard precedent and long-established conditions, and to perceive the advantages which may come from new combinations, modern equipment, and specialized work. An undeveloped Europe, therefore, offers a field in which this special genius of ours may profitably exploit some of the same industrial methods and policies which have proven so successful at home. This is not a mere theory. There are already notable illustrations of success in exactly that sort of thing, and there are promises of many more successes to come. Our great electrical companies have established works in England, France, Germany, and Russia. There are tool-works in Germany equipped with complete sets of American models, American machines, and Yankee foremen. Important portions of London interurban transportation systems have come into American hands and are feeling the vivifying influence of American ideas. The electric street-railroads and lighting-plants in a number of important cities of France are controlled by American interests, and the transportation system of Paris itself is a field which is tempting close investigation on behalf of American capital.

Some attention has heretofore been drawn to the extraordinary balance in America's favor which the last half-dozen years of foreign trade has built up. The settlement by Europe of these annual trade balances is a problem which has been outlined, and attention has been called to the opinion of many European and not a few American financiers that ultimately the settlement of this trade balance must be effected by America investing in European interests and securities. A few years ago it would have sounded absurd to have talked of the possibility of American capital seeking investment in Europe. The idea is hardly yet so familiar as to make it seem reasonable. It is hard to believe that America, with her endless opportunities, unparalleled richness of natural resources, and admitted pre-eminence in industrial methods, should not continue for a long time to be a more profitable field for the investment of capital than can possibly be found in Europe. For us the disadvantages of distance, of foreign laws and cus-

toms, and of competition with great funds of accumulated capital have heretofore seemed to preclude any possibility of our becoming investors across the Atlantic. But this annual trade balance which we have been piling up has been so extraordinary in itself that it seems likely to lead to other unusual features; and among those it now seems easily possible that we shall see American capital become an important factor in European fields.

Naturally, few Americans have gone to Europe to look for investment opportunities. Travellers' descriptions have been endless, but few of them have told us of European conditions from an American investor's point of view. We have in times past had a good many financiers go abroad to convince European capitalists of the credit and good prospects of enterprises that we were developing at home, but it is only within the last few months that Americans have been going abroad to measure investment possibilities, to investigate offerings of securities, and to look into opportunities for profit in new developments, new combinations, and the application of new methods.

If a trade balance of some hundreds of millions of dollars is to be settled by our taking European securities, it becomes decidedly interesting for us to begin to study, from an investor's point of view, the economic conditions prevailing there. It is from such a point of view that I intend to present some of the points that appealed to me as particularly interesting in several of the European countries.

The countries forming the Triple Alliance—Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy—offer the most widely divergent industrial conditions; but because of political bonds there has been a close relation between the financial and commercial interests of the three nations, and an interchange of capital, so they have come to form a natural industrial group as well as a political alliance.

Of all the European powers the industrial newness of Italy strikes one most sharply. That is true both as to the actual lack of development, and from the fact that one naturally associates Roman surroundings with age. We are inclined to think of Italy as a land of cathedrals and art-galleries, blue skies and sunshine,

where the rich go for pleasure, and the poor stay to beg; and the industrial importance of the country is not a subject that many of our own people have considered deeply. While Italy abounds in glorious history, and is a land of great memories, it has in modern times held a comparatively small place in the industrial history of the world. Developments are going on there now, however, particularly in the north, which promise to bring the measure of Italy's industrial importance much higher up in the column of totals. Southern Italy is hopelessly handicapped for a long time to come by the system of land-ownership, the hardships of taxes, the extreme poverty of the people, and their consequent deterioration from an industrial point of view, and by excessive illiteracy. The elementary and secondary schools there are incredibly bad; teaching is the least honored of the learned professions. Conditions are far better in the north. There are found small individual ownership of land, and an independence and thrift, in striking contrast to the south. The people take more readily to industrial pursuits, too, and there is really striking progress in the recent upbuilding of many industries.

Prior to 1871, when church and state were separated, and the present political *régime* inaugurated, the industries of Italy were comparatively insignificant, viewed from the stand-point of international trade. The population was largely given up to agriculture. In the thirty years that have elapsed there has been notable industrial growth, and that growth is now going forward at a steadily accelerated pace. One-third of all the silk used in the world comes from Italy. Nearly as great progress has been made in the weaving and spinning of the silk cloth as in the production of raw silk. In three years the exports of woven silk have risen from \$65,000,000 to \$100,000,000. Great progress has also been made in cotton-weaving. The industry did not exist twenty-five years ago, while now it employs 80,000 men and produces annually an output valued at \$60,000,000.

The cheap labor of Italy and its comparative efficiency have attracted English manufacturers. Two or three of the best known of the English glove-makers have

large factories in Naples. I saw gloves there being turned out by the thousands, stamped with the imprint of well-known English names, and completed by the addition of buttons bearing the legend "Made in England"—a bit of commercial artifice that must be confusing to customs officials when they later attempt to classify England's exports. Endless cartons of beautifully fashioned artificial flowers, believed by the people who buy them to have been created by the deft touch of Parisian fingers, are likewise made in Naples, and later have 100 per cent. or more added to their value by having French names pasted on the boxes.

The industrial development of Italy has two distressing impediments. One is the high rate of taxes, the other the high cost of fuel. In army-ridden Europe there is no other country where the *per-capita* cost of maintaining the military establishment is so great as it is in Italy, and no other country where the people are so little able to afford the glories of armies in the field and of fleets at sea. Italy as a nation is out of her rank in attempting to maintain a first-class war footing, and, until her military expenditures are reduced to a point commensurate with her population and wealth the military burden will be an almost insurmountable obstacle to the desire of her commercial citizens to have the country take foremost rank as a producing nation.

A hindrance to industrial growth, second in importance to that of the demand of the war-chests, is the lack of coal. All the coal used on the railroads and in the factories is shipped from other countries, and Italy's trade balance is reduced each year by the full amount of her fuel bill. This not only has a most unfavorable effect on her balance of trade, but it means that the cost of fuel in Italy is very much higher than is the cost in any of the countries with which she must compete industrially. At Italian sea-ports the price of coal ranges from \$7 to \$10 a ton. In Milan manufacturers pay \$12 a ton for coal for which German manufacturers pay \$6, which the English manufacturer can get for \$4, and which is laid down at many factories in the United States at \$2.50 a ton. There



*Drawn by A. Castaigne.*

Type of the French Mechanic.



is only one locality in the kingdom where coal is mined, and the output is small and the quality poor.

There seems to be more prospect ahead for Italian industries being relieved from the burden of high fuel charges than from the weight of excessive military taxes. Italy abounds in water-power, and there is just now a great awakening in regard to the development of that latent energy. Manufacturers are coming to understand that future development will most likely be reached along lines of securing power at low cost. Italy is remarkably favored with water-power. To the north are the Alps, and the Apennines run far south along the centre of the Peninsula. The country is an immense watershed, down which innumerable streams flow, none of them very large, but all falling a great distance, and developing in their descent a prodigious amount of power. Engineers

who have made a study of the situation estimate that the rivers of Italy can be made to furnish more than 2,500,000 horse-power, which has a value equivalent to coal now costing \$125,000,000. More than 1,000 companies have been organized in the last few years to erect power plants along these streams.

Italy is lacking in any large fund of capital available for aiding her industrial development. Investment in stock companies has not yet become popular. The Italian is extremely distrustful in finance; his distrust has a fundamental basis in a fear even of banks and bank accounts. He wants to keep his property out of the sight of a tax-gatherer, and he does not put great dependence in the commercial signature of his fellow. The use of bank-checks in current daily business is almost

unknown. There are large savings-bank deposits, but the people have not reached a point in commercial development where they will give their capital an effective aggregate by investment in corporate securities. Before Italy cut loose from France and joined her political fortunes with Austria and Germany, French capital had looked with favor upon Italian enterprises. After the political changes

of 1887, the Italian exports to France dropped from \$81,000,000 to \$34,000,000, and have continued at about the lower figure, and French capital ceased to flow into Italian investments. That has in a measure been compensated for by the interest that German capital has taken in financial operations, but Germany's own industrial development went on so rapidly and has now come to so many misfortunes that the present offering of German capital is much restricted.

Italy would look

with great favor upon any project to interest American capitalists in her industrial development, and undoubtedly a field is there offered which will bear some inspection at the hands of our financiers. In certain lines there is no possibility of Italy successfully competing with the United States, England, and Germany. The lack of coal will leave the country out of the race in iron and steel manufactures. In those lines of industry, however, where cheap labor is required, and where the cost of raw material is favorable, there promises to be much success. The labor is skilful and effective, and manufacturers are not slow in accepting mechanical improvements and adopting modern methods. The fact that the country is not on a gold basis is a drawback. Italian financiers are anxious to



Count Agenor Goluchowski, Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary.



*Drawn by A. B. Wenzel.*

A German Foreman.

establish the gold standard. The Finance Minister, Signor Chimirri, told me that he had strong hopes of success in that direction. It is recognized that the present uncertainty regarding the value of the Italian money standard acts as a serious deterrent to the investment of foreign capital in the country. An excessive issue of bank-notes, a survival of former days, is the main reason for the depreciation of the currency, but the Government now has a definite programme for reducing the bank-note circulation by a fixed amount each year. Political conditions are in many respects most unsatisfactory. In many sections there is distressing poverty; and the high price for food, made necessary by heavy taxation, brings dire hardships into the lives of the common people. It has been estimated that the average Italian laborer has 310 pounds of cereal food during the year, which is twenty-five per cent. less than is

given the inmate of an English workhouse. Socialism is rampant, and the Government must be constantly on the alert to prevent uprising. Judging by the precautions taken, there are sections of the country at all times on the point of an outbreak against constituted authority, inspired by no very definite political reasons and due more to the desperation of hunger than to ideas in political opposition to the Government. The people are under the domination of an army which takes not only the best blood of the country, but imposes an almost unbearable weight of taxation on those left to carry the burden. The army and navy alone absorb six per cent. of the country's income; or in other words, out of every \$100 earned in Italy, \$6 is taken

by the Government in support of the military establishment.

The social and political unrest, the burdens of taxation, and the uncertain money standard must cause foreign capital to hesitate even before opportunities that may look alluring, while those same impediments, together with a lack of some of the most essential raw materials and of

home capital, must make the further industrial development of the country slow when measured by our standards. The United States has no need to fear Italian competition in the world's markets in any of the great staples of our manufactures. There is, however, easy possibility of greatly increasing our sales to Italy, particularly if her industrial development goes forward along lines which permit her to sell to us some commodities which we can better buy than produce.



Koloman von Széll, Prime Minister of Hungary;  
also Minister of the Interior.

In the closing days of his public career Prince Bis-

marck found occasion to say, "Poor Austria, I fear her days are numbered." Let us hope the Chancellor did not speak prophetically, but he certainly spoke with profound perception of the cross-drifts which are the despair of the statesmen of Austria-Hungary. One of the most restive, bewildering, and bewildered state-unions in existence is the Dual Monarchy, a country at once one and divided, a people ready to overturn their government for a language preference, a country of twenty tongues, each one berating the other, a country the one-half of which puts trade barriers in the way of the other half; Hungary jealous of Austria, and Austria unable to forgive Hungary its superior prosperity. The monarchy is made





*Designed by J. C. F. Jones*

Type of the English Mechanic



Landerbank, Vienna.

up of conglomerate peoples, unable to act and think together, and habitually threatening to act and think apart. In no other country of Europe are industrial conditions so complicated by politics, hereditary jealousies, class distinctions, church influences, and a babel of tongues that cannot be harmonized either in speech or sentiments. For the present the personality of the venerable Franz Joseph holds together these varied elements. What will come to the Dual Monarchy after Franz Joseph is a question never out of the mind of any European statesman.

It is in the midst of this political turmoil that the idea was born for a European tariff alliance against America. It is here that one finds the keenest antagonism toward commercial America, and the most earnest efforts to block by legislation a commercial invasion that could not be met by methods of superior industrial merit.

The president of the Chamber of Commerce at Vienna explained to me the Austrian position on this matter of tariff

discrimination against the United States. "America is destined, beyond question, to be a most powerful country," said he. "We regard it as the most dangerous competitor in all our markets. The marrow and bone of her prosperity we believe to be her protective tariff, which has enabled her to build up her industries and develop her resources. The Steel Trust shows us what we have to expect in the future. We shall have to adopt the same policy, and we will do it. Whenever we discover that American competition is hurting any of our industries, we shall certainly shut out America if we can. If we do not succeed in making a satisfactory treaty with the United States, we shall look to Russia and Australia for the raw materials we may need, for to those countries we shall be able to sell the products of our industry."

These words must not be considered as the expression of a private citizen, but as having official character, for the Chamber of Commerce is an official advisory institution for the aid of the government in the preparation of legislation. The best judg-



The Bourse, Vienna.

ment in Europe and America is, I believe, pretty well agreed on the futility of a European tariff alliance against the United States. Not one of our ambassadors or ministers believes it is a feasible programme for the European States, no matter how antagonistic European statesmen may become toward us on account of our commercial success in foreign fields. I found



The Treasury Building, Vienna.

no important banker or manufacturer who thought it probable that the conflicting interests of the various States could be brought to any harmonious point of view from which to formulate such a tariff. Undoubtedly it is a dream in the minds of many people who have not a clear idea of the difficulties involved, but certainly the best judgment of the two continents seems against the feasibility of the idea. Conflicting interests can never be harmonized so that an agreement will be reached among the nations. Indeed, conflicting interests in the Dual Monarchy itself can probably never be harmonized so as to support Count Goluchowski's programme. Austria is a manufacturing country. Her people have highly developed artistic faculties, and a deftness and skill which make her a leader in certain of the finer lines of production, and she has some standing as a producer of iron, steel, and machinery. Hungary, on the other hand, is as yet almost altogether an agricultural country. Austria wants high tariff and cheap food; Hungary would like to exclude foreign food and have the advantage of cheap foreign manufactures. The two parts of the monarchy are held together by a slender thread, and the fretful people that compose the two nations will only agree that that bond may hold them for ten years at a time. The Ausgleich expired in 1897, and for four years the two States have wrangled over its renewal, industry and commerce being all that time greatly perturbed.

If we look at Austria as a competitor for the world's trade, it is easy to see that there is small occasion for us to be alarmed. The obstacle which political conditions set up in the way of industrial progress are almost insurmountable. Everywhere in Europe there is found a weight of taxes bearing on industry much greater than with us. In Austria this is notably so. A Viennese engineer who builds iron bridges on a large scale told me something of the difficulties an Austrian manufacturer has to face as a result of the visits of the tax-gatherer:

"In calculating the cost of a piece of work," he said, "there are three important elements: the cost of the material, the cost of labor, and the allowance for taxation. Our tax laws are somewhat complicated, but I have found that an approximation, which is close, will amount to sixty per cent. of the labor cost, which we must add for taxes."

If manufacturers in this country were obliged to add to the cost of their products sixty per cent. of what they pay for the labor that enters into them, as a contribution to federal taxation, our success in the world's competition would be slow.

In Vienna I met an American who is at the head of one of the large boiler-works in this country. He had been interested in making comparisons of the cost of labor and of the methods of work in the Viennese factories, and I found him amazed at the wasteful methods and the high labor-





Austrian Women Mixing Mortar.

cost that resulted from the Austrian manufacturers failing to use modern machinery.

"I was informed in one shop," he told me, "that a boiler of about 150 horsepower cost for labor alone \$750. That boiler would have been built in an up-to-date shop in America for a labor cost of \$150. In the United States three work-

men with modern tools would accomplish as much in one day as would be done by four workmen in a Vienna shop working one week. The cost of the labor in the United States would be about \$5, the men receiving for this class of rough work a little more than \$1.50 a day. Of the four men in the Vienna shop, two would receive eighty cents a day, one sixty cents, and one forty cents,

but even at those low wages the total labor cost there would be \$15.60 against about \$5 with us. I found an almost total absence of labor-saving machinery in some of the largest shops in Vienna—plates were being handled by hand; there were no riveting machines, no travelling cranes, or modern hoists."

I asked a large manufacturer in Vienna why he did not introduce modern labor-saving machinery. He had been in American shops and was fairly well posted on what was possible in the way of reducing the amount of labor entering into his product. His line of reasoning was interesting:

"You will not find the latest labor-saving machinery here," he said, "because labor is so cheap that it does not pay to have the best machinery as it does with you. If we invest money in labor-saving machinery, the interest on the cost of that investment goes on every day in the year, and every succeeding year, whether times are good or bad and orders many or few. With our cheap labor it is different. When we have a rush of work we can employ more men; in slack seasons we can discharge them. The trouble with labor-saving machinery is that you cannot discharge it when you have no work for it to do."

Labor waste is not confined to industrial life, by any means. Austria furnishes



A Mortar Carrier, Vienna.

endless illustration of a situation which is found in about all the European countries, but which is in its highest development in Italy, Austria, and Russia. In those countries the greatest ingenuity has been exercised in devising positions where the service performed is useless. Everywhere flunkies stand ready to perform unnecessary services for one. You are not given an opportunity even to open the door—a retainer always stands ready to do it for you, and then hold out his hand. If you call at a bank or public office, the *conciierge* opens the door with great obsequiousness and hands you over to a guide, who shows you to the door of the room sought, where a flunkey takes your hat and coat, another your card, and still another ushers you in. On leaving, it is advisable to remember all these hard-working citizens with a pitance if you intend to make another visit and desire easy access. All this is typical of the way labor is wasted in the greater part of the Continent of Europe. The thing seems to be done on principle, and to be generally approved on the ground that that system is best which keeps the most people employed. Any man who can create two jobs where there was only one job before, appears to be regarded as a public benefactor. The street-sprinkling carts in Vienna make a good illustration. A hose about six feet long is attached to the rear of the cart, and a rope about ten feet long is tied to the end of the hose. One man drives the cart while another walks behind holding the rope and swinging the hose from side to side. If an American should try to introduce sprinkling-carts that can be operated by the driver, he would certainly be unpopular. "Why rob a poor man of his job? There is not enough work now to go round, and labor is cheap. It's a small matter. These people are not able to do

anything else; they have no trade, and if you introduce a device which renders their help unnecessary you simply force them to starve and become a burden upon the State." That is the kind of Chinese economics which I heard from educated men in various cities on the Continent. It did not seem to occur to them that work makes



Endless Chain Hod Elevator in Use in America.

work; that the amount of work which the world wants done and is ready to pay for is capable of indefinite increase, or that habits of slothful and unnecessary work must breed a people incapable of energy and enterprise. It takes two men to handle a plough in Europe, not because one man really cannot do it alone, but because public sentiment approves the employment of an extra man wherever the slightest excuse can be found for him.

It needs only the period covered by the memory of a man still young to make the comparison which will show that the industrial life of Germany is in its beginnings. The picture of Germany twenty-five years ago, contrasted with the industrial Germany of to-day, shows a genius for work, a determination for development, and a rapidity of progress which can be matched nowhere in the world, unless it is in the United States. The Germany of thirty-five years ago bore almost as little relation to the Germany of to-day as did some portions of the United States to our present condition.

A great plain covering the entire north and east of the country where small crops were grown at high cost and with great labor ; a table-land in the south almost as barren ; a few seaports, in only two of which was there entrance for vessels of the deepest draught ; a large system of shallow rivers ; fertile valleys in the south and west, but covering not over one-tenth of the area of the country ; large deposits of low-grade iron ore ; a coal area limited in extent with deep-lying seams from which came a product of poor quality ; small deposits of copper, lead, and zinc ; a large forest in the south ; a small commerce ; a manufacturing industry hardly worthy of the name ; a disordered currency, a disorganized banking system, a deranged financial system, a confused foreign policy ; a people divided into twen-

ty-three States with only the tie of a common customs union, the coercion of the Prussian hegemony, and a common language and literature—such were the materials of thirty-five years ago, out of which modern Germany was to be constructed.

A population numbering 56,000,000, firmly united into a great national state ; a system of internal communication the second largest in the world ; a foreign commerce inferior only to that of England and the United States, which has reached out to the uttermost parts of the world in its conquest of markets, and has won its place in the face of long-standing commercial connections ; a system of industry which has utilized to the full every resource the nation possessed, which has brought the waste places under cultivation, and by careful methods of scientific agriculture has developed the yield of the soil more than threefold, creating *de novo* the beet-sugar industry ; a system which has quadrupled the production of coal and tripled the production of iron ; which has developed the greatest chemical trade, the second largest electrical industries, the third textile, iron, and steel industries, and the second shipping system of the whole world ; which has tripled the city population, reduced a large and threatening emigration to insignificant proportions, raised wages, increased the value of land, and tripled the revenues of the



An American Sewing Machine in Belgium.





The Bank of Italy, Rome.

State ; a strong, self-reliant, progressive, prosperous nation—such is modern Germany, the result of thirty years of nation-building.

Never before in the industrial history of the world, unless we except the victory of the same race in the Low Countries over the waves and tides of the German Ocean, has such success been achieved against such heavy odds. England has succeeded, but England was never cursed by invasion and civil war. England's soil is fertile. Her coasts are indented with fine harbors. Her security made her the home of the great inventions, and those inventions gave her the commerce of the world for more than three-quarters of the nineteenth century. The United States has succeeded, but the United States was blessed with the richest heritage of natural wealth that ever fell to the lot of any people. Planted in the midst of a continent, with a soil of extraordinary richness ; with the coal seams lying open on the river-banks, and iron only needed to be quarried from the sur-

face ; with river systems penetrating every part of the country, and a chain of lakes to supplement the rivers ; with great harbors to receive and send out foreign trade, and with the hungry multitudes of Europe in sore need of our surplus—with all these natural advantages, and with only one serious catastrophe to our national development for eighty years, it is no wonder we have succeeded.

Germany had none of these advantages. Germany must needs dredge her seaports, deepen her rivers, supply her deficiencies in raw material by importation, import the machinery for her factories, and the technical skill to direct the machinery; build a railroad system to carry her manufactured goods long distances to the sea-coast; and when she has done all this must fight her way into markets which England and France had long since occupied. To do all this while guarding against invasion on both frontiers, and bearing a heavy burden of taxation and military service, to succeed with no other aids than those of the na-

tional genius for hard work and the national ambition for a great and commanding place among nations, and to win such success in the face of such difficulties is an achievement before which both England and America should uncover in admiration and surprise. If the measure of success which a nation achieves over adverse circumstances is the test of greatness, then Germany is the greatest nation in the world.

ary and university, certainly rivals, and is probably superior to our own. It is a system which leaves less than three per cent. of the population illiterate, and sifts out the brightest minds and trains them for the service of the State. The State in turn is eager and anxious to avail itself of the services of men who have won intellectual distinction. There is a system of commercial education whose founders realized that successfully to deal with for-



An American Cash-Register in Austria.

I reached Germany fresh from a study of most of the other Continental countries. In none of them had I found anything to lessen the conviction with which every American goes abroad, that his own country is superior in every respect to all other nations. Most of those nations are in one respect or another unmodern and unprogressive. They are succeeding slowly, and in few of the countries are the whole people united in an effort to achieve success. Their industrial regeneration is only just beginning: the United States has little to learn from them.

But in Germany we find not only a state with apparently a great future, but a state which has begun to realize that future in a thoroughly modern way. The system of education, elementary, second-

eigners requires a speaking and writing knowledge of their language. There is a national and municipal administration which in their effectiveness and absolute integrity must bring shame to the resident of almost any American city when he compares them with conditions surrounding him at home. The Government has encouraged commerce and foreign trade with great intelligence. It has established the gold standard and so organized the Reichsbank, that the mechanism of exchange has the foundation of secure confidence. It has aided in the establishment of German banks abroad, and placed German traders in the position of distinct advantage in pushing their commercial conquests. A trained consular service has been developed, composed of men who speak the



Interior of an Electric Manufactory in Germany. The Machines in the Foreground were made in America.

language of the country to which they are sent, and who use the language to find out whatever may be of service to the German exporter.

The Government has pursued a consistent policy in its trade relations and commercial treaties, which has all along been wisely adapted to the needs of the national economy. While the industries were getting a foothold, they were protected by high duties. When their development had reached the stage of independence, and when their chief need was new markets, the government made concessions to neighboring States in the customs tariff, and, by a series of treaties completed in 1893, admitted raw materials at low duties in return for similar privileges conceded to German manufactured exports. The Government early saw that

private railway management in Germany was unfavorable to the export trade, because it had not learned the lesson of scientific rate-making, which we in the United States have only in recent years mastered. Perceiving this fact, the German Government took most of the private lines, and added to them until, in 1901, out of 30,777 miles of railway more than 27,000 belonged to the State. In full control of the railway system, the State administration has worked out, very successfully, the basic principles of rate-making, to increase the rates with the value of the freight. It has granted low rates on iron and coal, to which concessions the iron and steel industry of Westphalia owes in large measure its prosperity. The German Government also has not hesitated to use the bounty system to



build up the national industries. The beet-sugar industry owes its existence quite as much to the aid of the State as to the painstaking care of the owner and scientist, and in a single year the exports of sugar and glucose to Great Britain from Germany have amounted to more than \$50,000,000. The German merchant marine has been intelligently assisted by liberal subsidies. I found among business men a quite general agreement as to the great benefits which industry and commerce had derived from subsidies.

I asked Mr. Louis J. Magee, who might be called an American-German, since he was born and educated in this country, but has spent twelve years in Germany as the managing director of the Union Electrical Gesellschaft, what in his opinion were the relative advantages of Germany and America. His reply

is suggestive: "Most Americans are mistaken when they imagine that America is much ahead of Germany in manufacturing. It is six of one and half a dozen of the other. In some lines the United States has the advantage and is sending in goods to Germany. This is true of type-writers, bicycles, and of some other specialties requiring interchangeable parts. It is hardly true that Germany cannot make these things as well as America, but rather that it is more convenient and cheaper for Germany to buy them of America than make them. Our company, for instance, might make much of the machinery that we use, but it has relations with the parent company in America, and so buys the things from America. It should be noted also that Germany excels in some specialties; for example, the Mauser rifle. It is the best in the world, and Germany is exporting it to all

countries. In the same way your laboratories import certain chemicals and certain instruments from Germany, not because America cannot make them, but because they are cheaply made in Germany and that is the best place to get them. Americans make a great mistake in supposing that Germany is not up to date. Every German manufacturer knows exactly what

is being done in his line in the United States, and knows what kind of machinery is being used. If he does not use it himself he has a reason that is satisfactory to him. The Germans are more conservative than the Americans.

"This fact can be illustrated, perhaps, by the automobile cab system. A superficial observer, knowing that these cabs were in use in American cities, would draw the conclusion that Germany was not so progressive as Amer-

ica. But if he happened to know that the companies in Boston and Chicago had been financially unsuccessful, his conclusion might not be so unfavorable to the German. The German has considered the advantages of the electric cab very carefully, and has not introduced them in the German cities simply because he has decided that they would not pay."

Somewhat along this line Mr. Magee spoke of the Germans' ability in the field of science, and commended their habit of stimulating and encouraging independent investigation. He regarded the Germans in this respect as superior to the Americans. "Americans are brilliant," he said, "and many splendid ideas—which the Germans callepoch-making—such as the cotton-gin, have come spontaneously. In the main, however, this is not the case. The great discoveries of the world have come, as a rule, as the result of patient effort and



W. R. Kruh, Director of the German Imperial Bank.



*From a photograph loaned by the Engineering Magazine.*

Aqueduct Bridge, Head Basin and Power Plant of the Vizzola-Tirno Water-power Installation in Lombardy, Italy.

"Italy abounds in water-power, and there is just now a great awakening in regard to the development of that latent energy." Page 105.



Warehouses and Docks at Hamburg, Showing Advanced Methods of Handling Freight.

study. In this the Germans are adepts. In Germany every encouragement is given to a man to devote time and thought to new ways of doing things. Mr. Magee spoke of the Nernst lamp in this connection. This discovery of a German professor will make it possible, it is believed, to secure illumination from electricity with only half of the current used that is now necessary. It will throw into the hands of many thousands of people the possibility of using this form of illumination. "It is quite possible," Mr. Magee said, "that improvements on this lamp may come from America. It will still be the Nernst lamp, however. What I want to see is a Nernst in America." During the last few years the reports of scientific discoveries contained in the American scientific journals have contained hardly an American name to act as a land-mark. The names of the chief men in science to-day are, with almost no exceptions, men of foreign birth or descent."

"The difference," said Mr. Magee,

"lies in the fact that the Germans are patient, studious, thorough people, and they go to the bottom of things. The Americans, on the other hand, are more or less superficial. They are brilliant, but they haven't time to look at a subject from all sides and probe into it deeply as the Germans do. In science, particularly, there isn't the inducement that is offered to investigators here in this country. In other fields the same conditions hold true. In political economy, for instance, you find the same thing. A man learns a little from his Walker and his Adam Smith in college, but he does not, as the Germans do, have pointed out to him the exact places where the requirements are not fulfilled, where the shoe pinches, and then set to work to gather all the data bearing on that particular part of the problem, in order that he may find a solution of the difficulty."

One is at once impressed with the fact that the Germans have been quicker than other nations to take advantage of improved machinery and methods. An in-



spection of our exports to Germany in the last half-dozen years shows an extremely satisfactory increase in our sales of manufactured goods, but an analysis of the character of those manufactures brings out the fact that a large part has been in labor-saving machines, whose economics have at once been turned against us. There are some shops in Germany that are quite as admirably fitted with modern machinery as would be corresponding shops with us; and with such superior equipment, and with labor costing little if any more than half what our labor is paid, the German manufacturer will make us look to our laurels.

It is true that present economic conditions in Germany are far from satisfactory. Germany has gone ahead under too great a pressure. The pendulum has swung too far and is swinging back. There has for some months been a marked depression in many manufacturing lines, and conditions have prevailed that have caused apprehension and loss. The German banks do not follow the conservative English and American custom regarding the promotion of industrial enterprises, and some of them have become involved in the fate of corporations which they have promoted and whose securities they have sold to their clients. I believe the unsatisfactory situation in Germany, however, is only a reaction from too rapid progress; the fundamental conditions are sound, and in the world's markets we are pretty sure to find Germany one of our most able competitors.

While the conditions surrounding investments in Germany are in many respects much better than in Italy or Austria-Hungary, the superior conditions are compensated by lower interest returns. The Germans are wide-awake financiers, as well as manufacturers, and the opportunity for American capitalists to teach them lessons is not as good as in most of the other European countries. In some respects we could learn a good deal that would be of advantage to our own investment circles from the German practice. A code

of corporation laws has been enacted that has many points of great excellence, but the Government has shown its paternalism to a great degree in its effort to control operations on the stock and produce exchanges, and business has been much hampered from that cause.

Kaiser Wilhelm has said—and industrial Germany agrees with him—that the future of the German nation lies on the sea. Germany is a poor country. Her coal mines are, in some places, 3,000 feet deep. Her iron ores must be supplemented from the richer deposits of Spain and Sweden. As population increases, Germany must import an increasing proportion of her food-supply. Her raw silk and cotton must be imported, and in fact she is independent in no single raw material. Her people must levy upon the whole world for their sustenance and to maintain their industries. To such a nation foreign commerce is as the breath of life. If four continents should sink into the sea, the United States would still live. But cut off Germany from her foreign trade, and she must perish.

To sum up the situation, so far as the nations of the Triple Alliance are concerned, we see that Italy and the Dual Monarchy are not likely to become formidable competitors of ours in the world's markets; that Germany is endowed with a spirit and ambition which will probably make her our keenest rival, although we have clear advantages in cheap raw materials. If we turn our attention toward investments in these countries, attractive opportunities will be found in Italy, but hampered by an uncertain currency standard and excessive taxation. Opportunity for the introduction of improved methods is even greater in Austria, but political uncertainties and racial antagonism more than counteract that advantage, and the money standard is quite as uncertain as in Italy. There is much greater investment safety in Germany, and that, I believe is true, in spite of the headlong declines which securities have made on the German exchanges.

# THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

## CHAPTER VIII

### MISS TEETUM'S LONG TABLE

THE prying sun peeped through the dingy curtains of Fred's bedroom on the next morning, after Oliver's revels, stenciling a long slant of yellow light down its grimy walls, and awaking our young hero with a start. Except for the shattered remnants of the basins and pitchers that he saw as he looked around him, and the stringy towels, still wet, hanging over the backs of the chairs, he would not have recognized it as the same room in which he had met such brilliant company the night before—so kindly a glamour does the night throw over our follies.

With the vision of the room and its tokens of their frolic came an uneasy sense of an unpleasant remembrance. The thrill of his own triumphant success no longer filled his heart; only the memory of the uproar remained. As he caught sight of the broken pieces of china still littering the carpet, and recalled McFudd's sprawling figure, a slight color suffused his cheek.

The room itself, in the light of the day, was not only cold and uninviting, but so bare of even the commonest comforts that Oliver shivered. The bottoms were half out of the chairs; the painted wash-stand stood on a square of chilly oil-cloth; the rusty grate and broken hearth were unswept of their ashes; the carpet patched and threadbare. He wondered, as he studied each detail, how Miss Teetum could expect her boarders to be contented in such quarters.

He saw at a glance how much more cosy and restful it might be made with the addition of a few touches here and there: a colored print or two—a plaster cast—a bit of cheap stuff or some gay-colored cushions. It surprised him, above all, to discover that Fred, who was studying art and should, therefore, be sensitive to such

influences, was willing to live amid such desolate surroundings; but he said nothing of all this to his host.

When he stepped out into the square hall, the scene of the night's revelry, and glanced about him, the crude bareness and reckless disorder that the merciful glow of the gas-light and its attendant shadows had kindly concealed, stood out in bold relief under the white light of the day now streaming through an oval skylight immediately above the piano. Over the floor of this open space lay the various properties of the night's performance—overturned chairs, china mugs, bits of lemon-peel, stumps of cigars, and stray pipes; while scattered about under the piano and between the legs of the chairs, and even upon the steps of the staircase, were the pieces of coal which Fog-Horn Cranch and Waller, who held the scuttle, had pounded into bits when they produced that wild jangle which had added so much of dignity and power to the bass notes of the Dead Man's Chorus.

These cold facts aroused in Oliver a sense of repugnance which he could not shake off, and his feeling of revolt became all the stronger. It was as if the head of some jolly clown of the night before had been suddenly thrust through the canvas of the tent in broad daylight, showing not only the paint, but the wrinkles beneath, the yellow teeth, and the coarse mouth.

He was about to go back to the room when his attention was arrested by a collection of drawings that covered almost every square inch of the ceiling. To his astonishment he discovered that what in the smoke of the night before he had supposed to be only hasty sketches scrawled over the white plaster, were in reality, now that he saw them in a clearer atmosphere, effective drawings in pastel, oil, and charcoal. That the basis of these cartoons was but the grimy stain made by the water which had beaten through the rickety sash during the drive and thrash of



winter storms, flooding the whitewashed ceiling and trickling down the side-walls in smears of brown rust, did not lessen their value in his eyes.

Closer inspection showed him that these discolorations—some round or curved, others straight or angular—had been altered and amended as the signatures indicated by the deft pencils of Waller, Fred, Bowdoin, and the others, into flying Cupids, Dianas, Neptunes, and mermaids fit to grace the ceiling of a salon if properly enlarged; while the up-and-down smears had suggested the opportunity for caricaturing half the boarders of the house. Every fresh leak and its accompanying stains evidently presented a new problem to the painters, and were made the subject of prolonged study and much consultation before a brush was permitted to touch them, the point apparently being to help the discolorations express themselves with the fewest possible touches.

In addition to these decorations overhead, Oliver found, framed in on the cleaner plaster of the side-walls, between broad bands of black paint, several taking bits of landscape in color and black and white—stretches of coast with quaint boats and dots of figures; winter wood interiors with white plaster for snow and scrapings of charcoal for tree-trunks, each one marked with that sure crispness of touch which denotes the master-hand. Moreover, the panels of all the doors, as well as their jambs and frames, were ornamented with sketches in all mediums, illustrating incidents in the lives of the various boarders who occupied the rooms below, and who—so Fred told him afterward—stole into this sacred spot on the sly, to gloat over the night's work whenever a new picture was reported and the rightful denizens were known to be absent.

As he stood absorbed before these marvels of brush and pencil, scrutinizing each one in turn, his sense of repulsion for the débris on the floor gave way to a feeling of enthusiasm. Not only were the sketches far superior to any he had ever seen, but the way in which they were done and the uses of the several mediums were a revelation to him. It was only when Fog-Horn Cranch's big voice roused him to consciousness that he realized where he

was. The auctioneer was coming out of his room, resplendent in a striped suit, gaiters, and white necktie—this being his real-estate day.

"My dear fellow," Cranch shouted, bringing his hand down on Oliver's shoulder, "do you know you've got a voice like an angel's?"

Before Oliver could reply, My Lord Cockburn joined them, his first word one of pleasure at meeting him, and his second a hope that he would know him better; then Fred ran out, flinging on his coat and laughing as he came. Under these combined influences of praise and good-cheer Oliver's spirits rose still higher, and his blood began once more to surge through his veins. With his old time buoyancy he put his arm through Fred's, while the two tramped gayly down the four flights of stairs to be ushered into the long, narrow, stuffy dining-room on the basement floor, there to be presented to the two Miss Teetums, who bent low over their plates in unison. This perfunctory salute our young gentleman acknowledged by bowing grandly in return, after which he dropped into a seat next to Fred's,—his back to a tin box filled with plates, placed over the hot-air register,—drew out a damp napkin from a bone ring, and took a bird's-eye view of the table and its occupants.

The two Miss Teetums sat one at either end—Miss Ann, thin, severe, precise; Miss Sarah, stout, coy, and a trifle kittenish, as doubtless became a young woman of forty-seven, and her sister's junior by eight years. Miss Ann had evidently passed the dead-line of middle age, and had given up the fight, and was fast becoming a very prim and very proper old lady, but Miss Sarah, being out of range, could still smile, and nod her head, and shake her curls, and laugh little, hollow, girlish laughs, and otherwise disport herself in a light and kittenish way, after the manner of her day and age. All of which betrayed not only her earnest desire to please, but displayed only too clearly her increasing anxiety to get in under matrimonial cover before one of Father Time's sharpshooters picked her off, and thus ended her youthful career.

The guests seated on either side of these two presiding goddesses, Oliver was convinced, as he continued to glance up and down the double row of faces, would



have excited as much interest in Kennedy Square as if they had just been dropped out of another planet.

Old Mr. Lang, who with his invalid wife occupied the room immediately below Fred's, and who had been so nearly drowned out the night before by McFudd's acrobatic tendencies, sat on Fred's left. Properly clothed and in his right mind, he proved to be a most delightful old gentleman, with gold spectacles and snow-white side-whiskers, and a welcoming smile for every one who entered. Fred said that the smile never wavered even when the old gentleman had been up all night with his wife.

Across the table, with her eye-glasses trained on Oliver, half concealed by a huge china "compoteer" (to quote the waitress), and at present filled with last week's fruit, caulked with almonds, sat Mrs. Southwark Boggs—sole surviving relic of S. B., Esq. This misfortune she accentuated by wearing his daguerreotype, set in plain gold, as a brooch with which she fastened her crocheted collar. She was a thin, faded, funereal-looking person, her body encased in a black silk dress, which looked as if it had been pressed and ironed over night, and her hands in black silk mitts which reached to her knuckles.

Next came Bates—a rising young lawyer with political tendencies—one of the first men to cut his hair so "Zou-Zou" that it stood straight up from his forehead. Touching the lawyer's elbow was Morgan, the editor, who pored over manuscripts while his coffee got cold; and then Nelson, and Webster, and Cummings all graded in Miss Ann's mind as being eight, or ten, or twelve-dollar-a-week men, depending on the rooms that they occupied, and farther down, toward Miss Sarah, Cranch and Cockburn—five-dollar boys, these (Fred was another), with the privilege of lighting their own coke fires, and of trimming the wicks and filling the bulbs of their own burning-fluid lamps. While away down at the far corner, crumpled up in his chair, crouched the cheery little hunchback, Mr. Crumbs, who kept a book-stall on Astor Place, where Bayard Taylor, Irving, Halleck, Bryant, and the rest of the Century crowd used to spend its late afternoons delving among the old volumes on his shelves.

All these regular boarders, including Fog-Horn Cranch and Fred, breakfasted at eight o'clock. Waller, the painter, and Tomlins, the swell, breakfasted at nine. As to that descendant of the Irish kings, Mr. Cornelius McFudd, he rose at ten, or twelve, or two, just as the spirit (of the night before) moved or retarded him, and breakfasted whenever Miss Ann or Miss Sarah, who had presided continuously at the coffee-urn from eight to ten, could spare one of her two servants to carry a tray to his room.

Last and by no means least, with her eyes devouring every expression that flitted across Oliver's face, there beamed out below Miss Ann, a tall, willowy young person, whom Fred, in answer to an inquiring lifting of Oliver's eyebrows, designated as the belle of the house. This engaging young woman really lived with her mother, in the next street, but flitted in and out, dining, or breakfasting, or spending a week at a time with her aunts, the Misses Teetums, whenever an opportunity offered—the opportunity being a vacant and non-paying room, one of which she was at the time enjoying.

This fair damsel, who was known to the boarders on the top floor as "our Phemy," and to the world at large as Miss Euphemia Teetum—the real jewel in her name was Phœbe, but she had reset it—had been especially beloved, so Fred informed Oliver, by every member of the Club except Waller, who, having lived in boarding-houses all his life, understood her thoroughly. Her last flame—the fire was still smouldering—had been the immaculate Tomlins, who had won her heart by going into raptures, in one of his stage whispers, over the classic outlines of her face. This outburst resulted in Miss Euphemia appearing the following week in a silk gown, a Greek fillet and no hoops—a costume which Waller faithfully portrayed on the side-wall of the attic the night of her appearance—the fillet being reproduced by a strip of brass which the artist had torn from his easel and nailed to the plaster, and the classic curves of her hair by a ripple of brown paint.

This caricature nearly provoked a riot before the night was over, the whole Club, including even the fun-loving McFudd, denouncing Waller's act as an outrage.

In fact the Hibernian himself had once been so completely taken off his feet—it was the first week of his stay—by the winning ways of the young lady, that Miss Ann had begun to have high hopes of Euphemia's being finally installed mistress in one of those shadowy estates which the distinguished Hibernian described so eloquently. That these hopes did not materialize was entirely due to Cockburn, who took pains to enlighten the good woman upon the evanescent character of the Hibernian's possessions, thus saving the innocent maiden from the clutches of the bold, bad adventurer. At least, that had been Cockburn's account of it when he came up-stairs.

But it was at dinner that same night—for Oliver at Fred's pressing invitation had come back to dinner—that the full galaxy of guests and regulars burst upon our hero. Then came not only Miss Euphemia Teetum in a costume especially selected for Oliver's capture, but a person still more startling and imposing—so imposing, in fact, that when she entered the room one-half of the gentlemen present made little backward movements with the legs of their chairs, as if intending to rise to their feet in honor of her presence.

This prominent figure in fashionable life, who had now settled herself on the right of Miss Ann—the post of honor at the table—and who was smiling in so gracious and condescending a manner as her eye lighted on the several recipients of her favor, was none other than the distinguished Mrs. Schuyler Van Tassel, of Tarrytown, another bird of passage, who left her country-seat on the Hudson to spend the winter months in what she called the delights of “upper tandem.” She belonged to an ancient family—or, at least, her husband did—he was under the sod, poor soul, and therefore at peace—and, having inherited his estate—a considerable one—was treated with every distinction.

These several personages of low and high degree interested our young gentleman quite as much as our young gentleman interested them. He made friends with young and old—especially with the ladies, who all agreed that he was a most charming and accomplished youth. This good opinion became permanent when Oliver had paid each in turn the compli-

ment of rising from his seat when any one of them entered the room, as much a habit with the young fellow as the taking off of his hat when he came into a house, but which was so rare a courtesy at Miss Teetum's that each recipient appropriated the compliment as personal to herself.

These sentiments of admiration were shared to an alarming degree by Miss Euphemia Teetum herself, who, on learning that Oliver had decided to share Fred's room through the winter, had at once determined to remain during the week, the better to lay siege to his heart. This resolution she abandoned before dinner was over, when her experienced eye detected a certain amused if not derisive smile playing around the corners of Oliver's mouth; a discovery which so impressed the young woman before the meal was over that she left him severely alone ever after.

And so it was that Oliver unpacked his trunk—the same old hair trunk, studded with brass nails, that had held his father's wardrobe at college—spread out and tacked up the various knick-knacks which his mother and Sue and Miss Clendenning had given him when he had left the old home, and began to make himself comfortable on the top floor of Miss Teetum's boarding house on Union Square.

## CHAPTER IX

### McFUDD'S BRASS BAND

OUR hero had been established at Miss Teetum's for a month or more, when one night at dinner a tiny envelope about the size of a visiting-card was brought in by the middle-aged waitress and laid beside Simmons's plate. The envelope contained six orchestra seats at the Winter Garden and was accompanied by a note which read as follows: “Bring some of the boys; the piece drags.”

The musician studied the note carefully. As one of the first violins at the Winter Garden, with a wide acquaintance among desirable patrons of the theatre, he had peculiar facilities for obtaining free private boxes and orchestra chairs not only at his own theatre, but often at Wallack's in Broome Street and the old Bowery. He



was almost always sure to have tickets when the new piece needed booming, or when an old play dragged and the audiences began to shrink. Indeed, the mystery of Mrs. Schuyler Van Tassell's frequent appearance in the left-hand proscenium box at the Winter Garden on First Nights—a mystery unexplained among her immediate friends in Tarrytown, who knew how she husbanded her resources despite her accredited wealth—was no mystery at all to the guests at Miss Teetum's table, who were in the habit of seeing just such tiny envelopes handed to Simmons during soup, and duly passed by him over to that distinguished leader of society. Should more than two tickets be enclosed, the favored recipient would, perhaps, invite Mr. Ruffle-Shirt Tomlins, or some other properly attired person, to accompany her—never Miss Ann or the little hunchback, who dearly loved the play, but who could seldom afford to go—never anybody, in fact, who wore plain clothes or looked a compromising acquaintance.

On this night, however, Pussy-Me-ow Simmons, ignoring Mrs. Van Tassell, turned to Oliver.

"Ollie," he whispered smiling—the formalities had ceased between the members of the Skylarks—"got anything to do to-night?"

"No; why?"

And then Simmons with various imaginary poundings of imaginary canes on the thread-bare carpet beneath his chair, and with sundry half-smothered bursts of real laughter in which Fred and Oliver joined, unfolded his little plan—a plan which was agreed to so rapturously that the trio all bounded up-stairs, three steps at a time, and pulled the Walrus out of his bed and woke up McFudd, who had gone to sleep before dinner, and whom nobody had called. Then having sent My Lord Cockburn to find Ruffle-Shirt Tomlins, who by this time was paying court to Miss Euphemia in the front parlor, and having pinned a ticket to Mr. Fog-Horn Cranch's door, with instructions to meet them in the lobby the moment he returned, they all slipped on their overcoats, picked up their canes, and started for the theatre.

Six young fellows, all with red blood in their veins, steel springs under their

toes and laughter in their hearts! Six comrades, pals, good-fellows, skipping down the avenue as free as colts and happy as boys—no thought for to-day and no care for to-morrow! Each man with a free ticket in his pocket and a show ahead of him. No wonder the bluecoats looked after them and smiled; no wonder the old fellow with the shaky legs, waiting at the corner for one of the squad to help him over, gave a sigh as he watched McFudd, with cane in air, drilling his recruits, all five abreast. No wonder the tired shop-girls glanced at them enviously as they swung into Broadway chanting the "Dead Man's Chorus," with Oliver's voice sounding clear as a bell above the din of the streets.

The play was a melodrama of the old, old school. There was a young heroine in white, and a handsome lover in top-boots and tight trousers, and a cruel uncle who wanted her property. And there was a particularly brutal villain with leery eyes, ugly mouth, with one tooth gone, and an iron jaw like a bull-dog's. He was attired in a fur cap, brown corduroy jacket, with a blood-red handkerchief twisted about his throat, and he carried a bludgeon. When the double-dyed villain proceeded in the third act to pound the head of the lovely maiden to a jelly at the instigation of the base uncle, concealed behind a painted tree-trunk, and the lover rushed in and tried to save her, every pair of hands except Oliver's came together in raptures of applause, assisted by a vigorous hammering of canes on the floor.

"Pound away, Ollie," whispered Simmons; "you are spoiling all our fun; that's what we came for. The manager is watching us. Pound away, I tell you. There he is inside that box."

"I won't," said Oliver, in a tone of voice strangely in contrast with the joyousness of an hour before.

"Then you won't get any more free tickets."

"I don't want 'em. I don't believe in murdering people on the stage, or anywhere else. That man's face is horrible; I'm sorry I came."

Simmons laughed, and, shielding his mouth with his hand, repeated Oliver's outburst to Waller, who, having first sent



news of it down the line, reached over and shook Oliver's hand gravely, while he wiped a theatrical tear from his eye. My Lord Cockburn, with feet and hands still busy, returned word to Oliver by Tomlins, requesting the young Southerner not to make a colossal ass of himself. Oliver bore their ridicule good-naturedly, but without receding from his opinion in any way, a fact which ultimately raised him in the estimation of the group. Only when the villain was thrown over the pasteboard cliff into a canvas sea by the gentleman in top-boots, to be devoured by the sharks or cut up by pirates, or otherwise disposed of as befitted so blood-thirsty and cruel a monster, did Oliver join in the applause.

The play over, and Simmons having duly reported to the manager—who was delighted with the activity of the feet, but who advised that next time the sticks be left at home—the happy party sailed up Broadway, this time by threes, swinging their canes as before, and threading their way in and out of the throngs that filled the street.

The first stop was made at the corner of Thirteenth Street by McFudd, who turned his troop abruptly to the right and marched them down a flight of steps into a cellar, where they immediately attacked a huge wash-tub filled with steamed clams, and covered with a white cloth to keep them hot. This was the bar's free lunch. The clams devoured—six each—and the necessary beers paid for, the whole party started to retrace their steps, when Simmons turned to welcome a new-comer who had entered the cellar unperceived by the barkeeper, and who was bending over the wash-tub of clams, engaged in picking out the smallest of the bivalves with the end of an iron fork. He had such a benevolent, kindly face, and was so courtly in his bearing, and spoke with so soft and gentle a voice, that Oliver, who stood next to Simmons, stopped to listen.

"O my dear Simmons," cried the old gentleman, "we missed you to-night. When are you coming back to us? The orchestra is really getting to be deplorable. Miss Gannon quite broke down in her song. We must protest, my boy; we must protest. I saw you in front, but you should be wielding the baton.

And is this young gentleman one of your friends?"

"Yes—Mr. Horn. Ollie, let me introduce you to Mr. Gilbert, the actor"—and he laid his hand on Oliver's shoulder—"dear John Gilbert, as we always call him."

Oliver looked up into the kindly, sweet face of the man, and a curious sensation passed over him. Could this courtly, perfectly well-bred old gentleman—the equal of any one of his father's guests—with his silver-white hair, beaming smile, and gentle voice, be an actor? Could he possibly belong to the profession which, of all others, he had been taught to despise? His astonishment was so great that for a moment he could not speak.

Simmons saw his embarrassment, and came to his rescue.

"My friend, Mr. Horn, did not like the play to-night, Mr. Gilbert," he said. "He thought the death-scene was horrible"—and Simmons glanced smilingly at the others who stood at a little distance watching the interview with great interest.

"Dear me, dear me, you don't say so. What was it you objected to, may I ask?" a trace of anxiety in his voice.

"Why, the murder scene, sir. It seemed to me too dreadful to kill a woman in that way. I haven't forgotten it yet," and a distressed look passed over Oliver's face. "But then I have seen but very few plays," he added—"none like that."

The old actor looked at him with a quizzical expression. He had read the young man's mind—not a difficult task when one looked down into Oliver's eyes.

"Ah, yes, I see. Yes, you're indeed right. As you say, it is quite a dreadful scene."

"Oh, then you've seen it yourself, sir," said Oliver, in a relieved tone.

The old actor's eyes twinkled.

"Oh, many, many times. I have known it for years. In the old days, when they would smash the poor lady's head, they used to have a pan of gravel which they would crunch with a stick to imitate the breaking of the bones. It was quite realistic from the front, but that was given up long ago. How did *you* like the business to-night, Mr. Simmons?" and he turned to the musician.

"Oh, admirable, sir. We all thought it had never been better put on," and he glanced again toward his companions, who stood apart, listening breathlessly to every word that fell from the actor's lips.

"Ah, I am glad of it. Brougham will be so pleased—and yet it shocked you, Mr. Horn—and you really think the poor lady minded it? Dear me! How pleased she will be when I tell her the impression it all made upon you. She's worked so hard over the part and has been so nervous about it. I left her only a moment ago—she and her husband wanted me to take supper with them at Riley's—the new restaurant on University Place, you know, famous for its devilled crabs. But I always like to come here for my clams. Allow me a moment—" and he bent over the steaming tub, and skewering the contents of a pair of shells with his iron fork held it out toward Oliver.

"Let me beg of you, Mr. Horn, to taste this clam. I am quite sure it is a particularly savory one. After this, my dear young friend, I hope you'll have a better opinion of me." And his eye twinkled. "I am really better than I look—indeed I am—and so, my dear boy, is this clam. Come, it is getting cold."

"What do you mean by 'a better opinion' of you, Mr. Gilbert?" stammered Oliver. He had been completely captivated by the charm of the actor's manner. "Why shouldn't I think well of you?—I don't understand."

"Why—because I strangled the poor lady to-night. You know, of course—that it was *I* who played the villain."

"You!" exclaimed Oliver. "No, I did not, sir. Why, Mr. Gilbert, I can't realize—oh, I hope you'll forgive me for what I've said. I've only been in New York a short time, and——"

The old gentleman cut short Oliver's explanation with a wave of his fork, and looking down into the boy's face said, in a serious but kindly tone:

"My son, you're quite right. Quite right—and I like you all the better for it. All such plays are dreadful. I feel just as you do about them, but what can we actors do? The public will have it that way."

Another little prejudice toppled from its pedestal, another household tradition of Oliver's smashed into a thousand pieces at his feet! This rubbing and grinding process of man against man; this seeing with one's own eyes and not another's was fast rounding out and perfecting the impressionable clay of this young gentleman's mind. It was a lesson, too, the scribe is delighted to say, which our hero never forgot; nor did he ever forget the man who taught it. One of his greatest delights in after-years was to raise his hat to this incomparable embodiment of the dignity and courtliness of the old school. The old gentleman had long since forgotten the young fellow, but that made no difference to Oliver—he would cross the street any time to lift his hat to dear John Gilbert.

The introduction of the other members of the club to the villain being over—they had stood the whole time they were listening to the actor—each head uncovered—McFudd again marshalled his troop and proceeded up Broadway, where, at Oliver's request, they were halted at the pedestal of the big Bronze Horse and within sight of their own quarters.

Here McFudd insisted that the Club should sing "God Save the Queen" to the Father of his Country, where he sat astride of his horse, which was accordingly done, much to the delight of a couple of night-watchmen, who watched the entire performance and who, upon McFudd's subsequent inspection, proved to be the fellow-countrymen of the distinguished Hibernian.

Had the buoyant and irrepressible Irishman been content with this patriotic outburst as the final winding-up of the night's outing, and had he then and there betaken himself and his fellows off to bed, the calamity which followed, and which so nearly wrecked the Skylarks, might have been avoided.

It is difficult at any time to account for the workings of Fate or to follow the course of its agents. The track of an earth-worm destroys a dam; the parting of a wire wrecks a bridge; the breaking of a root starts an avalanche; the flaw in an axle dooms a train; the sting of a microbe depopulates a city. But none of these unseen, mysterious agencies was at



work—nothing so innocuous wrecked the Skylarks.

It was a German street-band !

A band whose several members had watched McFudd and his party from across the street, and who had begun limbering their instruments before the sextet had ceased singing ; regarding the situation, no doubt, as pregnant with tips.

McFudd did not give the cornet time to draw his instrument from its woollen bag before he had him by the arm.

"Don't put a mouthful of wind into that horn of yours until I spake to ye," he cried in vociferous tones.

The leader stopped and looked at him in a dazed way.

"I have an idea, gintlemen," added McFudd, turning to his companions, and tapping his forehead. "I am of the opinion that this music would be wasted on the noight air, and so with your parmission I propose to transfer this orchestra to the top flure, where we can listen to their chunes at our leisure. Right about, face ! Forward ! March !" and McFudd wheeled the drum around, locked arms with the cornet, and started across the street for the stone steps.

"Not a word out of any o' ye till I get 'em in," McFudd continued in a low voice, fumbling in his pocket for his night-key.

The musicians obeyed mechanically and tiptoed one by one inside the dimly lighted hall, followed by Oliver and the others.

"Now take off your shoes ; you've four flights of stairs to crawl up, and if ye make a noise until I'm ready for ye, off goes a dollar of your pay."

The bass-drum carefully backed his instrument against the wall, sat down on the floor, and began pulling off his boots ; the cornet and bassoon followed ; the clarionet wore only his gum shoes, and so was permitted to keep them on.

"Now, Walley, me boy, do you go ahead and turn up the gas and open the piano, and Cockburn, old man, will ye kindly get the blower and tongs out of Freddie's room and the scuttle out of Tomlin's closet and the Chinese gong that hangs over me bed ? And all you fellers go ahead treading on whispers, d'ye moind ?" said McFudd under his breath. "I'll bring up this gang wid me. Not a breath out of any o' yez remimber, till I get there. The

drum's unhandy and we got to go slow wid it," and he slipped the strap over his head and started upstairs, followed by the band.

The ascent was made without a sound until old Mr. Lang's door was reached, when McFudd's foot slipped, and, but for the bassoonist's head, both the Irishman and the drum would have rolled downstairs. Lang heard the sound, and recognizing the character of the attendant imprecation, did not get up. "It's only McFudd," he said quietly to his suddenly awakened wife.

Once safe upon the attic floor the band who were entering with great gusto into the spirit of the occasion, arranged themselves in a half-circle about the piano, replaced their shoes, stripped their instruments of their coverings, breathed noiselessly into the mouth-pieces to thaw out the frost, and stood at attention for McFudd's orders.

By this time Simmons had taken his seat at the piano ; Cockburn held the blower and tongs ; Cranch, who on coming in had ignored the card tacked to his door, and who was found fast asleep in his chair, was given the coal-scuttle ; and little Tomlins grasped his own wash-basin in one hand and Fred's poker in the other. Oliver was to sing the air, and Fred was to beat a tattoo on Waller's door with the butt end of a cane. The gas had been turned up and every kerosene lamp had been lighted and ranged about the hall. McFudd threw off his coat and vest, cocked a Scotch smoking-cap over one eye, and seizing the Chinese gong in one hand and the wooden mallet in the other, climbed upon the piano and faced his motley orchestra.

"Attintion, gintlemen," whispered McFudd. "The first chune will be 'Old Dog Tray,' because it begins wid a lovely howl. Remimber now, when I hit this gong that's the signal for yez to begin, and ye'll all come together wid wan smash. Then the band will play a bar or two, and then every man Jack o' ye will go strong on the chorus. Are yez ready ?"

McFudd swung his mallet over his head ; poised it for an instant ; ran his eye around the circle with the air of an impresario ; saw that the drum was in position, the horns and clarionet ready, the blower, scuttle, tongs, and other instru-



ments of torture in place, and hit the gong with all his might.

The crash that followed woke every boarder in the house and tumbled half of them out of their beds.

Long before the chorus had been reached all the doors had been thrown open, and the halls and passageways filled with the startled boarders. Then certain mysterious looking figures in bed-gowns, waterproofs, and bath-robos began bounding up the stairs, and a collection of dishevelled heads were thrust through the door of the attic. Some of the suddenly awakened boarders tried to stop the din by protest; others threatened violence; one or two grinned with delight. Among these last was the little hunchback, swathed in a blanket like an Indian chief, and bare-footed. He had rushed up-stairs at the first sound as fast as his little legs could carry him, and was peering under the arms of the others, rubbing his sides with glee and laughing like a boy. Mrs. Schuyler Van Tassell whose head and complexion was not ready for general inspection, had kept her door partly closed, opening it only wide enough to let her voice through—always an unpleasant organ when that lady had lost her temper.

As the face of each new arrival appeared in the doorway, McFudd would bow gracefully in recognition of the honor of its presence, and redouble his attack on the gong. The noise he produced was only equalled by that of the drum, which never ceased for an instant—McFudd's orders being to keep that instrument going irrespective of time or tune.

In the midst of this uproar of brass, strings, sheep-skin, wash-bowls, broken coal, pokers and tongs, a lean figure in curl-papers, bright red calico wrapper reaching to her slippered feet, and a lighted candle in one hand, forced its way through the crowd at the door and stood out in the glare of the gaslights facing McFudd.

It was Miss Ann Teetum!

Instantly a silence fell upon the room.

"Gentlemen, this is outrageous!" she cried in a voice that ripped through the air like a saw. "I have borne this as long as I am going to. Not one of you shall stay in my house another night. Out you go in the morning, every one of you, bag and baggage!"

McFudd attempted to make an apology. Oliver stepped forward, the color mounting to his cheeks, and Waller began a protest at the unwarrantable intrusion, but the infuriated little woman waved them all aside and turning abruptly marched back through the door and down the staircase, preceded by the other female boarders. The little hunchback alone remained. He was doubled up in a knot, wiping the tears from his eyes, his breath gone from excessive laughter.

The Skylarkers looked at each other in blank astonishment. One of the long-cherished traditions of the house was the inviolability of this attic. Its rooms were let with an especial privilege guaranteeing its privacy, with free license to make all the noise possible, provided the racket was confined to that one floor. So careful had been its occupants to observe this rule, that noisy as they all were when once up-stairs, every man unlocked the front door at night with the touch of a burglar and crept up-stairs as noiselessly as a footpad.

"I'm sorry, men," said McFudd, looking into the astounded faces about him. "I'm the last man, as ye know, to hurt anybody's feelings. But what the devil's got into the old lady? Who'd 'a' thought she could have heard a word of it down where she sleeps in the basement?"

"'Tis the Van Tassell," grunted the Walrus. "She's so mesmerized the old woman lately that she don't know her own mind."

"What makes you think she put her up to it, Waller?" asked Cranch.

"I don't think—but it's just like her," answered Waller, with illogical prejudice.

"My eye! wasn't she a beauty!" laughed Fred, and he picked up a bit of charcoal and began an outline of the wrapper and slippers on the side-wall.

Tomlins, Cranch, and the others had no suggestions to offer. Their minds were too much occupied in wondering what was going to become of them in the morning.

The German band by this time had regained their usual stolidity. The leader seemed immensely relieved. He had evidently expected the next apparition to be a bluecoat with a pair of handcuffs.

"Put their green jackets on 'em, men," McFudd said to the leader quietly, pointing to the instruments. "We're much obliged to you and your men for coming up," and he slipped some notes into his hand. "Now get down-stairs, every man o' ye, as aisy as if ye were walking on eggs. Cranch, old man, will ye see 'em out, to kape that infernal drum from butting into the Van Tassell's door, or we'll have another hornet's nest. Begorra, there's wan thing very sure—it's little baggage *I'll* have to move out."

The next morning a row of six vacant seats stared Miss Ann out of countenance. The outcasts had risen early and had gone to Riley's for their breakfast. Miss Ann sat at the coffee-urn as stiff and erect as an avenging judge. Lofty purpose and grim determination were written in every line of her face. Mrs. Van Tassell was not in evidence. Her nerves had been so shattered by the "night's orgy," she had said to Miss Ann, that she should breakfast in her room. She further notified Miss Teetum that she should at once withdraw her protecting presence from the establishment, and leave it without a distinguished social head, if the dwellers on the top floor remained another day under the same roof with herself.

Although this calamity was as yet unknown, an ominous silence and depressing gloom seemed to hang over everybody. Several of the older men pushed back their plates and began drumming on the table-cloth with their fingers, a far-away look in their eyes. One or two talked in whispers, their coffee untasted. Old Mr. Lang looked down the line of empty seats and took his place with a dejected air. He was the oldest man in the house and the oldest boarder; this gave him certain privileges, one being to speak his mind.

"I understand," he said, unfolding his napkin and facing Miss Ann, "that you have ordered the boys out of the house?"

"Yes, I have," snapped out Miss Teetum.

Everybody looked up. No one recognized the tone of her voice, it was so sharp and bitter.

"Why, may I ask?"

"I will not have my house turned into a bear-garden, that's why!"

"That's better than a graveyard," retorted Mr. Lang. "That's what the house would be without them. I can't understand why you object. You sleep in the basement and can't hear a sound; my wife and I sleep under them every night. If we can stand it, you can. You send the boys away, Miss Teetum, and we'll move out."

Miss Ann winced under the shot, but she did not answer.

"Do you mean that you're going to turn the young gentlemen into the street, Miss Ann?" whined Mrs. Southwark Boggs in an injured tone, from her end of the table. "Are we going to have no young life in the house at all? I won't stay a day after they're gone."

Miss Teetum changed color, but she looked straight ahead of her. She evidently did not want her private affairs discussed at the table.

"I shall want my bill at the end of the week," remarked the little hunchback, walking quietly to Miss Ann's chair and bending over her—"now that the boys are to leave. Life is dreary enough as it is."

And so the boys stayed.

Only one room became vacant at the end of the month. That was Mrs. Schuyler Van Tassell's.

## CHAPTER X

### THE VALUE OF A CHALK-DRAWING

THE affair of the brass band, with its dramatic and most unlooked-for ending, left an unpleasant taste in the mouths of the members of the Club, especially in Oliver's, whose training had been different from that of the others present, and whose sensitive nature had been more shocked than pleased by it all. While most of the participants regretted the ill-feeling which had been aroused in Miss Teetum's mind, they felt sure—in fact, they knew—that this heretofore kind and gentle hostess would never have fanned her wrath to so white a heat had not some other hand besides her own worked the bellows.



Suspicion first fell upon a new boarder unaccustomed to the ways of the house, who, it was reported, had double-locked herself in at the first crash of the drum, and who had admitted, on being cross-examined by McFudd, that she had nearly broken her back in trying to barricade her bedroom door with a Saratoga trunk and a wash-stand. Subsequent inquiries brought to light the fact that Mrs. Van Tassell had stated a week before, when the echoes of one of McFudd's songs reached her ears, that no respectable boarding-house would tolerate uproars like those which took place almost nightly on the top floor, and that she would withdraw her protection from Miss Euphemia and leave the house at once and forever if the noise did not cease. This dire threat was reported both to Miss Ann and Miss Sarah, and had so affected them that Miss Ann had gone to bed with a chill and Miss Sarah had warded off another with a bowl of hot camomile tea.

This story, true as it undoubtedly was, did not entirely clear up the situation. One part of it sorely puzzled McFudd. Why did Miss Euphemia need Mrs. Van Tassell's protection, and why should the loss of it stir Miss Ann to so violent an outburst? This question no member of the Skylarks could answer.

The solution came that very night, and in the most unexpected way, Waller bearing the glad tidings.

Miss Euphemia, ignoring them all, was to be married at St. Mark's at 6 P.M. on the following Monday, and *Mrs. Van Tassell was to take charge of the wedding reception in the front parlor!* The groom was the strange young man who had sat for some days beside Miss Euphemia, passing as Miss Ann's nephew, and who was really a well-to-do druggist with a shop on Lafayette Place. All of the regular boarders of the house were to be invited.

The explosion of this matrimonial bomb so cleared the air of all doubt as to the guilt of Mrs. Van Tassell, that a secret meeting, attended by every member of the Skylarks, was at once held in Waller's room with the result that Miss Ann's invitations to the wedding were unanimously accepted. Not only would the resident members go—so the original resolution ran—but the non-resident and outside

members would also be on hand to do honor to Miss Euphemia and her distinguished chaperone. This amendment being accepted, McFudd announced in a serious tone that, owing to the severity of the loss and to the peculiarly painful circumstances which surrounded their esteemed fellow-skylarker, the Honorable Sylvester Ruffle-Shirt Tomlins, his fellow-members would wear crape on their left arms for thirty days. This also was carried unanimously, every man except Ruffle-Shirt Tomlins breaking out into the "Dead Man's Chorus"—a song, as McFudd explained, admirably fitted to the occasion.

When the auspicious night arrived, the several dress-suits of the members were duly laid out on the piano and hung over the chairs, and each gentleman proceeded to array himself in costume befitting the occasion. Waller, who weighed 200 pounds, squeezed himself into McFudd's coat and trousers (McFudd weighed 150), the trousers reaching a little below the painter's knees. McFudd wrapped Waller's coat about his thin girth and turned up the bagging legs of the unmentionables six inches above his shoes. The assorted costumes of the other members were equally grotesque. The habiliments themselves were of proper cut and make, according to the standards of the time—spike-tailed coats, white ties, patent-leather pumps, and the customary trimmings, but the effects produced were as ludicrous as they were incongruous, though the studied bearing of the gentlemen was meant to prove their unconsciousness of the fact.

The astonishment that rested on Mrs. Van Tassell's face when this motley group filed into the parlor and with marked and punctilious deference paid their respects to the bride, and the wrath that flashed in Miss Euphemia's eyes, became ever after part of the traditions of the Club. Despite Mrs. Van Tassell's protest against the uproar on the top floor, she had invariably spoken in high terms to her friends and intimates of these very boarders—their acquaintance was really part of her social capital—commenting at the same time upon their exalted social and artistic positions. In fact, many of her guests had attended the wedding solely in the hope of being brought into more intimate



relations with this distinguished group of painters, editors, and musicians, some of whom were already being talked about.

When, however, McFudd stood in the corner of Miss Teetum's parlor like a half-scared boy, pulling out the fingers of Waller's kid gloves, an inch too long for him, and Waller, Fred, and My Lord Cockburn stumbled over the hearth-rug one after the other, and Oliver, feeling like a guilty man and a boor, bowed and craped like a dancing-master; and Bowdoin the painter, and Simmons and Fog-Horn Cranch, talked platitudes with faces as grave as undertakers, the expectant guests invited by Mrs. Van Tassell began to look upon her encomiums as part of an advertising scheme to fill Miss Teetum's rooms.

The impression made upon the Teetum contingent by the appearance and manners of the several members—even Oliver's reputation was ruined—was equally disastrous. It was, perhaps, best voiced by the druggist groom, when he informed Mrs. Van Tassell from behind his pearl-colored glove—that "if that was the gang he had heard so much of, he didn't want no more of 'em."

But these jollifications were not long to continue. Other causes were at work undermining the foundations of the Skylarks. The Lodge of Poverty, to which they all belonged, gay as it had often been, was slowly closing its door; the unexpected, which always hangs over life, was about to happen; the tie which bound these men together was slowly loosening. Its members might give the grip of fellowship to other members in other lodges over the globe, but no longer in this one on the top floor of the old house on Union Square.

One morning McFudd broke the seal of an important-looking letter bearing a Dublin post-mark on the upper right-hand corner of the envelope, and the family crest in a puddle of red wax on its flap. For some moments he sat still, looking straight before him. Then two tears stole out and glistened on his lashes.

"Boys," he said, slowly, "the governor says I must come home," and he held up a steamer ticket and a draft that barely equalled his dues for a month's board and washing.

That night he pawned his new white overcoat with the bone buttons and velvet collar—the one his father had sent him, and which had been the envy of every man in the Club, and invested every penny of the proceeds in a supper given to the Skylarks. The invitations ran as follows:

Mr. Cornelius McFudd respectfully requests the honor of your presence at an informal wake to be held in honor of a double-breasted overcoat, London Cut. The body and tail will be the ducks, and the two sleeves and velvet collar the Burgundy.

Riley's: 8 P.M. Third floor back.

The following week he packed his two tin boxes, boarded the Scotia, and sailed for home.

The keystone having dropped out, it was not long before the balance of the structure came down about the ears of the members. My Lord Cockburn the following week was ordered South by the bank to look after some securities locked up in a vault in a Georgia trust company, and which required a special messenger to recover them—for owing to the growing uneasiness in mercantile circles over the political outlook of the country, financial affairs had assumed a serious aspect. Cockburn had to swim rivers, he wrote Oliver in his first letter, and cross mountains on horseback, and sleep in a negro hut, besides having a variety of other experiences, to say nothing of several hair-breadth escapes, none of which availed him, as he returned home after all, without the bonds.

This stagnation in commercial circles became so serious that soon the outside members and guests ceased coming, being diligently occupied in earning their bread, and then Simmons sent the piano home—it had been loaned to him by reason of his profession and position—and only Fog-Horn Cranch, Waller, Fred, Oliver, and Ruffle-Shirt Tomlins were left. After a while, Waller gave up his room and slept in his studio and got his meals at the St. Clair, or went without them, so light, by reason of the hard times, was the demand for sheep pictures of Waller's particular make. And later on Tomlins went abroad, and Cranch moved West. And so the ruin of the Club was complete.

And with its destruction there came to Oliver many a lonely night at home under the cheap lamp, the desolate hall outside looking 'all the more desolate and uninviting with the piano gone and the lights extinguished.

And so this merry band of roysterers, with one or two exceptions, passes out of these pages.

Dear boys of the long ago, what has become of them all since those old days in that garret-room on Union Square? Tomlins, I know, turned up in Australia, where he married a very rich and very lovely woman, because he distinctly stated those facts in an exuberant letter to Oliver when he invited him to the wedding. "Not a bad journey—only a step, my dear Ollie, and we shall be *so* delighted to see you." I know this to be true, for Oliver showed me the letter. Bowdoin, of course, went to Paris, where, as we all know, he had a swell studio opening on to a garden, somewhere near the Arc de Triomphe, and had carriages stop at his door, and a butler to open it, and two maids in white caps to help the ladies off with their wraps. Poor Cranch died in Montana while hunting for gold, and My Lord Cockburn went back to London.

But does anybody know what has become of McFudd—irresistible, irresponsible, altogether delightful McFudd? that condensation of all that was joyous, rollicking, and spontaneous; that devotee of the tub and pink of neatness, immaculate, clean-shaven, and well-groomed; that soul of good-nature, which no number of flowing bowls could disturb nor succeeding headaches dull; that most generous of souls, whose first impulse was to cut squarely in half everything he owned and give you your choice of the pieces, and who never lost his temper until you refused them both. If you, my dear boy, are still wandering about this earth, and your eye should happen to fall on these pages, remember, I send you my greeting. If you have been sent for, and have gone aloft to cheer those others who have gone before, and who could spare you no longer, speak a good word for me, please, and then, perhaps, I may shake your hand again.

The restful nights that followed in the now deserted attic floor were, for all their

loneliness, not distasteful to Oliver. Fred had noticed for months that his roommate no longer entered into the frolics of the Club with the zest and vim that characterized the earlier days of the young Southerner's sojourn among them. Our hero had said nothing, of course, while the men had held together, and to all outward appearances had done his share not only with his voice, but in any other way he could to help on the merriment. He had covered the space allotted to him on the walls with caricatures of the several boarders below. He had mixed the salad at Riley's the night of McFudd's farewell supper, with his sleeves rolled up to the elbows and the cook's cap on his head. He had lined up with the others at Brown's on the Bowery; drank his "crystal cocktails"—the mildest of beverages—and had solemnly marched out again with his comrades in a lock-step like a gang of convicts. He had indulged in forty-cent opera, leaning over the iron railing of the top row of the Academy of Music, and had finished the evening at Pfaff's, drinking beer and munching hard-tack and pickles, and had laughed and sung in a dozen other equally absurd escapades. And yet it was as plain as daylight to Fred that Oliver's heart was no longer centred in the life about him.

The fact is, the scribe is compelled to admit, the life indulged in by these merry bohemians had begun to jar on the nature of this most sensitive of young gentlemen. It really had not satisfied him at all. If this was the sort of life that Mr. Crocker meant, he said to himself after a night at Riley's when Cranch had sounded his horn so loud that the proprietor had threatened to turn the whole party into the street, then Mr. Crocker was easily pleased. As for himself, he was tired of it.

Nothing of all this did he keep from his mother. The record of his likes and dislikes which formed the subject-matter of his almost daily letters was an absorbing study with her, and she let no variation of the weather-vane of his tastes escape her. She had read to Colonel Clayton one of his earlier ones, in which he had told her of the concerts and of the way Cockburn had served the brew that McFudd had concocted, and had shown him an illustration Oliver had drawn on



the margin of the sheet—an outline of the china mug that held the mixture—to which that Chesterfield of a Clayton had replied :

“What did I tell you, madame—just what I expected of those Yankees—punch from mugs ! Bah !”

She had, too, talked the matter over with Amos Cobb, who, since the confidence reposed in him by the Horn family, had become a frequent visitor at the house.

“There’s no harm come to him yet, madame, or he wouldn’t write you of what he does. Boys will be boys. Let him have his fling,” the Vermonter had replied with a gleam of pleasure in his eye. “If he has the stuff in him that I think he has, he will swim out and get to higher ground ; if he hasn’t, better let him drown early. It will give everybody less trouble.”

The dear lady had lost no sleep over these escapades. She, too, realized that as long as Oliver poured out his heart unreservedly to her there was little to fear. She had sought, in her almost daily letters sent him in return, to lead his thoughts into other channels. She knew how fond he had always been of the society of women, and how necessary they were to his happiness, and she begged him to go out more. “Surely there must be some young girls in so great a city who can help to make your life happier,” she wrote.

In accordance with her suggestions, he had at last put on his best clothes and had accompanied Tomlins and Fred to some very delightful houses away up in Thirty-third Street, and another on Washington Square, and still another near St. George’s Place, where his personality and his sweet, sympathetic voice had gained him friends and most pressing invitations to call again. Some he had accepted, and some he had not—it depended very largely on his mood and upon whom he met. If they reminded him in any way, either in manners or appointments, of his life at home, he went again—if not, he generally stayed away.

Among these was the house of his employer, Mr. Slade, who had treated him with marked kindness, not only inviting him to his own house, but introducing him to many of his friends—an unusual civility Oliver discovered afterward—not many of the clerks being given a seat at Mr. Slade’s table. “I like his brusque,

hearty manner,” Oliver wrote to his mother after the first visit. “His wife is a charming woman, and so are the two daughters, quite independent and fearless, and entirely different from the girls at home, but most interesting and so well bred.”

Another incident, too, had greatly pleased not only Oliver and his mother, but Richard as well. A consignment of goods belonging to Morton, Slade & Co. was stored in a warehouse in Charleston, and it was necessary to send one of the clerks South to reship or sell them, the ordinary business methods being unsafe, owing to the rumblings of a political storm that promised to be infinitely more serious than the financial stringency. The choice had fallen on Oliver, he being a Southerner, and knowing the ways of the people. He had advised with his mother and stood ready to leave at an hour’s notice, when Mr. Slade’s heart failed him.

“It’s too dangerous, my lad,” he said to Oliver. “I could trust you, I know, and I believe you would return safely and bring the goods or the money with you, but I should never forgive myself if anything should happen to you. I will send an older man.” And he did.

Richard, as soon as he heard of it, had written the firm a letter of thanks, couched in terms so quaint and courtly, and so full of generous appreciation of their interest in Oliver, that Mr. Slade, equally appreciative, had worn it into ribbons in showing it to his friends as a model of style and chirography. It was at this time that Oliver had received Cockburn’s letter telling him of his own experiences, and he, therefore, knew something of the risks a man would run in crossing the Potomac, and could appreciate Mr. Slade’s action all the more.

Remembering his mother’s wishes, and in appreciation of his employer’s courtesy, he had kept up this intimacy with the Slade family until an unfortunate catastrophe had occurred, which, while it did not affect his welcome at their house, ruined his pleasure while there.

Mr. Slade had invited Oliver to dinner one rainy night, and, being too poor to pay for a cab, Oliver, in attempting to cross Broadway, had stepped into a mud puddle a foot deep. He must either walk back and change his shoes and be



late for dinner—an unpardonable offence—or he must keep on and run his chances of cleaning them in the dressing-room. There was no dressing-room, as it turned out, and the fat English butler had to bring a wet cloth out into the hall (oh! how he wished for Malachi!) and get down on his stiff knees and wipe away vigorously before Oliver could present himself before his hostess, the dinner in the meantime getting cold and the guests being kept waiting. Oliver could never look at those shoes after that without shivering.

This incident had kept him at home for a time and had made him chary of exposing himself to similar mortifications. His stock of clothes at best was limited—especially his shoes—and as the weather continued bad and the streets impassable, he preferred waiting for clearer skies and safer walking. So he spent his nights in his room, crooning over the coke fire with Fred, or all alone if Fred was at the Academy, drawing from the cast.

On these nights he would begin to long for Kennedy Square. He had said nothing yet about returning, even for a day's visit. He knew how his mother felt about it, and he knew how hard had been her struggle to keep the interest paid up on the mortgage and to meet the daily necessities of the house. The motor was still incomplete, she wrote him, and success was as far off as ever. The mortgage had again been extended and the note renewed—this time for a long term, owing to some unaccountable change in Amos Cobb's attitude. She, therefore, felt no uneasiness on that score, although there were still no pennies which could be spared for Oliver's travelling expenses, even if he could get leave of absence from his employers.

At these times, as he sat alone in his garret-room, Malachi's chuckle, without cause or reminder, would suddenly ring in his ears, or some low strain from his father's violin or a soft note from Nathan's flute would float through his brain. "Dear Uncle Nat," he would break out, speaking aloud and springing from his chair—"I wish I could hear you to-night."

His only relief while in these moods was

to again seize his pen and pour out his heart to his mother or to his father, or to Miss Clendenning or old Mr. Crocker. Occasionally he would write to Sue—not often—for that volatile young lady had so far forgotten Oliver as to leave his letters unanswered for weeks at a time. She was singing "Dixie," she told him in her last letter, now a month old, and "Maryland, My Maryland," and wondering whether Oliver was getting to be a Yankee, and whether he would be coming home with a high collar and his hair cut short and parted in the middle.

His father's letters in return did not lessen his gloom. If he understood them aright, everybody seemed to have gone crazy. "These agitators will destroy the country, my son, if they keep on," Richard had written in his last letter. "It is a sin against civilization to hold your fellow-men in bondage, and that is why years ago I gave Malachi and Hannah and the others their freedom, but Virginia has unquestionably the right to govern her internal affairs without consulting Massachusetts, and that is what many of these Northern leaders do not or will not understand. I am greatly disturbed over the situation, and I sincerely hope your own career will not be affected by these troubles. As to my own affairs, I work early and late, and am out of debt." Poor fellow! He thought he was.

Oliver was sitting thus one night, his head in his hands, elbows on his knees, gazing into the smouldering coals of his grate, his favorite attitude when his mind was troubled, when Fred threw wide the door and bounded in, bringing with him the fresh, cool air of the night. He had been at work in the School of the Academy, and had a drawing in chalk under his arm a head of the young Augustus.

"What's the matter, Ollie, got the blues?"

"No, Freddie, only thinking."

"What's her name? I'll go and see her and make it up. Out with it—do I know her?"

Oliver smiled faintly, examined the drawing for a moment, and handing it back to Fred, said, sadly, "It's not a girl, Freddie, but I don't seem to get anywhere."

Fred threw the drawing on the bed and

squeezed himself into the chair beside his chum, his arm around his neck.

"Where do you want to get, old man? What's the matter—any trouble at the store?"

"No—none that I know of. But the life is so monotonous, Fred. You do what you love to do. I mark boxes all day till lunch-time, then I roll 'em out on the sidewalk and make out dray tickets till I come home. I've been doing that all winter; I expect to be doing it for years. That don't get me anywhere, does it? I hate the life more and more every day."

Was our hero's old love of change again asserting itself, or was it only the pinching of that Chinese shoe which his mother in her anxiety had slipped on his unresisting foot, and which he was still wearing to please her? Or was it the upward pressure of some inherent talent—some gift of his ancestors that would not down at his own, or his mother's, or anybody else's bidding.

"Somebody's got to do it, Ollie, and you are the last man hired," said Fred, quietly. "What would you like to do?"

Oliver shifted himself in the crowded chair until he could look into his roommate's eyes.

"Fred, old man," he answered, his voice choking. "I haven't said a word to you about it all this time I've been here, for I don't like to talk about a thing that hurts me, and so I've kept it to myself. Now I'll tell you the truth just as it is. I don't want Mr. Slade's work nor anybody else's work. I don't like business and never will. I want to paint, and I'll never be happy until I do. That's it, fair and square."

"Well, quit Slade, then, and come with me."

"I would if it wasn't for mother. I promised her I would see this through, and I will."

Fred caught his breath. It astonished him, independent young Northerner as he was, to hear a full-grown man confess that his mother's apron-strings still held him up, but he made no comment.

"Why not try both?" he cried. "There's a place in the school alongside of me—we'll work together. It won't interfere with what you do down-town. You'll get a good start, and when you have a day off in the summer you can do some out-door work. Waller has told me a dozen times that you draw better than he did when he commenced. Come along with me."

This conversation, with the other incidents of the day, or rather that part of it which had reference to the Academy, was duly set forth in his next letter to his mother—not as an argument to gain her consent to his studying with Fred, for he knew it was the last thing she would agree to—but because it was his habit to tell her everything. It would show her, too, how good a fellow Fred was and what an interest he took in his welfare. Her answer, three days later, sent him bounding up-stairs and into their room like a whirlwind.

"Read, Fred, read!" he cried. "I can go. Mother says she thinks it would be the best thing in the world for me. Here, clap your eyes on that—" and Oliver held the letter out to Fred, his finger pointing to this passage: "I wish you would join Fred at the Academy. Now that you have a regular business that occupies your mind, and are earning your living, I have no objection to your studying drawing or learning any other accomplishment. You work hard all day, and this will rest you."

The cramped foot was beginning to spread. The Chinese shoe had lost its top button.

(To be continued.)





HENRY  
M. CARTER

On the City's Edge



# "FOR SALE—FACTORY SITES"

(ON THE CITY'S EDGE)

By Harvey Maitland Watts



WAS here the anemone heard the call of Spring,  
The brook ran limpid and the fields, a-flower  
With gold and purple at the year's last hour,  
Were strewn as if for fairy welcoming.  
But now the reaches with harsh noises ring  
Of wheels a-whirr, where whispering aspens grew  
And where the aspiring green once cut the blue  
Of sky, tall chimneys belch with flame and fling  
A banner to the wind. The brook's strange bed  
Shudders from searing touch of slag-lined lea;  
For lo, the woods and wilds are gone fore'er—  
Yet hold regret! Youth's Dryad dream is dead,  
But all these throbbing, stithy notes declare  
Dominion! earth and its deeps in human fee!

## IN OKLAHOMA

AN IDYL OF THE PRAIRIE IN THREE FLIGHTS

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

### I

#### THE FIRST FLIGHT

MOST written stories end with a wedding, actual or prospective; but this story, like most stories in real life, begins with one. The little old stone church in Manhattan, Kan., was crowded to the doors one June afternoon. The gray-haired President, the young men and women of the faculty, and a small sprinkling of the townspeople were there; but the great mass of the congregation was made up of the students of the State Agricultural College, which was situated on a gentle hill just outside the town. It was Graduation Day, and the day on which Sue Belle Seville and Samuel Maxwell had elected to get married.

Samuel was a Kansas boy, Sue Belle a Kentucky girl. They were both orphans and both graduates from the college that day in the same class; Samuel from the agricultural and mechanical department, Sue Belle from the housekeeping, culinary, domestic sciences, and other of the many departments feminine. Maxwell was a manly, energetic, capable young fellow, a good student, and a young man who, given an equal chance, should make a fine farmer. On that day he was the envy of all the young men of marriageable age in the college.

His bride to be, while she seemed made for better things than the ineffably monotonous drudgery of an ordinary farmer's wife, was nevertheless skilled enough, capable enough, resolute enough, to master her lot and be happy in it whatever it



*Dream by Howard Chandler Christy.*

With a sort of a roar the runners sprang forward.—Page 189.

might be. She was a handsome girl, tall, straight, strong, black-haired, blue-eyed, with the healthiest whiteness in her face that one could imagine.

The brief wedding ceremony was soon over. Old Dr. Fairman, the President, gave the bride away in his usual courtly and distinguished manner, and as the village organist played the wedding march on the sweet-toned old organ, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Maxwell passed out of the church, followed by all the congregation. At the end of the long cinder footpath extending from the church-door under a double row of trees to the street stood a brand new Studebaker wagon filled with household goods. Two stout, well-conditioned horses were harnessed to it, while two others, a good mare and a handsome young horse, a three-year-old colt, were fastened to the tail-board by long hitching-straps. The wagon had been transformed by a canvas canopy over the bed into what was popularly known as a "prairie schooner." The new canvas was white as snow in the sunlight.

Maxwell handed his wife to the seat on the front, pitched quarters to the negro boys who had been holding the horses' heads, gathered up the reins, and amid a storm of cheers and a shower of rice—especially appropriate to an agricultural college, by the way—and other manifestations of joy and delight, drove away on the wedding journey. The watchers followed with their eyes the wagon lumbering slowly down the main street until it crossed the bridge over the Kansas River and disappeared among the hills to the southward.

After settling the expenses of their college course and paying for their outfit, the two young people found themselves in possession of some two thousand dollars between them; more than enough they fancied, backed as it was—or should I say, led?—by two stout hearts and by four strong young arms, to wrest a livelihood—nay, a fortune, perhaps—from the prairies of the West.

An old, old story, this. A pair of home-builders going out into a new land to conquer or die; to establish another outpost of civilization on the distant frontier, or to fail. A man and a woman who had taken their all in their hands to consecrate it

by their toil to the service of humanity, and to stake their happiness on the success of their endeavor. True builders of the nation, they! Pickets they were, going ahead of the advance guard of the army of Civilization's marchers, which, untold ages ago, started in some secluded nook in the far Orient, and, impelled by an irresistible desire for conquest, in successive waves of emigration, has at last compassed the globe, rolled around the world. Leaders these two of that mighty deluge of men and women for whom the sun of hope is ever rising—but rising in the West.

Never was such a wedding journey. It was spring-time in the most bountiful and fertile year that had come to the great State for a generation. The way of the lovers, as they plodded ever southward and westward, led them now past vast fields of yellow wheat standing ripe and ready for the thresher, and sometimes the huge machine was at work as they came by. Sometimes they drove for miles through towering walls of broad-bladed cool green corn; sometimes the trail led them over the untilled, treeless prairies covered with tall nodding sunflowers in all their gorgeous golden bloom—blossoms which gave the State a name—and not infrequently their way would take them alongside a limpid river, in that happy season bank full from the frequent rains, where the winding road would be overhung by great trees.

They stopped at night at the different little towns through which their way passed, or sometimes they enjoyed the hearty welcome of a lone farm-house. Sometimes they hired a negro boy to drive the wagon from one stopping-place to another, while they mounted the two led horses and galloped over the prairie. Samuel rode well, but to see Sue Belle on that spirited young steed of hers was to see the perfection of dashing horsemanship. An instinctive judge of horse-flesh, she had bought that three-year-old herself. He was a chestnut sorrel with a white blaze on his face, and white forefeet, and as handsome and spirited as his mistress. In honor of her native State, she called him Kentucky.

As they slowly progressed farther and farther southwestward, the land became





*Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.*

more open, the farm-houses were farther and farther apart, cultivated fields less frequent, the towns were fewer in number and diminishing in size, the rivers grew smaller and smaller, and trees almost vanished from the landscape. Finally, away out in Cimarron County, where the railroad stopped and civilization ended, they reached their journey's end. Such a wedding-trip they had enjoyed, such a honeymoon they had spent!

They bought a bit of flower-decked prairie, a quarter section crossed in one corner by a little creek flowing southward until it joined a larger stream flowing into the Arkansas River. The chosen land mostly lay on the south side of a slight elevation from which they could survey the grass-mantled plains melting into the unbroken horizon miles and miles away. The country about was entirely uncultivated and had been mainly given over to cattle-raising; it was a dozen miles to the nearest house, and fifteen to the town of Apache, the county-seat.

How still was that vast expanse of gently undulating land of which they were the centre! An ocean caught in a quiet moment and every smoothly rolling wave petrified, motionless. How vast was the firmament above them! To lie in the grass at night and stare up into its blue unclouded distance filled with stars—shone they ever so gloriously anywhere else on the globe?—was to reduce one's self to a vanishing point in the infinite universe of God. Lonely? Yes, to ordinary people perhaps, but not to these two home-builders. They were young, they were together, they were lovers—and they had to do prosaic, God-given, labor.

So they pitched their stakes upon the verdant hill, and, toiling early and late, built there for themselves and those to come a home. With iron share they tore the virgin sod; with generous hands they sowed the seed; with all the hope of youth and love bourgeoning and blossoming in their breasts, they began the earth-old process of wresting a living from the tillage of the soil. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." So ran the primal truth. Ah, yes, but this time counted not a curse but a privilege, and enjoyed not without but within an Eden!

## II

## THE SECOND FLIGHT

SPRING-TIME again upon the farm, and they are bidding it good-by. Five years have dragged away, years filled with little but misfortune—years of freezing winters, burning summers, drought or storm. Five lean years of failure, unprecedented but true. A long deadly paralyzing struggle with that terrible minatory face of nature which, thank God, is usually turned away from humanity, else we could not bear the sight. The sun had beaten upon the farm and burnt it up, the parasite had swarmed over the field and eaten it down, the winter cold had frozen the life out of it, the fierce storm had swept over it and torn it away—winter and summer had been alike against them.

Last fall the deadly mortgage had grown from the little hand-breadth cloud until it had covered the land, blanketed it, blighted it, filled earth and sky to them. It was over. They had toiled for naught, and no profit had they taken of all their labor under the sun. They were beaten at last.

Once more the old Studebaker wagon. Within it a haggard, dogged, disappointed man—yet indomitable; a woman still young, robbed forever of the brightness of youth, yet striving to nourish a spark of the old hope—a mother, too. Two little children cling to her, healthy, lusty, strong, happy; they had neither known nor suffered. There was the same old team between the "tugs," sobered, quieted, saddened like their masters, perhaps—and Kentucky! Kentucky was leaner than he should be, not so well nourished as they would like to have him, but his spirit was unabated. He, at least, had not been beaten down.

So they set forth again. "Once more into the breach," brave pair. Life insistently craves bread. Men must work; ay, and women too, though they may weep as well. There were the little children, oh, father and mother! treasure of health and teaching must be laid up for them. The old cause must be tried out yet again. Farewell to defeat, farewell to failure, farewell to the old. Let us stir up hope again, look forward into the future, deserve



*Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.*

Have you been making a woman cry?—Page 242.



a triumph. All had been lost but love, that had not failed, and while God is, it cannot. It is a mighty talisman with which to attempt the morrow. So armed, they started out again.

With \$100 in his pocket, a small lot of household necessities, a stove, some blankets, etc., and Kentucky, Samuel and Sue Belle and the two children started out in the wagon again to have another wrestle with fortune. They determined to go to the Kansas-Indian Territory border and try to secure free land in the Oklahoma territory which was to be opened for settlement that summer.

They hated the prairie where they had lived now. It was associated with their ruin, eloquent of their failure. That season bade fair to be as bountiful a time as had been the year of their arrival, but they could not stay. They had pulled up the stakes, and nothing was left for them but to go on. Indeed, they were wishful to do so, and had they known that, as it happened, the five years of starvation, drought, and failure were to be succeeded by twice as many years of abounding plenty, they would not have stayed. They loathed the spot. They could not have remained anyway. Another man held the farm and succeeded where they had failed, reaping where they had sown.

It was late summer when they reached Arkansas City, from which they had elected to make the run into the hitherto forbidden land. The place was filled with all sorts and conditions of men and women attracted by the possibility of getting a quarter section or a town lot practically free in the Cherokee strip; there were half a million of them on the border line! And there, too, were congregated the human vultures that live to prey upon the crowd.

The distribution of the lots and sections was to be made on the principle of first come first served. All seekers for locations were to line up on the edge of the strip on a given date at a certain hour, and when a signal was given they were to rush into the Nation, drive a stake in a quarter section, or in a town lot at the places where the towns had been previously surveyed and lots plotted and staked out by the Government, throughout the vast body of land in the Indian Territory thrown open for settlement. Then they were to

hold their places, living in tents and shanties until they could erect houses and prove up their claims.

Samuel intended to ride Kentucky into the strip and take his chance at a town lot. He had had enough of farms. Not many miles below Arkansas City, on the railroad running through the "strip"—as the land was called—the future town of Guthrie had been laid out by the surveyors. It was a paper town as yet, but the day after the run would see it suddenly become a city, and good lots would probably be of value. If he could get a good one it might be worth several thousand dollars, and he could start again. It was a desperate chance, but he had to take it; there was nothing else.

Ill-fortune was not yet done with them, however, for in climbing down the bank of the river to get water for his team the unfortunate man fell and broke his arm. He scrambled up to the wagon, sank down on the dry grass beside it, and gave way. Sue Belle stood by with white face as the local doctor bound up his arm, but she did not cry. She felt that she had other things to do, that she must play the man, and that she could not indulge in the womanly luxury of weeping.

"I'm not crying, Doctor, because it hurts," said Samuel, brushing away his tears with his uninjured arm: "but because this seems to be just the last straw in our bad luck. We were married just five years ago, and we bought a farm in Cimarron. I'm a good farmer, I was born on a farm and raised on it, and I was trained in the Agricultural College in Kansas. I know the thing theoretically and practically, too, but everything failed us. We've lost everything, and we came here in the hope of getting something out of the strip. God's forgot us, I guess."

The Doctor had seen many cases like that in the Southwest, and though his heart was profoundly touched he could do nothing.

That night Samuel lay awake in the wagon almost forgetting the pain in his arm in wondering what would become of them. He had lugged out his old leather purse and counted the money that was left—\$10! That was all that stood between them and starvation! The strip

was to be opened to-morrow, the run would take place then. What, in God's name, could he do ?

"Sam," said Sue Belle, lying awake by his side, "don't give way so."

"Give way, dear!" he groaned; "how can I help it? Ten dollars between you and the children and starvation! This town here can't help anyone. These people around us can't. Look at them! They're as poor as we are. Five years of crop failure has hit them as hard as it has hit us. The run takes place to-morrow, and I can't ride. I did hope that I could get a town lot in Guthrie. I don't believe that anything here can outrun Kentucky, but now—oh, my God, my God!"

"Sam, dear, I'll ride Kentucky."

She spoke resolutely, having thought quickly, and her mind was made up.

"We've got no side-saddle," answered the man; "you know we sold it."

"I can ride astride," said the woman, having covered this point also in her mind. "I used to ride that way when I was a girl. I've done it hundreds of times, and I can make better time that way now."

"But, dear, you're a woman, and——"

"I can wear your clothes, dear. I'm almost as tall as you are. They'll be rather large, but——"

"Oh, Sue Belle, I can't allow you to go in there alone, in all that crowd, with——"

"I've got to do it, Sam! It's our last chance. It's for the children, not ourselves. We could die. We've done our best. It's not our fault. But think of them!"

She rose from her bed and crept over to the back of the wagon where the little boy and girl lay sprawling side by side in the dreamless sleep of childhood. She pushed from the baby brows the curly hair matted with perspiration, and stooped and kissed them. She felt so strong, so brave, so resolute, as if the burden which she had hitherto shared with Samuel, or from which he had tried to spare her, had suddenly fallen upon her own shoulders, and in some strange way that she had been given strength to bear it.

Long time that night husband and wife talked over the situation. In the face of her determination the man could not do otherwise than give consent. In the

morning, making him as comfortable as she could, she plodded up through the dust to the city and bought from the wondering shopkeeper a pair of high boots that fitted her, since it would be impossible for her to use her husband's huge ones. At Sam's insistent demand, she also hired for five dollars a poor stranded negro, who looked honest and faithful, to drive the wagon after her into the strip. That exhausted their ready money.

It was half after eleven o'clock when she returned to the wagon. The Doctor had been there and had done what he could for her fevered husband, but his arm still pained him fearfully. He was up, however—he had to be—and seated on the dusty grass in the shadow of the canvas top. The children were playing about him. Bidding the negro boy hitch up the team, Sue Belle slipped under the wagon cover and dropped the curtain. When she came out her tall form was encased in her husband's only remaining suit of clothes. She wore a soft felt hat with her hair tightly twisted under it. A loose shirt, trousers, and the new boots completed her costume. Woman-like, she had tied a blue silk handkerchief, last treasure trove from her trousseau, around her neck. There was a painful flush upon her thin face and her eyes were filled with tears.

Samuel groaned and shook his head, the negro boy gazed with his mouth wide open, his eyes rolling, and little Sue Belle shrank away from her mother garbed in this strange manner. Kentucky, who had been given the last measure of oats they possessed, did not recognize her until she spoke, and then he stared at her in a wondering way as she saddled and bridled him. A hatchet and a tent-peg tied securely to the saddle completed her preparations. By her husband's insistence she strapped a spur on her boot, although, as she said, she had never put a spur to Kentucky in her life.

"You may have to do it now, dear," said Maxwell, and to please him she complied.

Nobody paid any attention whatever to her, although the boundary was lined, as far as the eye could see and for miles beyond, with crowds of people intending to make the run. On the very edge of



the strip the runners had assembled on horseback or muleback, on bicycles, in buggies, sulxies, or in road-wagons, and there were many dressed in jerseys and running shoes who intended to make the run on foot. Back of them in long lines were grouped wagons of all descriptions, mostly filled with women and children. All sorts and conditions of men were represented in the huge and motley throng.

It was a blazing hot day. The shifting horde raised clouds of dust above the line, from which the bare treeless prairie stretched away southward for miles. There was not a soul on it except United States cavalymen, who were spread out in a long line, each man being placed at a regular interval from his neighbor. To the front of the troopers, the captain in command sat his horse, holding his watch in his left hand to determine the correct time, while in his right he carried a cocked revolver.

Twelve o'clock was the appointed hour. The soldiers on either side held their loaded carbines poised carefully and looked toward the captain, or, if too far away to see him, toward the next in line who could. The signal for the start was to be given simultaneously over the whole extended strip, stretching for many miles along the Kansas border, by means of these troopers. No one was to move until the signal was given. The soldiers had scoured the country for days to evict the "sooners"—those who had gone in before the appointed time and attempted to conceal themselves that they might secure the best lots.

Sue Belle turned and kissed the babies. Then she bent toward Samuel, but he rose painfully to his feet and stood flushed and feverish while he pressed her to his side with his sound arm.

"May God protect you, dear," he said, trembling with pain and agitation.

"He will! He will!" exclaimed the woman fervently, strong in her endeavor. "Now be sure and have the wagon follow right after me. And you know the Doctor said he'd get you taken in some place in town as soon as the run began; there'll be lots of room there then. I'm going to ride straight down to Guthrie and try for a town lot. They'll find me there. They

ought to be there by evening, and I'll manage somehow till then."

"But how'll you live till I get there?"

"I can cook, or wash; there'll be lots to do there, and I'll write to you at once. Don't worry about me, dear. I'm half crazy to think of leaving you ill and alone——"

"I wish you had a revolver, Sue Belle," groaned Samuel.

"I wish I had, too," said the woman, "but never mind, we are in God's hands."

"Oh, Sue Belle, I can't let you go!"

"You must! I must go now! See! They're getting ready!"

She tore herself away from him and spoke to the colored boy.

"Joe," she said, "for God's sake don't fail us! I leave you my two little children; if you guard them safely and bring them to me faithfully, whatever good fortune comes to us you shall share."

"'Deed I will, suh, ma'am, miss—yes, suh," stammered the colored boy. "I'll tek good caah on 'em, misto—lady," he added in his confusion.

### III

#### THE THIRD FLIGHT

WITHOUT another word the woman sprang on the horse and forced herself as near the line as she could. She had lost an opportunity of getting in the very front rank, but she knew her horse and did not care for that. It wanted perhaps a minute to twelve o'clock and a silence settled down over the rude assemblage, although the excitement was at fever heat. Pushing and jostling would gain no advantage now. The gray old captain of cavalry sat his horse, intently gazing at his watch. The seconds dragged and the multitude waited breathlessly. Suddenly he closed it with a snap, lifted his pistol in the air, and before the smoke of the discharge blew away a quick volley rang along the line.

With a sort of a roar that echoed up into the heavens for miles the runners sprang forward. There was one mighty simultaneous surge of men and animals, and then the line began to break. In the cloud of dust that arose instantly, Maxwell, forgetful of his broken arm, strove



vainly to follow with his gaze Sue Belle's flying figure. The next moment he noticed that the ground directly in front of him was deserted. An idea flashed into his mind. Regardless of his pain, he sprang to his feet, and with his uninjured arm tore a loose bed-slat from the wagon, and, stepping across the line, thrust it into the finest quarter section of the strip! Nobody had thought of doing this. The land adjoined the town of Arkansas City, and could probably be sold without delay for a good sum of money. It was his. They were saved!

Oh, why hadn't he thought of it before and prevented his wife from making the run! But it was too late, she was gone. Calling the negro, he had him take from the wagon a few of the boards which had been brought along for the purpose, and nail them roughly together in a tent shape to make him a shelter. Laying a blanket and a quilt on the ground and setting a bucket of water therein, he crawled under it, knowing that someone sent by the Doctor would certainly come to him during the day, and determined to hold his claim if he died for it. Then he bade Joe load the children in the wagon, take them into the strip, tell his wife of his good fortune, and bid her come back to him if she could.

What of the woman riding on with a breaking heart, yet with a grim determination somehow to achieve fortune for her sick husband and her children? She kept Kentucky well in hand, and yet easily passed by buggies, sulkies, runners, men on bicycles, and began to overtake the horsemen galloping southward over the prairie. At first the dust almost choked her. The man's saddle annoyed her, too, but as she got into clear air, and began to get accustomed to the strangeness of her position, she regained her self-control. She shook the reins lightly over the horse and he lengthened his stride and quickened his speed, making swift progress for a long time.

Finally there was no one in front of her. To the right and left, as far as she could see, horsemen were galloping on; back of her they trailed in an ever thinning mass. The most of them she was leaving rapidly. Kentucky was of racing stock. He was three-quarter bred and

game to the core. The sight of the other horses running by his side inspired him. He had been ridden in a wild dash across the prairie many a time, but never before in competition with other horses. He took to the race instinctively, and galloped on as if he had been trained to it from the beginning.

She had hard work to hold him, yet she knew she had a long ride before her, and if she did not keep him well in hand he would be blown before he went half the distance, so she held him down to it; riding warily, watching carefully for prairie-dog holes, for if the horse should thrust his leg into one he would break it, and that would be the end of him and her ride as well.

So she galloped on and on, still in the front line, and with every surging leap leaving some beaten runner behind. Now she drew ahead, now she led the whole vast throng, and now the horse was out of hand. He was running magnificently, but he had gotten away from her, not viciously, but in pure joy at being free in this mad race over the prairie. Presently she looked back. The nearest rider seemed to be half a mile away. It was not necessary for her to get so far ahead, and she tried again and again to check the horse, but without success.

Kentucky was running his own race now. How he swept through the air! It was magnificent! The exhilaration of the motion got into her blood. It was long since she had such a ride. She, too, came of racing stock, and the habit of her sires reasserted itself in her being. For a moment she forgot Samuel, forgot the children. She forgot everything but that wide-open prairie, the wind blowing across her face, the rapid rise and fall of the horse as he ran madly on. Youth came back to her and the joy of life, failure lay behind, success before. Her heart beat faster in her breast. Kentucky gallantly carried her forward. How long had she been riding? She could not tell. They were not at Guthrie yet, she was certain, so she raced away. After a long time she looked back and was astonished to see two riders nearer to her than any had been when she had looked before, all the rest were miles behind.

The men were mounted upon broncos

—the horse *par excellence* of the West—wild vagrant descendants of old Spanish breeds; animals without blood, without birth, without beauty, without style, without training, mean and vicious in disposition; utterly useless for a short dash, or in an ordinary race unable to approach a thoroughbred, but with a brutal indomitable spirit, a capacity for unlimited endurance and tireless ability to run long distances and live on nothing, and do it day after day, which made them formidable and dangerous competitors for all other horses of whatsoever quality. They were loping along after her with an ugly, yet very rapid gait, which they could keep up all day if necessary.

Sue Belle thought Kentucky's stride was not quite so sweeping as it had been, he seemed to be a little tired; still he was doing his best manfully. Although he yet held the lead, he was not built for this kind of a run. She realized it, but there was nothing she could do to husband his strength, nothing left her but to gallop on. And there was lots of go left in him yet. He was by no means done.

The prairie rolled away back of them as it was compassed by the flying feet, and still the mighty race went on. The first bronco was nearer now. He was not a quarter of a mile away, but the second was a longer distance behind the first and falling back. The rest were nowhere. Of all the throng only these three were in sight. Kentucky was very tired. Surely they must be near Guthrie now! She shook out the reins and called to him. That other horse was coming up fast! He was nearer! He was so near that at last Kentucky realized that he was being pursued. They were almost there! In front of them on the horizon she saw the land-office, the station, and the hundreds of white stakes marking the lots of the town.

The other horse was almost beside her now. Well, suppose he did win the race? There were hundreds of lots there and the second choice would probably be as good as the first. Should she let him pass! No! That was not the Kentucky way. Should the horse do it? No, again! She leaned forward over the saddle and spoke to him, she drove the spur

into him at last. The surprised horse bounded into the air with a sudden access of vigor, and he fairly leaped away from the bronco. It was his final effort; when this spurt was ended he would be done for. Would it be enough?

In her excitement she turned and shouted back to the man, she knew not what, waving her hand in disdain. Presently she turned into what appeared to be the main street. Instinctively as they ran along she chose what seemed to be the best lot in the prospective city, and then reined in her panting, exhausted horse; she sprang to the ground, tore the peg and hatchet from the saddle bow and drove the stake in the lot. Not a moment too soon, with not a second to spare, she had won the race! The wild bronco came thundering upon her heels. The man jerked his horse to his haunches by the side of the triumphant thoroughbred, dropped a rein to the ground to keep him, sprang from the saddle, and stepped toward her.

"I want that there lot!" he said, roughly. "It's the best lot in the place. You kin take somethin' else."

Sue Belle rose to her feet. Her hat had fallen off in the wild ride and her black hair floated over her shoulders. Excitement had put a light in her eyes, color in her cheeks. She looked handsome, almost young again—altogether beautiful. The man was right. She could see that she had succeeded in getting the best lot in the city. As she stood up the man stared at her wonderingly. He was a cow-boy—fringed trousers, bearskin chaparejos, loose shirt, broad hat, huge Mexican spurs, and all.

"Good God!" he shouted, "it's a woman!"

"Yes, I am a woman," answered Sue Belle, desperately.

"Well, I'm d—d!" he burst out.

"You've ordered me away from the lot, but—" she went on, heedless of his interruption.

"Well, gimme a kiss, sis, an' you kin stay on it," said the man with a hideous leer.

Sue Belle looked around desperately. She was practically alone on the prairie save for this man and the other one, now about half a mile distant. The station



and land-office were too far away for her to summon assistance from them. She was absolutely helpless, entirely in this man's power.

"Will you let me alone if I do?" she asked at last.

"Oh, come now, you're too pretty to be left alone, my dear," said the man, coming closer.

Resisting the impulse to shriek, she faced him hatchet in hand. With swift feminine instinct she comprehended him in a glance. He was just an ordinary kind of a cow-boy, bad when his bad side was uppermost, but capable of all sorts of nobility and self-sacrifice if his good side could be reached. She thought swiftly then—she had to. She made up her mind to appeal to him.

"Wait," she said, "don't come nearer until I speak to you. You're right, I am a woman. I have a husband and two children. We had a little fortune which we put into a farm in Cimarron County five years ago. Through a succession of misfortunes we've lost every dollar. We have nothing except a team and this horse. We came down here to try to get something for our children. Yesterday my husband fell and broke his arm. He was going to ride in here. He could not do it. I had to make the run in place of him. I left him alone back there on the edge of the strip with his broken arm. With the last ten dollars we had on earth I bought these boots and employed a negro boy whom I never saw before to bring my little children after me. I want this lot. I won it fairly. It's the best lot in the town. But you are a man, you are stronger than I. You may—" she flushed painfully, "kiss me if you must—if you will give me your word of honor that after that you will leave me this lot. You understand that I—I—only submit to it—for the sake of the children, and for my poor husband."

Her eyes were full of tears now, as she clasped her hands, looked at him appealingly, and waited with burning face, trembling lips and heaving bosom.

"Ma'am," said the cow-boy, his face flushing also as he took off his sombrero, "I don't want no kiss. Leastways, I don't take no kiss under them circumstances. You kin have that there lot. I

jist rode in yere fer the fun of the thing. I don't want no lot nohow. What'd I do with it? Sell it fer booze. You beat me on the square, though if it had been five miles farther I'd a beat you. Them Kentucky hosses—I 'low he's a Kentucky hoss?—ain't no good fer long-distance runnin' side this flea-bitten bronc. I don't want no lot noways. You stay right there on that there lot, and fer fear less'n somebody might come along an' try to make you give it up, I'll stay with you with my gun handy."

"Thank you and God bless you," said Sue Belle, gratefully, looking at him with swimming eyes. Then she put her head down on Kentucky's saddle, where the horse stood cropping the short grass, threw her arm around his neck and sobbed as if her heart would break. The cow-boy surveyed her in astonishment and terror, but, before he could say anything, the second man came racing up.

"Well, you two young fellows have the best lots in the place, I suppose. I'll have to take what's left," said the second man, cheerfully. "Great Jupiter, what's that fellow crying about!"

"'Taint a feller," said the cow-boy, "it's a feemale, a woman."

"A woman!" exclaimed the other. "Say, you cow-boy," with an ugly look on his face, "have you been making a woman cry?"

"I reckon I hev," answered the cow-boy, nonchalantly.

"You infernal—" exclaimed the man, stepping toward him.

"Oh!" cried Sue Belle, raising her head, "he didn't. I'm crying for joy."

As he caught sight of her the man bowed instantly toward her with the grace of a gentleman who recognized under any accident of clothes a lady.

"My husband is ill," said Sue Belle, swiftly divining another friend, one of another class, too; "he broke his arm yesterday and I had to take our horse and ride here for him and the two little children, and this gentleman——"

"Lord!" said the cow-boy, "I ain't no gent. I'm a cow-puncher."

"This gentleman came after me and promised to protect me from—from everybody. And that is why I cried."

"Sir," said the second man, extending



his hand, "I beg your pardon for my suspicions. You are a gentleman."

"Nobody never called me one before," growled the cow-boy, much embarrassed, shaking the proffered hand awkwardly but heartily. "I don't care for no lot myself, an' I'm goin' to hold this lot next to hern for the little kids."

"Well, that's just about what I came for, too. I'm a student, a junior at Columbia College, New York, madam," he said, turning to Sue Belle, "out here for the summer to look after some of my father's Kansas property. I thought I'd run down here just for the fun of it. You said you had two children, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Allow me. I will hold the lot on the other side of you for the other one. So you see, with this gentleman and myself, you will be surrounded and protected by the East and the West."

Before the afternoon was half gone all the lots in Guthrie had been appropriated, lumber had been brought in, portable houses and tents erected, saloons opened, a daily paper started, and the young Bishop of Oklahoma was on the ground organizing a church; the place was actually assuming the appearance of a city

even in so short a time. The story of Sue Belle's ride had been told everywhere by her gallant flankers, and by common consent the focus of activity for the city of Guthrie was centred about these three lots. The happy, grateful woman could have sold them a hundred times at an increasing price had she chosen to do so.

Late in the afternoon Joe came up with the wagon and the children. He had been faithful to his trust. Sue Belle was very much frightened when she learned that her husband had secured a claim. She knew he would endeavor to hold it, and she feared extremely for him lying ill and alone on the prairie. Leaving the children in the care of some of the women who had followed their husbands on the trail, with the promise of the whole town that her three lots would be held inviolate for her, accompanied by her two faithful self-constituted guardians, she mounted the refreshed Kentucky again and rode back to her husband, lying alone, half delirious, in his shed on the prairie, clinging desperately to his quarter section.

Thus the tide changed at last, and now came flooding in with fortune.

## THE NERVE OF THE UPJOHNS

By Francis Lynde

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD



HERE were two of them on the Wind River Division, father and son, and they hailed from that portion of the effete East where people respect the majesty of the law, and where the States are so small that it takes three of them to make the mileage for a day's run.

Amos, the father, was a square-bitted man, built as they say ships are built in Maine—by the mile, and sawed off in lengths to suit customers. Larrick, the round-house foreman, used to say that he was a sheep in wolf's clothing. That was

because, in spite of the fact that he was the mildest man on the division, he had a face that a painter would pick out of a thousand as a model for a buccaneer of the Spanish Main.

Marcus, the son, was an improvement on his father in the matter of looks, though, like Amos, he was a black man, with fierce eyes and penthouse brows, and an abnormal growth of hair on his face for a boy, which same he wore in a pair of brigandish mustachios and a heavy imperial to match.

Mark was his father's fireman, and when the pair of them mounted the foot-

board of the 113, as malignant a piece of machinery as ever yanked out a draw-bar or ran down an unsuspecting bunch of cattle, you would say that the combination needed nothing save the piratical Jolly Roger to fly at the engine's signal-sticks.

Nevertheless, with all this outward seeming of ferocity, two more peaceable men than the Upjohns never drew pay on the Wind River Division. In his off-time, Amos, the master-pirate, found his moderate pleasure in tinkering quietly upon the malignant 113; and Mark, who played the bass viol "by main strength and awkwardness," as he phrased it, was always in demand at the B. of L. F. dances.

But this began to be the story of the Upjohn nerve. How it first came to be whispered about that both father and son were lacking in the instantaneous courage which is the salt to any engineman's meat, I do not know; but the whisper was current before either of them had lost the New England nasals or mastered the harsh Western "r."

"Now I'm tellin' you that speed's too dum fast, and somebuddy else c'n have my job," said Amos to me one morning, when we were conning the new time-card. The new schedule cut an hour out of the Fast Mail's running time, and Amos was one of the five Mail engineers.

"Afraid of it?" said I, not without a tinge of the jesting pity which a young man feels for an elder when the elder begins to show symptoms of "high-shyness."

"Dunno's I'm afraid; but it's too dum quick. Somebuddy'll get a sprained ankle or something on that card."

"A sprained nerve, you mean," I laughed.

He gave me an over-look like that which a mastiff might give a cocker spaniel.

"When you've ground out a few more sets o' driver-tires on quick trains, you'll know a dummed sight more'n you do now," he remarked. And true to his implied promise, he asked for and obtained a transfer for himself and Mark from the Fast Mail to the "Limited."

I was deadheading over the division in the cab of the 113 when I had my first ocular demonstration of the Upjohn failing. We were on the great curve which is the western approach to Fort Vance, and

Amos was making haste carefully, inasmuch as the Limited was ten minutes behind-time.

I was leaning out of the cab-window, looking back at the long string of coaches and Pullmans, when the crash of a spilled shovelful of coal rattling on the iron foot-plate made me face about quickly.

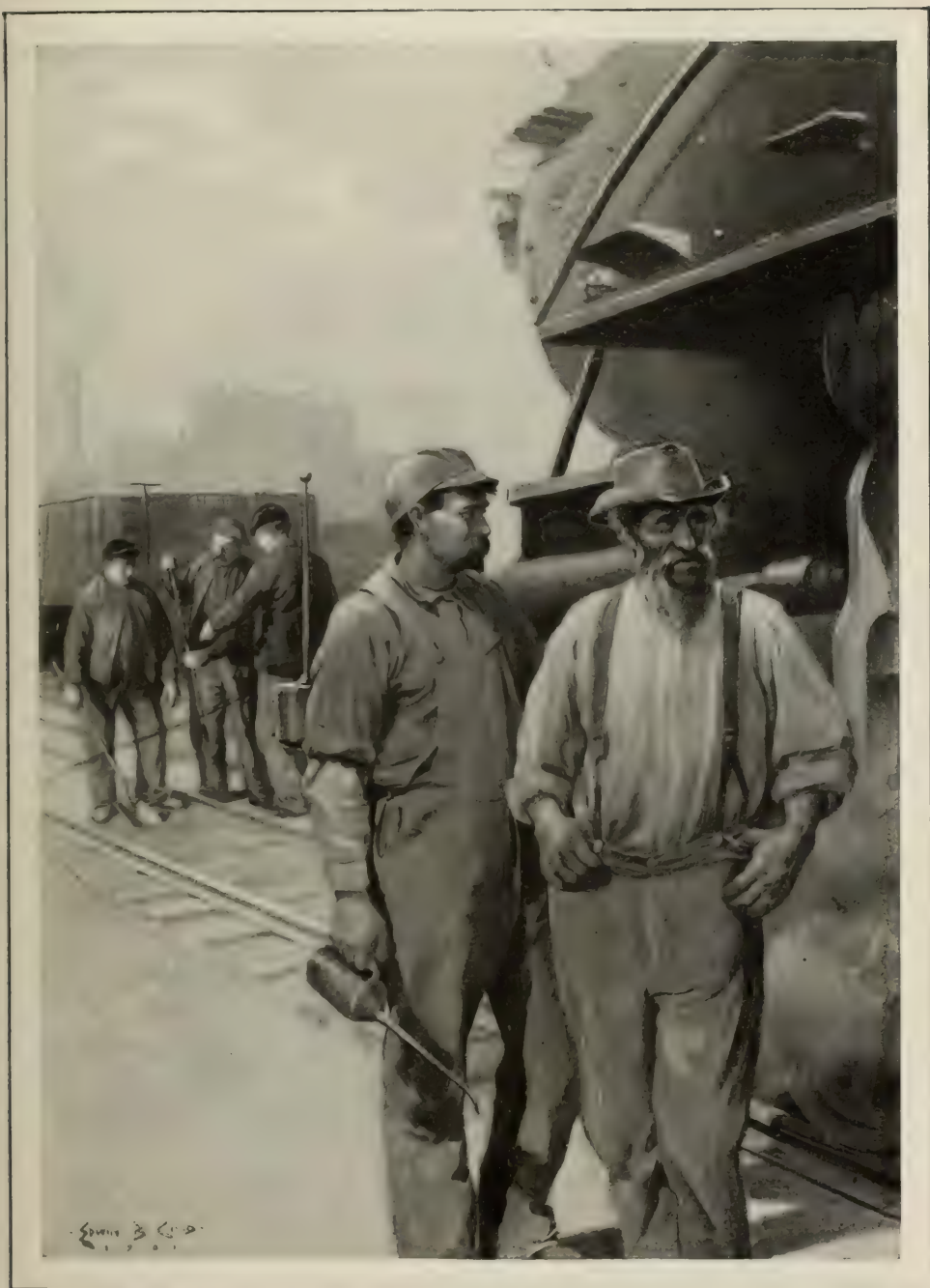
There was a little tableau in the cab of the 113. Mark Upjohn had dropped the scoop, and was clinging to the cab-frame, as scared a boy as ever held breath; and his father—well, you have heard of how a sudden shock of fear will sometimes freeze a man into the likeness of a corpse. Amos was sitting stiff and rigid on his box, his teeth set and his eyes staring and glassy.

A glance ahead showed me the peril. Fort Vance was not a stop-station for the Limited; and, half on a siding and half on the main line, was a long freight-train crawling slowly to get out of our way.

It was my wild yell to Amos that roused him. Like a man coming suddenly out of a deep sleep, he shut off the steam, applied the brake, and swung the reversing-lever into the backward motion. Now, when you reverse an engine going at full speed ahead, you convert her cylinders into huge air-pumps to suck in air from the exhaust-pipes and to jam it into the boiler. The result is an alarming increase of pressure. If the case is desperate, and you are cool enough to remember that your boiler has been tested to 350 pounds to the square inch by hydrostatic pressure, you hold your breath till the roaring safety-valve and the dragging drive-wheels restore the equilibrium; if not, you go mad, as Amos did, slam the reversing-lever into the forward motion, and open the throttle to dash full speed ahead into whatever awaits you.

It was God's mercy that we escaped the horrors of a rear-end collision. The engineer of the freight was doing his level best to give us a clear track, and there was a man at the switch ready to snatch it to safety when the caboose should pass the point-rails. He made it by a hair's-breadth; but when we thundered past there was not a half-inch to spare between the outwork of the storming 113 and the corner of the slow-trundling caboose.

Being only a passenger, I had nothing to say to Amos about his bad break, either



*Drawn by E. B. Child.*

Two more peaceable men than the Upjohns never drew pay.—Page 244.



at the time or afterward ; but a month later Mark and I had it out in a tussle with Engine 16 in the Carsonville yards.

It so happened that the Upjohns' engine and my own were both in the back shop for repairs, and Mark and I were subbing for the regular crew of the 16, a worn-out passenger machine doing old-age duty as a switching-engine in the division-end yard.

Being a relic, the 16 had no cab oil-cups, and to oil the cylinders I gave her headway on a piece of clear track, and shut off the steam, while Mark went out on the running-board with his tallow-can. He had oiled the right-hand cylinder, and was edging his way around to come at the other. At the critical instant his foot slipped, and I had a hair-raising glimpse of him rolling down the inclined plane of the pilot to a horrible death, as I made sure, beneath the wheels.

It was the work of a fighting minute to get the scrap-heap 16 stopped and to back her slowly to the rail-length where Mark had slipped. To my great joy, he was clambering out of the ditch where the pilot had tossed him, sound of wind and limb, but sadly out of tune with his calling.

"That settles it," he declared, gruffly, when I had given him a hand up into the cab. "No more rail-poundin' for me. I'll play safe, and take a 'prentice job in the back shop."

I laughed and sent the 16 spinning up the yard to the siding nearest the boarding-house. The noon whistle was bellowing, and we crossed the square to Mrs. Dennon's together. Mark was silent until I asked him if he meant what he had said about the 'prentice job.

"Sure," he said, curtly. "I'm a dum coward—you saw that the day we shaved the tail-end of the freight at Fort Vance."

I laughed again. "You'll think better of that when you get your breath," said I.

"Laugh all you want," he rejoined, doggedly, "it's what I'm going to do. If 'twas pay-day, I couldn't sign my name to the pay-roll."

"Oh, pshaw ! that's all bosh."

"No, it ain't bosh ; it's a fact as big as a house. The con-dum thing's in the blood : father's tarred with the same stick. You saw it, and know it."

"But what will Kate say to the 'prentice business ?" It was an open secret that Mark and Kate Bryan were like to make a match of it.

He went dumb at that, as what young lover would not ? But the very next day he made his threat good, and I had a "cub" fireman on the old 16.

Now we are fond of calling this a free country, notably on the western edge of things, but, nevertheless, we cherish an iron-bound law of caste more cruel than that of the Brahmins. From the day of his retreat into the safe precincts of the back shop, Mark Upjohn was an outcast, and the womankind of the two locomotive brotherhoods would have none of him.

"Aren't you a little hard on Mark ?" I said to Kate Bryan one evening at one of the brotherhood socials where Mark and his "bull fiddle" were conspicuous by their absence.

"No !" she retorted, with a snap of the black eyes and a toss of the pretty head. "Since he chooses to be a greasy machinist——"

I laughed outright. Michael Bryan, the best runner on the division, was a back-shop graduate, who was always threatening to re-exchange the locomotive for the lathe.

"Poor Mark !" said I.

Her reply was another toss of the pretty head.

"Is it all off between you, Kittie ?" I asked, taking an old schoolmate's liberty.

The black eyes sought the floor. "I—I'll never marry a coward," she declared.

"Mark isn't a coward. Put him where he can see the danger and have fair warning, and he'll go at it like a man. It's only when you get him cornered and rattled——"

"'Tis no use your trying to sugar-coat him," she cut in. "He told me he was afraid, and that's the word any man ought to be ashamed to say."

"But you love him, Kittie," I persisted.

At this the Irish half of her came to the fore and she laughed blithely.

"Sure, that's more than any woman will ever do for you, Mr. Schoolmaster,"



*Drawn by E. B. Child.*

We were so near that I could see the horror in his face.—Page 250.

she retorted; and I misdoubted I had done Mark's cause more harm than good.

It was not long after this that the great strike began. From the first it was not a trainman's grievance; and when all counsels failed the two brotherhoods flatly refused to order themselves out.

Thereupon bad blood was engendered, and there ensued a time of trial, and a struggle which was all the more bitter because it lacked unanimity. For the better part the strikers themselves took it out in talk; but before the war was a fortnight old we had the offscourings of the cow country and the mining-camps down upon us, and every trainman was carrying his life in his hand.

Burdick, the engineer of the "cow-special," as the fast stock train was called, was the first to go. He was pulling his train out over the switches in the Grand River yards: there was a flash and the roar of an explosion, and the ten-wheeler lay on her side in the ditch with poor Burdick under her.

After that the dynamiting horror spread like a pestilence. Pat Gallagher, who had the off-trick with John Sinclair on No. 19, was killed at Maverick; and the following night the time freight's engine was blown up in the Carsonville yards, and the two men on her were crippled for life.

In such a murderous state of affairs, when even the soldiery sent from Fort Vance could police no more than a few of the exposed points, it began to be difficult to move the traffic. Men whose courage had never been called in question hung back when they found their names chalked up on the round-house assignment-board, and within a week after the first dynamite scare there was nothing moving on the line save the Fast Mail and the two overland passengers.

It was in this summer semester of anarchy that I had my billet as division train-master. How the promotion came to me, at a time when every man who could and would run an engine was in eager demand, is no part of this story: but the fact remains.

As a matter of course, I had to confront a condition of chaos and old night come back when I took hold; and every time the office-door opened, it was to ad-

mit some engineman begging to be excused. Foremost among these callers came Amos Upjohn, his fierce old eyes ablaze to make him look more than ever the pirate chief, and his big square hands trembling as he clutched the counter-rail.

"When you've got a minute to spare," said he, and I opened the gate at once, and led him into the private office.

"'Tain't no such great secret," he began, when we were alone together; "but the boys are putty much worked up as 'tis, and 'tain't wuth while to make a bad matter worse. I've got it putty straight that they're goin' to begin on the passenger men next."

"Well?" said I. Amos was back on the Fast Mail now, and thus far the anarchists had shown a proper respect for Uncle Sam's train.

"Well, the next crack's goin' to be on the 'Flyer' when she leaves here to-night."

I looked him fair in the eyes.

"Amos, this is going to be a matter of life and death to somebody. How do you know?"

He hung his head. "I can't tell—not so's it'll get back. But you know Mark is a shop man now."

I knew Mark was out, because the shops were idle, but I had never suspected him of being in league with the strikers, much less with the dynamiters.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "Has it come to that with him, Amos?"

His reply set the greater fear at rest.

"Oh, no; the boy hain't had nothin' to do with it. But bein' 'round with the men——"

"I see: he has overheard. Tell me one thing, Amos, and I'll ask no more questions. Are any of our men mixed up in it?"

"I mistrust some of 'em are; two o' them tramp machinists that was hired last spring, at any rate."

I thanked him and told him we would do what could be done to protect the Flyer, but still he lingered.

"The scare's putty well spread 'mongst the boys, and I was thinkin' mebbe you mightn't have anybuddy to take her out," he said.

I looked at the enginemen's slate for the day.



"Bryan and Roddick are up for the Flyer," said I. "They'll not back down."

"I didn't know : but if they should—" He paused, shifting his weight from one leg to the other.

"Well, if they should ?"

He was as embarrassed as a school-boy trying to make his first declamation.

"If—if they was to, I guess mebbe you c'n shift 'em onto the Mail and let me and Mark take the Flyer out."

I knew why he made the offer ; knew that he was trying to show me how a man who has a nervous relapse under some sudden shock of danger, may yet be no coward at heart. It was his plea for moral reinstatement, and I met it half way.

"You and Mark shall have it if the other two back down," I said ; and with that he went away.

It was late in the afternoon when Kate's father and his fireman came in to declare their unwillingness to take duty on the Flyer.

"'Tis all over the town that we'll be smashed this night," said Bryan ; and Roddick contented himself with swearing that he'd be shot if he'd go out with anyone but his own engineer.

I saw at once that it was useless to argue with them. When a great fear gets into the blood, be the veins Irish or other, there is no reasoning it out. So I told Mike to go home ; that the Upjohns would take his run, and he could take the Mail.

It was in this telling of Bryan that the Upjohns would substitute for him that I made a mistake. The Flyer was due to leave at 7.30 ; and since I had resolved to be in at the death with Amos and his son, I was closing my desk early to go to supper when Kittie Bryan ran in, bare-headed and with her great black eyes full of terror.

"Tell me," she gasped ; "is Mark to go on the 215 to-night?"

I nodded. "You called him a coward once, Kittie, and I told you he wasn't."

"'Tis a murderer you are, Jack Perkins, and no less !" she burst out. "My father's no coward, and he won't go."

I shrugged. "We won't discuss that. I shall be on the 215, with Mark and Amos."

"'Tis the black death for the three of you !" she wailed ; and then she besought me with tears. "Leave it be this one night, for the love of God, Jack—Mr. Perkins. Father and some of the sober ones are getting the men together to join in with the soldiers to put down this dynamiting. You've abandoned a many a train since the trouble began ; 'twill only be one more."

I shook my head. "While I have a crew to take a train out, that train shall go out," said I ; and so the matter ended for the time.

There was an uneasy crowd around the station that evening when Amos backed the 215 up to couple to the lately arrived Flyer ; a crowd that broke into whispering knots, eddying and swirling, and melting out of the path of the pacing sentries, only to form again when the platform was clear. Amos was off, torch and oil-can in hand, taking a final look at the running-gear of the engine when I came up.

"Have you heard anything more?" I asked in a low tone.

He shook his head, and we climbed to the cab. Mark was there, rubbing up the bright-work as coolly as if the hazards ahead of us were not to be considered.

I glanced at my watch. It lacked one minute of leaving-time. Amos swung up to his box, and Mark drew in the slack of the bell-rope. There was a pause like that which precedes the sheriff's springing of the drop, and Amos tried the air. The shrill sighing of the brakes drowned the bustling station hubbub, and in the midst of it the starting-gong clanged.

I was watching Amos closely. He was as steady as a rock.

"Easy through the yards," said I, as the wheels began to turn ; and he nodded. A heavily guarded inspection-gang was moving down the line ahead of us, examining the frogs and switches as it went. What the wreckers would do must be done after the passing of these track-walkers and before our upcoming. But that was easy. Pat Gallagher's engine had been blown up with a gas-pipe bomb clipped upon the rail a scant half-minute before the bogie wheels struck it.

Amos crouched upon his box and eased the throttle out a notch at a time. The Flyer was a heavy train, and the big 215

shuddered and "took slack" at each throb of the exhaust. Slowly we drew away from the station and its lights, and now there was nothing ahead but the staring bull's-eyes of the switch-lamps showing spark-like in the glare of our own headlight.

Suddenly out of the gloom at the track side I saw, or thought I saw, a white figure dart fairly in front of us. The vision was so real that I held my breath in awful anticipation of the surging jolt—once felt never to be forgotten—of the engine mangling a body of flesh and bone under the wheels. But there was neither jar nor tremor other than the throbbing shudder of the exhaust, quickening now under Amos Upjohn's gentle urgings.

"What was it?" said Mark; but before I could reply he added: "There they are."

A hundred yards ahead, fair in the funnel of the headlight's great beam, a group of men were affixing something to the rail. I looked to see Amos shut off and clap on the air. Instead, he called sharply to Mark, and in a twinkling my two mild-mannered buccaneers were covering the group ahead with a pair of repeating rifles.

"Shut her off a minute, father," said Mark; "the dummed exhaust shakes her so I can't get a bead on 'em."

But when Amos reached for the throttle a strange thing happened. One of the dynamiters sprang to his feet and pointed toward the oncoming engine. We were so near that I could see the horror in his face. What he saw we never guessed; but in a flash they had all vanished in the darkness, taking with them whatever infernal thing it was they were fastening to the rail.

Amos put his rifle down and pulled the throttle wide. The danger was past for the moment, and, with a warning shriek of the whistle for the inspection-gang, we shot out into the night, and the run was safely begun.

It was 9.45, and a cold wind was cutting down from the mountains when Amos shut off and gave the long string of Pull-

mans a taste of the air for our first stop. Three times in the two-hours run we had passed little knots of strikers—or wreckers—and each time they had shrunk back from us as if we were carrying the spectre of the pestilence on our pilot.

The stop at Medicine Arrow was for water, and, while Mark was filling the tank, Amos dropped down with his torch and oil-can. A moment later he was shouting to Mark and to me. Mark let the valve-rope go with a crash, and together we ran to the front of the engine.

Amos had dropped the torch and the oil-can and was lifting a stiffened figure in white from the buffer-beam. It was Kittie Bryan.

The great strike had been for a good month a thing of the past before Mark told me the details of Kittie Bryan's wild ride on the front end of the 215. And even then I had to drag them out of him piecemeal.

"There ain't so dummed much to tell," he said. "She felt sort o' hacked when she found out I wa'n't that kind of a coward, and made up her mind to go 'long with us. She's got more sand than a river-bed when you get her stirred up, Kittie has."

"Yes; but the crazy idea of riding on the front end of the 215 in a white party dress!" said I.

"'Twan't so dummed crazy when you come to think of it," he rejoined. "She calculated them wreckers wouldn't blow up the engine and kill her if they could see her and know she was there."

"No," said I; "they wouldn't kill a woman. But it was the finest thing I ever heard of. You're a lucky dog, Marcus, my boy."

His grin made him look all pirate.

"Thank ye," he rejoined. "I guess the next lot of Upjohns'll have more nerve 'n their daddy or their gran'daddy. Kittie says——"

But someone else came in just then, and to this day I have never learned what it was that Kittie said.

## THE POINT OF VIEW

WHEN I get from a distinguished American scientist—not of the “self-made” sort—a letter in which many words are mis-spelled, not to mention an almost total absence of “shalls” and “shoulds”; when I get from a world-famous French novelist a short note, covering only a page and a half of a very small size of lady’s note-paper with the most open-order sort of writing, and find in it two full-blown mistakes in French—one misplaced accent, and one disagreeing participle (where it should agree)—I am fain to conclude that something is awry in the relations of two educated men to their respective languages. No doubt the mistakes were due to carelessness; the writers knew better. But that carelessness should play such tricks upon men of more than ordinary education and culture is significant. One sees in it the main-spring of the reforms in spelling and grammar of which we hear so much nowadays.

Grammar and Spelling Reforms. These much-mooted spelling and grammar reforms are probably inevitable; their adoption can only be a matter of time. And railing against the inevitable is sheer waste of breath. It

were more to the purpose to study these reforms, as they have been proposed in various quarters, and see what they really amount to. Looking at them dispassionately, one is struck with a fundamental difference in character between the two, though they both have one and the same aim: to make things easier for the users of language.

The proposed grammar reform is essentially a condoning and legitimation of what were once regarded as errors in grammar. From the Shaksperian “I *had* as lief” (to risk the “make-believe of a beginning” somewhere) down to “It is *me*,” we find a number of (probably) originally ignorant sins against universal grammar which have shown a curious power of self-dissemination and survival, even to the point of, as it were, forcing themselves upon the language as idio-

matic. This is to be recognized as one of the natural, normal modes of linguistic evolution; and the proposal to legitimate such idioms, after a due canvassing of educated writers and speakers, is essentially consonant with the spirit of modern science.

No doubt this scientific attitude is so new to some of the promoters of the reform that they now and then fall out of it. One occasionally finds them falling back into the old authoritative-logical posture of the grammarian, and offering very queer excuses for things that really need no excuse. I was talking, the other day, with a Harvard professor of English Literature about the phrase “It is me,” which he readily admitted as correct. When I said: “I hope, at least, that you don’t intrench yourself behind that worn-out old argument from the French ‘*C’est moi*’; for there the ‘*moi*’ is neither an accusative nor dative, but distinctly a nominative,” he replied, with a smile: “Well, I don’t see why ‘me’ shouldn’t be a nominative.” An argument quite in the old-time spirit, not in accordance with the modern scientific principle of recognizing that a thing is so simply because it is so.

Another point in the grammar reform which renders opposition foolish is that it shows no disposition to make itself accepted as compulsory; what new rules it may formulate will almost necessarily be more of the nature of permissions than of commands; it allows, but does not attempt to compel. Even Mr. Brander Matthews, who rejoices in the prospect of being freed from the burthen of the subjunctive mood (or words to that effect), would in all probability be unwilling to forego the superb scorn of

If the red slayer *think* he slays,

and would doubtless stop short of imposing a perpetual indicative upon his peers.

The only thing that seems to me objectionable in these proposed grammar reforms is their ostensible object: to make things *easier*



for writers and speakers. I own that I do not like hearing Mr. Matthews speak of the "burthen" of the subjunctive mood; neither do I think that a wholesale simplification of syntax will, or can, make everything quite so easy as some of its advocates seem to imagine. Something may be gained thereby, but something must inevitably be lost. Did not Schopenhauer—one of the best stylists known in any modern language, and therefore an authority not to be ignored—once say of German that, by reason of the very complexity of its syntax, it was "the only modern language in which it was possible to write almost as well as in Ancient Greek?" Complexities which may be onerous to the vulgar are found by the expert to be genuine sources of power and vehicles for subtlety. But be it said of the grammar reformers, upon the whole, that they wisely and honorably stop short of rising *ultra crepidam*; that they keep well within the bounds of Grammar, and do not try to meddle with Style—a thing quite out of the legitimate jurisdiction of schoolmasters and grammarians. Prose style, like Poetry, is a fine art; as such, it is not likely to be much affected by any grammar reform, least of all by one which has the facilitating of matters at heart. One may well feel about it, in this connection, as the late Julius Eichberg did about the Tonic Sol-fa in Music: "I see no value," said he, one day, "in any system that tends to make an art *easy*!"

But little of the scientific spirit of the grammar reformers is shown by the would-be reformers of spelling. These people go to work *a priori*, if anyone ever did. The movement is in no proper sense evolutionary; it is a mere arbitrary doing a thing in what seems to be the easiest way. And it is much to be feared that one of the proposed schemes, that of a purely phonetic spelling, will not prove so simple as its advocates expect. Indeed, a really simple scheme of

phonetic spelling will be an unprecedented phenomenon in this world. The Italians have tried their hand at it, and (so far) failed;\* the most successful have probably been the Russians, Poles, Czechs, and Magyars—but at the expense of what a panoply of alphabet and accents! Think of the three silent "accent letters" in Russian (well-nigh the despair of lexicographers), and of the Czech or Hungarian system of accents, beside which the French is mere child's-play! Consider again, as has often been pointed out, that, no matter how simple and perfect a system of phonetic spelling may be, its application is practicably impossible where there is no universally recognized standard of pronunciation. Is a Philadelphian to read "Bahs-ket," and call it "Bäs-k't"? How is "vase" to be spelled phonetically?

As for such monstrosities as "thogh" (for "though"), what useful end is gained by them? Why not "tho," *tout court*? Is the *u* more superfluous than the *gh*? Or is the *u* to be reserved for "tugh"? If so, how would you spell "cough"? Perhaps, "cawgh." The trouble with the spelling reform is that nothing yet has been suggested that is easier than the old way. I do not say that the old way is good; only no newer one seems any better. If some one would only preach an historico-etymological spelling reform in English, that might lead to something worth while from another point of view. Think of the luxury of putting two *m*'s into "amount"—so that you could see the Latin through it! But, though people enough rail at our present English spelling for not being uniformly historical and etymological, no one seems to take it into his head to propose making it so.

\* Italian phonetic spelling is not thorough: there is nothing to indicate the difference in pronunciation of "*mezzo* (half)" and "*mezzo* (rotten-ripe)"; nothing to indicate the different quality of the *oes* in "*popolo*."

# THE FIELD OF ART

## THE AVERY COLLECTION OF MODERN PRINTS

### I

THIRTY years ago was published Hamerton's "Etching and Etchers;" and this book, according to a not unusual condition, at once marked and aided a new tendency. It would not have been made had not the artists been studying Rembrandt and trying to etch in his way; and there would not have been since 1870 so many such etchers were it not for the book. There had been, if we may include here all sorts of needle-engraving, Wilkie, and Geddes, Jacque and Goya; Cruikshank and Leech as book illustrators, Ruskin in a scientific and recording spirit, Turner outlining his Liber plates, Meryon setting down the strangest dreams in the firmest line—all men who worked on metal plates with great independence and spirit; each man alone, and unaware that he was helping to found a school. There were also the less unconscious Haden and Whistler, Daubigny and Lalanne, Jongkind, and Van S'Gravesande, the aquafortistes who knew of Rembrandt; men whom Hamerton found at work establishing his much-desired modern school of etchers. Jacquemart and Appian there were, at the opposite poles of art: the one making minute and trustworthy copies of agate vases, wrought and bejewelled sword-hilts, inlaid bookbindings and porcelain plates; the other a free composer of landscape form—a true impressionist. There were Flameng and Unger, using great abilities for the translation of other men's paintings into black and white; but all the others named were painter-etchers, original creators of designs embodied in engraving and to be shown in black line on white paper. Very soon after the fresh impulse there came to be scores or even hundreds of others: painters who found comfort in varied handiwork—architects who set down in permanent line work their studies of their own or of their predecessors' creations, men of other trades who may have heard how Mr. Haden was at once a busy surgeon and a productive etcher, and who would try their hand, if so be that they loved nature in trees or man's craft in boats and shipping. Certain Paris publications gave us

regularly, for many years, a hundred plates or so each year; and there were scores of separate and non-consecutive works of the same kind. But in each case the work was really a lot of prints from etched or dry-point plates, with such text as might excuse it and help to sell it.

In this way etching flourishing exceedingly from 1870 to 1885 or so—when other interests became stronger and caused its partial decline in popularity. One of those interests was lithography. This process, like that of etching, appealed to the artistically minded man as being peculiarly fit for the ready setting down of his thoughts. The previous vogue of etching helped along the newer movement; for it had been proved that great things were possible when an art was taken in hand which all could understand and many could aid.

There is one more tendency to note before we can proceed to the consideration of Mr. Avery's collection: it is the remarkable growth of the printed comment and historical criticism together with mere bald annal and record in great abundance. A quarter-century ago a collector would fill the walls of a fair-sized city room with his books of reference for the arts of the engraver alone; or to those in connection with other fine arts; catalogues of this and that master's work, history, illustrative comment, general treatise, collected and comparative lists with minute description of each separate print. Now the number of volumes is doubled and the beauty, value, cost, and importance are quadrupled, perhaps. Bartsch and Passavant, Brulliot and Heller, have not been superseded. Debruge-Dumesnil is *introuvable* and yet is not reissued, and the attempt at a revised and enlarged edition of Nagler is not a brilliant success, as yet; but there is a host of new writers who write with the aid of their fore-runners, and there are a few original men, as well, doing new and needed work. Reproduction by photographic process, or partly so, has aided greatly in the historical and critical study of prints; but the great collections of fac-similes are not a part of our present theme. There is this, however—the volumes in which plates and text are combined, not merely put together within the same cover, books which

are, from the present point of view, collections of prints with a text that may be of use in their examination and study.

## II

SAMUEL PUTNAM AVERY is a New Yorker who once dealt in paintings, but whose notable characteristics (at least, in so far as the public is concerned) are a singular gift for collecting and judicious liberality. In this way he has gathered, and he still gathers, precious works of art; and these he gives away with thoughtful choice of the recipient; getting them together with almost infallible judgment and an unsurpassed instinct for the proprieties of such accumulation, and giving them to institutions where they will best be cared for and will most benefit his fellow-citizen. His business connection with many artists of his time gave him opportunities beyond those of the shrewdest buyer who had only the shops to look to; his visits to Europe, coming almost annually, were well utilized, and continual correspondence had led to a never-ceasing flow to himward of bookbindings, delicate enamels, medals and medallions, and whatever else the enlightened curiosity of this collector most eagerly demands.

## III

NOW, to describe the Avery collection as recently given to the New York Public Library, there are 17,775 separate prints in it, and there are also about 500 books, each of these either dealing historically with engraving or including between its covers prints which are not included in the large number given above. An instance of one kind of book is Turner's "Harbours of England," the twelve very interesting mezzotints by Lupton and the text by Ruskin. An instance of the other sort of book is the catalogue of Meissonier's works; primarily a working book in spite of its many illustrations and its stately appearance. As to the prints, they are to be classified as follows:

1. Etchings by artists of Mr. Avery's own time, some of whom he knew quite intimately, with the result that of those men he was able to get practically the complete works in engraving; but other work by men somewhat older and whom, certainly, Mr. Avery has never known, such as David Wilkie, or men who, though not alive, were much earlier in date as active producers of work than those who make up the body of the collection—and

of these we might name George Cruikshank. So Goya died when Mr. Avery was a child, and Paul Potter in a previous century, but still their work is represented by ten and four etchings, respectively, while of Goya there is also the *Caprichos* in its separate quarto volume, and the thirty-three prints of Bull-Fighting in their portfolio. The most remarkable exception to the entire modernity of the prints catalogued under "Etchings" is the case of Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, of which all the plates were completed before 1845, and many of them much earlier, and which are only in part etched plates. Apparently the other astonishing things by Turner, the beautiful mezzotints, are not in the collection, but everything that can be said to belong to the *Liber* is here, etchings and first states of the finished plates; although one hesitates to repeat "everything" without the proviso that here an etching and there an etching may still be wanting, even of those which are obtainable, and that in some cases a second state of the finished plate is as important as a first state, or even finer than it.

2. Lithographs. And there the whole field from the beginning of the art under Senefelder to the latest attempt by a living experimenter is to be found. The art of lithography was taken up almost immediately when it was announced by its inventor—and most strenuously by the Frenchmen. It was pushed by Delacroix, Vernet, Daumier, and their contemporaries even more vigorously than by the great German draughtsman, Adolph Menzel, vast as were his contributions to the art. The Avery collection includes sixteen by Aloys Senefelder, the inventor of lithography as a fine art, and seven by his brother, Clemens, while of Samuel Prout, the Englishman, who caught up the art immediately, there are ninety-two prints; twenty-three of Eugène Delacroix's beautiful work, and 213 by the immortal Gavarni.

3. Photographs of Paintings and Drawings; few but capable of being the nucleus of a valuable reference collection; not attractive to the gazer, but of great possible value to the historical student.

4. Miscellaneous prints in which, of course, the *Liber Studiorum* ought to have been included, but which still includes, according to the arrangement of the handbook, some prints in colors, some prints from engravings after Constable, Rousseau, and other painters, a number of wood-engravings, and that curi-



ous collection of prints from women-engravers' works which was exhibited at the Grolier Club a year ago.

## IV

IN nothing is the collection more remarkable than in the minute care given to the minor accessories which a less practised collector would have disregarded. Thus, when you take up the subject of Charles Meryon's work, an article by Frederick Wedmore, taken out of *The Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Keppel's catalogue of the etched work exhibited in 1886, some half-tones of important etchings and a reduced copy of the large plate engraved by Bracquemond to be inlaid upon Meryon's tomb at Charenton, are all laid within a little *dossier* which is the first thing you find on opening the first portfolio. So Whistler's lithographs, taken from *The Studio* and *Piccadilly*, are laid in the same cover with his high-priced proofs; as is right and fitting. Those who know the donor of this collection are aware that such minute care as this has gone into every step of his active life as a collector and student of art, and that it is to that thorough-going habit of his that the world owes, and is likely to owe, so much to his example and to his more direct benefaction. Thus as regards Meryon, who was brought into fashion thirty years ago by Hamerton, Philippe Burty, and Francis Seymour Haden (good sponsors!), and who is naturally a little neglected of late years because his work is peculiarly limited in range and scope and belongs so essentially to the world of French art—the collection is great in its variety of states and of conditions in which the prints are found. The very early print, one of the most charming to the enthusiastic worshipper of Meryon, Rue Pirouette aux Halles, is to be seen in three states, slightly differing from one another, indeed, as to any easily remembered mark of distinction, but essentially different in the kind of print which Delâtre made from the copper. So, the monument to Lysikrates at Athens, shown as it was when built into the rough walls of a Franciscan convent, an engraving made to illustrate the Marquis de Laborde's Athens in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, is given in two beautiful proofs. The series of reproductions from Zeeman and other early Dutchmen is followed by copies from Karel du Jardin, and those by a number of delicate pencil draw-

ings of scraps of architecture. In the same portfolio, No. 1 of the Meryons, is a very interesting and unusually large print from an unfinished etching, the portrait of a man whose head, in its singular and pronounced character, may well be what it is thought to be, a portrait of Charles Meryon himself. Subject and etcher are alike unknown, however, and the writer records his extreme pleasure in seeing for the first time that most interesting print. The three well-known portraits of the master are also in that cover.

The famous Paris set—the fifteen large prints and apparently all the tail- and head-pieces and other accompaniments—is in its place; but of this collection, especially identified with Meryon's name, the variety of impressions is not markedly great.

A greater contrast in methods can hardly be imagined than that presented by the change you make from Meryon's severe engravings to the free etched work of the greatest of French landscapists. A *dossier* contains twelve portraits of Corot of all sorts, photographs of the master, pipe in mouth and sheltered by a white umbrella from whatever sunshine came through the boughs of the forest at Fontainebleau, and others more conventional in the dress of the French gentleman of his time, including the well-known one engraved by Grenaud in which the great artist appears as a workman in *sarrau* and flat cap. Next, in another cover, are eighteen photogravures and wood-engravings taken from Corot's work; reproductions, in a sense, and sometimes in a good sense, for among them are three or four wood-engravings by Eldridge Kingsley. Again, under another cover, are eight lithographs by different artists taken from Corot's paintings, and these, again, in the French style of 1870 and thereabouts, are sometimes of value. In fact, lithograph serves for the rendering of Corot's painting so extraordinarily well that it is a wonder he never tried seriously the conveying of his artistic thoughts by that medium. And then come twenty-two etchings by different workmen from paintings by Corot. Then two original lithographs, the only ones that this present writer has ever seen or heard of; and swift headlong experiments they are. Then prints from glass-etchings by Corot's own hand, in which subordinate art, though, he hardly excelled at any time. Then forty sheets of photographs from paintings in which, of course, the soft

glow of the original is lost in a medium which gives only the hard facts and not the charm, and, finally, eighteen original etchings; eighteen prints from a still smaller number of etched plates. Perhaps the student who has noted in the handbook the item "J. B. C. Corot, 161 pieces," will be disappointed at finding that the original etchings number only eighteen; but that is not Mr. Avery's fault. There are no more to be had. All the important designs are here in more states than one; never was anything more beautiful than the early state of the distant view of Rome.

The very purpose of this notice is to call the reader's attention to the working possibilities of the Avery collection. It is not merely the artistic pleasure of looking carefully and long at eighteen prints from the etcher's own hand which is here offered to the student, but also that information about the prints which can only be given by the multifarious and varied contents of this portfolio. And no one who has examined the handbook with any care need ever meet with disappointment, for it is expressly stated in the introduction that the number of the prints put under any one master's name is often much greater than the number of works produced by him; this being true with regard to states and proofs of different degrees of finish, of completion, as well as of the outlying material such as has just now been described.

## V

No other collector can hope to be as successful in certain directions as Mr. Avery has been. No one will be likely to get together so good a show of the Dutchmen of whom the chief is perhaps Willem Witsen, nor will anyone have much chance of rivalling this gathering of the work of Bracquemond, Rajon, Jacque, or Flameng. The same state of unapproachable completeness exists in the case of others as well, but it is matter of careful examination before one dares say that there are no Millet etchings or none by Lalanne or none by Appian other than those that are here. As a whole it will be found impracticable either to add to this collection or to rival it in its chosen line; the opportunity of the collector is elsewhere and in those fields which Mr. Avery has hardly touched. Thus the art of line-engraving as practised during the second half of the nineteenth

century is worthy of someone's close attention; and in this way nothing could be more surprising than the display at the Paris Exhibition last year. In like manner the newly awakened art of mezzotint attracts a bold collector and generous donor. It is not merely the recent imitators of the eighteenth-century Englishmen who are to be praised; there has always been among artistically minded artists the love of mezzotint as the most refined of arts in the way of delicate gradations. Nowhere else, except with the brush, can such gentle harmonies be procured, and as even Turner worked it in his old age, as Ruskin tried it in imitation of his great model, and as Charles Herbert Moore has worked it again in reproducing his own drawings, there is to be found here another and there another who has practised the art in such a way as to be interesting. Some of the unpublished *Liber Studiorum* prints are pure mezzotint; and in other prints of that great series the etching which undertakes to furnish the outline, furnishes so little of it that in at least one case, that of the *Leader sea-piece*, the horizon is higher, the great ship has sails, and another great ship and several fishing-boats are seen in the distance—all of these being additions made in the mezzotint alone and amounting to the construction of a new design. The charm of mezzotint is so great that every student of prints must feel it, nor is Mr. Avery without his own strong interest in that direction. Wood-engraving, too, merits the close attention of some bold collector who can admire and respect both Linton's conservatism and the innovations of Baude and the leading Americans; and who will not despise the interpretative work of Timothy Cole. There are also, of course, the recent etchers, the men whose names are becoming known to us since 1890 or '95, and here and there one whose work Mr. Avery does not seem to have cared for among the older men. Thus, the present writer has greatly admired Max Klinger since there was seen a window-full of his prints in Paris in 1884; and this field of strange fantasy and admirable work in aquatint and in line still remains to be cultivated. These few lines only by way of such further account of the collection as consists in saying what is not contained in it. As to what there is, only a paper devoted wholly to details can set forth its value and its charm.

RUSSELL STURGIS.







A CORNER OF THE POOL—LONDON BRIDGE BEYOND.

—"The Heart of England."

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## THE HEART OF ENGLAND

• By John Corbin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

A THICKET of masts that stand against the sky, a winter forest of interlacing spars and lines, and a swarm of lighters on the harbor that swim over the surface like insects on a woodland pool—this may be seen at any ocean port, and the sight of it strangely stirs the ancestral instinct for adventure and traffic in distant seas ; but it is something more than this that makes the port of London. The sky there is the strangest sky in the world, and the barge that sails in the Thames is one of the most beautiful of merchant craft. During the summer (which in America brings a heaven of dazzling blue and gold) the atmosphere above the Thames is of baby blue, soft and opaque, with a horizon of warm gray and white. In the au-

turn (while in New York and Boston harbors the billowing afternoon clouds turn buff and pink and flare at sunset into crimson and gold) the English sky is mingled yellow and gray, with at most a flash of opalescent fire when the low sun burns through the mists. In winter the London air is sodden with smoke and rain ; and it brews a dun-colored fog that has appropriately taken its name from the split-pea soup of the eating-houses by the water-side : it is so dense that when two lighters clash in the tide the bargemen, as they curse and cross boat-hooks, are shrouded from each other.

Very sombre, all this, or at best a matter of half tones and neutral colors ; yet by a curious work of chance, or perhaps because of the cloudy ardor of Teutonic

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genius, it has been redeemed. The yawl-rigged barges that swing lazily up and down the river in the tides, have sails of a deep, rich red. The color comes from a stain that preserves the duck from rotting in the reeking air ; but it supplies the one touch of vigorous warmth that is needed to light up the grays and the yellows, and to satisfy the hungering senses. It is never quite brown and never scarlet, but it exhausts the shades of dull crimson ; and each sail varies in varying lights. Now and then—so seldom that it comes as a cheerful variety—one sees a sail of yellow, as deep and harmonious as the crimson.

The sail of the London barge is widely known. The port, properly speaking, extends only from London Bridge, which marks the head of ship navigation, to Woolwich, some nine miles down the river ; but for the barges this is a mere point of departure. Folding their masts and sails they surge with the tide beneath the bridges, carrying farm produce, quarried stone, and machinery as far as there are wharves and warehouses. But the barges are at their best on the open sea. They ply the German Ocean a hundred miles and more to fetch the Yarmouth bloater ; or rounding the Forelands, they follow the English Channel past Dungeness and Beachy Head and the Isle of Wight, venturing even to Portland Bill, from which they carry cement—of all perilous cargoes. As you see the Portland barge in the river, scarcely larger than an ordinary lighter, and so heavily laden that the gunwales are awash, such a traffic seems madness. But the bargeman knows his trade, for he was born, perhaps, on a barge, and has lived there winter and summer ; and in his turn, it may be, has begotten bargemen. He covers the cockpit with tarpaulin and battens it firmly down upon the wash-board. His sails sit low, and are not large, and the tiny dandy or mizzen, stepped sometimes on the bulky rudder, steadies the craft while it adds its mite to the speed. So the bargeman lights his pipe and smokes as steadily as the tiny fire in his galley, while the holiday crowds at Ventnor and Brighton stare in wonder to see the waves sweep over the wash-board. Quite as often the wind fails him, and especially in the evening, and the fog rises. If he is far from shore

he keeps a sharp lookout, for he is in the path of coasting steamers and huge Atlantic liners. Where the lines of traffic converge—in the Straits of Dover, or at the mouth of the Thames—the lifting fog discloses scores of motionless barges, their red sails smouldering in the soft rays of the morning sun, a sight which rewards the ocean traveller, steaming slowly among them, for long hours of delay in the fog.

The liners stop near the mouth of the Thames, discharging cargo at Tilbury Docks, but the smaller tramp ships, coasting steamers, and sailing vessels are towed up the river to the port. For many centuries the London water-front sufficed for the traffic, and the ships lined up along the wharves rank upon rank ; but with the nineteenth century the shipping outgrew all bounds. The delay in loading and unloading throttled commerce, while the impossibility of properly policing such a raft of vessels gave rise to a strange nocturnal traffic between water-rats and land-rats—the sailors of the discharging vessels and the human vermin that swarmed on the wharves. The porters provided their clothing with huge pockets, in which they stowed away whatever they could lay their hands on ; and they even invented leather aprons with false backs, which they filled with rum or brandy before knocking off for the day. At midnight, skiffs glided among the ships, while in some mysterious manner bolts of silk and of cloth-of-gold dropped into them, bags of sugar, bales of spices and tobacco, flasks of monkish cordials, and pipes of wine. The publicans on the river-front became great merchants in their way, and in exchange for loot from all the wide seas gave handfuls of silver, and inexhaustible gin. The stealing of the wharf-rats, it was estimated, aggregated yearly the value of £250,000—\$1,250,000 ; in the due course of time it led the slow Briton to an innovation.

To-day the traveller in the East End, at Wapping, or at Blackwall, runs upon high brick walls, some of them bristling with ugly iron spikes that seem to overtop the tiles of the neighboring chimneys. Unutterably dreary these grimy yellow bricks ; you never could guess that they are the last citadel of modern splendor and romance, even if you were told that they surround the wet docks of London. Yet,





View of the Port from a Balloon.

as you follow their circuit, you will discover that they are longer than the walls of many a famous mediæval city ; and when you reach the massive gate it is guarded by the dignified metropolitan police. The docks range from 100 to 150 acres in area, and the site of a single one of them formerly housed a population of upward of 11,000. Within the walls is a series of lagoons, which float ships of 700 tons, and afford berth for 300 large vessels. On all sides are sheds for goods, and bonded warehouses, and when traffic is brisk a single dock gives employment to 3,000 men. This is the innovation which has stopped the traffic of the wharf-rats. As the laborers file out of the gates when the day's work is done, it is a clever thief who can smuggle stray pickings and stealings beneath the practised eye of the law.

From the high gangway of the Tower Bridge the foot passenger, looking down along the port, sees forests of masts and rigging that apparently rise out of the land on each of the points made by the bending river ; and perhaps he descries a thread of steel gray where the dull sky is reflected from land-locked water. But once within a dock he is in a city of lagoons, each swarming with craft from the most distant ports. Steam winches rattle beside the moored vessels, and from time to time iron grapples descend like talons from the yard-arms, clutch masses of merchandise in the holds, and swing them, creaking, outward over the swarming barges on the surface, while the stevedore shouts his orders to the laboring porters and bargemen. From Australia come hides, the pelts of sheep, and bales of wool ; there are iron-bound cotton bales from America, sacks of almonds from Spain, and of nigger-toes from Brazil ; there are pipes of wine from Madeira and Oporto. The wharves that line the docks are redolent of the tropics and of the orient. Here is a shed covering acres, in the lofty twilight of which are piled huge roughly squared logs of mahogany from the West Indies, and logs of teak-wood from the East Indies, to be used in the building of ironclads. In the spacious dusk of the warehouse beyond, gunny-sacks of half-refined sugar from Jamaica rise symmetrically to the very rafters, wafting a faint, rich perfume, while in the cellars beneath brown sugar from New

Orleans lies in hogsheads, oozing treacle that gathers in black pools on the sticky floor. There are mats of dates, figs, and prunelles, hogsheads of prunes, bales of cinnamon, cloves, and allspice. The sky overhead is sodden and gray, perhaps, and a film of mist swims upon the water ; but under the spell of this riot of incense the loitering, red-sailed barges are like Venetian galleys. The illusion lasts an instant ; then a workman in overalls passes, carrying a pail of whitewash and a brush, and marks the edge of the stone wharf with a broad white line, for at any moment the pea-soup fog is expected. A placard at the entrance of the dock declares in large letters that when the fog comes workman and traveller alike are required to take refuge in the warehouses until it has lifted. If you step out of the fog into the water, the placard says in effect, you are drowned at your own risk.

Great as are the facilities of these inland docks, the river-front is as busy as ever. The upper section of the port between Tower Bridge and London Bridge is known as the Pool, and this is where the tides of commerce run swiftest. The wares that come here are mainly of the perishable sort, and require to be handled quickly and with care—bananas from Jamaica ; oranges and lemons from Messina ; tangerines from Africa ; ruddy pomegranates, the golden apples of Spain ; kegs of luscious Malaga grapes packed in sawdust. In the week before Christmas the wharves are jammed with vessels discharging cargo ; and on London Bridge, morning, noon, and night, foot passengers pause and silently watch the busy and ever-varying scene. Even in the dreary rain they stand fascinated beneath a row of shining umbrellas, while the barges glide at their feet, and along the quays laborers file up the gang-plank, each with his piece of merchandise balanced on his head. The errand-boy or the plodding clerk of the City feels as vividly as the far-reaching merchant or the experienced traveller, and perhaps more vividly, the bewildering charm of these messengers from the shining seas of the South.

The Pool is the haunt of the knot-porter, whose stooping shoulders are so characteristic and whose head-gear is so picturesque. Until you have seen a knot,



Rainy Morning at a Fish Warehouse.





View of Shipping—Tower Bridge in Background.

and felt the weight of its leather and its tarred rope-work, you cannot appreciate the purport of the advice which Johnson received from a publisher—that he give up literature and commence knot-portering. The porter takes his burden, a light crate of onions from Bermuda or perhaps a box of lemons weighing 200 pounds, and plods up the gang-plank through the warehouse into Thames Street beyond, and then struggles upstairs—one, two, or three pairs as the case may be. It is work that tells terribly on the lungs, both

because of the severity of the labor and the crushing weight of the load; and it is not without its dangers, too, for the story is told along the quays of poor fellows who have slipped on the slimy gang-plank and broken their necks beneath the falling burden.

The famous fish-market at Billingsgate is a more cheerful place. Shortly after daylight, if the weather is fine, the steamers arrive from the North Sea, where the afternoon before they have been collecting boxes of fish from the fleets of trawl-



St. Paul's, from the Wharf above Blackfriars Bridge.

ers—sole, plaice, and whiting, with now and then a catch of herring. The porters here are clad in the white smocks of the fishmonger, and instead of the knot they have a thick, close-fitting leather hat with perhaps a fold of cotton batting beneath the crown. The fish are neatly packed in ice, in flat open boxes that drip with slime as they are carried up the gang-plank. Within the market the boxes are distributed among auctioneers, who knock them down to a throng of eagerly shouting bidders. For twopence a pound here you

can buy fish that at the fishmongers' in the West End cost nearer a shilling. Now and then comes a cargo of crabs, prawns, or periwinkles, or of coppery oysters from the Irish Sea. The lobsters arrive in sea green, and put on their red coats in great cauldrons in the cellar. This is the notorious Billingsgate, but one looks in vain for the fishwife who made its ancient fame. It is no use to inquire after her from the porters, they have never heard of her existence. Her brawny arms are forgotten, her eagle eye for custom, her thirst for

gin, her shrewd gibes, her ready pipe and her more ready repartee, her torrents of invective. Evil answers made her bile boil over. Only one human means was ever found to quiet her. It is said to be one of Horne Tooke's titles to fame that he silenced a fish-wife with the retort: "Madam, believe me, you are a parallel-pipedon." But what man could not accomplish for one moment has been done forever by the slow lapse of years. Of all her rhetorical armory only profanity remains, and even this is so like the universal profanity of man that it makes the fish-wife seem the more hopelessly extinct.

Yet the Pool is not without mementos of the past. Just beyond the fish-wharf is a mooring at which a knot of strange craft are lying—craft whose sides are lined with projecting strips and whose bows are indescribably snubbed. They are the Dutch eel-boats, and they have crossed the North Sea under their own red sails. The porter will tell you, in his thick cockney that their right to that mooring is older than the memory of man, and he firmly believes that if they were once to lose that particular buoy they would be forbidden to tie up in the Pool.\* He is not quite accurate. In Hollar's engraving of the London waterfront, dated 1647, the eel-boats are moored above London Bridge, beyond the ancient Fishmonger's Hall. Their ribs and snubbed bows, however, are the same; only the sails are different, for the invention of a certain Master Fletcher, of Rye, who taught the English seaman to eat into the wind by rigging his sails fore and aft, had not then been generally adopted.

The eel-boats are not the only legacies from antiquity. The massive masonry of the wharves and the flights of stone stairs from the water speak eloquently of established institutions. The very borders of the river-bed are paved with cobbles, so that at low tide ships, and even steamers, heel over and stand at all angles, while the watermen walk among them clean shod. The spirit of the past is everywhere. In the busy warehouses lifts are almost unknown, as may be seen in the shoulders of the knot-porters, and even in the utmost press of traffic things move slowly. In

New York Harbor two roustabouts will shift a whole lighter of oil-barrels in a few hours, even when the sun is so hot that a tent of sail-cloth has to be rigged to cast a shadow on the pyramid of red, blue, and yellow. In London four men would take a long day for so heavy a task. As the work drags of a Saturday afternoon the man at the steam-winch becomes sarcastic, and reminds the laborers that there will be time to rest on Sunday, or the stevedore pitifully protests that he wants to get home to his supper, but the laborers loiter on undisturbed. If a bag of wheat is to be tied to the rope of a crane, it takes three men to tie it; and here the Old World is brought into sharp contrast with the New. That wheat was grown in a field of a thousand acres. It fell in the autumn before a rank of ten reaping machines abreast, that bound as they reaped. It was threshed by steam and shipped in a train of fifty huge cars to be projected like a geyser into an elevator as large as Westminster Abbey. London has much to learn of the mechanics of commerce.

Yet has it not also something to teach? This solidity, this stability, has its economical virtue, and even this slowness of hand-labor could ill be spared, for it is the secret of Old-World charm. The American roustabout works hard, but he is scarcely to be commended on other grounds. The barge-man has leisure enough to be always interesting. To begin with, his tongue is as loose hung as that of the omnibus driver and the cabby, and his wit, like theirs, is the result of many collisions with his fellow-creatures. Off Greenwich the tide sweeps him against a lubber who is rowing his lady for a fish dinner at the Ship. "Tyke care of 'er, Chawley," the bargee shouts. "If you drown 'er" (with a leer at the fair one), "you'll never git another 'arf as 'andsome. Tyke my word." But his wit is the smallest part of him. His very life is a parable of the spiritual blessedness of living at one with the slow forces of nature. After all, what has philosophy ever taught us except that the wise man is he who moves fast enough for steerage way and keeps his bows well on in the mighty tides of progress?

You had better not commiserate with the lot of the bargeman—the roughness of his fare, the smallness of his craft, and

\* The right of the Dutch eel-boats to enter the port of London has been associated with this particular mooring since the time of William of Orange, and was one of his numerous grants to his fellow-countrymen.





Thames Street, near the Docks.

the fact that he sleeps on her every night, winter and summer, without a fire to keep off the damp and the cold. Of a Saturday night, he will tell you, he sees a bit of pleasure. Perhaps there is a gleam in his eye as he says this that suggests the pubs and the dives of Whitechapel. Let us not be intolerant in this matter of cakes and ale. Your lumpish cockney can find reason enough for objecting, if he wishes, to a cold bottle and a hot bird. And then there are bargemen and bargemen. To many a steering philosopher Saturday night means home ; and you had better believe that he brings to it a warm heart and a fund of observation from his workaday world.

Here is an elder who has the shrewd, homely visage of the traditional New England farmer. His lean flesh lies in folds upon the bones of his face. His very lips are tanned with exposure and scored with sharp lines ; but his eyes twinkle with kindness. A bit of tobacco, a word, and above everything, a sympathetic silence, are all that are needed to start the flow of his observations.

Yes, if you have a sailing barge you can take your woman with you ; but a canal-boat is better. (As he says this his eye rests on an inland voyager near by, in which husband and wife are laying the deck boards and battening down the tarpaulin for the night.) Women are mighty useful on a boat. That boat over there, now, came to port this morning ; and before the man was about, the woman was cooking breakfast. There is a heap of comfort in a warm breakfast. When they lay to, waiting to unload, she got out her week's washing while he smoked. Look at her now, she lays three cover to his two. (Our Ulysses has tended lock on the Grand Junction Canal, and the women of one particular family that used to pass are still a moving memory in spite of his scored lips and his wrinkles.) Every girl in the lot had an arm as big as four of what his is now, and they had waists like a tree trunk. (Or like the Venus of Milo.) One Saturday afternoon it was a question of unloading a cargo of iron pipes. He would have given four men a day to do it, but the missus said she couldn't wait. She wanted to get on to the public-house for the evening. She put

her old man and the son on one half the cargo, and took the other half with the eldest daughter, and she bet the old man an extra pint of ale that she would have her side clear first. In an hour and three-quarters the last tube was landed, and the women had finished ten minutes ahead of the men. Those were girls to look at ! Large families on canal boats ? He should say they had ; they keep right on increasing. (Perhaps you suggest that the life is hard on the women. Ulysses laughs.) There was once a kind-hearted stevedore who thought so, and he tried to get a doctor. It was night and he could only find a nursing woman. She wore a gray cap with a streaming cloth on it, and a white bow under her chin, and they put her in a basket and swung her out onto the canal-boat on a crane ; but, lord, when she lit the family had increased, so she might just as well have stayed at home. How many do they have ? As many as come, and they all live together in an eight by ten galley. On Saturday night, when the old folks go to the public-house, the children play about the boat, in the charge of the eldest girl. One couple he knew was educated, and great on politics. The husband was Conservative and the wife was Liberal. The boys used to tip the wink to the bar-maid, and she would ask the old woman what she thought of the war in Africa. Then they had it back and forth. By and by the old woman got severe and refused to drink out of the same mug with him. Then she took to going to a different pub. The boys would follow and tell her that her man was over the way, and she would say to tell him to ' go soak his bloomin' 'ead.' They ain't all educated like those were ; but they see a heap of travel. Some of them get as far as Reading, some as far as Leicester, and they see a sight of the world. (All this plunder of the seven seas about us, of course, means nothing in the way of travel.) But it's the old woman that does the work, while the old man smokes and captains the craft.

What a bundle of paradoxes is this thing we call civilization ! How has it happened that among the sophisticated it is the man who works, while the woman captains—and smokes ? Is it not all the fault of the philosophy that prefers forging ahead to steering ?



Boat-load of Knot Porters and Watermen Returning Home.





Winter Sunday on the Docks.

For some twenty centuries, the commerce of London has drifted up with the tide, and down with the tide. The strenuous Romans of old found a town of the Britains at Lin-dyn, and conquered it; and the strenuous Saxons conquered the town the Romans had left. The strenuous Danes made themselves masters of the Saxons, and then came the strenuous William of Normandy, and built the massive tower over there to dominate the city and port. But in London to-day the commerce still drifts, and is steered. None of the great ports of the world has had a longer or more varied history; it is the heart of the greatest of commercial nations, and the cradle of the mistress of the seas; but it is still regulated by the tide. It is at last well proved, this philosophy of drifting and steering. Who can say that it will not continue to rule

the world for another 2,000 years? Its methods are not brilliant, but they are sure. The Englishman established popular liberties in groping unwritten institutions long before the nervous logic of the Gaul built its high edifice of liberty, equality, and fraternity—and shattered it. To-day even the American has still something to learn in England of liberty, if not of democracy. And as England has drifted into wealth and freedom, so, too, she has drifted into spiritual greatness, as this very Pool of London could testify. If you had stood on London Bridge five centuries ago, you might have seen the Comptroller of Customs, Geoffrey Chaucer, Esq., cheerfully at work on the quay, perhaps meditating a Canterbury tale as he levied the duties on a cargo of wool for export; and just beyond the bridge in Southwark you may still find a Tabard

Inn, which is said to be on the site of the ever-famous resort of the Canterbury pilgrims. Three hundred years ago, if you had stood on London Bridge, you might have seen a local theatrical manager, Master William Shakespeare, crossing to the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, where the bargemen and sailormen of that day went for their bit of pleasure, and perhaps imparted to the poet that technicality of seamanship, at which the idolatrous Germans have marvelled, namely, that in a tempest you take in the topsail yarely.

Have national academies and institutes ever produced men like those ?

Amid such memories the imagination takes kindly to the barge of the Thames and to its bargee, and cherishes them in remembrance. As the craft drifts out beneath London Bridge, its mast rises into place, its red sails unfurl and glow in the misty morning light, while drifting and sailing it passes out through the vast portal of Tower Bridge, and down the broad river reaches into the rising sun.

## THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

### CHAPTER XI

#### AROUND THE MILO

**S**TILL another new and far more bewildering world was opened to Oliver the night he entered the cast room of the school of the National Academy of Design and took his seat among the other students.

The title of the institution, high-sounding as it was, not only truthfully expressed the objects and purposes of its founders, but was wofully exact in the sense of its being national ; for outside the bare walls of these rooms there was hardly a student's easel to be found the country over.

And such forlorn, desolate rooms ; up two flights of dusty stairs, in a rickety, dingy old loft in a building off Broadway, within a few steps of Union Square—an auction-room on the ground floor and a bar-room in the rear. The largest of the Academy rooms was used for the annual exhibition of the Academicians and their associates, and the smaller ones for the students ; one, a better lighted apartment being filled with the usual collection of casts—the Milo, the Fighting Gladiator, Apollo Belvedere ; Venus de Medici, etc., etc. The other was devoted to the uses of the life class

and its models. Not the nude—not in the class-room certainly—whatever may have been done in the studios—but the draped model—the old woman who washed for a living on the top floor, or one of her chubby children or buxom daughters, or perhaps the peddler who strayed in to sell his wares and left his head behind him on ten different canvases and in as many different positions.

The casts themselves were backed up against the walls ; some facing the windows for lights and darks, and others pushed toward the middle of the room, where the glow of the gas-jets could accentuate their better points. The Milo, by right of divinity, held the centre position—she is beautiful from any point of sight and available from any side ! The Theseus and the Gladiator stood in the corners, affording space for the stools of two or three students and their necessary easels. Scattered about on the coarse, white-washed walls were hung the smaller life casts—fragments of the body—an arm, leg, or hand—or sections of a head, and tucked in between could be found cheap lithographic productions of the work of the students and professors of the Paris and Düsseldorf schools. The gas-lights under which the students worked at



*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.*

Oliver standing over him with fists tightly clenched.—Page 278



night were hooded by cheap paper shades of the students' own fashioning, and the lower sashes of the windows were smeared with whitewash or covered with newspapers to concentrate the light. During working hours the drawing-boards were propped upon rude easels or slanted on overturned chairs, the students sitting on three-legged stools.

A gentle-voiced, earnest, whole-souled old man was the one only instructor presiding over this temple of art. He had devoted his whole life to the sowing of figs and the reaping of thistles, and in his old age was just beginning to see the shoots of a new art forcing their way through the dull clay of American civilization. Once in awhile, as assistants in this almost hopeless task, there would stray into his classroom some of the painters who, unconsciously, were founding a national art and in honor of whom a grateful nation will one day search the world over for marble white enough on which to perpetuate their memories: men as distinct in their aims, methods, and results as was that other group of unknown and despised immortals starving together at that very time in a French village across the sea. And men equally deserving of the esteem and gratitude of their countrymen.

Oliver knew the names of these distinguished visitors to the Academy, as did all the other members of the Skylarks, and he knew their work. The pictures of George Innis, Sanford Gifford, Kensett, McEntee, Hart, Eastman Johnson, Hubbard, Church, Casilaer, Whittredge, and the others had been frequently discussed around the piano on the top floor at Miss Teetum's, and their merits and supposed demerits often hotly contested. He had met Kensett once at the house of Mr. Slade, and McEntee had been pointed out to him as he left the theatre one night, but few of the others had ever crossed his path.

Of the group Gifford appealed to him most. One golden "Venice" of the painter, which hung in a picture-store, always delighted him—a stretch of the Lagoon with a cluster of butterfly sails and a far-away line of palaces, towers, and domes lying like a string of pearls on the horizon. There was another of Kensett's, a point of rocks thrust out like a mailed hand into a blue sea; and a Mc-

Entee of October woods, all brown and gold; but the Gifford he had never forgotten; nor will anyone else who has seen it.

That particular night, therefore, when a slender, dark-haired man in loose gray clothes sauntered into the class-room and moved around among the easels, giving a suggestion here and a word of praise there, became all the more memorable to our young hero when Professor Cummings touched him on the shoulder and said: "Mr. Gifford likes your drawing very much, Mr. Horn."

Oliver's fellow-students were from all stations in life. They were young and old. All of them were poor. Most of them were struggling along in kindred professions and occupations, as engravers, house-painters, lithographers, wood-carvers. Two or three were sign-painters. One of these—a big-boned, blue-eyed young fellow, who drew in charcoal from the cast at night, and who sketched the ships in the harbor during the day—came from Kennedy Square, or rather from one of the side streets leading out of it. There can still be found over the door of what was once his shop—he had started life as a sign-painter—a weather-beaten example of his skill in gold letters, the product of his own hand. Above the signature is, or was some ten years since, a small decorative panel showing a strip of yellow sand, a black dot of a boat and a line of blue sky, so true in tone and sure in composition that when Mr. Crocker first passed that way and stood before it—as did Robinson Crusoe over Friday's footprint—he was so astonished to find another artist besides himself in the town, that he turned into the shop, and finding only a young mechanic at work, said:

"Go to New York, young man, and study, you've got a career before you."

The old landscape-painter was a sure prophet; little pen-and-ink sketches bearing the initials of this same sign-painter now sell for more than their weight in gold, while his larger canvases on the walls of our museums and galleries hold their place beside the work of the marine painters of our own and other times and will for many a day to come.

This exile from Kennedy Square had been the first man to shake Oliver's hand the night he entered the cast-room. Social

distinctions had no place in this atmosphere. It was the fellow who in his work came closest to the curve of the shoulder, or to the poise of the head who proved, in the eyes of his fellow-students, his possession of an ancestry. But the ancestry was one that skipped over the Mayflower and went straight back to the great Michael and Rembrandt.

"I'm Jack Bedford, the sign-painter," he said, heartily. "You and I came from the same town," and as they grasped each other's hands, a new friendship was added to Oliver's rapidly increasing list.

Oliver's seat was next to Fred, with Jack Bedford on his right. He had asked to join this group not only because he wanted to be near his two friends but because he wanted still more to be near the Milo. He had himself selected a certain angle of the head because he had worked from that same point of sight with Mr. Crocker, and it had delighted him beyond measure when the professor allowed him to place his stool so that he could almost duplicate his earlier drawing. His ambition was to get into the life class, and the quickest road, he knew, lay through a good cast drawing. Every night for a week, therefore, he had followed the wonderful lines of the Milo's beautiful body which seemed to grow with warmth under the flare of the over-hanging gas-jets.

These favored life students occupied the room next to the casts. Mother Mulligan, in full regalia of apron and broom, often sat there as a model. Oliver had recognized her portrait at once: so can anyone else who looks over the early studies of half the painters of the time.

"Oh, it's you, is it—" Mrs. Mulligan herself had cried when she met Oliver in the hall, "the young gentleman that saved Miss Margaret's dog? She'll be here next week herself—she's gone home for a while up into the mountains, where her old father and mother live. I told her many times about ye, and she'll be that pleased to meet ye, now that you're *wan* of us."

It was delightful to hear her accent the "wan." Mother Mulligan always thought the institution rested on her broad shoulders, and that the students were part of her family.

The old woman could also have told Oliver of Margaret's arrival at the school,

and of the impression which she, the first and only girl student, made on entering at night to take her place before an easel. But of the reason of her coming Mrs. Mulligan could have told nothing, nor why Margaret had been willing to exchange the comforts of a home among the New Hampshire hills for the narrow confines of a third-story back room with Mrs. Mulligan as housekeeper and chaperon.

Fred knew all about it, of course, and how it had all come about through a cousin of Margaret's who lived on a farm near her father. This cousin had one day, years before, left his plough standing in the furrow and had apprenticed himself to a granite-cutter in the next town. Later on he had graduated in gravestones, and then in bas-reliefs, and finally had won a medal in Rome for a figure of "Hope," which was to mark the grave of a millionaire at home.

When the statue was finished, ready to be set up, this cousin had come home to Brookfield. He did not look as if he had ever been a farmer's boy the day Margaret caught sight of him coming up the garden path of her father's house. He wore a square-cut beard and straight-cut mustaches with needle-points, and funny shoes with square toes. She was disposed to laugh at him until he began to tell her stories of the wonderful cities beyond the sea and of his life among the painters and sculptors. Then she showed him her own drawings, searching his face anxiously with her big brown eyes. He had been so astounded and charmed by their delicacy and truth, that he had pleaded with her father—an obstinate old Puritan—to send her to New York to study. This, Margaret's father refused point-blank to do, only giving his consent at the last when her brother John, who had been graduated from Dartmouth and knew something of the outside world, had joined his voice to that of her mother and her own.

When, she at last entered the classroom of the Academy the students looked askance at her: the usual talk ceased and for a time there was an uncomfortable restraint everywhere, until the men found her laughing quietly at their whispered jokes about her. After that the "red-headed girl in blue gingham," as she was



called, became, by virtue of that spirit of *camaraderie* which a common pursuit develops, "one of us" in spirit as well as in occupation.

Fred had described it all to Oliver, and every night when Oliver came in from the hall, his eyes had wandered over the group of students in the hope of seeing the strange person. A girl studying art, or anything else for that matter, seemed to him to be as incongruous as for a boy to learn dress-making or for a woman to open a barber shop. He knew her type, he said to himself: she would be thin, and awkward, with an aggressive voice which would jar on the stillness of the room. And she would believe in the doctrines of Elizabeth Cady Stanton—a name never mentioned by his mother except apologetically and in a low voice—and when she became older she would address meetings and become conspicuous in church and have her name printed in the daily papers.

Our hero's mind was intent upon these phases of character always to be found, of course, in a girl who would unsex herself to the extent that Miss Grant had done, when a rich, full, well-modulated voice sounding over his shoulder said:

"Excuse me, but Mother Mulligan tells me that you are Mr. Horn, Fred Stone's friend. I want to thank you for taking care of my poor Juno. It was very good of you. I am Margaret Grant."

She had approached him without his seeing her. He turned quickly to accost her and immediately lost so much of his breath that he could only stammer his thanks, and the hope that Juno still enjoyed the best of health. But the deep brown eyes did not waver after acknowledging his reply, nor the smile about the mouth relax.

"And I'm so glad you've come at last," she went on. "Fred has told me how you wanted to draw and couldn't. I know something myself of what it is to hunger after a thing and not get it."

He was on his feet now, the bit of charcoal still between his fingers, his shirt-cuff rolled back to give his hand more freedom. His senses were coming back, too, and there was buoyancy as well as youth in his face.

"Yes, I do love it," said Oliver, and his eyes wandered over her wonderful hair

that looked like brown gold illumined by slants of sunshine, and then they rested for an instant on her eyes. "I drew with old Mr. Crocker at home, but we only had one cast, just the head of the Milo, and I was the only pupil. Here everything helps me. What are you at work on, Miss Grant?"

"I'm doing the Milo, too; my seat is right in front of yours. Oh! what a good beginning," and she bent over his drawing-board. "Why, this can't be your first week," and she scanned it closely. "One minute—a little too full under the chin, isn't it?" She picked up a piece of chalk, and pointed to the shaded lines, looking first with half-closed eyes at the full-sized cast before them, and then at the drawing.

"Yes, I think you're right," said Oliver, studying the cast also with half-closed eyes. "How will that do?" and he smudged the shadow with his finger-tip.

"Just right," she answered. "How well you have the character of the face. Isn't she lovely!—I know of nothing so beautiful. There is such a queenly, womanly, self-poised simplicity about her."

Oliver thought so too, and said so with his eyes, only it was of a face framed in brown-gold that he was thinking and not of one of white plaster. He was touched too by the delicate way in which she had commended his drawings. It was the "woman" in her that pleased him, just as it had been in Sue—that subtle, dominating influence which our fine gentleman could never resist.

He shifted his stool a little to one side so that he could see her the better unobserved while she was arranging her seat and propping up her board. He noticed that, although her face was tanned by the weather, her head was set on a neck of singular whiteness. Underneath, where the back hair was tucked up, his eye caught some delicate filmy curls which softened the line between her throat and head and shone in the light like threads of gold. The shoulders sloped and the whole fulness of her figure tapered to a waist firmly held by a leather belt. A wholesome girl, he thought to himself, and good to look at, and with a certain rhythmic grace about her movements.

Her crowning glory, though, was her



hair, which was parted over her forehead and caught in a simple twist behind. As the light fell upon it he observed again how full it was of varying tones like those found in the crinklings of a satin gown—yellow-gold one minute and dark brown the next. Oliver wondered how long this marvellous hair might be, and whether it would reach to the floor if it should burst its fastenings, and whether Sir Peter Lely would have loved it too could he have seen this flood of gold bathing her brow and shoulders.

He found it delightful to work within a few feet of her, silent as they had to be, for much talking was discountenanced by the professor. Often hours passed without any sound being heard in the room but that of the scrapings of the chairs on the bare floor or the shifting of an easel.

Two or three times during the evening the old professor would emerge from his room and overlook each drawing, patiently pointing out the defects and as patiently correcting them. He had evidently been impressed with Oliver's progress, for he remarked to Miss Grant, in a low voice :

"The new student draws well—he is doing first-rate," and passed on. Oliver caught the expression of satisfaction on the professor's face and interpreted it as in some way applying to his work, although he did not catch the words.

The old man rarely had to criticise Margaret's work. The suggestions made to her came oftener from the students, than from the professor himself, or any one of the visiting critics. In these criticisms, not only of her own work but of the others, everyone took part, each leaving his stool and helping in the discussion, when the work of the night was over. Fred's more correct eye, for instance, would be invaluable to Jack Bedford, the ex-sign-painter, who was struggling with the profile of the gladiator ; or Margaret, who could detect at a glance the faintest departure from the lines of the original, would shorten a curve on Oliver's drawing, or he in turn would advise her about the depth of a shadow or the spot for a high light.

As the nights went by and Oliver studied her the closer, the New England girl became all the more inexplicable to him.

She was, he could not but admit, like no other woman he had ever met ; certainly not in his present surroundings. She really seemed to belong to some fabled race—one of the Amazons, the Rhine maidens, or Norse queens for whom knights couched their lances. It was useless to compare her to any one of the girls about Kennedy Square, for she had nothing in common with any one of them. Could it be that she was unhappy among her own people, and had thus exiled herself from her home, or had some love-affair blighted her life. Or could it be, as Fred had suggested, that she was willing to undergo all these discomforts and privations simply for love of her art ? As this possible solution of the vexing problem rose in his mind, with the vision of Margaret herself before him, the blood mounted to his cheeks and an uncontrollable thrill of enthusiasm swept over him. He could forgive her anything if this motive had really controlled and shaped her life.

Had he seen the more closely and with prophetic vision, he would have discerned in this Norse queen with the golden hair the mother of a long line of daughters who, in the days to follow, would hang their triumphant shields beside those of their brothers, winning equal recognition in salon and gallery and conferring equal honor on their country. But Oliver's vision was no keener than the vision of any one else about him. It was the turn of Margaret's head that caught the young student's eye and the masses of brown-gold hair. With the future he had no concern.

What attracted him most of all in this woman who had violated all the known traditions of Kennedy Square, was a certain fearlessness of manner—an independence, a perfect ingenuousness and a freedom from any desire to interest the students in herself. When she looked at any one of them, it was never from under drooping eyelids, as Sue would have done, nor with that coquettish, alluring glance to which he had always been accustomed in Kennedy Square. She looked straight at them with unflinching eyes that said, "I can trust you, and *will*." He had never seen exactly that look except in the portrait of his uncle's grandmother by Sir Peter Lely—the picture he had always

loved. Strange to say, too, the eyes of the portrait were Margaret's eyes, and so was the color of the hair.

No vexed problems entered Margaret's head regarding the very engaging young gentleman who sat behind *her* stool. He merely represented to her another student—that was all: the little band was small enough, and she was glad to see the new ones come. She noticed, it is true, certain differences in him—a peculiar, soft cadence in his voice as the words slipped from his lips without their final *g's*; a certain deference to herself—standing until she regained her seat, an attention which she attributed at first to embarrassment over his new surroundings and to his desire to please. There was, too, a certain grace in his movements that attracted her, especially in the way in which he used his hands, and in the way in which he threw his head up when he laughed; but even these differences ceased to interest her after the first night of their meeting.

But it did not occur to her that he came from any different stock than the others about her, or that his blood might or might not be a shade bluer than her own. What had really impressed her more than anything else—and this only flashed into her mind while she was looking in the glass one night at her own—were his big white teeth, white as grains of corn, and the cleanliness of his hands and nails. She liked these things about him. Some of the fingers that rested on her drawing-board were often more like clothes-pins than fingers, and shocked her not a little; some, too, were stained with acids, and one or more with printer's ink that no soap could remove.

Oliver in fact became one of the classroom appointments—a young man who sat one stool behind her and was doing fairly well with his first attempt, and who would some day be able to make a creditable drawing if he had patience and application and kept at it.

At the beginning of the second week a new student appeared—or rather an old one, who had been laid up at home for a week or more with a cold. When Oliver arrived he found him in Margaret's seat, his easel standing where hers had been. He had a full-length drawing of the Milo—evidently the work of days—nearly

finished on his board. Oliver was himself a little ahead of time—ahead of either Margaret or Fred, and had noticed the new-comer when he entered, the room being nearly empty. Jack Bedford was already at work.

"Horn," Jack cried, and beckoned to Oliver—"see the beggar in Miss Grant's seat. Won't there be a jolly row when she comes in."

Margaret entered a moment later, her portfolio under her arm, and stood taking in the situation. Then she walked straight to her former seat, and said, in a firm but kindly tone:

"This is my place, sir. I've been at work here for a week. You see my drawing is nearly done."

The young man looked up. He toiled all day in a lithographer's shop, and these precious nights in the loft were his only glimpses of happiness. He sat without his coat, his shirt-sleeves liberally smeared with the color-stains of his trade.

"Well, it's my place, too. I sat here a week before I was taken sick," he said, in a slightly indignant tone, looking into Margaret's face in astonishment.

"But if you did," continued Margaret, "you see I am nearly through. I can't take another seat, for I'll lose the angle. I can finish in an hour if you will please give me this place to-night. You can draw just as well by sitting a few feet farther along."

The lithographer, without replying, turned from her impatiently, bent over his easel, picked up a fresh bit of charcoal and corrected a line on the Milo's shoulder. So far as he was concerned the argument was closed.

Margaret stood patiently. She thought at first he was merely adding a last touch to his drawing before granting her request.

"Will you let me have the seat?" she asked.

"No," he blurted out. He was still bending over his drawing, his eyes fixed on the work. He did not even look up. "I'm goin' to stay here until I finish. You know the rules as well as I do. I wouldn't take your seat—what do you want to take mine for?" There was no animosity in his voice. He spoke as if announcing a fact.

The words had hardly left his lips when



there came the sound of a chair being quickly pushed back, and Oliver stood beside Margaret. His eyes were flashing; his right shirt-cuff was rolled back, the bit of charcoal still between his fingers. Every muscle of his body was tense with anger. Margaret's quick instinct took in the situation at a glance. She saw Oliver's wrath and she knew its cause.

"Don't, Mr. Horn, please—please!" she cried, putting up her hand. "I'll begin another drawing. I see now that I took his seat when he was away, although I didn't know it."

Oliver stepped past her. "Get up, sir," he said, "and give Miss Grant her seat. What do you mean by speaking so to a lady?"

The apprentice—his name was Judson—raised his eyes quickly, took in Oliver's tense, muscular figure standing over him, and said, with a contemptuous wave of the hand:

"Young feller—you go and cool off somewhere, or I'll tell the professor. It's none of your business. I know the rules and——"

He never finished the sentence—not that anybody heard. He was floundering on the floor, an overturned easel and drawing-board lying across his body; Oliver standing over him with fists tightly clenched.

"I'll teach you how to behave to a lady." The words sounded as if they came from between closed teeth. "Here's your chair, Miss Grant," and with a slight bow he placed the chair before her and resumed his seat with as much composure as if he had been in his mother's drawing-room in Kennedy Square.

Margaret was so astounded that for a moment she could not speak. Then her voice came back to her. "I don't want it," she cried, in a half-frightened way, the tears starting in her eyes. "It was never mine—I told you so. Oh, what have you done?"

Never since the founding of the school had there been such a scene. The students jumped from their chairs and crowded about the group. The life class, which were at work in another room, startled by the uproar, swarmed out eager to know what had happened and why—and who—and what for. Old Mother Mulligan,

who had been posing for the class, with a cloak about her fat shoulders and a red handkerchief binding up her head, rushed over to Margaret, thinking she had been hurt in some way, until she saw the student on the floor, still panting and half dazed from the effect of Oliver's blow. Then she fell on her knees beside him.

At this instant Professor Cummings entered, and a sudden hush fell upon the room. Judson, with the help of Mother Mulligan's arm, had picked himself up, and would have made a rush at Oliver had not big Jack Bedford stopped him.

"Who's to blame for this?" asked the professor, looking from one to the other.

Oliver rose from his seat.

"This man insulted Miss Grant and I threw him out of her chair," he answered, quietly.

"Insulted you!" cried the professor, in surprise, and he turned to Margaret. "What did he say?"

"I never said a word to her," whined Judson, straightening his collar. "I told her the seat was mine, and so it is. That wasn't insulting her."

"It's all a mistake, professor—Mr. Horn did not understand," protested Margaret. "It *was* his seat, not mine. He began his drawing first. I didn't know it when I commenced mine. I told Mr. Horn so."

"Why did you strike him?" asked the professor, and he faced Oliver.

"Because he had no business to speak to her as he did. She is the only lady we have among us and every man in the class ought to remember it, and every man has since I've been here except this one."

There was a slight murmur of applause. Judson's early training had been neglected as far as his manners went, and he was not popular.

The professor looked searchingly into Oliver's eyes and a flush of pride in the boy's pluck tinged his pale cheeks. He had once thrown a fellow student out of a window in Munich himself for a similar offence, and old as he was he had never forgotten it.

"You come from the South, Mr. Horn, I hear," he said in a gentler voice. "and you are all a hot-tempered race, and often do foolish things. Judson meant no



harm—he says so, and Miss Grant says so. Now you two shake hands and make up. We are trying to learn to draw here, not to batter each other's heads."

Oliver's eyes roved from one to the other; he was too astonished to make further reply. He had only done what he knew every other man around Kennedy Square would have done under similar circumstances, and what any other woman would have thanked him for. Why was everybody here against him—even the girl herself! What sort of people were these who would stand by and see a woman insulted and make no defence or outcry. He could not have looked his father in the face again, nor Sue, nor anyone else in Kennedy Square, if he had done differently.

For a moment he hesitated, his eyes searching each face. He had hoped that someone who had witnessed the outrage would come forward and uphold his act. When no voice broke the stillness he crossed the room and taking the lithographer's hand extended rather sullenly, answered, quietly: "If Miss Grant is satisfied, I am," and peace was once more restored.

Margaret sharpened her charcoals and bent over her drawing. She was so agitated she could not trust herself to touch its surface. "If I am *satisfied*," she kept repeating to herself. The words, somehow, seemed to carry a reproach with them. "Why shouldn't I be satisfied? I have no more rights in the room than the other students about me; that is, I thought I hadn't until I heard what he said. How foolish for him to cause all this fuss about nothing, and make me so conspicuous."

But even as she said the words to herself she remembered Oliver's tense figure and the look of indignation on his face. She had never been accustomed to seeing men take up the cudgels for women. There had been no opportunity, perhaps, nor cause, but even if there had been, she could think of no one whom she had ever met who would have done as much for her, just because she was a woman.

A little sob, which she could not have explained to herself, welled up to her throat. Much as she gloried in her own

self-reliance, there was something in which she suddenly and unexpectedly found herself exulting still more—that quality in the man who had just defended her, which had compelled him instantly to protect her, to take her part. Then the man himself! the man who had had the courage, strength, and skill to carry his point in her defence. How straight and strong and handsome he was as he stood looking at Judson, and then the uplifted arm, the quick spring, and, best of all, the calm, graceful way in which he had handed her the chair! She could not get the picture out of her mind. Last, she remembered the chivalrous look in his face when he held out his hand to the man who a moment before had received its full weight about his throat. This pleased her most of all.

She had not regained mastery over herself even when she leaned across her drawing-board, pretending to be absorbed in her work. The curves of the Milo seemed in some strange way to have melted into the semblance of the outlines of other visions sunk deep in her soul since the days of her childhood. Visions which for years past had been covered over by the ice of a cold, hard puritanical training, which had prevented any bubbles of sentiment from ever rising to the surface of her heart. As remembrances of them rushed through her mind the half-draped woman, with the face of the Madonna and the soul of the Universal Mother shining through every line of her beautiful body, no longer stood before her. It was a knight in glittering armor now, with drawn sword and vizor up, beneath which looked out the face of a beautiful youth aflame with the fire of a holy zeal. She caught the flash of the sun on his breastplate of silver, and the sweep of his blade, and heard his clarion voice sing out. And then again, as she closed her eyes, this calm, lifeless cast became a gallant, blue-eyed prince, who knelt beside her and kissed her finger-tips, his doffed plumes trailing at her feet.

When the band of students were leaving the rooms that night, Margaret called Oliver to her side, and extending her hand, said, with a direct simplicity that carried conviction in every tone of her voice and in which no trace of her former emotions were visible:

"I hope you'll forgive me, Mr. Horn. I'm all alone here in the city and I have grown so accustomed to depending on myself that, perhaps, I failed to understand how you felt about it. I am very grateful to you. Good-night."

She had turned away before he could do more than express his regret over the occurrence. He wanted to follow her; to render her some assistance; to comfort her in some way. It hurt him to see her go out alone into the night. He wished he might offer his arm, escort her home, make some atonement for the pain he had caused her. But there was a certain proud poise of the head and swift glance of the eye which held him back.

While he stood undecided whether to break through her reserve and join her, he saw Mrs. Mulligan come out of the basement, stop a passing stage, and helping Margaret in, take the seat beside her.

"I am glad she does not go out alone," he said to himself and turned away.

## CHAPTER XII

### BELOW MOOSE HILLOCK

THE political situation necessitated the exercise of economies in every department of business life, and it was not long before the bare rooms of the Academy School began to suffer.

One night the students found the gas turned out and a small card tacked on the door of the outer hall. It read—

SCHOOL CLOSED FOR WANT OF  
FUNDS. WILL PERHAPS BE  
OPENED IN THE AUTUMN.

Signs of like character were not unusual in the history of the school. The wonder was, considering the vicissitudes through which the Academy had passed, that it was opened at all. From the institution's earlier beginnings in the old house on Bond Street, to its flight from the loft close to Grace Church and then to the abandoned building opposite the old hotel near Washington Square, where Amos

Cobb always stayed when he came to New York, and so on down to its own home on Broadway, its history had been one long struggle for recognition and support.

This announcement, bitter enough as it was to Oliver, was followed by another even more startling, when he reached the office next day, and Mr. Slade called him into his private room.

"Mr. Horn," said his employer, motioning Oliver to a seat and drawing his chair close beside him so that he could lay his hand upon the young man's knee, "I am very sorry to tell you that after the first of June we shall be obliged to lay you off. It is not because we are dissatisfied with your services, for you have been a faithful clerk, and we all like you and wish you could stay, but the fact is if this repudiation goes on we will all be ruined. I'm not going to discharge you; I'm only going to give you a holiday for a few months. Then, if the war scare blows over we want you back again. I appreciate that this has come as suddenly upon you as it has upon us, and I hope you will not feel offended when, in addition to your salary I hand you the firm's check for an extra amount. You must not look upon it as a gift, for you have earned every cent of it."

These two calamities were duly reported to his mother by our young hero, sitting alone, as he wrote, up in his sky-parlor, crooning over his dismal coke fire. "Was he, then, to begin over again the weary tramping of the streets," he said to himself. "And the future! What did that hold in store for him? Would the time ever come when he could follow the bent of his tastes? He was getting on so well—even Miss Grant had said so—and it had not interfered with his work at the store either. The check in his pocket proved that."

His mother's answer made his heart bound with joy.

"Take Mr. Slade at his word. He is your friend and means what he says. Find a place for the summer where you can live cheaply and where the little money which you now have will pay your way. In the fall you can return to your work. Don't think of coming home, much as I should like to put my arms around you. I cannot spare the money to bring you here now, as I have just paid the interest on the mortgage.



Moreover, the whole of Kennedy Square is upset, and our house seems to be the centre of disturbance. Your father's views on slavery are well known, and he is already being looked upon with disfavor by some of our neighbors. At the club the other night he and Judge Bowman had some words which were very distressing to me. Mr. Cobb was present, and was the only one who took your father's part. Your father, as you may imagine, is very anxious over the political situation, but I cannot think our people are going to fight and kill each other, as Colonel Clayton predicts they will before another year has passed."

Oliver's heart bounded like a loosened balloon as he laid down his mother's letter and began pacing the room. Neither the political outlook, nor club discussions, nor even his mother's hopes and fears, concerned him. It was the sudden loosening of all his bonds that thrilled him. Four months to do as he pleased in—the dreadful mortgage out of the way for six months; his mother willing, and he with money enough in his pocket to pay his way without calling upon her for a penny! Was there ever such luck! All care rolled from his shoulders—even the desire to see his mother and Sue and those whom he loved at home was forgotten in the rosy prospect before him.

Long before the June days came he had packed his old hair trunk—there were other and more modern trunks to be had, but Oliver loved this one because it had been his father's—gathered his painting materials together—his easel, brushes, leather case and old slouch hat that he wore to fish in at home—and spent his time counting the days and hours when he could leave the world behind him and, as he told Fred, "begin to live."

He was not alone in this planning for a summer exodus. The other students had indeed all cut their tether strings and disappeared long before his own freedom came. Jack Bedford had gone to the coast to live with a fisherman and paint the surf, and Fred was with his people away up near the lakes. As for the lithographers, sign-painters, and beginners, they were spending their evenings somewhere else than in the old room under the shaded gas-jets. Even Margaret, so Mother Mulligan

told him, was up "wid her folks, somewheres."

"And she was that broken-hearted," she added, "whin they shut up the school—bad cess to 'em! Oh, ye would a-nigh kilt yerself wid grief to a-seen her, poor darlint."

"Where is her home?" asked Oliver, ignoring the tribute to his sympathetic tendencies. He had no reason for asking, except that she had been the only lady among them, and he accordingly felt that a certain courtesy was due her even in her absence.

"I've bothered me head loose tryin' to remimber, but for the soul o' me I can't. It's cold enough up there, I know, to freeze ye solid, for Miss Margaret had wan o' her ears nipped last time she was home."

Of course Oliver told Mr. Slade of his plans at once, and read him part of his mother's letter.

"Very sensible woman, your mother," his employer answered, with his bluff heartiness. "Just the thing for you to do; and I've got the very spot for you. Go to Ezra Pollard's. He lives up in the mountains at a little place called East Branch, on the edge of a wilderness. I fish there every spring, and I'll give you a letter to him."

And so one fine morning in June, with Oliver bursting with happiness, the hair trunk and the leather case and sketching umbrella were thrown out at a New England way station in the gray dawn from a train in which Oliver had spent the night curled up on one of the seats.

Just as he had expected the old coach that was to carry him was waiting beside the platform. There was a rush for top seats, and Oliver got the one beside the driver, and the trunk and traps were stored in the boot under the driver's seat—it was a very small trunk and took up but little room—and Marvin cracked his whip and away everybody went, the dogs barking behind and the women waving their aprons from the porches of the low houses facing the road.

And it was a happy young fellow who filled his lungs with the fresh air of the morning and held on to the iron rail of the top seat as they bumped over the "Thank



ye marms," and who asked the driver innumerable questions which it was part of the noted whip's duty and always his pleasure to answer. The squirrels darted across the road as if to get a look at the enthusiast and then ran for their lives to escape the wheels ; and the crows heard the rumble and rose in a body from the sparse cornfields for a closer view ; and the big trees arched over his head, cooling the air and casting big shadows, and even the sun kept peeping over the edge of the hills from behind some jutting rock or clump of pines or hemlock as if bent on lighting up his face so that everybody could see how happy he was.

As the day wore on and the coach rattled over the big open bridge that spanned the rushing mountain-stream, Oliver's eye caught, far up the vista, the little dent in the line of blue that stood low against the sky. The driver said this was the Notch and that the big hump to the right was Moose Hillock, and that Ezra's cabin nestled at its feet and was watered by the rushing stream, only it was a jolly little brook away up there that anybody could step over.

"'Taint bigger'n yer body where it starts out fresh up in them mountings," the driver said, touching his leaders behind their ears with the lash of his whip. "Runs clean 'round Ezra's, and's jest as chuck-full o' trout, be gosh, as a hive is o' bees."

And the swing and the freedom of it all ! No office hours to keep ; no boxes to nail up and roll out—nothing but sweetness and cool draughts of fresh mountain-air, and big trees that he wanted to get down and hug ; and jolly laughing brooks that ran out to meet him and called to him as he trotted along, or as the horses did, which was the same thing, he being part of the team.

And the day !—Had there ever been such another ? And the sky, too, filled with soft white clouds that sailed away over his head—the little ones far in advance and already crowding up the Notch, which was getting nearer every hour.

And Marvin the driver—what a character he was and how quaint his speech. And the cabins by the road, with their trim fences and winter's wood piled up so neatly under the sheds—all so different from

any which he had seen at the South and all so charming and exhilarating.

Never had he been so happy !

And why not ? Twenty-three and in perfect health, without a care, and for the first time in all his life doing what he wanted most to do, with opportunities opening up every hour for doing what he believed he could do best.

Oh, for some planet where such young saplings can grow without hindrance from the ignobrant and the unsympathetic ; where they can reach out for the sun on all sides and stretch their long arms skyward ; where each vine can grow as it would in all the luxuriance of its nature, free from the pruning-knife of criticism and the strait-laced trellis of conventionality,—a planet on which the Puritan with his creeds, customs, fads, issues, and dogmas never set foot. Where every round peg fits a round hole, and men toil with a will and with unclouded brows because their hearts find work for their hands and each day's task is a joy.

If the road and the country on each side of it, and the giant trees, now that they neared the mountains, and the deep ravines and busy, hurrying brooks had each inspired some exclamation of delight from Oliver, the first view of Ezra's cabin filled him so full of uncontrollable delight that he could hardly keep his seat long enough for Marvin to rein in his horses and get down and swing back the gate that opened into the pasture surrounding the house.

"Got a boarder for ye, Ezra," Marvin called to Oliver's prospective host, who had come down to meet the stage and get his empty butter-pails. Then, in a lower tone : "Sezs he's a painter chap, and that Mr. Slade sent him up. He's goin' to bunk in with ye all summer, he sezs. Seems like a knowin', happy kind er young feller."

They were pulling the pails from the rear boot, each one tied up in a wheat-sack, with a card marked "Ezra Pollard" sewed on the outside to distinguish it from the property of other East Branch settlers up and down the road.

Oliver had slipped from his seat and was tugging at his hair trunk. He did not know that the long, thin, slab-sided old fellow in a slouch hat, hickory shirt

held up by one suspender, and heavy cow-hide boots was his prospective landlord. He supposed him to be the hired man, and that he would find Mr. Pollard waiting for him in the little sitting-room with the windows full of geraniums that looked so inviting and picturesque.

"Marve sez you're lookin' fur me. Come along. Glad ter see ye."

"Are you Mr. Pollard?" His surprise not only marked the tones of his voice but the expression of his face.

"No, jes' Ezry Pollard, that's all. Hope Mr. Slade's up and hearty?"

Mr. Slade was never so "up and hearty" as was Oliver that next morning.

Up with the sun he was, and hearty as a young buck out of a bed of mountain-moss.

"Time to be movin', ain't it?" came Ezra Pollard's voice, shouting up the unpainted staircase, tumbling Oliver out of bed in a jiffy. "Hank's drewed a bucket out here at the well for ye to wash in. Needn't worry about no towel. Samantha's got one fur ye, but ye kin bring yer comb."

Oliver sprang from the coarse straw mattress—it had been as eider-down to his stage-jolted body—pushed open the wooden blind and looked out. The sun was peeping over the edge of the Notch and looking with wide eyes into the saucer-shaped valley in which the cabin stood. The fogs which at twilight had stolen down to the meadows and had made a night of it, now startled into life by the warm rays of the sun, were gathering up their skirts of shredded mist and tiptoeing back up the hillside, looking over their shoulders as they fled. The fresh smell of the new corn watered by the night dew and the scent of pine and balsam from the woods about him, filled the morning air. Songs of birds were all about, a robin on a fence-post and two larks high in air, singing as they flew.

Below him, bounding from rock to rock, ran the brook, laughing in the sunlight and tossing the spray high in the air in a mad frolic. Across this swirling line of silver lay a sparse meadow strewn with rock, plotted with squares of last year's crops—potatoes, string-beans, and cabbages, and now combed into straight green

lines of early buckwheat and turnips. Beyond this a ragged pasture, fenced with blackened stumps, from which came the tinkle of cow-bells, and farther on the grim, silent forest—miles and miles of forest seamed by a single road leading to Moose Hillock and the great Stone Face.

Oliver slipped into his clothes; ran down the stairs and out into the fresh morning air. As he walked toward the well his eyes caught sight of Hank's bucket tilted on one edge of the well-curb, over which hung the big sweep, its lower end loaded with stone. On the platform stood a wooden bench always sloppy with the drippings of the water-soaked pail. This bench held a tin basin and half a bar of rosin soap. Beside it was a single post sprouting hickory prongs, on which were hung as many cleanly scoured milk-pails glittering in the sun. On this post Hank had nailed a three-cornered piece of looking-glass—Hank had a sweetheart in the village below—a necessary and useful luxury, he told Oliver afterward, "in slickin' yerself up fer meals."

Once out in the sunshine Oliver, with the instinct of the painter suddenly roused, looked about him. He found that the cabin which had delighted him so in the glow of the afternoon, was but a long box with a door in the middle of each side, front and back. When these doors were open one could see through the house. On each side of this hallway were two suits of rooms—one a sitting-room, from which opened a bedroom in which Ezra and his wife slept, with the windows choked with geraniums, their red noses pressed against the small panes, and the other a kitchen, connecting with a pantry and a long, rambling woodshed. The roof came to a peak and was covered with shingles. Oliver's bed lay under the ridge-pole of this peak. He remembered the shingles—he had reached up in the night and touched them with his hands. He remembered, too, the fragrance they gave out—a hot, dry, spicy smell. He remembered also the dried apples spread out on a board beside his bed, and the broken spinning-wheel, and the wasp's nest. He was sure, too, there were many other fascinating relics stored away in this old attic. But for the sputtering tallow-candle, which



the night before was nearly burnt out, he would have examined everything else about him before he went to sleep.

Then his eye fell on the woodshed and the huge pile of chips that Hank's ax had made in supplying Samanthy's stove, and the rickety, clay-plastered buggy and buckboard that had never known water since the day of their birth. And the two muskrat skins nailed to the outside planking—spoils of the mill-dam, a mile below.

Yes ; he could paint here !

With a thrill of delight surging through him he rolled up his sleeves, then, tilting the bucket, he filled the basin with ice-cold water which Hank had drawn for him, a courtesy only shown a stranger guest, and plunging in his hands and face, dashed the water over his head. Samanthy, meanwhile, had come out with the towel—half a salt-sack, washed and rewashed to phenomenal softness (an ideal towel is a salt-sack to those who know). Then came the rubbing until his flesh was aglow, and the parting of the wet hair with the help of Hank's glass, and with a toss of a stray lock back from his forehead Oliver went in to breakfast.

It fills me with envy when I think of that first toilet of Oliver's ! I have had just such morning dips ;—one in Como, with the great cypresses standing black against the glow of an Italian dawn ; another in the Lido at sunrise, my gondolier circling about me as I swam ; still a third in Stamboul with the long slants of light piercing the gloom of the stone dome above me—but O, the smell of the pines that Oliver knew and the great sweep of openness, with the mountains looking down and the sun laughing at him, and the sparkle and joyousness of it all ! Ah, what a lucky dog was this Oliver !

And the days that followed ! Each one a delight—each one happier than the one before. The sun seemed to have soaked into his blood ; the strength of the great hemlocks with their giant uplifted arms seemed to have found its way to his muscles. He grew stronger, more supple. He could follow Hank all day now, tramping the brook or scaling the sides of Bald Face, its cheeks scarred with thunderbolts. And with this joyous life there came a light into his eyes, a tone in his voice, a

spring and buoyancy in his step that brought him back to the days when he ran across Kennedy Square and had no care for the day nor thought for the morrow. Before the week was out he had covered half a dozen canvases with pictures of the house as he saw it that first morning, bathed in the sunshine ; of the brook ; the sweep of the Notch, and two or three individual trees that he had fallen in love with—a ragged birch in particular—a tramp of a birch with its toes out of its shoes and its bark coat in tatters.

Before the second week had begun he had sought the main stage-road and had begun work on a big hemlock that stood sentinel over a turn in the highway. There was a school-house in the distance and a log-bridge beneath which the brook plunged. And here he settled himself for serious work. He was so engrossed that he had not noticed the school-children who had come up noiselessly from behind and were looking in wonder at his drawings. Presently a child, who in her eagerness had touched his shoulder, broke the stillness in apology.

"Say, Mister, there's a lady comes to school every day. She's a painter too, and drew Sissy Mathers."

Oliver glanced at the speaker and the group about her ; wished them all good-morning and squeezed a fresh tube on his palette. He was too much absorbed in his work for prolonged talk. The child, emboldened by his cheery greeting, began again, the others crowding closer. "She drew the bridge too, and me and Jennie Waters was sitting on the rail—she's awful nice."

Oliver looked up smiling.

"What's her name?"

"I don't know. Teacher calls her Miss Margaret, but there's more to it. She comes every year."

Oliver bent over his easel, drew out a fine brush from the sheaf in his hand, caught up a bit of yellow ochre from his palette and touched up the shadow of the birch. "All the women painters must be Margarets," he said to himself. Then he fell to wondering what had become of her since the school closed. He had always felt uncomfortable over the night when he defended Miss Grant—the red-headed girl in blue gingham, as she was called by the



students. She had placed him in the wrong by misunderstanding his reasons for serving her. The students had always looked upon him after that as a quarrelsome person, when he was only trying to protect a woman from insult. He could not find it in his heart to blame her, but he wished that it had not happened. As these thoughts filled his mind he became so engrossed that the children's good-by failed to reach his ear.

That day Hank had brought him his luncheon—two ears of hot corn in a tin bucket, four doughnuts and an apple—the corn in the bottom of the bucket and the doughnuts and apple on top. He could have walked home for his midday meal, for he was within sound of Samantha's dinner-horn, but he liked it better this way.

Leaving his easel standing in the road, he had waved his hand in good-by to Hank, had picked up the bucket and had crept under the shadow of the bridge to eat his luncheon. He had finished the corn, thrown the cobs to the fish, and was beginning on the doughnuts, when a step on the planking above him caused him to look up. A girl in a tam-o'-shanter cap was leaning over the rail. The sun was behind her, throwing her face into shadow—so blinding a light that Oliver only caught the nimbus of fluffy hair that framed the black dot of her head. Then came a voice that sent a thrill of surprise through him.

"Why, Mr. Horn! Who would have thought of meeting you here?"

Oliver was on his feet in an instant—a half-eaten doughnut in one hand, his slouch hat in the other. With this he was shading his eyes against the glare of the sun. He was still ignorant of who had spoken to him.

"I beg your pardon, I—*why*, Miss GRANT!" The words burst from his lips as if they had been fired from a gun. "You here!"

"Yes, I live only twenty miles away, and I come here every year. Where are you staying?"

"At Pollard's."

"Why, that's the next clearing from mine. I'm at old Mrs. Taft's. Oh, please don't leave your luncheon."

Oliver had bounded up the bank to a place beside her.

"How good it is to find you here. I am

so glad." He *was* glad; he meant every word of it. "Mrs. Mulligan said you lived up in the woods, but I had no idea it was in these mountains. Have you had your luncheon?"

"No, not yet," and Margaret held up a basket. "Look!" and she raised the lid. "Elderberry pie, two pieces of cake——"

"Good! and I have three doughnuts and an apple. I swallowed every grain of my hot corn like a greedy Jack Horner, or you should have half of it. Come down under the bridge, it's so cool there," and he caught her hand to help her down the bank.

She followed him willingly. She had seen him greet Fred, and Jack Bedford, and even the gentle Professor with just such outbursts of affection, and she knew there was nothing especially personal to her in it all. It was only his way of saying he was glad to see her.

Oliver laid the basket and tin can on a flat stone that the spring freshets had scoured clean; spread his brown corduroy jacket on the pebbly beach beside it, and with a laugh and the mock gesture of a courtier, conducted her to the head of his improvised table. Margaret laughed and returned the bow, stepping backward with the sweep of a great lady, and settled herself beside him. In a moment she was on her knees bending over the brook, her hands in the water, the tam-o'-shanter beside her. She must wash her hands, she said—"there was a whole lot of chrome yellow on her fingers"—and she held them up with a laugh for Oliver's inspection. Oliver watched her while she bathed and dried her shapely hands, smoothed the hair from her temples and tightened the coil at the back of her head which held all this flood of gold in check, then he threw himself down beside her, waiting until she should serve the feast.

As he told her of his trip up the valley and of the effect it made upon him, and how he had never dreamed of anything so beautiful, and how good the Pollards were; and what he had painted and what he expected to paint; talking all the time with his thumb circling about as if it was a bit of charcoal and the air it swept through but a sheet of Whatman's best, her critical eye roamed over his figure and

costume. She had caught in her first swift, comprehensive glance from over the bridge-rail, the loose jacket and broad-brimmed planter's hat, around which, with his love of color, Oliver had twisted a spray of nasturtium blossoms and leaves culled from the garden-patch that morning; but now that he was closer, she saw the color in his cheeks and noticed, with a suppressed smile, the slight mustache curling at the ends, a new feature since the school had closed. She followed too the curves of the broad chest and the muscles outlined through his shirt. She had never thought him so strong and graceful, nor so handsome. (The smile came to the surface now—an approving, admiring smile.) It was the mountain-climbing, no doubt, she said to herself, and the open-air life that had wrought the change.

With a laugh and toss of her head she unpacked her own basket and laid her contribution to the feast on the flat rock—the pie on a green dock-leaf, which she reached over and pulled from the water's edge, and the cake on the pink napkin—the only sign of city luxury in her outlay. Oliver's eye, meanwhile wandered over her figure and costume—a costume he had never seen before on any living woman, certainly not on any woman around Kennedy Square. The cloth skirt came to her ankles, which were covered with yarn stockings, and her feet were encased in shoes that gave him the shivers, the soles being as thick as his own and the leather as tough. (Sue Clayton would have died with laughter had she seen those shoes.) Her blouse was of gray flannel, belted to the waist by a cotton saddle-girth—white and red—and as broad as her hand. The tam-o'-shanter was coarse and rough, evidently home-made, and not at all like McFudd's, which was as soft as the back of a kitten and without a seam.

Then his eyes sought her face. He noticed how brown she was—and how ruddy and healthy. How red the lips—red as mountain-berries, and back of them big white teeth—white as peeled almonds. He caught the line of the shoulders and the round of the full arm and tapering wrist, and the small, well-shaped hand. "Queer clothes," he said to himself—"but the girl inside is all right."

Sitting under the shadow of the old bridge on the main highway, each weighed and balanced the other, even as they talked aloud of the Academy School, and the pupils, and the dear old Professor whom they both loved. They discussed the prospect of its doors being opened the next winter. Then they talked of Mrs. Mulligan, and the old Italian who sold peanuts, and whose head Margaret had painted; and of Jack Bedford and Fred Stone—the dearest fellow in the world—and last year's pictures—especially Church's "Niagara," the sensation of the year, and Whittredge's "Mountain Brook," and every other subject their two busy brains could rake and scrape up except the one that really engrossed their two minds and that one was the overturning of Mr. Judson's body on the art school floor, and the upsetting of Miss Grant's mind for days thereafter. Once Oliver had unintentionally neared the danger-line by mentioning the lithographer's name, but Margaret had suddenly become interested in the movements of a chipmunk that had crept down for the crumbs of their luncheon, and with a woman's wit had raised her finger to her lips to command silence lest he should be frightened off.

They painted no more that afternoon. When the shadows began to fall in the valley they started up the road, picking up Oliver's easel and trap—both had stood unmolested and would have done so all summer with perfect safety—and Oliver walked with Margaret as far as the bars that led into Taft's pasture. There they bade each other good-night, Margaret promising to be ready in the morning with her big easel and a fresh canvas, which Oliver was to carry, when they would both go sketching together and make a long, blessed summer day of it.

That night Oliver's upraised, restless hands felt the shingles over his head more than once before he could get to sleep. He had not thought he could be any happier—but he was. Margaret's unexpected appearance had restored to him something of what the old life at home had always yielded. He was never really happy without the companionship of a woman, and this he had not had since leaving Kennedy Square. Those he had met on rare occasions in New York were either too conventional or self-conscious,



or they seemed to be offended at his familiar Southern ways. This one was so sensible and companionable, and so appreciative and sympathetic. He felt he could say anything to her and she would understand; he liked her better every time he saw her.

Margaret lay awake, too—not long—not more than five minutes, perhaps. Long enough, however, to wish she was not so sunburnt, and that she had brought her

other dress and a pair of gloves and a hat instead of this rough mountain suit. Long enough, too, to recall Oliver's standing beside her on the bridge with his big hat sweeping the ground, and the color mounting to his cheeks as she greeted him—a joyous look in his eyes.

"Was he really glad to see me," she said to herself, as she dropped off into dream-land, "or is it his way with all the women he meets?"

(To be continued.)

## THE AMERICAN "COMMERCIAL INVASION" OF EUROPE

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

Formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

### THIRD PAPER—ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND RUSSIA



IT is in Great Britain that we find in its fullest development the effect of the American commercial invasion of the world's markets. It is true that American competition has been making notable inroads into the commerce of all the countries of Europe. But important as is the effect which has been produced upon commercial conditions in the Continental countries, that result is almost insignificant when compared with the consequence of this competition in Great Britain. From the beginning of our history England has formed our most important market, and for two generations at least we have been the largest customers for English products. In the last half-dozen years a change has taken place in the trade balance between the two nations which is, perhaps, the most notable single commercial event to be recorded in the last decade. We have been steadily reducing our purchases from the mother-country; we have been making astounding increases in our sales to her. Comparing, for instance, the change which has taken place in the trade movement between the two nations in the last

half-dozen years we see that our annual purchases from the United Kingdom have dropped \$16,000,000, standing last year at \$143,000,000. In the same period our sales to Great Britain nearly doubled, going up from \$387,000,000 in 1895 to \$631,000,000 last year. This change in the annual trade balance, showing for us a more favorable total by \$260,000,000 than we had six years ago, is a change of such import as can only mean revolutionary transformation in the industrial life of the two nations. These figures are so significant that they need to be dwelt on somewhat, to fix in the mind their importance. Six years ago we sold to Great Britain \$228,000,000 more than we bought. Last year we sold to her \$488,000,000 more than our purchases. In every business day last year we sent to her \$1,500,000 more than we bought. For every dollar's worth of goods we bought we sold her four dollars and forty-one cents' worth of our products.

The relative importance of the increase in our trade with Great Britain is shown when we compare it with the increase which we have made in our sales to all the rest of Europe. Noting that our favor-



able balance in the trade with Great Britain last year showed an increase of \$488,000,000 over the record of 1895, we find that that figure compares with an increase in the same period of \$219,000,000 in our trade with all Continental Europe.

Such figures as these make it easy to see why the industries of Great Britain have more keenly felt our competition than has the rest of Europe, but even these statistics by no means measure in its full significance the effect upon British commerce of the "American invasion."

The nineteenth century may well be said to have been the century of Great Britain's commercial supremacy. During that hundred years the industries of the country stood pre-eminent in almost every line of manufacturing. British manufacturers commanded completely their domestic field, but they did much more than that. They were in easy control of the greater part of the world's commerce in manufactured products. Not only have their workshops held a commanding position, but pre-eminence has been made more secure by control, in large measure, of the commercial fleets of the world.

When our own manufacturers began seriously to reach out a few years ago for foreign trade, there were few of them with the hardihood to attempt to meet British competition in the home field. What we did do was successfully to compete at points so far distant from the British factories that our own producers were little handicapped in the way of freight charges. We successfully entered the South African gold-fields and supplied most of the machinery for operating the deep mines of the Rand. We went into the harvest fields of almost every British colony and sold agricultural implements to cultivate and gather their grain. We began successfully to compete in bridge-building on the pioneer railroads of Africa, and then we supplied those railways with locomotives, as we did also the government lines of India and the Far East. Our success extended rapidly and it soon became evident that the political ties of Great Britain's colonies were not in themselves sufficient to bind to her their trade. For a good many years English contractors had things their own way in railroad-building in the British colonies. One day we shocked them when their own

best bid of 15 guineas a ton for constructing the Atbara Bridge was met by an American bid of £10 13s. 6d., and their time of twenty-six weeks was cut by the American contractor to fourteen weeks. They were soon still more surprised when the bids for the Gokteik viaduct in Burma were opened. This was a much more important work. The best English bid was £26 10s. per ton, with three years' time to complete the job. Americans took the contract at £15 a ton and completed the work in twelve months. The Uganda viaducts, still more important in size, were built by American contractors at a cost twenty per cent. below the English price, and they were completed in forty-six weeks, against the English requirement of 130 weeks.

Such illustrations might be almost indefinitely extended, nor would they need to be confined to bridge-building. Their special importance is in the basis which they formed for a manufacturing competition which drew nearer and nearer to the home market of English manufacturers. Success upon success has attended our efforts to compete industrially with England, until we are at last sending our manufactured goods into the centre of the Englishmen's domestic field. There are English districts whose names have become words in our language synonymous with certain great classes of manufactured goods. We have come to compete successfully in those very fields in their great specialties. It is literally true that we have sold cottons in Manchester, pig-iron in Lancashire, and steel in Sheffield.

Details of this invasion cover a broad field. The changed relations between the industries of the two countries are probably the most pronounced in the production of iron and steel, but in a hundred lines of manufactures statistics tell the same story of great growth in our exports and quiescence or decadence in the corresponding British field. Much less than a score of years ago England produced twice as much pig-iron as was produced in the United States. Now we have an output half as much again as England's, in spite of the fact that her own industry has steadily grown. For many years we drew upon England for great stocks of iron. Our early railroads were laid with



The Atbara Bridge, Sudan, in the Course of Construction.

This bridge was built by an American firm, who underbid the English contractors and also cut the time required by the English bidders from twenty-six weeks to fourteen.

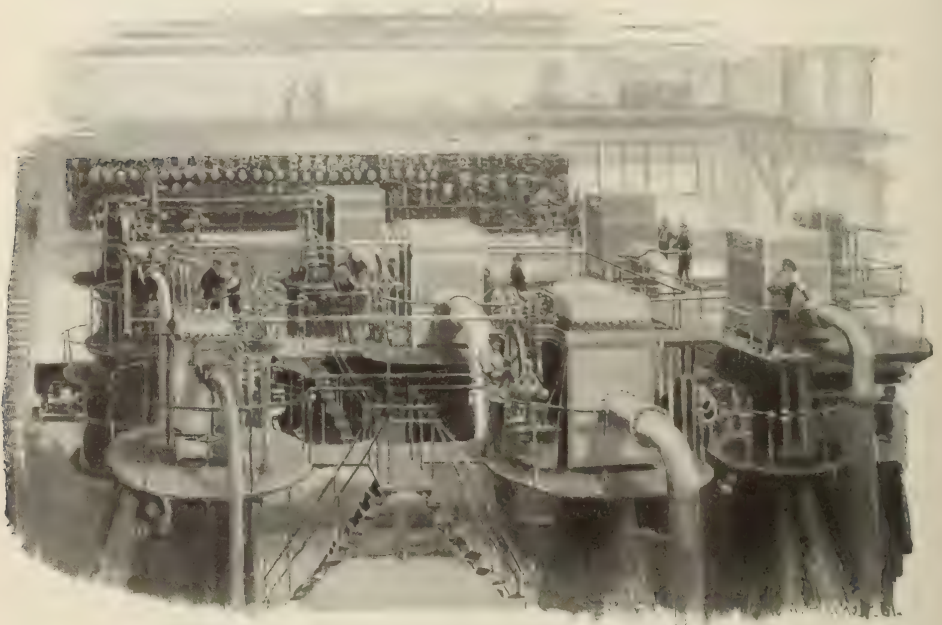
English rails. Now we are shipping many thousand tons back across the Atlantic to her and to her colonies around the world. The record in iron has been far eclipsed by the development in steel production. We reached a point where we could put unwrought steel into the English markets in successful competition with the steel-mills there, and with that as a basis to build on and with the aid of superior mechanical genius we have built up a market of great proportions for almost every line of iron and steel manufactures. We

sent to England in a single year 100 locomotives. We have sent numberless stationary engines of all types and sizes, and with them boilers, pipes, pumps and pumping machinery, car-wheels by the thousand, wire and wire nails, metal-working machinery of every type, and great shipments of electrical dynamos and appliances.

One of the industries that has felt most severely the American competition is the tin-plâte trade of South Wales. Ten years ago it was a gigantic industry. It

had no thought of competition in the home field and had complete control of the American market. In 1890, 330,000 tons of tin-plates were exported from Wales to America. Soon after that we began turning out, almost in an experimental way, a small product of tin-plate. That production has increased with such rapidity that our manufacturers are practically in control of their home market

freight movements is of great commercial import. The foreign-trade returns do not yet show us as a great factor in the world's coal trade. England is still the dominating producer. But while the extent to which our exports have attained is not material, the figures which show the beginning of our entrance into the world's coal markets are in some ways more significant than any others that our foreign



American-built Engines in a Glasgow Electric Line Power-house.

and have actually landed at Cardiff large shipments of American tin-plate.

England's coal-mines have been one of her most important sources of wealth. They have given to her manufacturers cheap motive power which has been one of their most important advantages. They have propelled the commercial fleets of the world, and their product has formed England's most important export. Coal has been the main support of the shipping industries which have given her so much of her commercial supremacy, constituting, as it has, four-fifths of the weight of all the commodities exported from the British Isles. England owns sixty per cent. of the world's steam tonnage, and anything which threatens seriously to alter the established order in

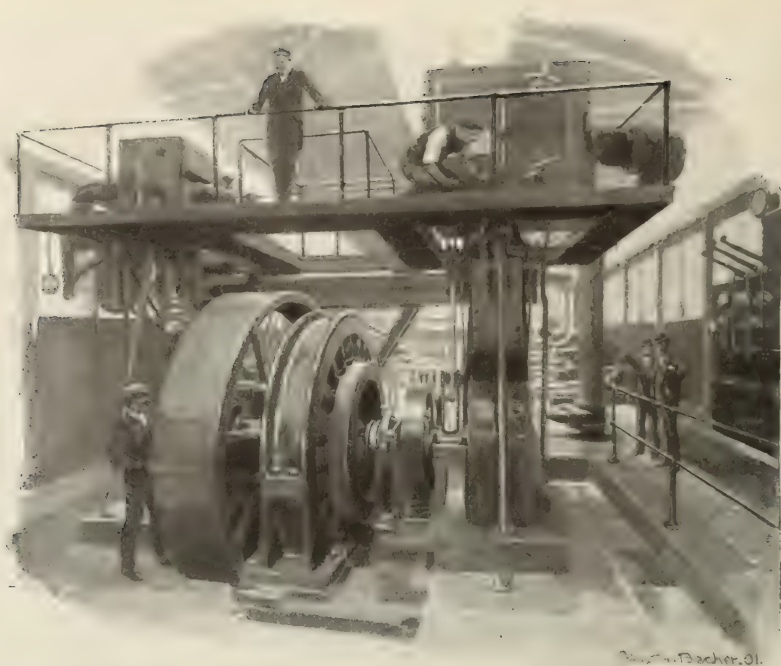
trade presents. We are just in the beginning of what is certain to be an economic development of world-wide importance. English authorities themselves recognize this and admit that a new current of trade has been set in motion that will sweep away a lot of old landmarks. Our production of 36,000,000 tons in 1870, increased to 71,000,000 in 1880, to 170,000,000 in 1890, and to 240,965,917 by the end of the century, passing with the closing years Great Britain's production and establishing our coal-fields as the greatest source of supply in the world. The enormous development of our own consumption kept pace with the increase of the product, so that little attention has been turned toward the export trade. Plans are now in hand, however, which





*Drawn by Otto H. Bacher from a photograph.*

The Opening of an American-equipped Electric Line in Glasgow.



American-built Vertical Engine in the Electric Tramway Power-house, Dublin.

will make the development of that export business the dominating feature of our foreign trade within the next few years, and which promise more powerfully to affect British industry than any other single development that has influenced the trade of the two countries.

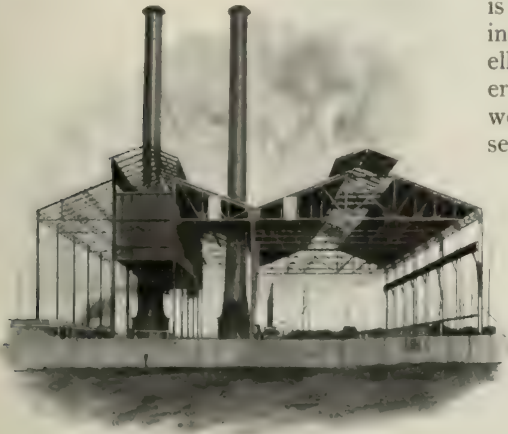
The position which we occupy, as a source of coal production is of such great importance in any discussion of international trade that it is worth while noting some of its significant features. In 1870 the combined coal production of Great Britain, Germany, France, and Belgium, our chief competitors in Europe, was 176,000,000 tons, about six times our own production of 29,000,000. By 1898 the European output had doubled, those countries producing 352,900,000 tons. But in that same time our output had increased 700 per cent. and stood at 218,000,000, or sixty per cent. of the total output of Europe, as compared with six and two-thirds per cent. in 1870. We have five times the coal area of Europe, 50,000 square miles as compared with 11,000 square miles, and we have in addition 200,000 square miles of lignite and other workable fields in re-

serve. Our bituminous coal lies near the surface, and most of it can be worked by drift mines above the water-level. European mines are frequently 3,000 and sometimes 4,000 feet deep. Our seams of coal average twice the thickness of the coal measures of Europe. The result of these conditions is seen in the increasing cost of European coal and the decline in American mine prices. In 1885 the average price of European mine coal was \$1.62 per ton, and in the United States \$1.58. Our methods were less skilful and the superior advantages of the mines in the United States were not yet manifested. In 1899, however, the mine price of European coal had risen to \$1.96, and in the United States the price had fallen to \$1.10, leaving a margin in our favor which operates, at every stage of production, to lower the manufacturing cost of American exports.

Illustrations of our successful competition might be multiplied into a tiresome catalogue. We have secured practical control of the match-making industry; our tobacco manufacturers have become the dominating influence in the English trade situation; half the newspapers of Eng-

land are printed on American presses or upon presses built on American models in English shops that are branches of the home manufactories. Many of those newspapers are printed on American paper. One of the serious obstacles hampering English industries is illustrated in the paper trade. The freight from the New England paper-mills to the London Docks is less than from the Cardiff mills to the metropolis, and one-half the

who have so specialized the building of freight-cars that the rough timber goes in at one end of the workshop and, almost under the eye of the spectator, comes out at the other end a finished car, found an easy market in competition with old-fashioned methods and hand labor. It is only within a few months that there have been in any English shop machines for boring square holes such as enable our car-manufacturers rapidly to mortise timbers in car construction. The work that is done in an instant with a whirl of flying chips was laboriously bored and chiselled out by hand by the English workers. The same advantage in labor-saving wood-working machines enables us to send finished wood-work, sash and doors,



freight charge on an American shipment is made up of terminal charges incurred in the last twelve miles of the 3,000-mile journey. Probably half the electric-cars in the United Kingdom are driven by American-made motors. When the English postal authorities entered the telephone field, no English firm could supply the number of instruments wanted, and the contract went to a Chicago company. England is the home of cheap woollens, but our manufacturers of ready-made clothing are developing an important trade there, compensating for the higher cost of their cloth and the larger wages of their workmen by their advantages in specialized labor and superior methods and machines. Our car-builders,

for buildings at prices which cannot be equalled in the English shops.

Instead of enumerating the fields in which we have met with competitive suc-



American Steel Buildings and Steel Chimney Stacks for an Electric Tramway Power-house, Dublin.  
(In Course of Construction.)



cess, it will be more profitable to analyze in some measure the reasons for our strength and for Great Britain's industrial weaknesses. A few weeks ago I was at a dinner in London at which was gathered a group of men representative of British industrial and commercial life. The conversation was on American competition, and at the conclusion of the discussion the views of these men were summed up in a conclusion with which all agreed, and

opment of systems of transportation and communication, the production of light and heat, in a word the municipal control of the utilities. On this last point there would undoubtedly be found wide differences of opinion among high authorities, and it is not my purpose here to enter into a discussion of the questions involved in it. In regard to the first two, however, I believe there is pretty unanimous agreement in the minds of trained



*From a copyrighted photograph by Frank Hegger, New York.*

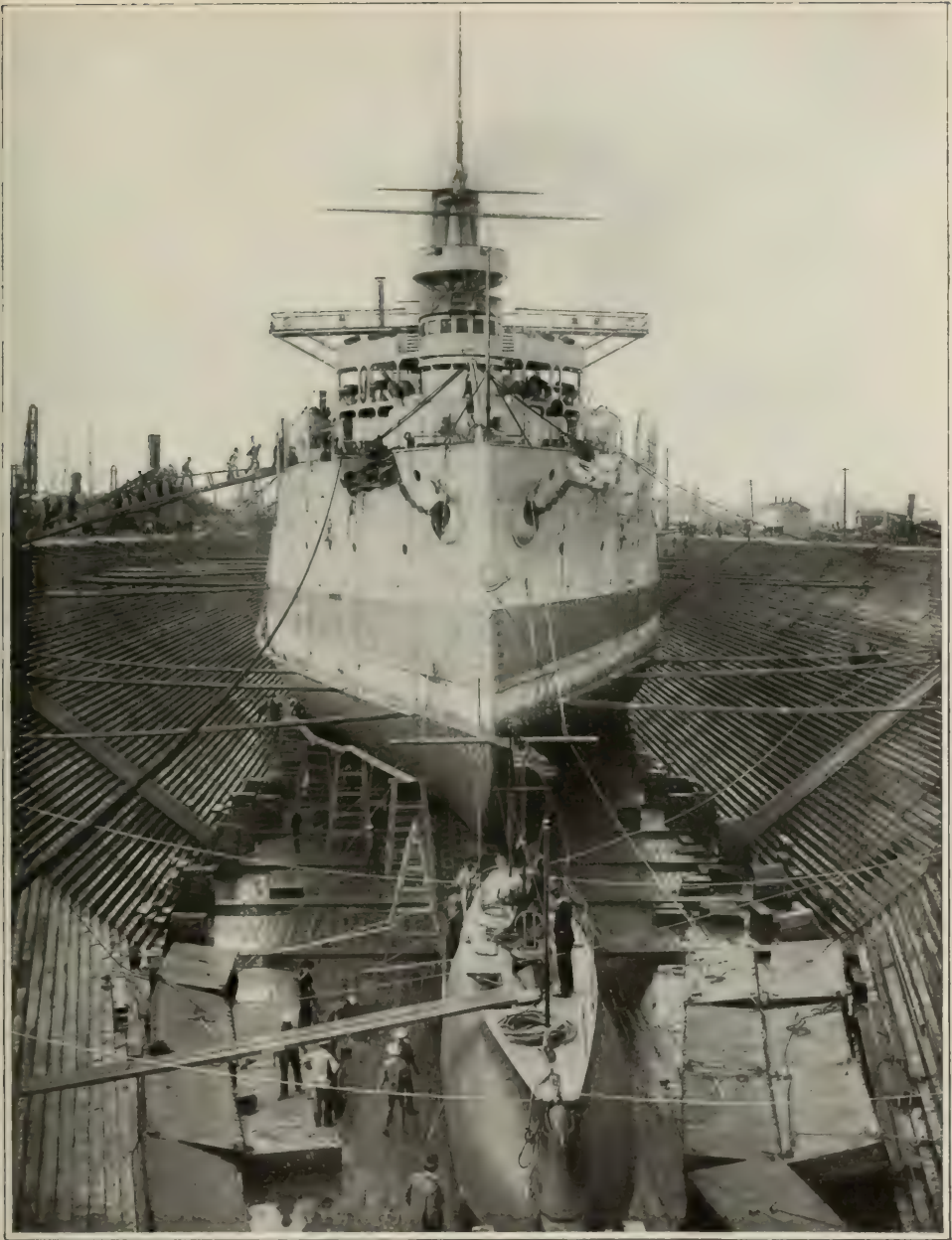
The Bank of England, London.

English conservatism will not permit a telephone within the sacred precincts of this building.

their verdict, I suppose, may be taken in the main as representing the best commercial judgment in Great Britain. All agreed that there is a serious crisis in British industry, and they grouped the main reasons for it under three heads. The first is the attitude of the English workman in his desire, made effective by the power of trades-unionism, to restrict the output of labor to the lowest possible unit per man; the second is the conservativeness of employers and the hostility of workmen toward the introduction of labor-saving machinery; and the third is "municipal trading," a phrase which we have not encountered much at home, but which means the activities of municipalities in industrial undertakings, such as the devel-

opment of the conditions of industrial affairs.

The highest development of labor-unions has been in Great Britain. Much of the earlier growth of these organizations was along correct economic lines, resulted in distinct benefit to organized labor, and was undoubtedly helpful to British industries generally. A few years ago there came into existence a new unionism, which meant a unionism of force, a unionism which carried its points by strikes, and made strikes effective by forcible interference with non-union labor. That new unionism has lately been succeeded by a newer unionism, which has a false economic theory for its foundation, and is, I believe, more than any other



*From a photograph by E. Muller. Brooklyn.*

The Battle-ship Retvizan, built in America for the Russian Government.

(Holland submarine boat in foreground.)

single cause, the influence to which can be attributed the present unhappy state of British industry.

British trades-unions embrace nearly 2,000,000 members. The greater part of this army of organized labor has adopted a false economic theory. They hold that

there is a given amount of work to be done in Great Britain, and that, if the day's output of the individual worker is decreased, the result will be an increase in the aggregate number of days' labor. They might not all of them state the proposition in just that way, but the irresistible logic of

their position carries them to exactly that point. It is a cardinal principle with the members of most of the labor-unions in England to-day that it is desirable for them to produce with each day's work as small an output per man as it is possible to compel employers to accept. They believe that if a man does only half a given amount of work in a day, two men will have to be employed where one was

wages than his fellows, they at once demand that the same increased wages shall be paid to all of them alike. If the master seeks refuge in improved machinery, the principles of limitation of output and minimum wage are still enforced. The machine must not be allowed to do all it can, any more than the men; nor may it have an attendant, however simple his duties, at any lower rate of wages than



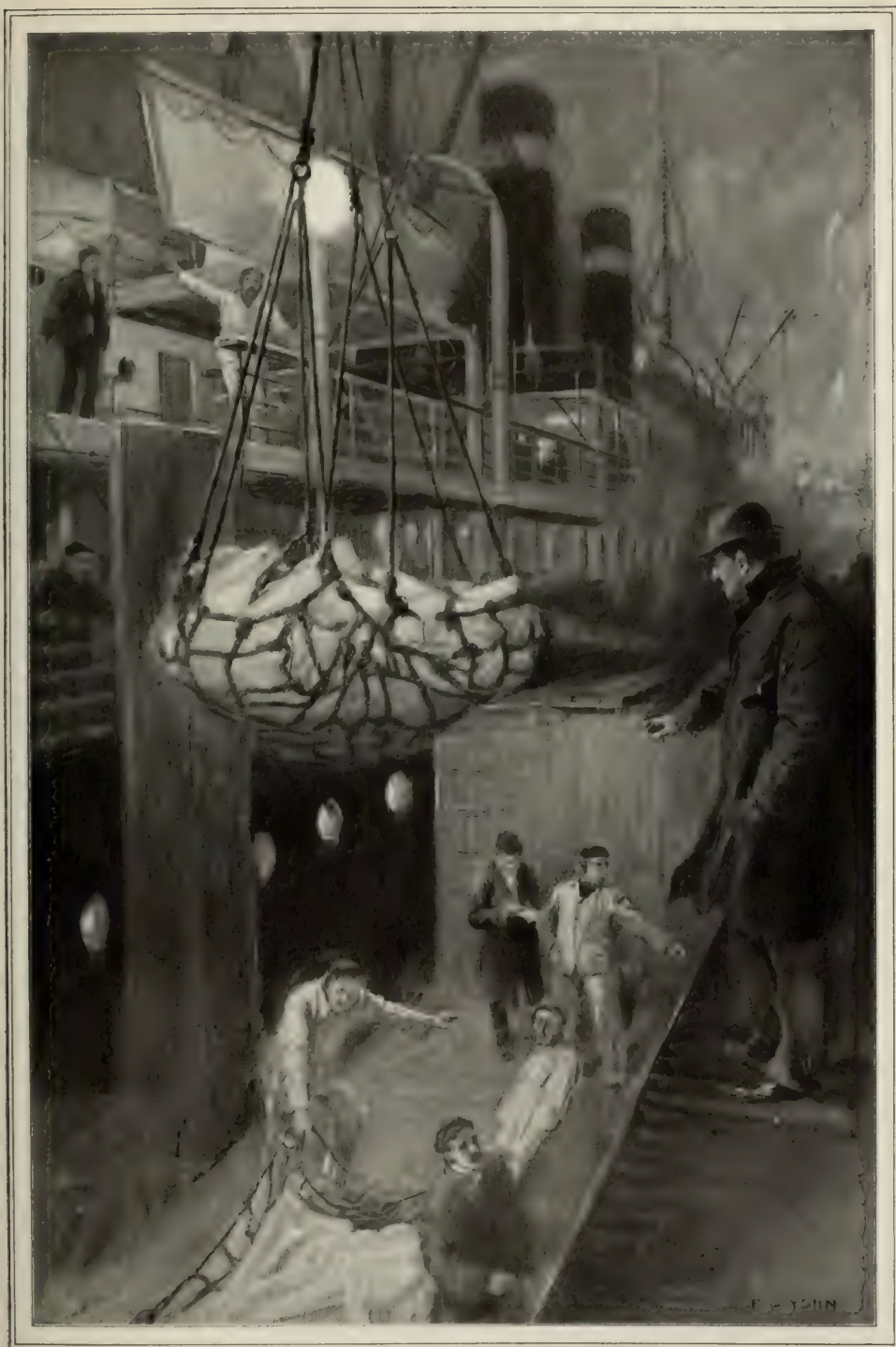
Packing Export Beef in the Refrigerator of an Ocean Liner.

The beef is stored for the voyage in this compartment where the temperature is very low.

before, or the job will furnish employment for the one for double the length of time. They have the further uneconomic principle of a minimum wage, which is to be paid to all men employed, without regard to the relative value of their labor. Here is how the situation is viewed by high English authority: With the principle of the minimum wage is conjoined the principle that there shall be no maximum wage; that is to say, if any workman shall induce his employer to offer him higher

that fixed for the skilled artisan who did the work before the machine was introduced. The machine, in short, must not increase output or displace labor. It is broadly argued that men will work their best if it is made worth their while, and not otherwise, but the unions say it shall not be made worth their while. It is not worth the while of a bad workman to do better because his minimum wage is secure. It is not worth the while of the good workman to put forth his strength or skill,





*Drawn by F. C. Vohn.*

Loading American Beef for England on an Outgoing Ocean Steamer.  
The beef is brought alongside in freight-cars on floats and packed away in the steamer's refrigerator.

because he incurs odium among his class and cannot get increased wages in return.

It hardly seems credible that the great mass of organized labor in England should be so blind to plain economic truths as to believe that their country can maintain its commanding position in the world's competitive markets when labor uses its keen-

scribes, got very much the worst of it in the contest which always follows a period of active work. Men who start in to turn out a full day's work are frequently directly disciplined by their unions; but if it does not reach that point, they are at least at once put under a social boycott.

They are called "sweaters" and "masters' men," and much ingenuity goes into the devising of ways and means to make their lives miserable and their positions untenable.

Some of the notable illustrations of the spirit of curtailment of production are found in the building trades. Bricklayers in London, for instance, do not average over 400 bricks a day; those employed by the London County Council on public work lay materially less. When it is understood that an active man can readily lay 1,000 bricks a day, and from that up to 1,600 it will be seen what a disastrous grip this "go-easy" policy has. We have made, with our exportations running into millions of dollars, great inroads on the English boot and shoe industry. Some of that success can be accounted for by superior machinery and better organization and division of labor, but it is not surprising to find in this, as in a good many other fields where we have made pronounced competitive progress,



American Linotype Machines used by a Sheffield Daily Newspaper.

est ingenuity and best endeavors to devise ways to restrict individual production. Instances can be produced indefinitely to support the assertion that such is their belief. Such instances will show quotations from the rules of the organizations, which are devised to restrict labor and discourage energetic workmen. There are many examples of direct official discipline of members who have shown a tendency to turn out more work in a day than the minimum which employers can be forced to accept. I have heard of many cases where men of ambition and energy who found it difficult to adapt themselves to the easy-going pace which the union pre-

that there is a clear understanding in the trades-unions controlling the manufacture of boots and shoes that a man's day's work shall be limited to a certain quantity, and that, should he do more, his life will be made intolerable. The delusion which the English workman has harbored, that there was a certain amount of work to be done in that industry, and that if everyone tried to do as much as he could there would not be work enough to go around, has led him to the natural result of such a fallacy. Chicago factories, usually paying wages from two to three times as high as are ruling in the English factories, are sending enormous





Three American-built Quadruple Presses used by a Manchester Daily Newspaper.

exports into the English field. Those exports two years ago were a little over \$500,000; a year ago they passed the million, and last year they were well on toward \$2,000,000.

Both English builders and workmen are having a most valuable object-lesson in the construction of the great manufacturing plant of the British Westinghouse Company. This company is building a \$5,000,000 plant at Manchester, in which electrical machines of American model are to be built by American methods. One of the finest mechanical plants in the world is being installed, and the manner in which the building operations have been pushed forward have been the marvel of both English builders and workmen. The plant was started under English supervision, but the work dragged along in

such hopeless fashion that the task of completing it was, last April, put into the hands of American building contractors. They spent \$3,000,000 in eight months, and managed, though under great difficulty, to show a rapidity of construction such as England had probably in all her history never before seen. These contractors met with the same spirit among the English bricklayers that is to be found everywhere. With all their energy they could not get them up above 800 bricks a day, so they imported some American bricklayers and set them at work on the slowly rising walls. They laid nearly 2,000 bricks a day. The pride of the English workmen was at stake, and they abandoned their "go-easy" principles, took off their coats, and demonstrated that they were as good bricklayers as the imported Americans, but how they will rec-





An Electric Company's Plant at Manchester, England. (In Course of Construction.)

Electrical Machines of American Model are to be built by American Methods.

oncile the record that they made under the eyes of the St. Louis contractors with what they are willing to do under English superintendence is a little difficult to say.

In the coal-mining industry this fallacious policy of trades-unionism takes the form of "stop days," when all the miners stop work without respect to the views of the mine-owners because they believe that by so doing they will restrict production, hold up prices, and so keep up their own wages, which are regulated by a sliding scale based on the price of coal. Their economics have not been broad enough to grasp the prospect of American competition, but their methods are hastening its success.

Since the great machinists' strike of a few years ago conditions in that trade are somewhat better than before that dispute, which ended so disastrously for organized labor. There are still many restrictions imposed upon manufacturers which prevent them from securing anything like the best results from machinery which they introduce. Throughout the mechanical trade the same false notion that the less work a man does in a day the more he leaves to be done by himself or his fellows is particularly aimed against labor-

saving machinery, and every rule the unions can devise to restrict the output of machinery and increase the labor cost is considered by the unions their material gain.

The second serious embarrassment in which British industries are involved is the difficulty surrounding the introduction of modern labor-saving machines and mechanical methods. In the way of that improvement is the double obstacle of the con-

servativeness of employers and the opposition of the men. Everyone who has studied the English industrial situation will agree unreservedly that labor-saving machinery must be extensively introduced, that the manufacturing plants must be put on mechanical equality with those of America and Germany, before the English manufacturers can hope again to produce at as low a unit of labor-cost as is done in the two competing countries.

Conservatism is a corner-stone of the English character, and it seems particularly pronounced in some of the families which have hereditarily been in control of manufacturing industries. A machine which did satisfactory service for a man's father and grandfather comes to be regarded with a certain veneration. With us there is no recommendation better than



An American-built Crane at Micheville, France.

Arranged for handling long beams and shapes in stock-yard. Capacity, 5,000 kilos.

that a machine or method is new. To speak to a manufacturer of a new machine or a new process interests him at once. His mind is open to investigate any improvement that is suggested, and, what is still more important, he has the courage when the value of the improvement is demonstrated, to throw onto the scrap-heap machinery that may have cost him much, and to replace it with machinery which will accomplish more.

The mind of the English manufacturer does not work along these lines. As a rule he has a deep-seated prejudice against a thing that is new; it is not easy to win him over to an examination of a new machine or method, and it is always difficult to induce him to throw onto the scrap-heap machines which have for years done him good and profitable service.

The characteristics of conservatism that made the English business man for years combat the introduction of the typewriter, the conservatism which to-day will not permit a telephone within the sacred precincts of the Bank of England, has in its operation in the industrial field cost England dear.

Only the smaller part of the difficulty is over when the manufacturer has grasped the necessity for introducing a machine. His workmen are more prejudiced than he against mechanical innovations. They may have seen many examples of machines which, though first taking away the necessity for hand labor, in the end create far more opportunity for labor than at first existed, but those examples have failed to impress them. It is only with the greatest difficulty that labor-saving machines, absolutely essential to the continuance of manufacturing establishments in a position to meet international competition, can be put into operation in the English workshops. Men sometimes refuse altogether

to operate machines. The unions enforce restrictions in regard to the number of automatic machines that one workman will be permitted to attend. They go on strike because non-union labor is put at



A Shovel-bucket in Use at the American-built Storage and Rehandling Plant at Mariupol, Russia.

work, and they hamper and embarrass in a hundred ways the manufacturer who wishes to provide modern equipment.

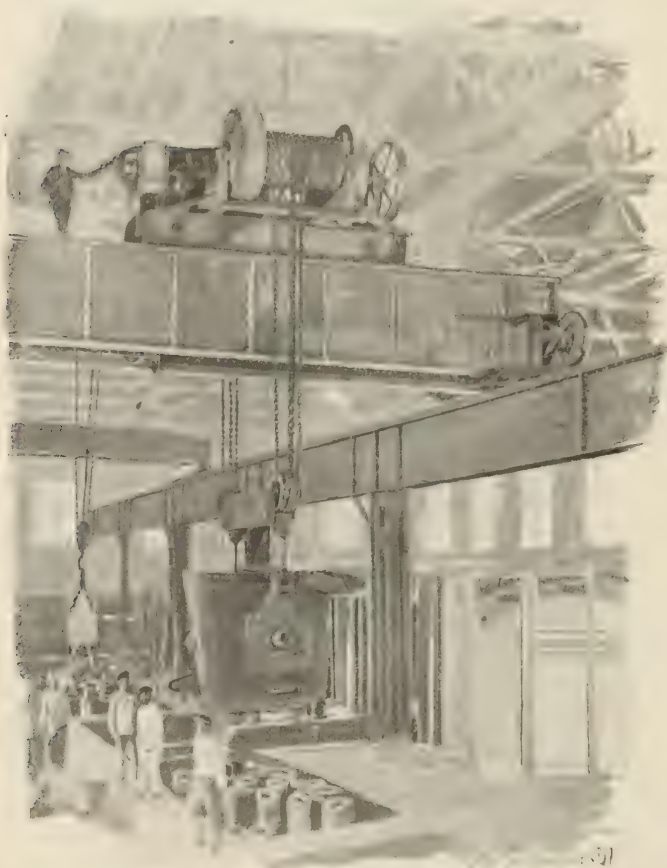
All that looks unreasonable at first, but the antagonistic attitude of English workmen toward labor-saving machinery can be better understood when some of the other restrictions of English labor organizations are comprehended. Each trades-union, believing there is a definite amount of work to do, and hoping to confine all of it of a particular character to its own members, has hedged about entrance into each trade with the greatest of difficulties. The result is that there is in England the least possible mobility of labor. A man, having learned one trade,



finds it almost impossible to draw out of that and enter another. There are minute restrictions regarding apprentices, and the rules provide fines and disciplines for any member who teaches an outsider or permits him to use tools or in any way aids

Those conditions are most profitable subjects for study by us. We have the beginnings of just the sort of unionism which, in its full development, has brought distressing results on England. There cannot be found in Great Britain any

more absurd regulations restricting the output of labor than were in force in the building trades in Chicago for two years, ending in paralyzing the building industry there. We have already grown accustomed to the strike which has for its object, not an increase of wages or a reduction of hours, but the imposition of restrictive regulations which would result in a decreased product. So long as our industries can go forward receiving the generous cooperation of labor which is still the rule, we will have an advantage over the countries of Europe in spite of a wage-scale more than double theirs, but that advantage will be menaced if the false conceptions which now rule most of the English labor organizations are ever generally adopted by our own workers.



Steel Ladle Crane in a Foundry. Mariupol, Russia.

Used for carrying the molten metal from the steel turnaces to the moulds. Capacity, fifty tons.

him in learning the rudiments of a trade. When this is understood it will be seen that the position of an English workman, if his place be menaced by the introduction of labor-saving machinery which might force him to seek employment in some other trade, is a serious one.

Conditions as they have been evolved under the rule of the walking delegate and of labor leaders with the shallowest notions of economics are the despair of Englishmen who hope to see their country win back a lost industrial position.

When we turn to the statistics of trade between the United States and France, we find a condition in sharp contrast to that shown by the English trade returns. France has hardly heard of the American invasion. Her sales last year stood at almost the same point that they did ten years ago. Our sales to France during the same period have shown some increase, but taking the record of last year and comparing it with ten years ago the increase is but \$18,000,000, while we remember that our annual sales to England increased in the last half-dozen years





An American Steam Shovel at Work on the Moscow, Jaroslav and Archangelsk Railway between Vologda and Archangelsk, Russia.

\$244,000,000. France has done everything she can with a high protective tariff to make competition difficult to foreign manufacturers. She has done even more than that, with legislation which has in some instances made foreign competition impossible without any regard to price. The franchises which have recently been granted to many electric railways have provided that all material for their construction and equipment must originate and be manufactured in France.

The exports of France are in the main of a kind that is not affected by the underbidding of foreign makers. French deftness, that artistic touch which the workers of few other nations can equal, gives a permanence to her hold on those foreign markets in which she is interested which has been little affected by those industrial developments that have made such profound impression upon the trade relations among England, Germany, and the United States. In ponderous lines of manufacturing we have reached unquestioned superiority over France, but the same sort of skill which, in the fingers of

the Parisian workingwomen produces articles of unapproachable attractiveness, develops in the hands of the mechanic into a deftness which rivals the ingenuity of our best workmen, and leaves us without the advantage in the French market that we have in most of the other markets of the world.

Russia is another country which, in spite of its enormous extent, its important position in the world's politics, and the traditionally friendly relations between its peoples and our own, has been little affected by the "American invasion." With territory covering an eighth of the globe, and a population of 130,000,000, the trade between this greatest of political units and our own country is still comparatively insignificant, and has in the last decade shown no remarkable changes. Our exports have shown no significant increase. Russia is a country of high tariff, and the tendency is toward greater protective restrictions about her domestic industries. That policy has resulted in a number of American manufacturers building important plants within the em-

pire, but it has effectually prevented any remarkable development in our grasp of the Russian markets.

I asked M. de Witte, the Russian Finance Minister, how in his opinion commercial relations between the United States and Russia could be improved.

"Practically, there is nothing that can be done," he said. "Theoretically, there

industrial leaders are undoubtedly more alarmed over the advantages which they see we are attaining by the aid of these great organizations than over any other point in our position.

I have attempted in these articles to outline some of the weaknesses of our foreign competitors and some of the correspond-



An American Electric Travelling Crane, Nijni Novgorod, Russia.

This shows a small locomotive hanging in the air, one end being supported by a frame and the other by a chain sling. Capacity, forty tons.

are unlimited possibilities. If you only had a government that could do things as our government can, a combination of the two countries would bring Europe to our feet. We could absolutely control the markets of the world for meat, bread, and light. I understand, of course, that that is impossible—impossible from your side. We could do it, but you, with your government, which must always listen to the people and shape its course for political reasons, could not."

It is possible that the unattainableness of political unity of action which the distinguished Russian deprecated may in effect be in some measure worked out by the combinations—the industrial trusts—which have such great influence in various fields and which are able to project into the commercial battle such effective unified efforts. European economists and

ing points of strength that have developed in our own industries. The list of our advantages is an imposing one, but we cannot expect that all of them will be maintained. Our competitors are by no means blind or without energy or ability. The superiority of our labor, our larger use of machinery, our low taxation and small military burden, the homogeneity of our people and the great breadth of the domestic field of consumption, our comparative freedom from militant trades-unionism, the omnipotence with us of the industrial ideal, our freedom from a caste which in other countries prevents the best brain and the most highly trained intellect from engaging in industrial enterprise—all these are advantages which, so long as they hold good, make a broad foundation upon which to rest an industrial development of commanding impor-

tance. But unless the United States has some more permanent and fundamental advantage, I should lack the absolute faith which I now have in our development to a lasting commercial supremacy. No small part of our great exports in the last few years has been made up of labor-saving machines, which have at once been turned against us as guns captured from an enemy. From all over Europe deputations of technical experts are journeying to the United States and taking abundant advantage of our good-nature and hospitality. They praise our machines and make drawings of them; they satisfy our pride with appreciations of our methods and they make copious notes. The result is beginning to be seen in almost every workshop of Europe.

There can be no American monopoly of ideas. Civilization gives no patent on technical supremacy. America may lead the world now in her ingenious application of labor-saving machinery, but there can be no assurance of the permanent continuance of that advantage. Nor can assurance be given that American industrial society will always remain as mobile and as energetic as it is at present. We have already seen trades-unions attempting to force employers to make work rather than to produce wealth. We have seen strikes that have had for their basis only a desire for an increased power of interference, and from that it is not a long step to a position where union labor may be found struggling to restrict individual production. Strikes of that character have so far been successfully combated, but whatever there is left of the spirit that animated them remains a menace to American prosperity.

In our national conception of the dignity of work we have an enormous advantage, but that also may be in danger. Thus far industrial rewards have been made pretty strictly on a merit basis. There have been few sons and nephews of rich families to be taken care of. The future generation can hardly be so free from nepotism in industrial promotion. With the increase of wealth we have already the beginning of a leisure class, and it is not certain that industrial and commercial life can continue to command the full service of the best brain and energy

that we have. Our military burdens may increase if we measure up to the full extent of our responsibilities as a world-power. Tariff walls may be built against us.

On all these points of present superiority we can have but small assurance of a lasting industrial supremacy, but I feel that a more fundamental reason for belief in such supremacy can be advanced, one which will warrant the conclusion that America must inevitably lead the world in the twentieth-century commercial struggle.

Of all nations the United States has the most unbounded wealth of natural resources. We have hardly comprehended the inevitable advantages which those resources are to give us.

Man's labor the world over is steadily decreasing in importance. It is the age of machinery. The forces of nature are to do man's work. All the world over the cost of production has fallen. The relative importance of labor in the cost of production is lessening; the sway of machinery is increasing. The twentieth century will be the century of machinery. Before it is half completed we may expect to see that sort of human labor that is the painful and laborious exercise of muscle almost supplanted by automatic machinery directed by trained intelligence. Such development of machine production steadily increases the importance of raw material in the productive process. As the proportion of labor cost decreases, the cost of the raw material forms a larger part of the value of the finished product.

The hand-weaver took a pound of cotton and spent a week in its manipulation. The cloth had to reimburse not only the cost of the pound of cotton, but six days of toil. Machinery was introduced into the industry, a week became an hour, and a hundred yards took the place of one. The price of each yard then had to pay the merest fraction of the cost of the labor which watched the looms. The proportion which the cost of the raw material bore to the cost of the finished product enormously increased. So, under these modern conditions of manufacturing industry, where machinery enters more and more into the manipulation, and the cost of labor forms a constantly decreasing relation to the whole, raw material comes to play



a more and more important part. When machinery has fully entered into production, the cost of the crude products makes up the major portion of the cost of the finished article. We can in a measure reduce the cost of raw material by improved methods in production and in transportation. The steam hoist and electric drill in the mine, the steam harvester and the steam plough on the farm, the mogul engine and the fifty-ton car, fast steamships of huge tonnage, have all greatly reduced the price of raw material. But no matter how strong the appeal, Mother Nature yields a slow and grudging consent to the efforts of her children to relax her grip. Man's success in cheapening raw material must always fall short of achievements in the realm of manufacture.

Since the cost of material is an increasing part of the price of the product, those producers who can draw upon practically inexhaustible and rich supplies near at hand, who are not obliged to work poor ores and poor lands, or to transport materials great distances—the producers and the nation with those blessings are at tremendous advantage when compared with others whose supplies of material are less rich and less advantageously located.

The age of machinery is also the age of motive power, which is but another way of saying that it is the age of coal. The nation which has the cheapest raw material and the cheapest coal has a permanent and predominant advantage in the world's markets, and it is an advantage which every improvement in method of manufacture will only serve to emphasize.

When so much is admitted, the conclusion immediately follows that America's industrial future is secured. The United States has the most abundant and the cheapest raw materials and supplies of fuel in the world. Germans and Englishmen may dispute with us over relative advantages in methods, in machinery, in labor, in business organization, and in commercial practice. They may claim that they have much to teach us and that they can soon learn what we have to teach them. American labor may contract the disease of trades-unionism, and American public burdens and social-caste developments may lessen our advantage. But American soil and minerals are eternal, and the resources of no other great power are for one moment to be compared with them.

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## RENUNCIATION

By Margaret Ridgely Schott

THE lips we love and may not kiss,  
 The self we love and cast aside,  
 The flowery ways we choose to miss  
 For paths where rue and thorns abide ;

The wistful eyes that see the shore,  
 They may not seek beyond the seas—  
 Ah ! Life to Come, hast thou in store  
 A fit exchange for gifts like these ?

# THE BAR SINISTER

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE



THE Master was walking most unsteady, his legs tripping each other. After the fifth or sixth round, my legs often go the same way.

But even when the Master's legs bend and twist a bit, you mustn't think he can't reach you. Indeed, that is the time he kicks most frequent. So, I kept behind him in the shadow, or ran in the middle of the street. He stopped at many public-houses with swinging doors, those doors that are cut so high from the sidewalk that you can look in under them, and see if the Master is inside. At night when I peep beneath them the man at the counter will see me first and say, "Here's the Kid, Jerry, come to take you home. Get a move on you," and the Master will stumble out and follow me. It's lucky for us I'm so white, for no matter how dark the night, he can always see me ahead, just out of reach of his boot. At night the Master certainly does see most amazing. Sometimes, he sees two or four of me, and walks in a circle, so, that I have to take him by the leg of his trousers and lead him into the right road. One night, when he was very nasty tempered and I was coaxing him along, two men passed us and one of them says, "Look at that brute!" and the other asks "Which?" and they both laugh. The Master, he cursed them good and proper.

This night whenever we stopped at a public-house, the Master's pals left it and went on with us to the next. They spoke quite civil to me, and when the Master tried a flying kick, they gives him a shove. "Do you want we should lose our money?" says the pals.

I had had nothing to eat for a day and a night, and just before we set out the Master gives me a wash under the hydrant. Whenever I am locked up until all the slop-pans in our alley are empty, and made to take a bath, and the Master's pals speak civil, and feel my ribs, I know something is going to happen. And that night, when

every time they see a policeman under a lamp-post, they dodged across the street, and when at the last one of them picked me up and hid me under his jacket, I began to tremble; for I knew what it meant. It meant that I was to fight again for the Master.

I don't fight because I like it. I fight because if I didn't the other dog would find my throat, and the Master would lose his stakes, and I would be very sorry for him and ashamed. Dogs can pass me and I can pass dogs, and I'd never pick a fight with none of them. When I see two dogs standing on their hind legs in the streets, clawing each other's ears, and snapping for each other's windpipes, or howling and swearing and rolling in the mud, I feel sorry they should act so, and pretend not to notice. If he'd let me, I'd like to pass the time of day with every dog I meet. But there's something about me that no nice dog can abide. When I trot up to nice dogs, nodding and grinning, to make friends, they always tell me to be off. "Go to the devil!" they bark at me, "Get out!" and when I walk away they shout "mongrel," and "gutter-dog," and sometimes, after my back is turned, they rush me. I could kill most of them with three shakes; breaking the back-bone of the little ones, and squeezing the throat of the big ones. But what's the good? They *are* nice dogs; that's why I try to make up to them, and though it's not for them to say it, I *am* a street dog, and if I try to push into the company of my betters, I suppose it's their right to teach me my place.

Of course, they don't know I'm the best fighting bull-terrier of my weight in Montreal. That's why it wouldn't be right for me to take no notice of what they shout. They don't know that if I once locked my jaws on them I'd carry away whatever I touched. The night I fought Kelley's White Rat, I wouldn't loosen up until the Master made a noose in my leash and strangled me, and if the handlers hadn't thrown red pepper down my nose, I *never*

would have let go of that Ottawa dog. I don't think the handlers treated me quite right that time, but may be they didn't know the Ottawa dog was dead. I did.

I learned my fighting from my mother when I was very young. We slept in a lumber-yard on the river-front, and by day hunted for food along the wharves. When we got it, the other tramp dogs would try to take it off us, and then it was wonderful to see mother fly at them, and drive them away. All I know of fighting I learned from mother, watching her picking the ash heaps for me when I was too little to fight for myself. No one ever was so good to me as mother. When it snowed and the ice was in the St. Lawrence she used to hunt alone, and bring me back new bones, and she'd sit and laugh to see me trying to swallow 'em whole. I was just a puppy then, my teeth was falling out. When I was able to fight we kept the whole river range to ourselves. I had the genuine long, "punishing" jaw, so mother said, and there wasn't a man or dog that dared worry us. Those were happy days, those were; and we lived well, share and share alike, and when we wanted a bit of fun, we chased the fat old wharf-rats. My! how they would squeal?

Then the trouble came. It was no trouble to me. I was too young to care then. But mother took it so to heart that she grew ailing, and wouldn't go abroad with me by day. It was the same old scandal that they're always bringing up against me. I was so young then that I didn't know. I couldn't see any difference between mother—and other mothers.

But one day, a pack of curs we drove off, snarled back some new names at her, and mother dropped her head and ran, just as though they had whipped us. After that she wouldn't go out with me except in the dark, and one day she went away and never came back, and though I hunted for her in every court and alley and back street of Montreal, I never found her.

One night, a month after mother ran away, I asked Guardian, the old blind mastiff, whose Master is the night-watchman on our slip, what it all meant. And he told me.

"Every dog in Montreal knows," he says, "except you, and every Master knows. So I think it's time you knew."

Then he tells me that my father, who had treated mother so bad, was a great and noble gentleman from London. "Your father had twenty-two registered ancestors, had your father," old Guardian says, "and in him was the best bull-terrier blood of England, the most ancientest, the most royal; the winning 'blue-ribbon' blood, that breeds champions. He had sleepy pink eyes, and thin pink lips, and he was as white all over as his own white teeth, and under his white skin you could see his muscles, hard and smooth, like the links of a steel chain. When your father stood still, and tipped his nose in the air it was just as though he was saying, 'Oh, yes, you common dogs and men, you may well stare. It must be a rare treat for you Colonials, to see a real English royalty.' He certainly was pleased with hisself, was your father. He looked just as proud and haughty as one of them stone dogs in Victoria Park—they as is cut out of white marble. And you're like him," says the old mastiff—"by that, of course, meaning you're white, same as him. That's the only likeness. But, you see, the trouble is, Kid—well, you see, Kid, the trouble is—your mother——"

"That will do," I said, for I understood then without his telling me, and I got up and walked away, holding my head and tail high in the air.

But I was, oh, so miserable, and I wanted to see mother that very minute, and tell her that I didn't care.

Mother is what I am, a street dog; there's no royal blood in mother's veins, nor is she like that father of mine, nor—and that's the worst—she's not even like me. For while I, when I'm washed for a fight, am as white as clean snow, she—and this is our trouble, she—my mother, is a black and tan.

When mother hid herself from me, I was twelve months old and able to take care of myself, and, as after mother left me, the wharves were never the same, I moved uptown and met the Master. Before he came lots of other men folks had tried to make up to me, and to whistle me home. But they either tried patting me or coaxing me with a piece of meat; so I didn't take to 'em. But one day the Master pulled me out of a street fight by the hind legs, and kicked me good.



"You want to fight, do you?" says he. "I'll give you all the *fighting* you want!" he says, and he kicks me again. So, I knew he was my Master, and I followed him home. Since that day I've pulled off many fights for him, and they've brought dogs from all over the province to have a go at me, but up to that night none, under thirty pounds, had ever downed me.

But that night, so soon as they carried me into the ring, I saw the dog was overweight, and that I was no match for him. It was asking too much of a puppy. The Master should have known I couldn't do it. Not that I mean to blame the Master, for when sober, which he sometimes was, though not, as you might say, his habit, he was most kind to me, and let me out to find food, if I could get it, and only kicked me when I didn't pick him up at night and lead him home.

But kicks will stiffen the muscles, and starving a dog so as to get him ugly-tempered for a fight, may make him nasty, but it's weakening to his insides, and it causes the legs to wobble.

The ring was in a hall, back of a public-house. There was a red-hot whitewashed stove in one corner, and the ring in the other. I lay in the Master's lap, wrapped in my blanket, and spite of the stove, shivering awful, but I always shiver before a fight; I can't help gettin' excited. While the men folks were a flashing their money and taking their last drink at the bar, a little Irish groom in gaiters came up

to me and give me the back of his hand to smell, and scratched me behind the ears.

"You poor little pup," says he. "You haven't no show," he says. "That brute in the tap-room, he'll eat your heart out."

"That's what you think," says the Master, snarling. "I'll lay you a quid the Kid chews him up."

The groom he shook his head, but kept looking at me so sorry like, that I begun to get a bit sad myself. He seemed like he couldn't bear to leave off a patting of me, and he says, speaking low just like he would to a man-folk, "Well, good-luck to you, little pup," which I thought so civil of him, that I reached up and licked his hand. I don't do that to many men. And the Master, he knew I didn't, and took on dreadful.



The Master will stumble out and follow me.—  
Page 307.

"What 'ave you got on the back of your hand?" says he, jumping up.

"Soap!" says the groom, quick as a rat. "That's more than you've got on yours. Do you want to smell of it!" and he sticks his fist under the Master's nose. But the pals pushed in between 'em.

"He tried to poison the Kid!" shouts the Master.

"Oh, one fight at a time," says the referee. "Get into the ring, Jerry. We're waiting." So we went into the ring.

I never could just remember what did happen in that ring. He give me no time to spring. He fell on me like a horse. I couldn't keep my feet against him, and though, as I saw, he could get

his hold when he liked, he wanted to chew me over a bit first. I was wondering if they'd be able to pry him off me, when, in the third round, he took his hold; and I began to drown, just as I did when I fell into the river off the Red C slip. He closed deeper and deeper, on my throat, and everything went black and red and bursting; and then, when I were sure I were dead, the handlers pulled him off, and the Master give me a kick that brought me to. But I couldn't move none, or even wink, both eyes being shut with lumps.

sausage meat," he says, "That's all he's good for."

Then I heard the little Irish groom say, "I'll give you ten bob for the dog."

And another voice says, "Ah, don't you do it; the dog's same as dead—mebby he is dead."

"Ten shillings!" says the Master, and his voice sobers a bit, "make it two pounds, and he's yours."

But the pals rushed in again.

"Don't you be a fool, Jerry," they say. "You'll be sorry for this when you're sober. The Kid's worth a fiver."

One of my eyes was not so swelled up as the other, and as I hung by my tail, I opened it, and



"He's a cur!" yells the Master, "a sneaking, cowardly cur. He lost the fight for me," says he, "because he's a ——— cowardly cur." And he kicks me again in the lower ribs, so that I go sliding across the sawdust. "There's gratitude fer yer," yells the Master. "I've fed that dog, and nussed that dog, and housed him like a prince; and now he puts his tail between his legs, and sells me out, he does. He's a coward, I've done with him, I am. I'd sell him for a pipeful of tobacco." He picked me up by the tail, and swung me for the men folks to see. "Does any gentleman here want to buy a dog," he says, "to make into

"He's a coward, I've done with him."

saw one of the pals take the groom by the shoulder.

"You ought to give 'im five pounds for that dog, mate," he says; "that's no ordinary dog. That dog's got good blood in him, that dog has. Why, his father—that very dog's father——"



"I suppose I'm the ugliest bull-dog in America."—Page 314.

I thought he never would go on. He waited like he wanted to be sure the groom was listening.

"That very dog's father," says the pal, "is Regent Royal, son of Champion Regent Monarch, champion bull-terrier of England for four years!"

I was sore, and torn, and chewed most awful, but what the pal said sounded so fine that I wanted to wag my tail, only couldn't, owing to my hanging from it.

But the Master calls out, "Yes, his father was Regent Royal; whose saying he wasn't; but the pup's a cowardly cur, that's what his pup is, and why—I'll tell you why—because his mother was a black-and-tan street dog, that's why!"

I don't see how I get the strength, but some way I threw myself out of the Master's grip and fell at his feet, and turned over and fastened all my teeth in his ankle, just across the bone.

When I woke, after the pals had kicked

me off him, I was in the smoking-car of a railroad train, lying in the lap of the little groom, and he was rubbing my open wounds with a greasy, yellow stuff, exquisite to the smell, and most agreeable to lick off.

## PART TWO

"Well—what's your name—Nolan? Well, Nolan, these references are satisfactory," said the young gentleman my new Master called "Mr. Wyndham, sir." "I'll take you on as second man. You can begin to-day."

My new Master shuffled his feet, and put his finger to his forehead. "Thank you, sir," says he. Then he choked like he had swallowed a fish-bone. "I have a little dawg, sir," says he.

"You can't keep him," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," very short.

"'Es only a puppy, sir," says my new





My long "punishing jaw" . . . locked on his woolly throat.—Page 316.

Master, "'E wouldn't go outside the stables, sir."

"It's not that," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," "I have a large kennel of very fine dogs; they're the best of their breed in America. I don't allow strange dogs on the premises."

The Master shakes his head, and motions me with his cap, and I crept out from behind the door. "I'm sorry, sir," says the Master. "Then I can't take the place. I can't get along without the dog, sir."

"Mr. Wyndham, sir," looked at me that fierce that I guessed he was going to whip me, so I turned over on my back and begged with my legs and tail.

"Why, you beat him!" says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," very stern.

"No fear!" the Master says, getting very red. "The party I bought him off taught him that. He never learnt that from me!" He picked me up in his arms, and to show "Mr. Wyndham, sir," how well I loved the Master, I bit his chin and hands.

"Mr. Wyndham, sir," turned over the

letters the Master had given him. "Well, these references certainly are very strong," he says. "I guess I'll let the dog stay this time. Only see you keep him away from the kennels—or you'll both go."

"Thank you, sir," says the Master, grinning like a cat when she's safe behind the area railing.

"He's not a bad bull-terrier," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," feeling my head. "Not that I know much about the smooth-coated breeds. My dogs are St. Bernards." He stopped patting me and held up my nose. "What's the matter with his ears?" he says. "They're chewed to pieces. Is this a fighting dog?" he asks, quick and rough like.

I could have laughed. If he hadn't been holding my nose, I certainly would have had a good grin at him. Me, the best under thirty pounds in the Province of Quebec, and him asking if I was a fighting dog! I ran to the Master and hung down my head modest like, waiting for him to tell my list of battles, but the Master he coughs in his cap most painful. "Fightin' dog, sir," he cries. "Lor' bless

you, sir, the Kid don't know the word. 'Es just a puppy, sir, same as you see ; a pet dog, so to speak. 'Es a regular old lady's lap-dog, the Kid is."

"Well, you keep him away from my St. Bernards," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," "or, they might make a mouthful of him."

"Yes, sir, that they might," says the Master. But when we gets outside, he slaps his knee and laughs inside hisself, and winks at me most sociable.

The Master's new home was in the country, in a province they called Long Island. There was a high stone wall about his home with big iron gates to it, same as Godfrey's brewery ; and there was a house with five red roofs and the stables, where I lived, was cleaner than the aërated bakery shop, and then there was the kennels, but they was like nothing else in this world that ever I see. For the first days I couldn't sleep of nights for fear someone would catch me lying in such a cleaned-up place, and would chase me out of it, and when I did fall to sleep I'd dream I was back in the old Master's attic, shivering under the rusty stove, which never had no coals in it, with the Master flat on his back on the cold floor with his clothes on. And I'd wake up, scared and whimpering, and find myself on the new Master's cot with his hand on the quilt beside me ; and I'd see the glow of the big stove, and hear the high-quality horses below stairs stamping in their straw-lined boxes, and I'd snoop the sweet smell of hay and harness-soap, and go to sleep again.

The stables was my jail, so the Master said, but I don't ask no better home than that jail.

"Now, Kid," says he, sitting on the top of a bucket upside down, "you've got to understand this. When I whistle it means you're not to go out of this 'ere yard. These stables is your jail. And if you leave 'em I'll have to leave 'em, too, and over the seas in the County Mayo, an old mother will 'ave to leave her bit of a cottage. For two pounds I must be sending her every month, or, she'll have naught to eat, nor no thatch over 'er head ; so, I can't lose my place, Kid, an' see you don't lose it for me. You must keep away from the kennels," says he, "they're not for the likes of you. The

kennels are for the quality. I wouldn't take a litter of them woolly dogs for one wag of your tail, Kid, but for all that they are your betters, same as the gentry up in the big house are my betters. I know my place and keep away from the gentry, and you keep away from the Champions."

So, I never goes out of the stables. All day I just lay in the sun on the stone flags, licking my jaws, and watching the grooms wash down the carriages, and the only care I had was to see they didn't get gay and turn the hose on me. There wasn't even a single rat to plague me. Such stables I never did see.

"Nolan," says the head groom, "some day that dog of yours will give you the slip. You can't keep a street dog tied up all his life. It's against his natur'." The head groom is a nice old gentleman, but he doesn't know everything. Just as though I'd been a street dog because I liked it. As if I'd rather poke for my vittles in ash-heaps than have 'em handed me in a wash-basin, and would sooner bite and fight than be polite and sociable. If I'd had mother there, I couldn't have asked for nothing more. But I'd think of her snooping in the gutters, or freezing of nights under the bridges, or, what's worse of all, running through the hot streets with her tongue down, so wild and crazy for a drink, that the people would shout "mad dog" at her, and stone her. Water's so good, that I don't blame the men folks for locking it up inside their houses, but when the hot days come, I think they might remember that those are the dog-days and leave a little water outside in a trough, like they do for the horses. Then we wouldn't go mad, and the policemen wouldn't shoot us. I had so much of everything I wanted that it made me think a lot of the days when I hadn't nothing, and if I could have given what I had to mother, as she used to share with me, I'd have been the happiest dog in the land. Not that I wasn't happy then, and most grateful to the Master, too, and if I'd only minded him, the trouble wouldn't have come again.

But one day the coachman says that the little lady they called Miss Dorothy had come back from school, and that same morning she runs over to the stables to pat her ponies, and she sees me.

"Oh, what a nice little, white little dog," said she; "whose little dog are you," says she.

"That's my dog, miss," says the Master. "'Is name is Kid," and I ran up to her most polite, and licks her fingers, for I never see so pretty and kind a lady.

"You must come with me and call on my new puppies," says she, picking me up in her arms and starting off with me.

"Oh, but please, Miss," cries Nolan, "Mr. Wyndham give orders that the Kid's not to go to the kennels."

"That'll be all right," says the little lady; "they're my kennels too. And the puppies will like to play with him."

You wouldn't believe me if I was to tell you of the style of them quality dogs. If I hadn't seen it myself I wouldn't have believed it neither. The Viceroy of Canada don't live no better. There was forty of them, but each one had his own house and a yard—most exclusive—and a cot and a drinking-basin all to hisself. They had servants standing 'round waiting to feed 'em when they was hungry, and valets to wash 'em; and they had their hair combed and brushed like the grooms must, when they go out on the box. Even the puppies had overcoats with their names on 'em in blue letters, and the name of each of those they called champions was painted up fine over his front door just like it was a public-house or a veterinary's. They were the biggest St. Bernards I ever did see. I could have walked under them if they'd have let me. But they were very proud and haughty dogs, and looked only once at me, and then sniffed in the air. The little lady's own dog was an old gentleman bull-dog. He'd come along with us, and when he notices how taken aback I was with all I see, 'e turned quite kind and affable and showed me about.

"Jimmy Jocks," Miss Dorothy called him, but, owing to his weight he walked most dignified and slow, waddling like a duck as you might say, and looked much too proud and handsome for such a silly name.

"That's the runway, and that's the Trophy House," says he to me, "and that over there is the hospital, where you have to go if you get distemper and the vet gives you beastly medicine."

"And which of these is your 'ouse, sir?" asks I, wishing to be respectful. But he looked that hurt and haughty. "I don't live in the kennels," says he most contemptuous. "I am a house dog. I sleep in Miss Dorothy's room. And at lunch I'm let in with the family, if the visitors don't mind. They most always do, but they're too polite to say so. Besides," says he, smiling most condescending, "visitors are always afraid of me. It's because I'm so ugly," says he. "I suppose," says he, screwing up his wrinkles and speaking very slow and impressive, "I suppose I'm the ugliest bull-dog in America," and as he seemed to be so pleased to think hisself so, I said "Yes, sir, you certainly are the ugliest ever I see," at which he nodded his head most approving.

"But I couldn't hurt 'em, as you say," he goes on, though I hadn't said nothing like that, being too polite. "I'm too old," he says, "I haven't any teeth. The last time one of those grizzly bears," said he, glaring at the big St. Bernards, "took a hold of me, he nearly was my death," says he. I thought his eyes would pop out of his head, he seemed so wrought up about it. "He rolled me around in the dirt, he did," says Jimmy Jocks, "an' I couldn't get up. It was low," says Jimmy Jocks, making a face like he had a bad taste in his mouth. "Low, that's what I call it, bad form, you understand, young man, not done in our circles—and—and low." He growled, way down in his stomach, and puffed hisself out, panting and blowing like he had been on a run.

"I'm not a street fighter," he says, scowling at a St. Bernard marked "Champion." "And when my rheumatism is not troubling me," he says, "I endeavor to be civil to all dogs, so long as they are gentlemen."

"Yes, sir," said I, for even to me he had been most affable.

At this we had come to a little house off by itself and Jimmy Jocks invites me in. "This is their trophy room," he says, "where they keep their prizes. Mine," he says, rather grand like, "are on the sideboard." Not knowing what a sideboard might be, I said, "Indeed, sir, that must be very gratifying." But he only



wrinkled up his chops as much as to say, "It is my right."

The trophy-room was as wonderful as any public-house I ever see. On the walls was pictures of nothing but beautiful St. Bernard dogs, and rows and rows of blue and red and yellow ribbons; and when I asked Jimmy Jocks why they was so many more of blue than of the others, he laughs and says, "Because these kennels always win." And there was many shining cups on the shelves which Jimmy Jocks told me were prizes won by the champions.

"Now, sir, might I ask you, sir," says I, "wot is a champion?"

At that he panted and breathed so hard I thought he would bust hisself. "My dear young friend!" says he. "Wherever have you been educated! A champion is a—a champion," he says. "He must win nine blue ribbons in the 'open' class. You follow me—that is—against all comers. Then he has the title before his name, and they put his photograph in the sporting papers. You know, of course, that I am a champion," says he. "I am Champion Woodstock Wizard III., and the two other Woodstock Wizards, my father and uncle, were both champions."

"But I thought your name was Jimmy Jocks," I said.

He laughs right out at that.

"That's my Kennel name, not my registered name," he says. "Why, you certainly know that every dog has two names. Now, what's your registered name and number, for instance," says he.

"I've only got one name," I says. "Just Kid."

Woodstock Wizard puffs at that and wrinkles up his forehead and pops out his eyes.

"Who are your people," says he. "Where is your home?"

"At the stable, sir," I said. "My Master is the second groom."

At that Woodstock Wizard III. looks at me for quite a bit without winking, and stares all around the room over my head.

"Oh, well," says he at last, "you're a very civil young dog," says he, "and I blame no one for what he can't help," which I thought most fair and liberal. "And I have known many bull-terriers that were champions," says he, "though

as a rule they mostly run with fire-engines, and to fighting. For me I wouldn't care to run through the streets after a hose-cart, nor to fight," says he; "but each to his taste."

I could not help thinking that if Woodstock Wizard III. tried to follow a fire-engine he would die of apoplexy, and that, seeing he'd lost his teeth, it was lucky he had no taste for fighting, but after his being so condescending I didn't say nothing.

"Anyway," says he, "every smooth-coated dog is better than any hairy old camel like those St. Bernard's, and if ever you're hungry down at the stables, young man, come up to the house and I'll give you a bone. I can't eat them myself, but I bury them around the garden from force of habit, and in case a friend should drop in. Ah, I see my Mistress coming," he says, "and I bid you good-day. I regret," he says, "that our different social position prevents our meeting frequent, for you're a worthy young dog with a proper respect for your betters, and in this country there's precious few of them have that." Then he waddles off, leaving me alone and very sad, for he was the first dog in many days that had spoken to me. But since he showed, seeing that I was a stable-dog, he didn't want my company, I waited for him to get well away. It was not a cheerful place to wait, the Trophy House. The pictures of the champions seemed to scowl at me, and ask what right had such as I even to admire them, and the blue and gold ribbons and the silver cups made me very miserable. I had never won no blue ribbons or silver cups; only stakes for the old Master to spend in the public's, and I hadn't won them for being a beautiful, high-quality dog, but just for fighting—which, of course, as Woodstock Wizard III. says, is low. So, I started for the stables, with my head down and my tail between my legs, feeling sorry I had ever left the Master. But I had more reason to be sorry before I got back to him.

The Trophy House was quite a bit from the Kennels, and as I left it I see Miss Dorothy and Woodstock Wizard III. walking back toward them, and that a fine, big St. Bernard, his name was Champion Red Elfberg, had broke his chain, and

was running their way. When he reaches old Jimmy Jocks he lets out a roar like a grain steamer in a fog, and he makes three leaps for him. Old Jimmy Jocks was about a fourth his size; but he plants his feet and curves his back, and his hair goes up around his neck like a collar. But he never had no show at no time, for the grizzly bear, as Jimmy Jocks had called him, lights on old Jimmy's back and tries to break it, and old Jimmy Jocks snaps his gums and claws the grass panting and groaning awful. But he can't do nothing, and the grizzly bear just rolls him under him, biting and tearing cruel. The odds was all that Woodstock Wizard III. was going to be killed. I had fought enough to see that, but not knowing the rules of the game among champions, I didn't like to interfere between two gentlemen who might be settling a private affair, and, as it were, take it as presuming of me. So I stood by, though I was shaking terrible, and holding myself in like I was on a leash. But at that Woodstock Wizard III., who was underneath, sees me through the dust, and calls very faint, "Help, you!" he says. "Take him in the hind leg," he says. "He's murdering me," he says. And then the little Miss Dorothy, who was crying, and calling to the Kennel men, catches at the Red Elfberg's hind legs to pull him off, and the brute, keeping his front pats well in Jimmy's stomach, turns his big head and snaps at her. So that was all I asked for, thank you. I went up under him. It was really nothing. He stood so high that I had only to take off about three feet from him and come in from the side, and my long, "punishing jaw" as mother was always talking about, locked on his woolly throat, and my back teeth met. I couldn't shake him, but I shook myself, and every time I shook myself there was thirty pounds of weight tore at his windpipes. I couldn't see nothing for his long hair, but I heard Jimmy Jocks puffing and blowing on one side, and munching the brute's leg with his old gums. Jimmy was an old sport that day, was Jimmy, or, Woodstock Wizard III., as I should say. When the Red Elfberg was out and down I had to run, or those kennel men would have had my life. They chased me right into the stables; and from under the hay I watched

the head groom take down a carriage whip and order them to the right about. Luckily Master and the young grooms were out, or that day there'd have been fighting for everybody.

Well, it nearly did for me and the Master. "Mr. Wyndham, sir," comes raging to the stables and said I'd half killed his best prize-winner, and had oughter to be shot, and he gives the Master his notice. But Miss Dorothy she follows him, and says it was his Red Elfberg what began the fight, and that I'd saved Jimmy's life, and that old Jimmy Jocks was worth more to her than all the St. Bernards in the Swiss mountains—wherever they be. And that I was her champion, anyway. Then she cried over me most beautiful, and over Jimmy Jocks, too, who was that tied up in bandages he couldn't even waddle. So when he heard that side of it, "Mr. Wyndham, sir," told us that if Nolan put me on a chain, we could stay. So it came out all right for everybody but me. I was glad the Master kept his place, but I'd never worn a chain before, and it disheartened me—but that was the least of it. For the quality dogs couldn't forgive my whipping their champion, and they came to the fence between the kennels and the stables, and laughed through the bars, barking most cruel words at me. I couldn't understand how they found it out, but they knew. After the fight, Jimmy Jocks was most condescending to me, and he said the grooms had boasted to the kennel men that I was a son of Regent Royal, and that when the kennel men asked who was my mother they had had to tell them that too. Perhaps that was the way of it, but, however, the scandal was out, and every one of the quality dogs knew that I was a street dog and the son of a black and tan.

"These misalliances will occur," said Jimmy Jocks, in his old-fashioned way, "but no well-bred dog," says he, looking most scornful at the St. Bernards, who were howling behind the palings, "would refer to your misfortune before you, certainly not cast it in your face. I, myself, remember your father's father when he made his debut at the Crystal Palace. He took four blue ribbons and three specials."

But no sooner than Jimmy would leave me, the St. Bernards would take to howl-



ing again, insulting mother and insulting me. And when I tore at my chain, they, seeing they were safe, would howl the more. It was never the same after that, the laughs and the jeers cut into my heart and the chain bore heavy on my spirit.

I was so sad that sometimes I wished I was back in the gutter again where no one was better than me, and some nights I wished I was dead. If it hadn't been for the Master being so kind, and that it would have looked like I was blaming mother, I would have twisted my leash and hanged myself.

About a month after my fight, the word was passed through the Kennels that the New York Show was coming, and such goings on as followed I never did see. If each of them had been matched to fight for a thousand pounds and the gate, they couldn't have trained more conscientious. But, perhaps, that's just my envy. The Kennel men rubbed 'em and scrubbed 'em and trims their hair and curls and combs it, and some dogs they fattened and some they starved. No one talked of nothing but the Show, and the chances "our Kennels" had against the other kennels, and if this one of our champions would win over that one, and whether them as hoped to be champions had better show in the "open" or the "limit" class, and whether this dog would beat his own dad, or whether his little puppy sister couldn't beat the two of them. Even the grooms had their money up, and day or night you heard nothing but praises of "our" dogs, until I, being so far out of it, couldn't have felt meaner if I had been running the streets with a can to my tail. I knew shows were

not for such as me, and so I lay all day stretched at the end of my chain, pretending I was asleep, and only too glad that they had something so important to think of, that they could leave me alone.

But one day before the show opened,

Miss Dorothy came to the stables with "Mr. Wyndham, sir," and seeing me chained up and so miserable, she takes me in her arms.

"You poor little tyke," says she. "It's cruel to tie him up so; he's eating his heart out. Nolan," she says, "I don't know nothing about bull-terriers," says she, "but I think Kid's got good points," says she, "and you ought to show him. Jimmy Jocks has three legs on the Rensselaer Cup now, and I'm going to show him this time so that he can get the fourth, and if you wish, I'll enter your dog too.

How would you like that, Kid," says she. "How would you like to see the most beautiful dogs in the world. Maybe, you'd meet a pal or two," says she. "It would cheer you up, wouldn't it, Kid?" says she. But I was so upset, I could only wag my tail most violent. "He says it would!" says she, though, being that excited, I hadn't said nothing.

So, "Mr. Wyndham, sir," laughs and takes out a piece of blue paper, and sits down at the head groom's table.

"What's the name of the father of your dog, Nolan?" says he. And Nolan says, "The man I got him off told me he was a son of Champion Regent Royal, sir. But it don't seem likely, does it?" says Nolan.

"It does not!" says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," short like.

"Aren't you sure, Nolan?" says Miss Dorothy.



"How well Kid is!" she says.—Page 319.



"No, Miss," says the Master.

"Sire unknown," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," and writes it down.

"Date of birth?" asks "Mr. Wyndham, sir."

"I — I — unknown, sir," says Nolan. And "Mr. Wyndham, sir," writes it down.

"Breeder?" says "Mr. Wyndham, sir."

"Unknown?" says Nolan, getting very red around the jaws, and I drops my head and tail. And "Mr. Wyndham, sir," writes that down.

"Mother's name?" says "Mr. Wyndham, sir."

"She was a — unknown," says the Master. And I licks his hand.

"Dam unknown," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," and writes it down. Then he takes the paper and reads out loud: "Sire unknown, dam unknown, breeder unknown, date of birth unknown. You'd better call him the 'Great Unknown,'" says he. "Who's paying his entrance fee?"

"I am," says Miss Dorothy.

Two weeks after we all got on a train for New York; Jimmy Jocks and me following Nolan in the smoking-car, and twenty-two of the St. Bernards, in boxes and crates, and on chains and leashes. Such a barking and howling I never did hear, and when they sees me going, too, they laughs fit to kill.

"Wot is this; a circus?" says the railroad man.

But I had no heart in it. I hated to go. I knew I was no "show" dog, even though Miss Dorothy and the Master did their best to keep me from shaming them. For before we set out Miss Dorothy brings a man from

town who scrubbed and rubbed me, and sand-papered my tail, which hurt most awful, and shaved my ears with the Master's razor, so you could most see clear through 'em, and sprinkles me over with pipe-clay, till I shines like a Tommy's cross-belts.

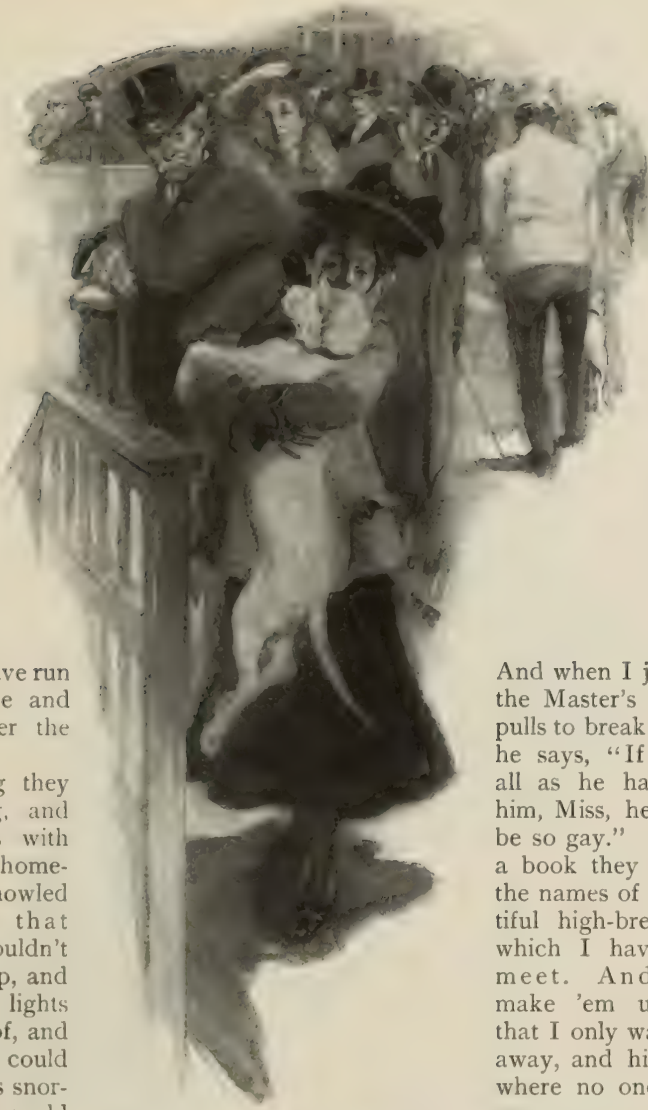
"Upon my word!" says Jimmy Jocks when he first sees me. "What a swell you are! You're the image of your grand-dad when he made his début at the Crystal Palace. He took four firsts and three specials." But I knew he was only trying to throw heart into me. They might scrub, and they might rub, and they might pipe-clay, but they couldn't pipe-clay the insides of me, and they was black and tan.

Then we came to a Garden, which it was not, but the biggest hall in the world. Inside there was lines of benches, a few miles long, and on them sat every dog in the world. If all the dog-snatchers in Montreal had worked night and day for a year, they couldn't have caught so many dogs. And they was all shouting and barking and howling so vicious, that my heart stopped beating. For at first I thought they was all enraged at my presuming to intrude, but after I got in my place, they kept at it just the same, bark-

ing at every dog as he come in; daring him to fight, and ordering him out, and asking him what breed of dog he thought he was, anyway. Jimmy Jocks was chained just behind me, and he said he never see so fine a show. "That's a hot class you're in, my lad," he says, looking over into my street, where there were thirty bull-terriers. They was all as white as cream, and each so beautiful that if I could have broke my



Nolan leans against the rails, with his head hung down.



Miss Dorothy snatches me up and kisses me between the ears.—Page 321.

chain, I would have run all the way home and hid myself under the horse-trough.

All night long they talked and sang, and passed greetings with old pals, and the home-sick puppies howled dismal. Them that couldn't sleep wouldn't let no others sleep, and all the electric lights burned in the roof, and in my eyes. I could hear Jimmy Jocks snoring peaceful, but I could only doze by jerks, and when I dozed I dreamed

horrible. All the dogs in the hall seemed coming at me for daring to intrude, with their jaws red and open, and their eyes blazing like the lights in the roof. "You're a street-dog! Get out, you street dog!" they yell. And as they drives me out, the pipe-clay drops off me, and they laugh and shriek; and when I looks down I see that I have turned into a black and tan.

They was most awful dreams, and next morning, when Miss Dorothy comes and gives me water in a pan, I begs and begs her to take me home, but she can't understand. "How well Kid is!" she says.

And when I jumps into the Master's arms, and pulls to break my chain, he says, "If he knew all as he had against him, Miss, he wouldn't be so gay." And from a book they reads out the names of the beautiful high-bred terriers which I have got to meet. And I can't make 'em understand that I only want to run away, and hide myself where no one will see me.

Then suddenly men comes hurrying down our street and begins to brush the beautiful bull-terriers, and Nolan rubs me with a towel so excited that his hands trembles awful, and Miss Dorothy tweaks my ears between her gloves, so that the blood runs to 'em, and they turn pink, and stand up straight and sharp.

"Now, then, Nolan," says she, her voice shaking just like his fingers, "keep his head up—and never let the Judge lose sight of him." When I hears that my legs breaks under me, for I knows all about judges. Twice, the old Master goes up before the Judge for fighting me with other dogs, and

the Judge promises him if he ever does it again, he'll chain him up in jail. I knew he'd find me out. A Judge can't be fooled by no pipe-clay. He can see right through you, and he reads your insides.

The judging ring, which is where the Judge holds out, was so like a fighting

ple, and Miss Dorothy, would be there to see me driven from the show.

The Judge, he was a fierce-looking man with specs on his nose, and a red beard. When I first come in he didn't see me owing to my being too quick for him and dodging behind the Master. But when the

Master drags me round and I pulls at the sawdust to keep back, the Judge looks at us careless like, and then stops and glares through his specs, and I knew it was all up with me.



pit, that when I came in it, and find six other dogs there, I springs into position, so that when they lets us go I can defend myself. But the Master smoothes down my hair and whispers, "Hold 'ard, Kid, hold 'ard. This ain't a fight," says he. "Look your prettiest," he whispers. "Please, Kid, look your prettiest," and he pulls my leash so tight that I can't touch my pats to the sawdust, and my nose goes up in the air. There was millions of people a-watching us from the railings, and three of our Kennel men, too, making fun of Nolan and me, and Miss Dorothy with her chin just reaching to the rail, and her eyes so big that I thought she was a-going to cry. It was awful to think that when the Judge stood up and exposed me, all those peo-

For a long time he kneels in the sawdust.—Page 323.

"Are there any more?" asks the Judge, to the gentleman at the gate, but never taking his specs from me.

The man at the gate looks in his book. "Seven in the novice class," says he. "They're all here. You can go ahead," and he shuts the gate.

The Judge, he doesn't hesitate a moment. He just waves his hand toward the corner of the ring. "Take him away," he says to the Master. "Over there and keep him away," and he turns and looks most



solemn at the six beautiful bull-terriers. I don't know how I crawled to that corner. I wanted to scratch under the sawdust and dig myself a grave. The Kennel men they slapped the rail with their hands and laughed at the Master like they would fall over. They pointed at me in the corner, and their sides just shook. But little Miss Dorothy she presses her lips tight against the rail, and I see tears rolling from her eyes. The Master, he hangs his head like he had been whipped. I felt most sorry for him, than all. He was so red, and he was letting on not to see the Kennel men, and blinking his eyes. If the Judge had ordered me right out, it wouldn't have disgraced us so, but it was keeping me there while he was judging the high-bred dogs, that hurt so hard. With all those people staring too. And his doing it so quick, without no doubt nor questions. You can't fool the judges. They see insides you.

But he couldn't make up his mind about them high-bred dogs. He scowls at 'em, and he glares at 'em, first with his head on the one side and then on the other. And he feels of 'em, and orders 'em to run about. And Nolan leans against the rails, with his head hung down, and pats me. And Miss Dorothy comes over beside him, but don't say nothing, only wipes her eye with her finger. A man on the other side of the rail he says to the Master, "The Judge don't like your dog?"

"No," says the Master.

"Have you ever shown him before," says the man.

"No," says the Master, "and I'll never show him again. He's my dog," says the Master, "An' he suits me! And I don't care what no judges think." And when he says them kind words, I licks his hand most grateful.

The Judge had two of the six dogs on a little platform in the middle of the ring, and he had chased the four other dogs into the corners, where they was licking their chops, and letting on they didn't care, same as Nolan was.

The two dogs on the platform was so beautiful that the Judge hisself couldn't tell which was the best of 'em, even when he stoops down and holds their heads together. But at last he gives a sigh, and brushes the sawdust off his knees and goes to the table in the ring, where there was a

man keeping score, and heaps and heaps of blue and gold and red and yellow ribbons. And the Judge picks up a bunch of 'em and walks to the two gentlemen who was holding the beautiful dogs, and he says to each "What's his number?" and he hands each gentleman a ribbon. And then he turned sharp, and comes straight at the Master.

"What's his number?" says the Judge. And Master was so scared that he couldn't make no answer.

But Miss Dorothy claps her hands, and cries out like she was laughing, "Three twenty-six," and the Judge writes it down, and shoves Master the blue ribbon.

I bit the Master, and I jumps and bit Miss Dorothy, and I wagged so hard that the Master couldn't hold me. When I get to the gate Miss Dorothy snatches me up and kisses me between the ears, right before millions of people, and they both hold me so tight that I didn't know which of them was carrying of me. But one thing I knew, for I listened hard, as it was the Judge hisself as said it.

"Did you see that puppy I gave 'first' to?" says the Judge to the gentleman at the gate.

"I did. He was a bit out of his class," says the gate gentleman.

"He certainly was!" says the Judge, and they both laughed.

But I didn't care. They couldn't hurt me then, not with Nolan holding the blue ribbon and Miss Dorothy hugging my ears, and the Kennel men sneaking away, each looking like he'd been caught with his nose under the lid of the slop can.

We sat down together, and we all three just talked as fast as we could. They was so pleased that I couldn't help feeling proud myself, and I barked and jumped and leaped about so gay, that all the bull-terriers in our street stretched on their chains, and howled at me.

"Just look at him!" says one of those I had beat. "What's he giving hisself airs about?"

"Because he's got one blue ribbon!" says another of 'em. "Why, when I was a puppy I used to eat 'em, and if that Judge could ever learn to know a toy from a mastiff, I'd have had this one."

But Jimmy Jocks he leaned over from his bench, and says, "Well done, Kid.

Didn't I tell you so ! " What he 'ad told me was that I might get a "commended," but I didn't remind him.

"Didn't I tell you," says Jimmy Jocks, "that I saw your grandfather make his début at the Crystal ———"

"Yes, sir, you did, sir," says I, for I have no love for the men of my family.

A gentleman with a showing leash around his neck comes up just then and looks at me very critical. "Nice dog you've got, Miss Wyndham," says he; "would you care to sell him?"

"He's not my dog," says Miss Dorothy, holding me tight. "I wish he were."

"He's not for sale, sir," says the Master, and I was *that* glad.

"Oh, he's yours, is he?" says the gentleman, looking hard at Nolan. "Well, I'll give you a hundred dollars for him," says he, careless like.

"Thank you, sir, he's not for sale," says Nolan, but his eyes get very big. The gentleman he walked away, but I watches him, and he talks to a man in a golf cap, and by and by the man comes along our street, looking at all the dogs, and stops in front of me.

"This your dog?" says he to Nolan. "Pity he's so leggy," says he. "If he had a good tail, and a longer stop, and his ears were set higher, he'd be a good dog. As he is, I'll give you fifty dollars for him."

But before the Master could speak Miss Dorothy laughs, and says, "You're Mr. Polk's kennel man, I believe. Well, you tell Mr. Polk from me that the dog's not for sale now any more than he was five minutes ago, and that when he is, he'll have to bid against me for him." The man looks foolish at that, but he turns to Nolan quick like. "I'll give you three hundred for him," he says.

"Oh, indeed!" whispers Miss Dorothy, like she was talking to herself. "That's it, is it," and she turns and looks at me just as though she had never seen me before. Nolan, he was a gaping too, with his mouth open. But he holds me tight.

"He's not for sale," he growls, like he was frightened, and the man looks black and walks away.

"Why, Nolan!" cries Miss Dorothy, "Mr. Polk knows more about bull-terriers

than any amateur in America. What can he mean? Why, Kid is no more than a puppy! Three hundred dollars for a puppy!"

"And he ain't no thoroughbred neither!" cries the Master. "He's 'Unknown,' ain't he? Kid can't help it, of course, but his mother, Miss ———"

I dropped my head. I couldn't bear he should tell Miss Dorothy. I couldn't bear she should know I had stolen my blue ribbon.

But the Master never told, for at that, a gentleman runs up, calling, "Three Twenty-Six, Three Twenty-Six," and Miss Dorothy says, "Here he is, what is it?"

"The Winner's Class," says the gentleman. "Hurry, please. The Judge is waiting for him."

Nolan tries to get me off the chain onto a showing leash, but he shakes so, he only chokes me. "What is it, Miss?" he says. "What is it?"

"The Winner's Class," says Miss Dorothy. "The Judge wants him with the winners of the other classes—to decide which is the best. It's only a form," says she. "He has the champions against him now."

"Yes," says the gentleman, as he hurries us to the ring. "I'm afraid it's only a form for your dog, but the Judge wants all the winners, puppy class even."

We had got to the gate, and the gentleman there was writing down my number.

"Who won the open?" asks Miss Dorothy.

"Oh, who would?" laughs the gentleman. "The old champion, of course. He's won for three years now. There he is. Isn't he wonderful," says he, and he points to a dog that's standing proud and haughty on the platform in the middle of the ring.

I never see so beautiful a dog, so fine and clean and noble, so white like he had rolled hisself in flour, holding his nose up and his eyes shut, same as though no one was worth looking at. Aside of him, we other dogs, even though we had a blue ribbon apiece, seemed like lumps of mud. He was a royal gentleman, a king, he was. His Master didn't have to hold his head with no leash. He held it hisself, standing as still as an iron dog on a lawn, like



he knew all the people was looking at him. And so they was, and no one around the ring pointed at no other dog but him.

"Oh, what a picture," cried Miss Dorothy; "he's like a marble figure by a great artist—one who loved dogs. Who is he?" says she, looking in her book. "I don't keep up with terriers."

"Oh, you know him," says the gentleman. "He is the Champion of champions, Regent Royal."

The Master's face went red.

"And this is Regent Royal's son," cries he, and he pulls me quick into the ring, and plants me on the platform next my father.

I trembled so that I near fall. My legs twisted like a leash. But my father he never looked at me. He only smiled, the same sleepy smile, and he still keep his eyes half shut, like as no one, no, not even his son, was worth his lookin' at.

The Judge he didn't let me stay beside my father, but one by one he placed the other dogs next to him and measured and felt and pulled at them. And each one he put down, but he never put my father down. And then he comes over and picks up me and sets me back on the platform shoulder to shoulder with the Champion Regent Royal and goes down on his knees, and looks into our eyes.

The gentleman with my father, he laughs, and says to the Judge, "Thinking of keeping us here all day, John?" but the Judge he doesn't hear him, and goes behind us and runs his hand down my side, and holds back my ears, and takes my jaws between his fingers. The crowd around the ring is very deep now, and nobody says nothing. The gentleman at the score table, he is leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, and his eyes very wide, and the gentleman at the gate is whispering quick to Miss Dorothy, who has turned white. I stood as stiff as stone. I didn't even breathe. But out of the corner of my eye I could see my father licking his pink chops, and yawning just a little, like he was bored.

The Judge he had stopped looking fierce, and was looking solemn. Something inside him seemed a troubling him awful. The more he stares at us now, the more solemn he gets, and when he touches us he does it gentle, like he was

patting us. For a long time he kneels in the sawdust looking at my father and at me, and no one around the ring says nothing to nobody.

Then the Judge takes a breath and touches me sudden. "It's his," he says, but he lays his hand just as quick on my father. "I'm sorry," says he.

The gentleman holding my father cries:

"Do you mean to tell me——"

And the Judge, he answers, "I mean the other is the better dog." He takes my father's head between his hands, and looks down at him most sorrowful. "The King is dead," says he, "long live the King. Good-by, Regent," he says.

The crowd around the railings clapped their hands, and some laughed scornful, and everyone talks fast, and I start for the gate so dizzy that I can't see my way. But my father pushes in front of me, walking very daintily, and smiling sleepy, same as he had just been waked, with his head high, and his eyes shut, looking at nobody.

So that is how I "came by my inheritance," as Miss Dorothy calls it, and just for that, though I couldn't feel where I was any different, the crowd follows me to my bench, and pats me, and coos at me, like I was a baby in a baby-carriage. And the handlers have to hold 'em back so that the gentlemen from the papers can make pictures of me, and Nolan walks me up and down so proud, and the men shakes their heads and says, "He certainly is the true type, he is!" And the pretty ladies asks Miss Dorothy, who sits beside me letting me lick her gloves to show the crowd what friends 'we is, "Aren't you afraid he'll bite you?" and Jimmy Jocks calls to me, "Didn't I tell you so! I always knew you were one of us. Blood will out, Kid, blood will out. I saw your grandfather," says he, "make his début at the Crystal Palace. But he was never the dog you are!"

After that if I could have asked for it there was nothing I couldn't get. You might have thought I was a snow dog, and they was afeerd I'd melt. If I wet my pats, Nolan give me a hot bath and chained me to the stove; if I couldn't eat my food, being stuffed full by the cook, for I am a house-dog now, and let in to lunch whether there is visitors or not, Nolan



would run to bring the vet. It was all tommy rot, as Jimmy says, but meant most kind. I couldn't scratch myself comfortable, without Nolan giving me nasty drinks, and rubbing me outside till it burnt awful, and I wasn't let to eat bones for fear of spoiling my "beautiful" mouth, what mother used to call my "punishing jaw," and my food was cooked special on a gas-stove, and Miss Dorothy gives me an overcoat, cut very stylish like the champions', to wear when we goes out carriage driving.

After the next show, where I takes three blue ribbons, four silver cups, two medals, and brings home forty-five dollars for Nolan they gives me a "Registered" name, same as Jimmy's. Miss Dorothy wanted to call me "Regent Heir Apparent," but I was THAT glad when Nolan says, "No, Kid don't owe nothing to his father, only to you and hisself. So if you please, Miss, we'll call him Wyndham Kid." And so they did, and you can see it on my overcoat in blue letters, and painted top of my kennel. It was all too hard to understand. For days I just sat and wondered if I was really me, and how it all come about, and why everybody was so kind. But, oh, it was so good they was, for if they hadn't been, I'd never have got the thing I most wished after. But, because they was kind, and not liking to deny me nothing, they gave it me, and it was more to me than anything in the world.

It came about one day when we was out driving. We was in the cart they calls the dog-cart, because it's the one Miss Dorothy keeps to take Jimmy and me for an airing. Nolan was up behind, and me in my new overcoat was sitting beside Miss Dorothy. I was admiring the view, and thinking how good it was to have a horse pull you about so that you needn't get yourself splashed and have to be washed, when I hears a dog calling loud for help, and I pricks up my ears and looks over the horse's head. And I sees something that makes me tremble down to my toes. In the road before us three big dogs was chasing a little old lady dog. She had a string to her tail where some boys had tied a can and she was dirty with mud and ashes, and torn most awful. She was too far done up to get

away, and too old to help herself, but she was making a fight for her life, snapping her old gums savage, and dying game. All this I see in a wink, and then the three dogs pinned her down, and I can't stand it no longer and clears the wheel and lands in the road on my head. It was my stylish overcoat done that, and I curse it proper, but I gets my pats again quick, and makes a rush for the fighting. Behind me I hear Miss Dorothy cry, "They'll kill that old dog. Wait, take my whip. Beat them off her! The Kid can take care of himself," and I hear Nolan fall into the road, and the horse come to a stop. The old lady dog was down, and the three was eating her vicious, but as I come up, scattering the pebbles, she hears, and thinking it's one more of them, she lifts her head and my heart breaks open like someone had sunk his teeth in it. For under the ashes and the dirt and the blood I can see who it is, and I know that my mother has come back to me.

I gives a yell that throws them three dogs off their legs.

"Mother!" I cries. "I'm the Kid," I cries. "I'm coming to you, mother, I'm coming."

And I shoots over her, at the throat of the big dog, and the other two they sinks their teeth into that stylish overcoat, and tears it off me, and that sets me free, and I lets them have it. I never had so fine a fight as that! What with mother being there to see, and not having been let to mix up in no fights since I become a prize winner, it just naturally did me good and it wasn't three shakes before I had 'em yelping. Quick as a wink mother she jumps in to help me, and I just laughed to see her. It was so like old times. And Nolan he made me laugh too. He was like a hen on a bank, shaking the butt of his whip, but not daring to cut in for fear of hitting me.

"Stop it, Kid," he says, "stop it. Do you want to be all torn up," says he. "Think of the Boston show next week," says he. "Think of Chicago. Think of Danbury. Don't you never want to be a champion?" How was I to think of all them places when I had three dogs to cut up at the same time. But in a minute two of 'em begs for mercy, and mother and me lets 'em run away. The big one,

he ain't able to run away. Then mother and me we dances and jumps, and barks and laughs, and bites each other and rolls each other in the road. There never was two dogs so happy as we, and Nolan he whistles and calls and begs me to come to him, but I just laugh, and play larks with mother.

"Now you come with me," says I, "to

So when I hears that I tells mother to go with Nolan and sit in the cart, but she says no, that she'd soil the pretty lady's frock ; but I tells her to do as I say, and so Nolan lifts her, trembling still, into the cart, and I runs alongside, barking joyful.

When we drives into the stables I takes mother to my kennel, and tells her to go



I pricks up my ears and looks over the horse's head.—Page 324.

my new home and never try to run away again." And I shows her our house with the five red roofs, set on the top of the hill. But mother trembles awful and says: "They'd never let the likes of me in such a place. Does the Viceroy live there, Kid?" says she. And I laugh at her. "No, I do," I says; "and if they won't let you live there too, you and me will go back to the streets together, for we must never be parted no more." So we trots up the hill side by side, with Nolan trying to catch me, and Miss Dorothy laughing at him from the cart.

"The Kid's made friends with the poor, old dog," says she. "Maybe, he knew her long ago when he ran the streets himself. Put her in here beside me, and see if he doesn't follow."

inside it and make herself at home. "Oh, but he won't let me!" says she.

"Who won't let you?" says I, keeping my eye on Nolan, and growling a bit nasty, just to show I was meaning to have my way.

"Why Wyndham Kid," says she, looking up at the name on my kennel.

"But I'm Wyndham Kid!" says I.

"You!" cries mother. "You! Is my little Kid the great Wyndham Kid the dogs all talk about?" And at that, she, being very old, and sick, and hungry, and nervous, as mothers are, just drops down in the straw, and weeps bitter.

Well, there ain't much more than that to tell. Miss Dorothy she settled it.

"If the Kid wants the poor old thing in the stables," says she, "let her stay."

"You see," says she, "she's a black-and-tan, and his mother was a black-and-tan, and maybe that's what makes Kid feel so friendly toward her," says she.

"Indeed, for me," says Nolan, "she can have the best there is. I'd never drive out no dog that asks for a crust nor a shelter," he says. "But what will Mr. Wyndham do?"

"He'll do what I say," says Miss Dorothy, "and if I say she's to stay, she will stay, and I say—she's to stay!"

And so mother and Nolan, and me, found a home. Mother was scared at first—not being used to kind people—but she was so gentle and loving, that the grooms got fonder of her than of me, and

tried to make me jealous by patting of her, and giving her the pick of the vittles. But that was the wrong way to hurt my feelings. That's all, I think. Mother is so happy here that I tell her we ought to call it the Happy Hunting Grounds, because no one hunts you, and there is nothing to hunt; it just all comes to you. And so we live in peace, mother sleeping all day in the sun, or behind the stove in the head groom's office, being fed twice a day regular by Nolan, and all the day by the other grooms most irregular. And, as for me, I go hurrying around the country to the bench shows; winning money and cups for Nolan, and taking the blue ribbons away from father.

## FROM ONE LONG DEAD

By Robert Bridges

WHAT! *You* here in the moonlight and thinking of me?  
Is it you, O my comrade, who laughed at my jest?  
But you wept when I told you I longed to be free,  
And you mourned for a while when they laid me at rest.

I've been dead all these years! and to-night in your heart  
There's a stir of emotion, a vision that slips—  
It's *my* face in the moonlight that gives you a start,  
It's my name that in joy rushes up to your lips!

Yes, I'm young, oh so young, and so little I know!  
A mere child that is learning to walk and to run;  
While I grasp at the shadows that wave to and fro  
I am dazzled a bit by the light of the Sun.

I am learning the lesson, I try to grow wise,  
But at night I am baffled and worn by the strife;  
I am humbled, and then there's an impulse to rise,  
And a voice whispers, "Onward and win! This is Life!"

And the Force that is drawing me up to the Height,  
That inspires me and thrills me—each day a new birth,  
Is the Force that to Chaos said, "Let there be Light!"  
And it gave us sweet glimpses of Heaven on Earth.

It is Love! and you know it and feel it, my Soul!  
For you love me in spite of the grave and its bars.  
And it moves the whole Universe on to its goal,  
And it draws frail Humanity up to the stars!



# THE LAUNCHING OF A UNIVERSITY

By Daniel C. Gilman



URING the last five decades, American universities have grown up with unprecedented rapidity. It is not necessary to fix an exact date for the beginning of this progress. Some would like to say that the foundation of the Lawrence Scientific School in Harvard University, and, almost simultaneously, the organization of the School of Science in New Haven were initial undertakings. These events indicated that the two oldest colleges of New England were ready to introduce instruction of an advanced character, far more special than ever before, in the various branches of natural and physical science. An impulse was given by the passage of the Morrill Act, by which a large amount of scrip, representing public lands, was offered to any State that would maintain a college devoted to agriculture and the mechanic arts, without the exclusion of other scientific and literary studies. The foundation of Cornell University was of the highest significance, for it fortunately came under the guidance of one who was equally devoted to historical and scientific research, one whose plans showed an independence of thought and a power of organization then without precedent in the field of higher education. The changes introduced in Harvard, under masterful leadership, when the modern era of progress began, had profound influence. The gifts of Johns Hopkins, of Rockefeller, of Stanford, of Tulane, promoted the establishment of new institutions, in sympathy with the older colleges, yet freer to introduce new subjects and new methods. The State universities of the Northwest and of the Pacific coast, as population and wealth increased, became an important factor. These multiform agencies must all be carefully considered when an estimate is made up of the progress of the last half-century.

The theme is too large for discussion in these pages. No such task has been given to me. But I have been requested

to put in form some reminiscences of events and persons. I was a close observer of the changes which were introduced at Yale in the fifties and sixties, the grafting of a new branch—"a wild olive," as it seemed—upon the old stock. Then I had some experience, brief but significant, in California, as the head of the State University, at a time when it was needful to answer the popular cry that it should become chiefly a school of agriculture, and when it was important to show the distinction between a university and a polytechnic institute. Then came a call to the East and a service of more than a quarter of a century in the organization and development of a new establishment. These are three typical institutions. Yale was a colonial foundation, wedded to precedents, where an effort was made to introduce new studies and new methods. California was a State institution, benefited by the so-called agricultural grant, where it was necessary to emphasize the importance of the liberal arts, because the practical arts were sure to take care of themselves. Baltimore afforded an opportunity to develop a private endowment free from ecclesiastical or political control, where from the beginning the old and the new, the humanities and the sciences, theory and practice, could be generously promoted.

In looking over this period, remarkable changes are manifest. In the first place, science receives an amount of support unknown before. This is a natural consequence of the wonderful discoveries which have been made in respect to the phenomena and laws of nature, and the improvements made in scientific instruments and researches. Educational leaders perceived the importance of the work carried on in laboratories and observatories under the impulse of such men as Liebig and Faraday. With this increased attention to science, the old-fashioned curriculum disappeared, of necessity, and many combinations of studies are permitted in the most conservative institutions.

Absolute freedom of choice is allowed in many places. Historical and political science has come to the front, and it is no longer enough to learn from a text-book long lists of names and dates; reference must be made to original sources of information, or at any rate many books must be consulted in order to understand the progress of human society. Some knowledge of German and French is required of everyone. English literature receives an amount of attention never given to it in early days. Medicine is no longer taught by lectures only, but the better schools require continued practice in the biological laboratories and the subsequent observation of patients in hospitals and dispensaries. The admission of women to the advantages of higher education is also one of the most noteworthy advances of the period we are considering.

The historian that takes up these and allied indications of the progress of American universities, will have a difficult and an inspiring theme. It has been a delightful and exhilarating time in which to live and to work, to observe and to try. All the obstacles have not been overcome, some mistakes have been made, much remains for improvement, but on the whole the record of the last forty or fifty years exhibits substantial and satisfactory gains. The efforts of scholars have been sustained by the munificence of donors, and more than one institution now has an endowment larger than that of all the institutions which were in existence in 1850.

In the middle of the century, the word "university" was in the air. It was cautiously used in Cambridge and New Haven, where a number of professional schools were living vigorous lives near the parental domicile, then called "the college proper," as if the junior departments were colleges improper. To speak of "our university" savored of pretence in these old colleges. A story was told at Yale that a dignitary from a distant State introduced himself as chancellor of the university. "How large a faculty have you?" asked Dominie Day. "Not any," was the answer. "Have you any library or buildings?" "Not yet," replied the visitor. "Any endowment?" "None," came the monotonous and saddening negative. "What have you?" persisted the

Yale president. The visitor brightened as he said, "We have a very good charter."

Among enlightened and well-read people, the proper significance of a university was of course understood. Students came home from Europe, and especially from Germany, with clear conceptions of its scope. Everett, Bancroft, Ticknor, Hedge, Woolsey, Thacher, Whitney, Gildersleeve, and many more were familiar with the courses of illustrious teachers on the Continent. European scholars were added to the American faculties—Follen, Beck, Lieber, Agassiz, Guyot, and others less distinguished. But the American colleges had been based on the idea of an English college, and upon this central nucleus the limited funds and the unlimited energies of the times were concentrated, not indeed exclusively, but diligently. Any diversion of the concentrated resources of the treasury to "outside" interests, like law, medicine, and theology, was not to be thought of. Even now, one hears occasionally the question, "After all, what is the difference between a university and a college?" To certain persons, the university simply means the best place of instruction that the locality can secure. The country is full of praiseworthy foundations which ought to be known as high-schools or academies or possibly as colleges, but which appear to great disadvantage under the more pretentious name they have assumed. Just after the war the enthusiastic sympathy of the North for the enfranchised blacks led to the bestowal of the highest term in educational nomenclature upon the institutes where the freedmen were to be taught. Fortunately, Hampton and Tuskegee escaped this christening, but Fiske, Atlanta, and Howard foundations were thus named. It was much nearer the truth to say that the complete university includes four faculties—the liberal arts or philosophy, law, medicine, and theology. Sometimes a university is regarded as the union, under one board of control, of all the highest institutions of a place or region. There is one instance where the name "university" is given to a board which in a general way supervises all the degree-giving institutions in the State.

When the announcement was made to the public, at the end of 1873, that a



wealthy merchant of Baltimore had provided by his will for the establishment of a new university, a good deal of latent regret was felt because the country seemed to have already more higher seminaries than it could supply with teachers, students, or funds. Another "college" was expected to join the crowded column, and impoverish its neighbors by its superior attractions. Fortunately, the founder was wise as well as generous. He used the simplest phrases to express his wishes; and he did not define the distinguished name that he bestowed upon his child, nor embarrass its future by needless conditions. Details were left to a sagacious body of trustees whom he charged with the duty of supervision. They travelled east and west, brought to Baltimore experienced advisers, Eliot, Angell, and White, and procured many of the latest books that discussed the problem of education. By and by they chose a president, and accepted his suggestion that they should give emphasis to the word "university" and should endeavor to build up an institution quite different from a college, thus making an addition to American education, not introducing a rival. Young men who had already gone through that period of mental discipline which commonly leads to the baccalaureate degree, were invited to come and pursue those advanced studies for which they might have been prepared, and to accept the inspiration and guidance of professors selected because of acknowledged distinction or of special aptitudes. Among the phrases that were employed to indicate the project were many which then were novel, although they are now the commonplaces of catalogues and speeches.

Opportunities for advanced, not professional, studies, were then scanty in this country. In the older colleges certain graduate courses were attended by a small number of followers—but the teachers were for the most part absorbed with undergraduate instruction, and could give but little time to the few who sought their guidance. Probably my experience was not unusual. After taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in Yale College, I was undecided what profession to follow. The effect of the collegiate discipline, which "introduced" me, according to the phrase

of the day, to not less than twenty subjects in the senior year, was to arouse an interest of about equal intensity in as many branches of knowledge. I remained a year at New Haven as a resident graduate. President Woolsey, whom I consulted, asked me to read Rau's political economy and come and tell him its contents; I did not accept the challenge. I asked Professor Hadley if I might read Greek with him; he declined my proposal. Professor Porter did give me some guidance in reading, especially in German. I had many talks of an inspiring nature with Professor Dana—but on the whole I think that the year was wasted. The next autumn I went to Cambridge and called upon President Sparks, to learn what opportunities were there open. "You can hear Professor Agassiz lecture," he said, "if you want to; and I believe Mr. Longfellow is reading Dante with a class." I did not find at Cambridge any better opportunities than I had found at New Haven—but in both places I learned to admire the great teachers, and to wish that there were better arrangements for enabling a graduate student to ascertain what could be enjoyed and to profit by the opportunities. The day has now come when there is almost a superfluity of advanced courses. Let me tell some of the conditions which brought the Johns Hopkins foundations into close relations with the upward and onward movements in American universities, during the period from 1876 to 1901.

Before a university can be launched there are six requisites: An idea; capital, to make the ideal feasible; a definite plan; an able staff of coadjutors; books and apparatus; students. On each of these points, I shall briefly dwell, conscious of one advantage as a writer—conscious, also, of a disadvantage. I have the advantage of knowing more than any one else of an unwritten chapter of history; the disadvantage of not being able or disposed to tell the half that I remember.

"The idea of the university" was early accepted by the trustees. This was a phrase to which Cardinal Newman had given currency in a remarkable series of letters in which he advocated the establishment of a Catholic foundation in Dub-



lin. At a time when ecclesiastical or denominational colleges were at the front, and were considered by many people the only defensible places for the education of young men, his utterances for academic freedom were emancipating; at a time when early specialization was advocated, his defence of liberal culture was reassuring. The evidence elicited by the British university commissions was instructive, and the writings of Mark Pattison, Dr. Appleton, Matthew Arnold, and others were full of suggestions. Innumerable essays and pamphlets had appeared in Germany discussing the improvements which were called for in that land of research. The endeavors of the new men at Cambridge and New Haven, and the instructive success of the University of Virginia, were all brought under consideration. It is safe to say that the Johns Hopkins was founded upon the idea of a university as distinct from a college.

The capital was provided by a single individual. No public meeting was ever held to promote subscriptions or to advocate higher education; no speculation in land was proposed; no financial gains were expected; no religious body was involved, not even the Society of orthodox Friends, in which the founder had been trained, and from which he selected several of his confidential advisers. He gave what seemed at the time a princely gift; he supplemented it with an equal gift for a hospital. It was natural that he should also give his name. That was then the fashion. John Harvard and Elihu Yale had lived long ago, and they never sought the remembrance which their contemporaries insured; but in late years Girard, Smithson, Lawrence, Cornell, and Cooper, had all regarded their foundations as children entitled to bear the parental name. Their follower in Maryland did likewise.

It is always interesting to know the genesis of great gifts. Johns Hopkins, who had never married, was in doubt, when he grew old, respecting the bestowal of his acquisitions. The story is current that a sagacious friend said to him, "There are two things which are sure to live—a university, for there will always be the youth to train; and a hospital, for there will always be the suffering to relieve." This germ, implanted in a large

brain, soon bore fruit. The will was drawn, and after provision for the nearest of kin, the fortune was divided between the two institutions which bear the founder's name. It was his wish that they should be united in the promotion of medical science, and this wish has controlled all subsequent proceedings.

There is another story which is worth repeating, for it shows the relation of one benefaction to another. When George Peabody, near the end of his life, came to Baltimore, the place of his former residence, he was invited to dine by Mr. John W. Garrett, and Mr. Hopkins was invited to meet him. It is my impression that they were alone at the table. The substance of Mr. Peabody's remarks has thus been given by the host:

"Mr. Hopkins, we both commenced our commercial life in Baltimore, and we knew each other well. I left Baltimore for London, and from the commencement of my busy life I must state that I was extremely fond of money, and very happy in acquiring it. I labored, struggled, and economized continuously and increased my store, and I have been very proud of my achievements. Leaving Baltimore, after a successful career in a relatively limited sphere, I began in London, the seat of the greatest intellectual forces connected with commerce, and there I succeeded wonderfully, and, in competition with houses that had been wealthy, prosperous, and famous for generations, I carved my way to opulence. It is due to you, Mr. Hopkins, to say, remembering you so well, that you are the only man I have met in all my experience more thoroughly anxious to make money and more determined to succeed than myself; and you have enjoyed the pleasure of success, too. In vigorous efforts for mercantile power, capital, of course, and large capital, was vital. I had the satisfaction, as you have had, of feeling that success is the test of merit, and I was happy in the view that I was in this sense, at least, very meritorious. You also have enjoyed a great share of success and of commercial power and honor. But, Mr. Hopkins, though my progress was for a long period satisfactory and gratifying, yet, when age came upon me, and when aches and pains made me realize that I was not

immortal, I felt, after taking care of my relatives, great anxiety to place the millions that I had accumulated so as to accomplish the greatest good for humanity. I looked about me and formed the conclusion that there were men who were just as anxious to work with integrity and faithfulness, for the comfort, consolation, and advancement of the suffering and the struggling poor, as I had been to gather fortune. After careful consideration, I called a number of my friends in whom I had confidence to meet me, and I proposed that they should act as my trustees, and I organized my first scheme of benevolence. The trust was accepted, and I then for the first time felt there was a higher pleasure and a greater happiness than accumulating money, and that was derived from giving it for good and humane purposes ; and so, sir, I have gone on, and from that day realized, with increasing enjoyment, the pleasure of arranging for the greatest practicable good for those who would need my means to aid their well-being, progress, and happiness."

Given the idea and the funds, the next requisite was a plan. I remember very well my first interviews with the trustees at their office in North Charles Street, and subsequently at the Mount Vernon Hotel. They were men of intelligence, dignity, and public spirit, devoid of personal, political, or ecclesiastical bias. I was strongly impressed by their desire to do the very best that was possible under the circumstances in which they were placed.

We quickly reached concurrence. Without dissent, it was agreed that we were to develop, if possible, something more than a local institution, and were at least to aim at national influence ; that we should try to supplement, and not supplant, existing colleges, and should endeavor to bring to Baltimore, as teachers and as students, the ablest minds that we could attract. It was understood that we should postpone all questions of building, dormitories, commons, discipline, and degrees ; that we should hire or buy in the heart of the city a temporary perch, and remain on it until we could determine what wants should be revealed, and until we could decide upon future buildings.

We were to await the choice of a faculty before we matured any schemes of examination, instruction, and graduation.

I was encouraged to travel freely at home and abroad. Among many men of distinction whom I met on these journeys, it may be invidious to make a selection, but a few must be named. Foremost was President Eliot *facile princeps* among the college presidents of that day, whose encouragement and counsel have never been wanting. At New Haven, among many former colleagues, there were two, Professors Whitney and Brush, whom it was natural to consult in the confidence of friendship, and through them I came into closer relations with Dr. Wolcott Gibbs, the renowned chemist. With the president of Cornell University, now the United States ambassador in Germany, I had been on intimate terms since our undergraduate days, and his recent experiences in the development of an original project made him a very valuable adviser. In Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, Dublin, and Manchester much interest was shown in our new undertaking. I remember vividly and with special pleasure my visit to Lord Kelvin in his laboratory, and a dinner with the X Club in London, to which Professor Tyndall invited me, and where I met Spencer, Hooker, Huxley, Frankland, and other leaders of science. The story of this club is given in Huxley's memoirs. To many leaders in the profession of medicine I was introduced by Dr. John S. Billings. On the Continent I visited Paris, Berlin, Heidelberg, Strasburg, Freiburg, Leipsic, Munich, and Vienna. In all these places the laboratories were new and even more impressive than the libraries. Everywhere the problems of higher education were under discussion ; everywhere, readiness to be helpful and suggestive was apparent. One Sunday afternoon I sat for a long while on the vine-clad hill of Freiburg, looking at the beautiful spire of the cathedral and talking with the historian, Professor Von Holtz — already well acquainted with American conditions. He became one of our lecturers, and afterward took part in the development of the University of Chicago. He gave me an inside view of the workings of the German University system. Professor James Bryce was a most ser-



viceable interpreter of the intricacies of Oxford and Cambridge. Through a college classmate who had become an agrégé in the University of France, I had a similar introduction to the methods of the French. Among my note-books I think there is one in which, while at Oxford, in the autumn of 1875, I drew up an outline of the possible organization of our work in Baltimore. It was brief, but it was also comprehensive.

The first real difficulty was the selection of a faculty. The announcement was boldly made that the best men who could be found would be first appointed without respect to the place from which they came, the college wherein they were trained, or the religious body to which they belonged. The effort would be made to secure the best men who were free to accept positions in a new, uncertain, and, it must be acknowledged, somewhat risky organization. I will not recall the overtures made to men of mark, nor the overtures received from men of no mark. Nor can I say whether it was harder to eliminate from the list of candidates the second best, or to secure the best. All this it is well to forget. When I die, the memory of those anxieties and perplexities will forever disappear. It is enough to remember that Sylvester, Gildersleeve, Remsen, Rowland, Morris, and Martin were the first professors. As a faculty "we were seven." Our education, our antecedents, our peculiarities were very different, but we were full of enthusiasm, and we got on together without a discordant note. Four of the six are dead; one is still as vigorous and incisive as ever; one is now president. An able corps of associates, lecturers, and fellows was appointed with the professors, and they were admirable helpers in the inception of the work. This is not the place, and perhaps I am not the person to give the characteristics of this corps.

One incident only I will tell, for the recent death of Professor Rowland has brought his name before the public, and I have often been asked how at the age of twenty-eight he was selected for the important chair of physics. The facts are these.

While on service as a member of the Board of Visitors at West Point in the

summer of 1875, I became well acquainted with General Michie, then professor of physics in the United States Military Academy. I asked him who there was that could be considered for our chair of physics. He told me that there was a young man in Troy, of whom probably I had not heard, whom he had met at the house of Professor Forsyth and who seemed to him full of promise.

"What has he done?" I said.

"He has lately published an article in the *Philosophical Magazine*," was his reply, "which shows great ability. If you want a young man you had better talk with him."

"Why did he publish it in London," said I, "and not in the *American Journal*?"

"Because it was turned down by the American editors," he said, "and the writer at once forwarded it to Professor Clerk Maxwell, who sent it to the English periodical."

This at once arrested my attention and we telegraphed to Mr. Rowland to come from Troy, where he was an assistant instructor in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. He came at once, and we walked up and down Kosciusko's Garden, talking over his plans and ours. He told me in detail of his correspondence with Maxwell, and I think he showed me the letters received from him. At any rate, it was obvious that I was in confidential relations with a young man of rare intellectual powers and of uncommon aptitude for experimental science. When I reported the facts to the trustees in Baltimore they said at once, "Engage that young man and take him with you to Europe, where he may follow the leaders in his science and be ready for a professorship." And so we did. His subsequent career is well known.

The purchase of books and apparatus is of but little interest to the public, so I pass that subject by, and will proceed at once to the sixth requisite. After plans had been formed and teachers installed, the question was still open, Where are the students? We were very fortunate in those that came to us. They were not many at first, and it was comparatively easy to become acquainted with every one. Among the pleasantest recollections



of my life are the relations which I have held with the young men among whom my lot has been cast. In later years the numbers have been large, the helpers many, so that I have not been quite as fortunate, but for a long while I was brought into close acquaintance with every student. This half-official, half-fraternal intercourse has ripened into lifelong friendships. In Baltimore, I have always regarded the original body of fellows as the advance-guard, carefully chosen, well taught, and quickly promoted. Without exception these twenty men soon won distinction. Most of them are happily living—so I will not dwell upon their merits; but of two who have lately passed away I will say a few words.

Professor Adams came to us at the very opening of the university, fresh from his studies under Bluntschli in Heidelberg. He quickly showed the rare qualities which were manifest through his life—enthusiasm, application, versatility, and a generous appreciation of others. His mind was suggestive, capable of forming wise plans, and quick in devising the methods by which those plans could be carried out. A remarkable trait was the power of perceiving the adaptation of his scholars to such posts as were open. He could almost always suggest the right man for a given vacancy; and he was just as ready to deter one that he thought unsuitable from seeking a place beyond his powers.

He began at an early day what was not exactly an association nor a seminary, but a weekly reunion of the teachers and scholars in the department of historical and political science. These meetings were stimulating to all who took part in them, and while the leadership fell upon Dr. Adams, many men of distinction came to the gatherings and did their part in making them of interest. He also initiated that remarkable series of publications, which continued under his editorship until his death—a repository of memoirs, longer and shorter, pertaining to American institutional history. He edited for the Bureau of Education a series of monographs on instruction in the various States of the Union. To his bright mind (I suspect), the idea of forming an American historical association is due. Cer-

tainly he was in its early days the most efficient promoter of that society, and he continued to be, until his health broke down, the secretary and the editor of the annual reports.

After all, surely, his highest service was in the art of inspiring others; and when I think of those who came under his influence, Woodrow Wilson, Albert Shaw, J. F. Jameson, Charles H. Levermore, D. R. Dewey, F. W. Blackmar, B. C. Steiner, W. W. Willoughby, C. H. Haskins, F. J. Turner, J. M. Vincent, and many more, it seems to me that no higher achievement could have been attained by him, no greater reward secured.

Before it was publicly known that Professor Sylvester was to have charge of our mathematical work, Thomas Craig, from Lafayette College, inquired of me whether Sylvester was coming to us. Now, Sylvester had no popular reputation. His writings were diffused through a multitude of scientific journals, and he had never published them in separate volumes. I was surprised by the inquiry of a youthful schoolmaster from the country, and said, "What do you know about Professor Sylvester?" His reply was, "Not to know the name of Sylvester, is to know nothing of modern mathematics." I said, "Very true, but is that all you know of him?" He then acknowledged that he had read some of the memoirs of this illustrious geometer. Then I asked what made him think that Sylvester was coming. He said that Professor Peirce, of Harvard, had told him. "Do you know Professor Peirce?" said I. "Not personally," was his reply, "but I have had several letters from him, and in one of them he told me that I ought to go to Baltimore and study with Sylvester." So I took the young man into confidence and told him that, although the arrangements were not quite perfected, we did expect the co-operation of this English savant. The young man came to us and accepted one of the fellowships, and from that time onward until his health gave way he was a brilliant member of our mathematical corps. He became the successor of Sylvester and the associate of Newcomb in the editorial control of the *American Journal of Mathematics* and was thus brought into personal re-

lations with most of the renowned mathematicians of Europe, whose letters as they lie before me indicate their respect for this American correspondent. His text-books were used at one time in the University of Cambridge, England, and his other mathematical writings were of distinct value, though they were not numerous.

Among the early students one of the most brilliant was Dr. Keeler, later director of the Lick Astronomical Observatory, in California. He came of good New England stock, but had been far away from all opportunities of superior education at his home in Florida. One day he appeared in Baltimore and asked leave to be received as a student in optics. A visitor in Florida, Mr. Charles H. Rockwell, had seen him engaged in surveying land with a theodolite of his own construction, and had asked the future astronomer what career he wished to follow. Keeler replied, "I should like to be an optician." With remarkable insight Mr. Rockwell encouraged him to go to Cambridge and consult with Alvan Clark. This maker of telescopes said: "I cannot receive you as a student; go to the Sheffield School in New Haven and see what they will do for you." At New Haven they told him, "Go to Baltimore and work with Dr. Hastings." So he came to us. His means were very small, and he was glad to earn a little money by the making of diagrams, by drawing a plot of our grounds, and in other ways. He showed so much ability that he was encouraged to clear off our requirements for matriculation, and subsequently he proceeded to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Not long afterward, he went to California with Professor Langley and aided him in original investigations respecting the heat of the sun, on the summit of Mount Whitney. He became an assistant in the Allegheny Observatory, and finally he ended his career while in charge of the great instrument at Mount Hamilton, California, having won the highest recognition from all the astronomers of his day.

These are by no means the only examples that occur to me of brilliant young men whom we were at once able to encourage. The list is long. Fortunately

most of them are still winning reputation. Whatever service we have rendered them is largely due to the freedom of our methods, and to the close contact which has prevailed between the leading scholars and those that have come under their guidance, and above all to the brilliant and learned minds whose influence, often unconscious, has been the most potent factor in the university at Baltimore. Thus with the six requisites, an idea, a plan, an endowment, a faculty, apparatus and students, we proceeded to launch our bark upon the Patapsco.

As the day drew near for the opening of our doors and the beginning of instruction the word reached us that Professor Huxley, of London, was coming to this country. We had already decided that, in view of the attention which was to be given to medicine, biology should receive a large amount of attention, more than ever before in this country. That meant the study, in the laboratory, of vegetable and animal forms and functions, so that the eyes and hands and brains of the students might be well prepared for the study of the human body in health and in disease. Huxley, among English-speaking people, was the leader in these studies. His repute as an investigator was good, and as the popular interpreter and defender of biological investigations he was without a peer. His acquaintance with the problems of medical education was also well known. He had rendered us a service by nominating Dr. Martin to the professorship of biology. The moment was opportune for informing the public, through the speech of this master, in respect to the requirements of modern medicine and the value of biological research. I do not suppose that anyone connected with the university had thought of the popular hostility toward biology. We did not know that to many persons this mysterious term was like a red flag of warning. The fact that some naturalists were considered irreligious filled the air with suspicions that the new foundation would be handed over to the Evil One. The sequel will show what happened. Professor Huxley was invited; he accepted, he came to Baltimore, he addressed a crowded assembly—then came a storm.



An amusing incident in this visit has been told by his biographer ; but as my recollections differ in slight details, I will tell the story in my own way.

On his arrival in Baltimore, Professor Huxley was driven to the country seat of Mr. Garrett, who had offered him hospitality and had invited a large company to meet him in an afternoon party. There was but one intervening day between his arrival, tired out by a long journey in the interior, and his delivery of the address. He had hardly reached the residence of his host, before the reporters discovered him and asked for the manuscript of his speech. "Manuscript?" he said, "I have none. I shall speak freely on a theme with which I am quite familiar." "Well, professor," said the interlocutor, "that is all right, but our instructions are to send the speech to the papers in New York, and if you cannot give us the copy, we must take it down as well as we can and telegraph it, for the Associated Press is bound to print it the morning after it is spoken." This was appalling, for in view of the possible inaccuracy of the short-hand, and the possible condensation of the wire-hand, the lecturer was afraid that technical and scientific terms might not be rightly reproduced. "You can have your choice, professor," said the urbane reporter, "to give us the copy or to let us do the best we can ; for report the speech we shall." The professor yielded, and the next day he walked up and down his room at Mr. Garrett's, dictating to a stenographer, in cold and irresponsive seclusion, the speech which he expected to make before a receptive and hospitable assembly.

I sat very near the orator as he delivered the address in the Academy of Music, and noticed that, although he kept looking at the pile of manuscript on the desk before him, he did not turn the pages over. The speech was appropriate and well received, but it had no glow, and the orator did not equal his reputation for charm and persuasiveness. When the applause was over, I said to Mr. Huxley, "I noticed that you did not read your address ; I am afraid the light was insufficient." "Oh," said he, "that was not the matter. I have been in distress. The reporters brought me, according to their

promise, the copy of their notes. It was on thin translucent paper, and to make it legible, they put clean white sheets between the leaves. That made such bulk that I removed the intermediate leaves, and when I stood up at the desk I found I could not read a sentence. So I have been in a dilemma—not daring to speak freely, and trying to recall what I dictated yesterday and allowed the reporters to send to New York." If he used an epithet before the word "reporters" I am sure he was justified, but I forget what it was.

Those of us who wanted guidance and encouragement from a leading advocate of biological studies were rewarded and gratified by the address, and have often referred to it as it was printed in his American discourses and afterward in his collected works.

We had sowed the wind and were to reap the whirlwind. The address had not been accompanied by any accessories except the presentation of the speaker, no other speech, no music, no opening prayer, no benediction. I had proposed to two of the most religious trustees that there should be an introductory prayer, and they had said no, preferring that the discourse should be given as lectures are given at the Peabody Institute, without note or comment.

It happened that a correspondent of one of the religious weeklies in New York was present, and he wrote a sensational letter to his paper, calling attention to the fact that there was no prayer. This was the storm-signal. Many people who thought that a university, like a college, could not succeed unless it was under some denominational control, were sure that this opening discourse was but an overture to the play of irreligious and anti-religious actors. Vain it was to mention the unquestioned orthodoxy of the trustees, and the ecclesiastical ties of those who had been selected to be the professors. Huxley was bad enough ; Huxley without a prayer was intolerable.

Some weeks afterward, a letter came into my hands addressed to a Presbyterian minister of Baltimore, by a Presbyterian minister of New York. Both have now gone where such trifles have no importance, so I venture to give the letter,



quoting from the autograph. The italics are mine.

"NEW YORK, 3 Oct. '76.

"Thanks for your letter, my friend, and the information you give. The University advertised Huxley's Lecture as the 'Opening' and so produced the impression which a Baltimore correspondent increased by taking the thing as it was announced. *It was bad enough to invite Huxley. It were better to have asked God to be present. It would have been absurd to ask them both.*

"I am sorry Gilman began with Huxley. But it is possible yet to redeem the University from the stain of such a beginning. No one will be more ready than I to herald a better sign."

It was several years before the black eye gained its natural color. People were on the alert for impiety, and were disappointed to find no traces of it—that the faculty was made up of just such men as were found in other faculties, and that in their private characters and their public utterances there was nothing to awaken suspicion or justify mistrust. It was a curious fact, unobserved and perhaps unknown, that four of the first professors came from the families of gospel ministers, and a fifth of the group of six was a former Fellow of Oriel and a man of quite unusual devoutness. The truth is that the public had been so wonted to regard colleges as religious foundations, and so used to their

control by ministers, that it was not easy to accept at once the idea of an undenominational foundation controlled by laymen. Harvard and Cornell both incurred the like animosity. At length the prejudice wore away without any manifesto or explanation from the authorities. From the beginning there was a voluntary assembly daily held for Christian worship; soon the Young Men's Christian Association was engrafted; the students became active in the churches and Sunday-schools and charities of Baltimore; some graduates entered the ministry, and one became a bishop, while the advanced courses in Hebrew, Greek, history, and philosophy were followed by ministers of many Protestant denominations, Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis. It is also gratifying to remember that many of the ministers of Baltimore, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist, and Baptist, have intrusted their sons to the guidance of the local seminary whose influence and instructions they could readily watch and carefully estimate. As I consider the situation in these days of reconstruction, I wish it were possible for religious people to agree upon what should be taught to the young, in respect to religious doctrine or at least to agree in religious worship, yet I cannot forget that, in ages and in countries where one authority has been recognized and obeyed, neither intellect nor morals have attained their highest development.

## EVENING IN MARCH

By Albert Bigelow Paine

FAR-LYING leas where grows the wild night wind.  
 Dun, sodden earth beneath a starless sky.  
 Chill gusts of rain that drown relentlessly  
 The few dim lights along the distant town;  
 And then the sunless, dreary day goes down,  
 And oh, the long night waste that lies behind!



All day the Jens . . . slewed and stumbled through the seas.—Page 340.

## THE ECHO IN A BOY

By William B. MacHarg

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

WHEN a man dies, it is well if he die with a steadfast heart. Tielen, the master of the *Mary T.* and the father of Thaddeus Tielen, died thus, looking with quiet eyes upon his death.

The lake was white beneath him and beaten into whistling foam, a wild wind bit the tops off waves and stretched the sand-hills in straight lines through the air; and his schooner had cracked herself upon the sands and was ashore north of the harbor entrance to Manistee. Men who hardly could keep their footing against the wind, watched her from the beach, seeing six black spots against her rigging, which were her crew; and a line, the cable of the breeches-buoy, now high above the waves, now swallowed by the sea, stretched from the vessel to the shore.

Nansen of Manistee went first, because it was possible his wife was watching from the beach; then Apfeld of Ludington, and Bannel of Ludington, and Petersen of the same, and so going, after each the buoy travelled slowly back. There were only two spots in the rigging then, but

the schooner was crunching to pieces like a shell trodden underfoot; on the shore they could hear her shrieking in her pain, and every wave carried planks torn from her sides. One man might leave her yet, perhaps, not two. Alsen of Elk Rapids went—a fat, light-haired man—crying because the other had made him go first; and it was like seeing a cow weep, but the waves washed away his tears.

"You'll look out for the boy," said the man who was left.

Alsen bellowed an answer. People upon the shore, seeing that neither of them wished to go before the other, were clapping their hands at the two men as though they had been watching a play. The men could not hear it, of course, could barely hear one another speak; neither could they see it, and one of them never knew. For when Alsen was safe and the buoy was travelling back again, suddenly the *Mary T.* rolled over like a floating cask, and the waters took that last man for themselves. He was Tielen, the master.

Afterward, Alsen, who had promised to look after Tielen's little son, searched for the boy, but could not find him. When news had come of his father's death the boy had gone away, no one knew where, nor why. He himself could not have told why. He had his luncheon in a tin pail and was on his way to school; the road stretched white before his feet and ankle-deep in sand; there was a feeling in him that somehow things where he was had come to an ending-place, and it was necessary to go. So he had gone.

What he did for a month, where he went, what the world said to him and what it did, no man knows. Crooked sandy roads were under him, and gravelly roads where trees met in narrow arches overhead; there were farm-houses with little patches of green before the doors, and bare, hoof-cut yards; there were harbors with piers piled with lumber, and boats lying; and there were wide, square-built men, who talked to him upon the piers; and he came at last to the docks at St. Ignace, where the ore-docks and the coal-docks are and the iron trade was expected to centre and has not, 150 miles or so from the place where he started.

In those days there was a man named Ericson, who was captain of the Olga Jens, a lumber-hooker; a little, gray Norwegian man with a nose like the end of a thumb, but his heart was larger. He found the boy upon the dock—a broad-faced little boy, but thin, with sun-faded hair hanging into his eyes—and took him aboard the Olga Jens and set him down to bacon and boiled potatoes. The boy was very hungry.

"You eat a great deal, little boy," said Ericson. "Where do you put it? Have you a false bottom?"

The boy grinned.

"What is your name, little boy?"

"Thaddeus Wells Tielen."

"Who feeds you?"

"Nobody."

Ericson looked at him with gray, gimlet eyes.

"That is bad. No boy will be a man unless he is fed. It is a rule. I will ask; if no one feeds you, I will feed you."

Afterward, when the Olga Jens went to and fro upon the Lakes, with her anchor-chains always dirty and her deck

sometimes clean and bare, sometimes hidden under thousands of feet of piled lumber, the boy went with her. There were things to see. Passenger steamers went by, beautiful as stately women; ore and grain ships went by, and whalebacks in long tows, and schooners like the Jens; green and white shores which were unexplored lands, edged the broad waters, and in ports were wonderful sights for those who had eyes. Who shall say what was in the boy's heart that it rose and choked him while he watched the ships?

"How old is this boat?" he asked once of Bund, the cook, who was a Dutchman.

"Dis oldt Chens? She's oldt. Fifty year, I guess."

She had seen much, then—how much! The Lakes changing until they were no longer any good, Ericson said, but all steam—steam! While the boy lay on the warm deckload, smiled at, and mocked at, and made love to by the dimpled summer lake as by a woman, gray smoke-lines which were like ribs upon the sky showed the passage of that endless traffic which is greater than the traffic of the salted seas, and sealed with a smoky seal the death-warrant of the Olga Jens, her patched sails and her battered white-oak sides and all things pertaining to her and to her sort. She was outliving her time and the time of her class, but she moved yet as a breath upon the water.

At times the men teased him. Ericson had a cat, a gray and yellow beast a foot high, which in good weather lay about the deck, and in bad weather clawed the table-legs and slept among the men's dinner things. The boy did not like the cat.

"I tol' de ol' man you're afraid of hees cat," said Paulsen, a Swede from Mackinaw City. "I th'nk I never see a man so mad. 'Off he goes,' he say, 'off he goes nex' port. I th'nk I have no boy on dees bo't dat ees afraid of a cat.'"

"I ain't afraid of the cat."

"We keep heem aboard," say de ol' man—"what nex'? Some day a win' come, an' all we seet roun' an' cry, all jus' like de boy, afraid of de cat. What kin' of sailor-mans is dat?"

"I ain't afraid of the cat!"

"Poof!"

"I don't like the way he feels—all soft and furry that way, and so big."





*Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.*

Ore and grain ships went by, and whalebacks in long tows.—Page 338.

"Poof! Some day we all seet roun', nobody pull a rope. 'What's dees?' say de old man. 'We don't like de way de rope feel,' say de sailor-mans."

The men laughed; every way the boy looked were grinning mouths.

Sometimes, after the men had teased him thus, he woke in the night, stiff like a board, and cried out; but by daylight he knew the teasing for what it was, and saw the good hearts beneath it. All these beautiful men! and what was before them, but to die perhaps by the very water from which they made their living?

Deep in his heart the boy kept the memory of his father.

When one night in Sheboygan two drunken dock-rats invaded the Olga Jens, seeking perhaps what they could steal, and Pierre, a French-Canadian, drove them away, Pierre bragged amazingly.

"Ah'm not afraid of dose mans," he said. "Ah'll tak' de boat-hook an' poke hees face. B'am-bye he'll fall eento de water."

"My father was a braver man than you," said the boy.

The last weeks of the season came. The lake was no longer beautiful and like a woman, but grew gray and murmured upon its beaches. Water fell which was neither rain nor snow; cargoes were easy to get—all things told but one story, the winter hung by a thread.

The Olga Jens went out from Norwood, one of those unsheltered little ports of which a man may find a hundred along the Michigan shore, with 240,000 feet of hemlock in her, Sheboygan bound. Half the night, men, urged by extra pay, had been feeding lumber into her by lantern-light, by day other men had taken their places; as they went home along the bluff they could see her ploughing through the round swells a mile outside; when their children came to drive home the cows the Jens was a dark blot, taken, it seemed, as by pinchers between the gray lake and the grayer sky. Ericson felt other weather coming, and wished to be away.

In the morning the wind changed, chopping like a hand on a dial from the southward into the northeast.

"It will be badt," said Bund, the Dutchman.

"Will it be cold?" asked Thaddeus Tielen.

"Coldt, I guess. Andt maybe snow. I haf a lameness dat tells me of snow."

The wind grew stronger, biting like the front edge of winter; it lifted the water into blisters, sucked off their tops, and spit them in spray over the Jens. Then, miles away, the boy saw a dark wall pushing toward them across the waters; it was the snow. Soon it shut down upon them like a lid, cutting off sky and sea.

"Bad weather," said Ericson. "He has been sucking in his breath for a week. Now he will blow."

All day the Jens, a grunting pig, slewed and stumbled through the seas; all day Ericson stood to the wheel. His leathery, gray Norwegian face looked out from a frame of ice, the weather side of him split off ice in scales; ice formed on the Jens's deck and spars and she became a wonderful, beautiful thing, a fairy boat; all her lines and angles were lost, sheathed in white and covered as by a shell. When night came she was moving through an acre of crackling foam, as though she had been sailing in whipped cream; the wind had grown into a giant that shrieked and thundered in their ears, the snow was stinging shot; the Jens cried aloud, and wallowed, wallowed, wallowed. Despite all they could do, the pumps had frozen.

The men took watch and watch; the boy slept.

After a time Bund came and woke him up; then going through the cabin high and low, he wrapped the boy in thickness upon thickness of warm garments and strapped a cork jacket over all.

"Don' get scardt, now, boy. It iss de oldt man says do dis."

"I'm not scared."

When they went out upon the deck there was a low grumble against the wind like the purring of a cat, and all things were lighted up in a glowing blaze; Pierre, forward on the deckload, was showing a flare with torches, and the wind took the flame and spread it on the sea. A wonderful sight! the Jens like a castle built of fretted marble, and about her what seemed mile beyond mile of crisp froth. Both anchors had been let go; in the east it was growing gray with a dim, spreading whiteness; there was nothing more. And



*Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.*

All things were lighted up in a glowing blaze.—Page 340.





He drew back the corner of the oilskin and looked at him.—Page 343.

upon the Jens's deck the boy could not speak against the wind ; hardly, with Bund to help, could keep his feet against the sea reaching a hundred hands to drag him from his place.

"Don' get scardt," Bund bellowed in the boy's ear.

"I'm not scared, I tell you. Where are we ?"

"Off Sheboykan."

They crawled forward upon the deck-load, where were Paulsen and Nelson, the fourth man of the crew. Soon Pierre came to them. Then Ericson, who had been watching the anchor-chains, threw

up a hand and clambered in among them. The anchors dragged. The men grouped themselves about the boy to keep him warm ; it hurt the hearts of these men that he should be with them, seeing the face of death. The cat, bursting suddenly from below, ran like a mad thing up and down the deck, and, finding the men, hid itself among their legs.

They waited for a time, while the grumble in the air grew louder until it filled all the night, swallowing the whistle of the storm in the rigging and the groaning of the planks, merging all sounds into a deep-toned roar. Thaddeus Tielen, looking,

could see the breakers, like painted waves, rolling in long, ragged, evil lines under their lee, as slowly they drifted down upon them. While he watched, the nearest breaker took them. Then, brought up by her anchors, pushed by the waves, the Olga Jens hung for instants on her beam-ends; under his feet and the feet of all, there rushed a boiling tumult of waters gone mad; the deckload pressed against their backs, the vessel turned slowly over, as one turns a page in a book, and her deckload grated off into the waves. All things went with it, the masts and spars and upper-works; it was as though a plane had been run across the deck. The waters rushed in upon the Jens and seized her, she shrieked and twisted herself in their grasp, she broke in two, and the hidden parts of her inside came out and floated to and fro upon the sea.

On the deckload, held together by cordage and spars, under the lee of the shattered hull, were still the men, grouped about the boy, whom they had wrapped in Ericson's oilskin.

The boy's eyes had changed and were like the eyes of his father when he in his time had looked upon death. Watching from among the men, he saw the beginning of a wonderful thing, a thing such as few have seen—a war against wood. The tangle of boards to which they clung shifted, disintegrated, came together again, and rafts separated themselves from the main body and drifted toward the shore. Hundreds of planks floated in the turbulent waters, and, being hemlock, they splintered one against another as though they had been glass, rising up like the bayonets of an army, striking them, and going away. He saw the men like pillars of ice, their faces gray and thin, their eyes sunken into their heads; where their hands touched the shifting planks they left traces of blood.

Thaddeus Tielen, lying upon the planks, saw this thing.

Then, shooting from the tumult like a spear thrown from a hand, a board hit Paulsen in the shoulder, cutting through oilskin and cloth and shirt, cutting him to the bone, and Paulsen groaned; then a plank, pitch-poling end over end, struck Bund, and they heard Bund's bones crack under it, and he fell forward on his

face; for a long time he lay motionless, then the planks opened under him and took him in; then Nelson, seeing the little rafts which floated toward the shore, leaped for one and reached it, and a strange event happened, for the cat followed him; for a while they floated, then the second line of breakers dissolved their raft, and they went down.

Thaddeus Tielen saw them sink.

After a time the cold took hold upon the bones of those who were left. Paulsen cursed continually and wept, until the cold, laying its hand upon his heart, made him silent; Pierre prayed—old time-worn prayers, ever fresh, which thousands of trembling, tortured lips have uttered since first the black-robed priests brought them into the Canadas; Ericson was silent. Yet he was the backbone of these men, their strength of heart, filling them with that ancient, unconquerable spirit of his kind, which, tormented beyond all bearing, looks still upon the tormentors with a smile, and, dying, will admit no thought of death. More than cold and waves, more than wounds and bruises, it was a pain to Ericson that the boy should be with them in this time. He drew back the corner of the oilskin and looked at him.

Thaddeus Tielen, the son of Henry Tielen, who had died in the waves, lifted his wide, quiet, childish eyes.

"My father was like this," he said. "He was—a—braver—man—than—you."

Now they got them off. The flare had been seen. Cutting the line which bound it to a tug, a man strong among strong men carried the lifeboat into what he felt through all his being was his certain death, and she was stove; but she was the lifeboat and she did not sink. And with infinite suffering and toil, in water, in cold, and under the shadow of death, they dragged them from the hands of the waves—Paulsen, and Pierre, and Ericson, and Thaddeus Tielen—not knowing that they saved as well another thing—a memory written nowhere in the world except upon the heart of a boy.

Brave men die and are forgotten, yet always, somewhere, somehow, there is a record of these things.



Ruins of the Temple of Corinth.

## WAR AND ECONOMIC COMPETITION

By Brooks Adams



King Sneferu 'Slaying a Captive.

(From the carving at the entrance to one of the Maghara copper-mines.)

ASSUMING it to be probable that financial panics, wars, and revolutions are the efforts of society at readjustment after its equilibrium has been impaired, an attempt to fathom the causes which lead to what appears to be the permanent instability of modern institutions should be of interest, since the catastrophes in question touch the lives and fortunes of every individual. The

problem is, however, so complex that phenomena must be sought simpler than those presented by contemporary civilization.

Evidently the arts are but one of the innumerable effects of the struggle for survival, for nature has determined that he shall survive who is best equipped for competition, whether in war or peace, and the object of the arts is to add to man's efficiency as a competitive machine. Among the arts, that which has contributed most to this end is the smelting of the metals. Accordingly, from the hour when Stone Age savages first began welding their swords, their axes, and their spades, the tribe acquainted with smelting has de-

stroyed the tribe ignorant of the secret, and thus for unnumbered ages the possession of ore has been a necessity of life in the more progressive quarters of the globe, and the position of the mines has controlled the path of trade.

As soon as a rudimentary division of labor begins, men must exchange their superfluity against their needs, and accordingly the market-town is coeval with civilization. Yet to use the market at the town there must be roads, and to render the roads available there must be police, and to enforce bargains made at the market there must be courts, and, in fine, an administrative machinery has always existed at these *foci* of exchanges which has created the capital city. The size of the region tributary to the capital depends, other things being equal, on the facility of travel. For example, a dozen little kingdoms once flourished together in the valley of the Euphrates. But as movement is accelerated such petty states sink into provinces, and the provinces consolidate into an empire. Finally, as the highways stretch out across continents, these empires link themselves in economic systems having common interests, since they draw their subsistence, in part, from the traffic on the international road. Furthermore, sooner



or later, the time is apt to arrive when distant *termini* become connected by rival routes, and then competing economic systems are generated, one or the other of which must be undersold. But to be undersold means to be ruined, and hence it has happened that, from an epoch inconceivably remote, hostile systems have fought with and crushed one another, and for this reason it may be laid down as an axiom that the final stage of economic competition is war.

Among these conflicts which have desolated the fairest gardens of the earth, the first of which a record remains originated in the rise of Egypt and Chaldea, and ended in the consolidation of Rome. And if we spare an hour to ponder on this history we can draw from it inferences regarding our own future which may, perhaps, nearly touch our welfare.

Although both Egypt and Chaldea were ancient societies 4,000 years before Christ, nothing shows that either had antecedently enjoyed much commerce or had accumulated much wealth. On the contrary, everything indicates that the great Babylonian system, which was destined to extend from the Oxus to Gibraltar, was originally cemented by a successful Egyptian copper speculation. Sneferu, the first king of the fourth dynasty, reigned about 4000 B.C., when the richest copper mines known lay in the valley of Maghara, on the peninsula of Sinai. At the mouth of one of these mines may still be seen, cut in the rock, the likeness of Sneferu slaying a captive, and by its side an inscription relating his conquest of the country. With that conquest began the high fortune of Sneferu and of Egypt. Not only did Sneferu himself build a pyramid, but his successor, the mighty Cheops, has left behind him a tomb which is still a wonder of the world. Cheops reigned about 3950 B.C.

The pyramids of Gizeh indicate large accumulations, and when Egypt had reached the point where her revenues justified so vast an outlay, her foreign trade certainly flourished. Then, as afterward throughout antiquity, India, Persia, China, and Turkestan were probably the chief seats of industry, and when Egypt controlled not only the copper of Arabia, but the gold of Ethiopia, Egypt doubtless supplied most of the metals. Hence trade

flowed east and west across Asia, and a very slight examination of the geography of the continent will suffice to show why, at that early period, some town of Mesopotamia inevitably became the centre of exchanges and the international metropolis.

Although it can be demonstrated by the jade implements which have been found along the thoroughfares, that even during the Stone Age traffic passed from the Pacific toward the Atlantic over substantially the same routes still in use, the combined continents of Europe and Asia have always been costly to develop because of the mountains and deserts in their midst, so much so, indeed, that it finally proved cheaper for men to travel from Europe to China by way of America than to penetrate the recesses of Mongolia.

The heart of Asia is occupied by the Gobi Desert, and the ranges of the Pamir, the Himalaya, and the Hindu Kush, obstructions of the first magnitude. The way west by water remained long closed. True, even archaic savages have used boats, but men only slowly learned to employ the sail, and more slowly still to work to windward. Dangerous coasts always discouraged the early mariner, expanses of ocean terrified him, yet the voyage from China to Egypt lay across a waste of waters and along an exposed and barbarous shore. Even as late as 325 B.C., when Nearchus returned from India with Alexander's army, the Greek general nearly perished. From Pattala, at the mouth of the Indus, it took Nearchus nearly three months to reach the Persian Gulf. There he met Alexander, but so changed by hardship that the Emperor did not know him. Although, of course, provided with the best craft, pilots, and stores which were to be obtained, Nearchus lost several ships by wreck, had to abandon others, narrowly escaped death from hunger and thirst, and was assailed by the natives when he landed. If Nearchus fared so ill upon the short voyage from the Indus to the Tigris, the lot of the lonely merchantman bound for Egypt may be imagined. It suffices to add that direct communication by sea between India and Egypt was not opened before the Christian era. In remote ages, therefore, traffic across Asia usually went by land, and between India, China, Tur-

kestan, and Egypt there were but two routes through Persia — one was the southern, along which Alexander marched on his return, a route whose consequence is attested by the magnificence of the ruins of Persepolis and Susa. The other ran from Bactra to Ragæ, the modern Teheran, and thence southward, along the highway said to have been built by the semi-divine Semiramis, through Ecbatana, and over the Zagros Mountains to Babylon, whence caravans conveyed merchandise, as they yet do, up the Euphrates and to the Syrian coast. This royal road is still the post-road from Bagdad to the Oxus.

Probably, in the reign of Cheops, the journey by the Oxus was too difficult for the heavier wares, the way by Persepolis then being commonly employed, for, before Babylon came into existence, Ur of the Chaldeans was famous, and from Ur a camel track across the Arabian Desert, even now provided with wells, leads straight to the peninsula of Sinai. The career of Babylon opened with the renowned Sargon, who reigned about 3800 B.C., and whose realm is supposed to have stretched to Cyprus, and possibly to have included Maghara itself. At all events, the grandeur of Sargon represents an expansion westward, for it indicates the movement north from Ur up to Babylon, of the main line of travel, and such a movement could only have been caused by a broadening of the western market. That broadening occurred through the exploration of the basin of the Mediterranean by the Phœnicians.

It is immaterial who the Phœnicians were, and whence they came. Archæologists incline to the opinion that they migrated from India to the head of the Persian Gulf and thence passed on into Syria, probably always in the wake of the commerce which they loved so well. Nor did their migrations stop at Syria; a few hundred years later they had wandered to Spain by way of Utica, and founded Cadiz. The Phœnicians were the greatest explorers and metallurgists of antiquity. They probably discovered the copper of Cyprus, the silver and gold of Spain, and the tin of Cornwall. In a word, they developed the resources of southern Europe and northern Africa west of Egypt. As the sphere of Phœnician enterprise expanded,

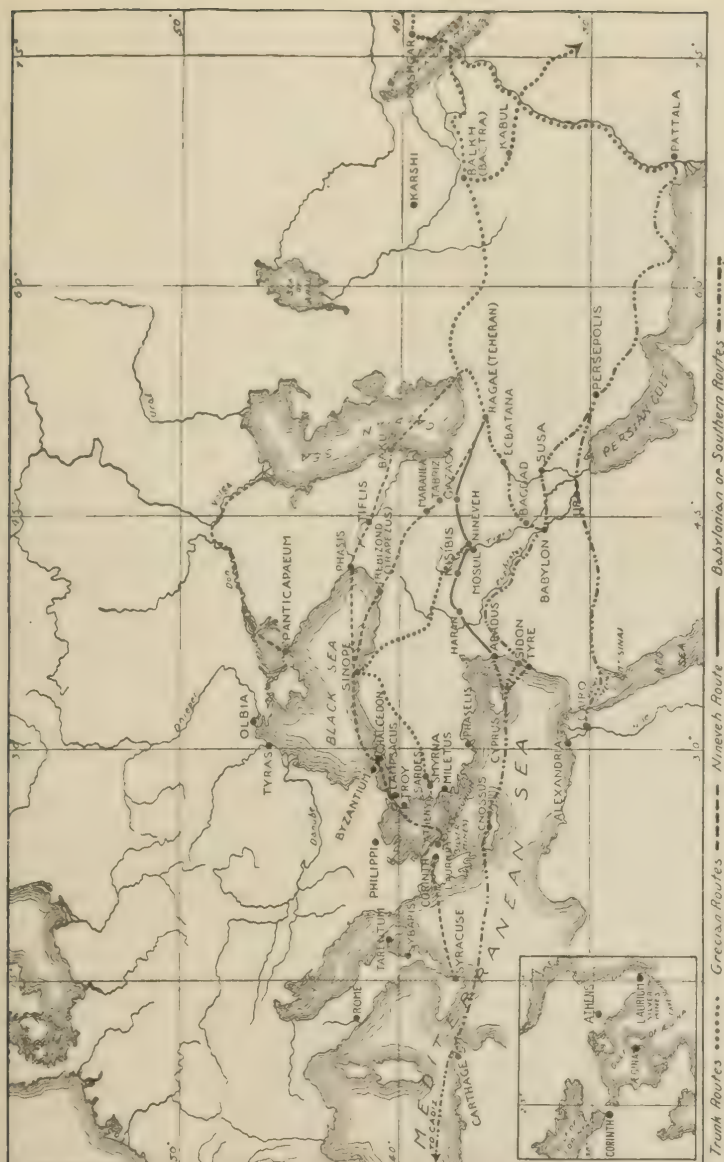
the lines of communication changed, and the route across Arabia to Sinai yielded to those leading to the ports of Syria. A glance at the map will explain the situation.

When the merchant reached Kashgar, having crossed the Gobi Desert, he faced an alternative. He might follow the valley of the Indus to its delta, and then gain Mesopotamia by Persepolis and Susa: or he might descend the valley of the Oxus to Bactra, and thence journey over the highway of Semiramis to Babylon. Furthermore, Bactra was the point where the road north from India through the Khyber Pass and Kabul joined the road from China; Bactra, consequently, was the chief junction of Central Asia and, economically speaking, one of the most interesting towns of antiquity.

When Nineveh and Babylon were born, Bactra, the mother of cities, was already hoary. The legend has it that when Ninus, the founder of Babylon, was besieging Bactra, the ineffable Semiramis joined his camp and, by her intelligence, carried the walls. Ninus, captivated by her wit, her courage, and her beauty, drove her husband to suicide and married her. At all events Bactra long remained the metropolis for the trade of China, the Punjab, Cashmir, and Turkestan; and it owed its eminence to its geographical position. From Bactra many roads ran west to the sea. First among these was the highway of Semiramis, by Ecbatana, Babylon, and Tyre or Sidon to the Mediterranean. Second, that which now leads through Teheran to Mosul and Alexandretta, and which then connected the famous capitals Gazaca, Nineveh, Nisibis, Haran, and Aradus. From Aradus the sailor's course lay due west to Cyprus, Crete, Carthage, and Cadiz. This chain of empires, beginning at Bactra and stretching southwest by Syria, Egypt, and North Africa, to Spain, formed the Babylonian system, as 3,000 years later it formed the Saracenic system; conversely, the cheapening and shortening of the lines of communication westward by the Euxine created its competitor, the Greek system.

As commercial expansion went on, the centre of exchanges moved north from





Trade-Routes of the Ancient World.

Ur to Nineveh. The migration occupied about 2,500 years, for Sargon reigned near 3750 B.C. and Nineveh only attained eminence toward 1200. In the interval civilization spread. Recent excavations prove that by the twenty-fourth century B.C. Crete was a rich and polished kingdom, the chief naval power of the Ægean. During this long period Ur, Babylon, Assur, and Nineveh competed among each other as to which should be the capital of the empire, but there could be no question as to the prosperity of the empire itself. On the whole,

from Sargon to Belshazzar, or for about 3,000 years, Babylon maintained a commercial pre-eminence, and few cities, before or since, have enjoyed a longer period of affluence. Competition, however, came at last, and with competition destruction. While the water route west from Bactra by the Black Sea and the Dardanelles continued closed, Greece lay just north of the current of commerce which flowed toward Carthage by Crete. This was, in a general way, the so-called Mycenæan age, and during the Mycenæan age Greece failed to prosper. Her



early legends depict that archaic society more vividly than could any dry historical facts.

The Greeks, though intelligent and brave, were scattered and poor. Their sterile hills yielded but a precarious subsistence, their mines were undeveloped, and they eked out a slender livelihood by the toils of slaving and piracy. These conditions are reflected in their myths which teem with their revolt against oppression, and their yearning for that wealth which poured past their very threshold. The exquisite tale of Theseus who volunteered to take his place among the victims sent to Crete that he might fight and slay the Minotaur and deliver his country from the yoke of Minos; of his victory and his return with the black sail which was to signify his death, and of his father's agony and suicide at the sight, is the tradition of the uprising against Cretan slaving. On the other hand, we have the Argo penetrating the Euxine, and Jason bringing back the golden fleece from Colchis, where the Greeks afterward planted Phasis, the door to the Caspian; and last and greatest of all Hercules, who sought, in the garden of the Hesperides, those golden apples which were to be plucked in Spain.

The Greeks have been extolled as poets and artists, but really they excelled as colonizers and as financiers, and they conceived and perfected an economic system, perhaps, relatively more perfect than any other ever devised. Little argument is needed to prove that no overland route from Bactra to Syria, and thence west, can compete with the line by the Caspian, the Euxine, the Bosphorus, and the Isthmus of Corinth. The obstacles which long retarded its supremacy were never geographical, but military, and consisted in a hostile occupation of the Dardanelles or of the Bosphorus, of the Caucasus, or of the country between Teheran and Trebizond. Even now English wares enter Persia by the ancient road which leads from Trebizond through Tabriz to Teheran. The Greeks grasped the situation from the outset and through centuries sought to solve the problem by a process of colonization at once cheap and effective. First they cleared away obstructions, then, paying

little attention to the back country, they seized the outlets of trade. Troy belonged to the Babylonian system, and was the key to the position. That Troy adhered to Nineveh is beyond doubt, even setting aside the statement of Diodorus, for the legend of the Argonauts proves that the gate to the Black Sea was so guarded that only heroes could enter.

The coalition led by Agamemnon forced the stronghold of Ilium, and although all the world has heard of the glory of Achilles and Ulysses, few have yet appreciated the genius with which their descendants improved their victory. Stretching east from Sunium, the islands lie so close together that the longest interval of open water between Attica and Lydia is the twenty-five miles separating Myconos from Icaria. At the end of this chain of islands lies Miletus, and it was along this causeway that Neleus, the son of Codrus, must have passed when he founded the mother of the Greek colonies in Asia. Perhaps, indeed, Neleus may have come rather as the leader of a reinforcement than as the actual founder of Miletus. Codrus lived in 1050 B.C., which is relatively late, and the Greek tradition seldom went back to the original settlement, but rather chronicled the events which dwelt in the popular imagination as the beginning of the golden age. Nevertheless, the precise date is immaterial: the essential fact is that no sooner had the Greeks planted themselves firmly on the coast than they spread along the shore, colonizing the more important points, until at Lampsacus, at Chalcedon, and at Byzantium they obtained control of the straits. Probably they had previously thoroughly explored the Euxine, for they appear very early to have seized upon all the avenues converging on the sea, by which trade could find vent. They built Tyras, near where Odessa now stands, and Olbia at the entrance to the chain of water-courses, by following which traffic, throughout the Middle Ages, reached Scandinavia by the Dnieper, the Lovat, and Lake Ladoga. Farther east, in the Crimea, they settled at Panticapæum, the modern Kertch, where recent excavations have yielded the gold ornaments which are the gem of the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. From Panticapæum merchants

travelled to the Caspian by ascending the Don, crossing the neck between the rivers, and descending the Volga. Poti is the terminus of the Caucasian Railway, whence the line leads direct to Tiflis and Baku, but Poti occupies the site of the ancient Phasis, as Trebizond does of Trapezus. Lastly came Sinope, where the roads met which led southeast to Nineveh, or Mosul, the head of navigation on the Tigris, and southwest to Sardes, the capital of the kingdom of Cræsus. Yet this great effort at expansion was but the half of what the Greeks conceived and executed, although they were few in number, divided among themselves, and poor. To have established connections with the East alone would not have sufficed; a market had to be secured in the West. Accordingly while Athens, Megara, and Miletus girdled the Black Sea, Corinth and Achaia stretched out to Sicily and Italy, and contemporaneously created Syracuse, Sybaris, Croton, and Tarentum; the immortal Magna Græcia.

Toward the end of the seventh century before Christ the work appears to have been completed, and when the complex, yet elastic mechanism operated its shock proved resistless. Forthwith Nineveh and Babylon, being undersold, languished, and by 650 the prophet Nahum pronounced his diatribe, "Woe to the bloody city! Nineveh is laid waste; who will bemoan her?" In 606 Nineveh fell, never to rise again, and when, 200 years later, Xenophon passed her crumbling walls, her very name had been forgotten. Babylon fared little better. In 538 Belshazzar, when feasting, read the handwriting on the wall; that same night he died; and thenceforward the Persians ruled in Chaldea. Thus the vitality of Mesopotamia ebbed, for the life-blood no longer ran through the arteries which centred at her heart. But as the same life-blood which had once invigorated Asia permeated Greece, she blossomed like the rose, and as no doom has ever quite equalled in horror the doom of Nineveh, so no bloom has ever had the grace of the flowering of Hellas. Almost within a generation the peninsula stood transfigured. During the Mycenæan Age, Greece, like other predatory communities, had been subject to a military caste, whose castles dominated the towns—grim

strongholds like Tiryns, the lairs of the pirate and the slaver. With the opening of the trade-routes east and west the aspect of civilization changed. Tradition has preserved the memory of the so-called Doric invasion; but this invasion may not improbably have been the democratic revolution, which, beginning in the North, swept gradually through the Peloponnese. That revolution was caused by the rise of a trading class; and as this class waxed rich and powerful, the palace vanished from the acropolis, and in its stead appeared the temple, that exquisite civic decoration, which transformed the warriors' donjon into the public pleasure-ground.

As usual, in Greece as elsewhere, architecture, for him who will read the language of the stones, tells the tale of civilization more eloquently than any written book. When thus read, among all the stones of Greece, none speak more movingly than those noble columns which still stand upon the shore of the Gulf of Corinth. On either side of the isthmus, Ægina and Corinth were the two ports where ships discharged their freight, and these two towns were accordingly the first in Hellas to feel the exhilaration of success. Therefore, at Ægina and Corinth the oldest temples still stand to reveal to us the secret of their birth. Long before Athens dreamed of supremacy at sea, Corinth had achieved maritime greatness, and the Corinthians furnished the Athenians with the ships to destroy their enemy Ægina, an enemy whom Corinth afterward would gladly have resuscitated. Originally doubtless, like Mycene, Corinth had a king who lived in a castle perched upon the mountain which overhangs the bay. Certainly a castle stood there for ages after classic Corinth died, and probably the ruins of the archaic fortress would be found embedded amidst the walls of the mediæval keep, could the American School but excavate the Acro-Corinth as the French School have excavated Delphi. Were those remains found, what must now be presented as an historical theory would be demonstrated as a fact. The first effect of the democratic revolution at Corinth must have been to bring down the population from the mountain to the shore, then the



castle crumbled, and in its stead arose those monolithic columns, which remain one of the most impressive memorials in the world. For, from the building of that temple we must date the birth of the civilization we now behold about us, and with the building of that temple opened the struggle for survival of Babylon, Tyre, and Carthage, with Greece and Rome, which only ended with the victory of Alexander over Darius, and of Scipio over Hannibal.

When the temple of Corinth arose, Mesopotamia was already sinking, and Darius, when he succeeded Belshazzar, could no more withstand his destiny than a log can withstand the torrent of the Mississippi. Of two economic systems in competition, one or the other must perish; and between Greece and Asia commercial rivalry had reached the intensity where it kindles into war. Hostilities began with the conquest of Imbros and Lemnos by Darius in 505, the capture of Chalcedon, and the occupation of both shores of the Bosphorus. Then the Ionian cities revolted, and Miletus was sacked. In 490 B.C. Darius pushed forward a reconnaissance to Marathon, and met with a reverse. Appreciating the gravity of the crisis, Darius withdrew and began those preparations which recall the effort of Philip II. to fit out the Armada. In the midst of his labor he died. His death, however, altered nothing. Herodotus ascribed to Xerxes only the conviction of his contemporaries, when he made him answer in these words the remonstrance of Artabanus, against the prosecution of his father's enterprise:

"It is not possible for either party to retreat, but the alternative lies before us to do or to suffer; so that all these dominions must fall under the power of the Grecians, or all theirs under that of the Persians; for there is no medium in this enmity." (Herod., vii., 11.) In 485 B.C., when Xerxes came to the throne, the Babylonian economic system formed, as it were, a segment of the periphery of a vast ellipse, of which the Greek markets at the Isthmus of Corinth and at Syracuse were the *foci*. Along the periphery of this ellipse were ranged many peoples inhabiting the region stretching from the Oxus to Gibraltar, and including Bactria, Persia, Mesopotamia, Phœnicia, Egypt,

North Africa, and part of Spain; practically the Saracenic dominions of the Middle Ages, only more extended toward the east. This vast mass, though unconsolidated, was sufficiently stimulated by a common danger to cast itself at a given moment on its foe. The Persians invaded Greece Proper, the Carthaginians attacked Sicily, and the battles of Salamis and Himera are said to have been fought upon the same day. Certainly they formed parts of a single campaign, and the defeat of Xerxes by Themistocles, and of Hamilcar by Gelon, pierced the centre of the coalition. Then the wings fell asunder, and the work of destroying the vanquished in detail began. As between the two wings, the Babylonian and the Carthaginian, the latter showed more vitality, for Carthage drew her nutriment from the mines of Spain, while Mesopotamia existed solely as a centre of exchanges. How rapidly Asia sank may be measured by her loss of military energy. The Greek success at Plataea in 479 was thought extraordinary, although the Greeks admitted that they put in the field upward of 110,000 hoplites against the 300,000 light armed troops led by Mardonius, and the Greek chroniclers probably overestimated the Persian force. Moreover, the Persians were exhausted by a painful journey and a winter in an inhospitable land. Only eighty years later Xenophon marched with 10,000 mercenaries from Sardes to Babylon and from Babylon to Trapezus.

During this period of eighty years the fortune of Greece culminated. Logically the several states of Hellas should have consolidated, should have absorbed Sicily and Magna Græcia, and should have stretched out to grasp the mines of Spain, the supreme prize of the ancient world—those mines which afterward made possible the Western Roman Empire. The probable reason why Greece failed to follow the general law discloses one of the most curious examples in human annals of the working of economic competition.

Athens was not naturally a commercial emporium, since it lay slightly aside from the direct line of traffic. Corinth held the commanding commercial position and was the true international market. Athens, however, possessed the silver deposits of Laurium, which, during the fifth century,



were the chief source of supply of the eastern Mediterranean. Silver was the most valuable export of Greece, Athens monopolized the silver, and the importance of the silver industry is proved by the volume of the Athenian coins which are still found throughout the Levant.

Hence two economic systems grew up side by side, and, in obedience to the natural law, they destroyed each other. Athens impinged on Corinth, and Corinth, retaliating, allied herself with Sparta. The Peloponnesian War ensued as a logical effect, and the expedition against Syracuse was an episode of the Peloponnesian War. The loss of the army of Nicias in 413 and the defeat of Ægospotamus in 405 B.C., together with the gradual failure of the silver of Laurium, exhausted the Athenian vitality, and with the decline of Athens the dream of Greek expansion toward the west ended. Thus the disintegration of Greece left the field open to Rome, for Italy necessarily represented the right wing of the Greek or northern economic system, whether Italy were controlled by Greeks or Romans. When this stage of development had been reached, the Punic Wars supervened, for Carthage held Spain, and no western expansion was possible the basis of whose civilization did not rest upon the Spanish metals. Western civilization reposed upon the metals because from the outset, in antiquity, the East undersold the West in all other departments of trade. In agriculture Egypt was supreme. In manufactures Egypt, Phœnicia, India, Persia, and China absolutely defied competition, while Arabia, India, and Ceylon furnished spices, perfumes, and gems. Western Europe had nothing wherewith to satisfy her creditors save her gold and her silver, her copper and her tin. These for a period she obtained in profusion in Spain and England. While the yield lasted, the West prospered; when it ceased, she became insolvent, and the centre of international exchanges retreated toward Mesopotamia, whence it came.

But although the vitality of ancient Hellas flickered low after the Peloponnesian War, Macedon retained her vigor largely because she possessed richer mines than Attica. In 356 Philip annexed Thrace up to the Nestus, founding the city of Philippi in the heart of the region about

Mount Pangeus, where lay the gold. This gold Philip worked so successfully that he soon obtained a yearly revenue of 1,000 talents, or tenfold what Laurium had returned to Athens at the time of Salamis; and before the death of Alexander the total yield had exceeded 30,000 talents. Fortified with this treasure Alexander invaded Asia, and brought the Persian Empire into the Greek economic system. Moreover, Alexander conceived the possibility of direct water communication between India and the Mediterranean, for the foundation of Alexandria, the voyage of Nearchus, and the construction of the canal from the Nile to the Red Sea formed part of that comprehensive plan which created the homogeneous mass known later as the Eastern Empire, a mass which cohered more or less completely for nearly a thousand years after the Western Empire had dissolved. The prophecy of Xerxes had been fulfilled—all "those dominions had fallen under the power of the Grecians."

East of the Adriatic the Greeks succeeded, but to the west they failed through their inability to consolidate. They held their ground neither in Sicily nor Italy. One by one their cities fell before their adversaries, and when the Greeks had been eliminated the Romans found themselves pitted against the Carthaginians.

Western civilization could only advance by using the metals of Spain, for metals were the only commodity which the East would receive in payment for its wares. Hence, from the outset, nature had decreed that whichever race held Spain should dominate in the basin of the Mediterranean. At first Carthage had the advantage, for the Phœnicians had been the first in the field. When the Punic Wars began, Spain served as the Carthaginian base; as her source of revenue and supplies. Afterward Hannibal marched from Spain, and looked to Spain for reinforcements. Consequently when Scipio conquered the peninsula, about 206 B.C., Carthage collapsed; while, conversely, no sooner did Italy feel the stimulus of the Iberian gold and silver than she expanded apace, rapidly absorbing the East.

Perhaps a speculation may be pardoned as to what might have occurred had Laurium lain at the Isthmus of Corinth and not near Sunium. In that case, possi-

bly, Athens and Corinth might have united with the effect of centralizing Hellas. Conceivably a centralized Hellas could have acquired Sicily, spread north from Magna Græcia through Italy, and colonized Spain. Had this happened, a Greek and not a Roman empire would have arisen.

After the conquest of Carthage, for about two hundred years, until the reign of Augustus, the communities which had been consolidated by the destruction of the Babylonian system lay in convulsion while incubating a mechanism capable of administering so huge a mass. This was the period of the civil wars, and it ended with Actium; the result was the attainment of a condition of social equilibrium known as the "Roman Empire," when the civilized world enjoyed peace for 400 years.

Competition between the rival lines of communication running east and west having been suppressed, tranquillity lasted as long as commercial exchanges between the East and West balanced each other, and it ended when the West could no longer pay. The East supplied food, manufactures, and luxuries; the West, metals. But agriculture and industries are inexhaustible, while mines are exhaustible; hence when Spain ceased to yield, the West first became insolvent, and then disintegrated. The inexorable result followed. As the administrative mechanism crumbled which had made two parallel and competing economic systems cohere, the old warfare broke out afresh; and behold, we stand upon the threshold of the Middle Age. The Greek Empire massed upon the Bosphorus confronted the Saracenic Empire upon the Tigris and the Nile.

For us these phenomena have significance, because for more than 1,000 years, ever since mankind received the great impulsion of the opening up of Germany, humanity has pushed westward in its hunt for metals, even as the Greeks and Phœnicians did of yore. During those thou-

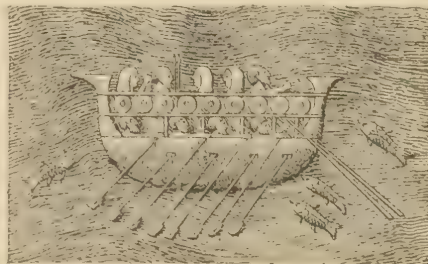
sand years Europe has remained the chief seat of metallic production and of industry, while commerce has flowed from east to west across Asia and Europe, whether by land or sea, substantially as it had done since Stone Age merchants brought jade axes from China to the Alps. The discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope ruined the Levant, but the ultimate effects of trade did not greatly vary.

About five years ago these conditions were suddenly reversed. American mines began underselling European mines; and American industries, European industries, so that instead of the commercial movement continuing, as of old, from east to west, it seems not improbable that the existing economic system may be split asunder.

Russia has attempted to overcome the barrier of Central Asia and has failed. It is certain that within no measurable time can freights across Siberia compete with freights across America, or by sea. Therefore, the mass of the two eastern continents may divide somewhere near the Pamirs, and the severed members may gravitate toward a preponderating reservoir of energy collecting within the United States. Then traffic, instead of moving from east to west, would separate, like the rivers on the table-land of Turkestan, and flow in opposite directions, both east and west, to meet at the heart of a universal economic system in the western continent.

Such events, should they occur, would be unprecedented, and their effects consequently transcend the bounds of rational conjecture. A stable equilibrium might be attained, or disintegration might ensue. Nobody can form an opinion.

This much, however, may, perhaps, be hazarded. Reasoning from history, the shock to existing institutions and nationalities would probably approximate in severity any crisis through which civilization has passed, not even excluding the Fall of Rome.



A Phœnician Trading Galley.  
(From Layard's "Monuments.")





Isola di San Giulio, Orta.

## THE SANCTUARIES OF THE PENNINE ALPS

By Edith Wharton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO



Nostra Signora d'Oropa.

WHEN June is hot on the long yellow streets of Turin, it is pleasant to take train for the Biellese, that romantic hill-country where the last slopes of the Pennine Alps melt into the Piedmontese plain.

The line, crossing the lowland with its red-tiled farm-houses and mulberry orchards, rises gradually to a region of rustling verdure.

Mountain streams flow down between alder-fringed banks, white oxen doze under the acacia-hedges, and in the almond and cherry orchards the vine hangs its Virgilian garlands from blossoming tree to tree. This pastoral land rolls westward to the Graian Alps in an undulating sea of green; while to the north it breaks abruptly into the height against which rises the terraced outline of Biella.

The cliffs of the Biellese are the haunt of ancient legend, and on almost every ledge a church or monastery perpetuates the story of some wonder-working relic. Biella, the chief town of this devout district, covers a small conical hill and spreads its suburbs over the surrounding



level. Its hot sociable streets are full of the shrill activity of an Italian watering-place; but the transalpine traveller will probably be inclined to push on at once

the picturesqueness mistakenly associated with Italian rural architecture; but every window displays its pot of lavender or of carnations, and the arched doorways reveal gardens flecked with the blue shadows of the vine-pergola.

Andorno itself is folded in hills, rounded, umbrageous, cooled with the song of birds. A sylvan hush envelops the place and the air one breathes seems to have travelled over miles of forest freshened by unseen streams. It is all as still and drowsy as the dream of a tired brain. There is nothing to see but the country itself—acacia-fringed banks sloping to the stream below the village; the arch of a ruinous bridge; an old hexagonal chapel with red-tiled roof and arcade of stunted columns; and, beyond the bridge and the chapel, rich upland meadows, where all day long the peasant women stoop to the swing of the scythe.

In June, in this high country (where patches of snow still lie in the shaded hollows), the wild flowers of spring and summer seem to meet: narcissus and forget-me-not lingering in the grass, while yellow broom—*Leopardi's lover of sad solitudes*—sheets the dry banks with gold, and higher up, in the folds of the hills, patches of crimson azalea mix their shy scent with the heavy fragrance of the acacia. In the

to Andorno, an hour's drive deeper in the hills.

Biella overhangs the plain; but Andorno lies in a valley which soon contracts to a defile between the mountains. The drive thither from Biella skirts the Cervo, a fresh mountain stream, and passes through villages set on park-like slopes in the shade of chestnut groves. The houses of these villages have little of

meadows the trees stand in well-spaced majestic groups, walnut, chestnut and beech, tenting the grass with shade. The ivy hangs its drapery over garden walls and terraces, and the streams rush down under a quivering canopy of laburnum. The scenery of these high Pennine valleys is everywhere marked by the same nobleness of color and outline, the same atmosphere of spaciousness and poet-



Andorno.



Among the Chapels, Orta.

ry. It is the rich studied landscape of Bonifazio's idyls : a scene of peace and plenitude, not the high-colored southern opulence but the sober wealth poured from a glacial horn of plenty. There is none of the Swiss abruptness, of the Swiss accumulation of effects. The southern aspect softens and expands. There is no crowding of impressions, but a stealing sense of sufficiency.

From Andorno the obvious excursion is to the shrine of San Giovanni ; a "sight" taking up eight pages in the excellent "Guida del Biellese," but remaining in the traveller's memory chiefly as the objective point of a charming walk or drive. The road leads up the Val d'Andorno, between heights set with villages hung aloft among the beech groves, or thrusting their garden-parapets above the spray and tumult of the Cervo. The densely wooded cliffs are scarred with quarries of sienite, and the stream, as the valley narrows, forces its way over masses of rock and between shelving stony banks ; but the little gardens dashed by its foam over-

flow with irises, roses and peonies, set in box-hedges and shaded by the long mauve panicles of the wistaria. Presently the road leaves the valley, and ascends the beech-clothed flank of the mountain on which San Giovanni is perched. The coolness and hush of this verdant tunnel are delicious after the noise and sunshine of the open road, and one is struck by the civic amenity which, in this remote solitude, has placed benches at intervals beneath the trees.

At length the brow of the hill is reached. The beeches recede, leaving a grassy plateau flanked by a long monastic façade ; and from the brink of this open space the eye drops unhindered down the long leafy reaches of the Val d'Andorno. The scene is one of the tenderest gradations of color and line : beeches blending with walnuts, these with the tremulous laburnum thickets along the stream, and the curves of the hills flowing into one another till they lose themselves in the aerial distances of the plain. The building which commands this outlook is hardly worthy of its station :



San Giovanni d'Andorno.

unless, indeed, the traveller feels its sober lines to be an admission of art's inferiority to nature in such aspects. To the confirmed apologist of Italy there is indeed a certain charm in finding so insignificant a building in so rare a spot : as though in a land thus amply dowered no architectural exclamation point were needed to call attention to any special point of view. Yet a tenderness for the view, one cannot but infer, must have guided the steps of those early cenobites who peopled the

landscape with wonder-working images. When did a miracle take place on a barren plain or in a circumscribed hollow? The manifestations of divine favor invariably sought the heights, and those who dedicated themselves to the commemoration of such holy incidents did so in surroundings poetic enough to justify their faith in the supernatural. The church, with its dignified front and sculptured portal, adjoins the hospice, and shows within little of interest but the stone grotto containing





The Sacro Monte, Varallo.

the venerated image of St. John, discovered in the third century by St. Eusebius, Bishop of Vercelli. This grotto is protected by an iron grating, and its dark recess twinkles with silver hearts and other votive offerings. The place is still a favorite pilgrimage, but there seems to be some doubt as to which St. John has chosen it as the scene of his posthumous thaumaturgy; for, according to the local guide-book, it is equally frequented on the feast of the Baptist and of the Evangelist. This uncer-

tainty is not without its practical advantages; and one reads that the hospice is open the year round, and that an excellent meal may always be enjoyed in the *trattoria* above the arcade; while on the feasts of the respective saints it is necessary for the devotee to bespeak his board and lodging in advance.

If San Giovanni appeals chiefly to the lover of landscape, the more famous sanctuary of Oropa is of special interest to the architect; for thither, in the eigh-



Between Biella and Varallo.

Vast undulating reach of the Piedmontese plain.

teenth century, the piety of the house of Savoy sent Juvara, one of the greatest architects of his time, to add a grand façade and portico to the group of monastic buildings erected a hundred years earlier by Negro di Pralungo. The ascent to the great mountain-shrine of the Black Virgin leads the traveller back to Biella, and up the hills behind the town. The drive is long, but so diversified, so abounding in beauty that in nearing its end one feels the need of an impressive monument to close so nobly ordered an approach. As the road rises above the vineyards of Biella, as the house-roofs, the church-steeple and the last suburban villas drop below the line of vision, there breaks on the eye the vast undulating reach of the Piedmontese plain. From the near massing of cultivated verdure—the orchards, gardens, groves of the minutely pencilled foreground—to the far limit where earth and sky converge in silver, the landscape glides through every gradation of sun-lit cloud-swept loveliness. First the Vald’Ardorno unbosoms its depths; then the distances press nearer, blue-green and dap-

pled with forest, with Biella, Novara and Vercelli like white fleets anchored on a misty sea. This view, with its fold on fold of woodland, dusky-shimmering in the foreground, then dark blue with dashes of tawny sunlight and purple streaks of rain, till it fades into the indeterminate light of the horizon, suggests some heroic landscape of Poussin’s or the boundless russet distances of Rubens’s “Château of Stein.”

Meanwhile the foreground is changing. The air freshens, the villages with their flower gardens and their guardian images of the Black Virgin are left behind, and between the thinly-leaved beeches rise bare gravelly slopes backed by treeless hills. The Loreto of Piedmont lies nearly 4,000 feet above the sea, and even in June there is a touch of snow in the air. For a moment one fancies one’s self in Switzerland; but here, at the bend of the road, is a white chapel with a classic porch, within which a group of terra-cotta figures enact some episode of the Passion. Italy has reasserted herself and art has humanized the landscape. More chapels are scat-

tered through the trees, but one forgets to note them as the carriage turns into a wide grassy forecourt, bordered by stone pyramids and dominated at its farther end by the great colonnade of the hospice. A *rampe douce* with fine iron gates leads up to the outer court enclosed in the arcaded wings of the building. Under these arcades are to be found shops in which the pilgrim may satisfy his various wants, from groceries, wines and cotton umbrellas (much needed in these showery hills), to rosaries, images of the Black Virgin, and pious histories of her miracles. Above the arcades the pilgrims are lodged; and in the centre of the inner façade Ju-

vara's marble portico unfolds its double flight of steps.

Passing through this gateway one stands in an inner quadrangle. This again is enclosed in low buildings resting on arcades, their alignment broken only by the modest façade of the church. Outside there is the profane bustle of life, the clatter of glasses at the doors of rival *trattorie*, the cracking of whips, the stir of buying and selling; but a warm silence holds the inner court. Only a few old peasant women are hobbling, rosary in hand, over the sun-baked flags to the cool shelter of the church. The church is indeed cavernously cold, with that subterranean chill peculiar to re-



The Principal Group of Statues in Gaudenzio's Crucifixion, Varallo.





The Outer Court, Orapa.

ligious buildings. The interior is smaller and plainer than one had expected ; but presently it is seen to be covered with a decoration beside which the rarest tapestry or fresco might sink into insignificance. This covering is composed of innumerable votive offerings, crowding each other from floor to vaulting over every inch of wall, lighting the chapels with a shimmer of silver and tinsel, the yellow of old wax legs and arms, the gleam of tarnished picture-frames : each overlapping scale of this strange sheath symbolizing some impulse of longing, grief or gratitude, so that as it were the whole church is lined with heart-beats. Most of these offerings are the gift of the poor mountain-folk, and the paintings record with artless realism the miraculous escapes of carters, quarrymen and stone-cutters. In the choir, however, hang a few portraits of noble donators in ruffs and Spanish jerkins ; and one picture, rudely painted on the wall itself, renders with touching fidelity the interior of a peasant's house in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, with the mother kneeling by a cradle over which the Black Virgin sheds her reassuring light.

The ebony Virgin (another "find" of the indefatigable St. Eusebius) is en-

throned behind the high altar, in a tiny chapel built by her discoverer. The crypt-like interior is divided by a grating behind which, in a blaze of altar-lights, the miraculous image, nimbused in jewels and gold, sheds its brightness on the groups who succeed each other at the iron lattice. The incense-laden air and the sweating stone walls encrusted with votive offerings recall at once the chapel of Loreto ; but here the smaller space, the deeper dusk, heighten the sense of solemnity ; and if a few white-capped Sisters are grouped against the grating, while before the altar a sweet-voiced young priest intones the mystic

*Mater purissima,  
Mater admirabile,  
Mater prudentissima,*

punctuated by the wailing *Ora pro nobis !* of the nuns, it would be hard to picture a scene richer in that mingling of suavity and awe with which the Church composes her incomparable effects.

After so complex an impression the pleasures of the eye may seem a trifle thin ; yet there is a great charm in the shaded walks winding through the colony of chapels above the monastery. Nothing

in nature is lovelier than a beech-wood rustling with streams; and to come, in such a setting, on one graceful *tempietto* after another, to discover, in their semi-pagan porches, groups of peasants praying before some dim presentment of the Passion, gives a renewed sense of the way in which, in Italy, nature, art and religion combine to enrich the humblest lives. These Sacred Mounts, or Stations of the Cross, are scattered everywhere on the Italian slopes of the Alps. The most famous is at Varallo, and to find any artistic merit one must go there, or to the unknown hill-village of Cervo in the Val Camonica. At Oropa the groups are crude and uninteresting; but the dusk in which they are seen, and the surrounding murmur of leaves and water, give them a value quite independent of their plastic qualities.

Varallo itself is but a day's journey from Andorno. In June weather the drive thither is beautiful. The narrow country road mounts through chestnut groves as fine as those which cast their velvet shade for miles about Promontogno. At first the eye dips from one green ravine to another, but at Mosso Santa Maria, the highest point of the ascent, the glorious plain again bursts into view, with white roads winding toward distant cities, and the near flanks of the hills clothed in unbroken forest. The Val Sesia is broader than the Val d'Andorno, and proportionately less picturesque; but its expanse of wheat and vine, checkered with shade and overhung by piled-up mossy rocks, contrasts effectively enough with the landscape of the higher valleys. As Varallo is neared the hills close in and the scenery regains its sub-Alpine character. Unforgettable is the first glimpse of the old town, caught suddenly at a bend of the road, with the Sanctuary lifted high above the river, and tiled roofs and church-towers clustered at its base. The near approach is a disenchantment; for few towns have suffered more than Varallo under the knife of "modern improvement," and those who did not know it in earlier days would never guess that it was once the most picturesque town in North Italy. A dusty wide-avenued suburb, thinly scattered with

cheap villas, now leads from the station to the edge of the old town; and the beautiful slope facing the Sacred Mountain has been cleared of its natural growth and planted with moribund palms and camellias, to form the "pleasure" grounds of a huge stucco hotel with failure written over every inch of its pretentious façade. One knows not whether to lament the impairment of such completeness, or to find consolation in the fact that Varallo is rich enough not to be ruined by its losses. Ten or fifteen years ago every aspect was enchanting; now one must choose one's point of view, but one or two of the finest are still intact. Turning one's back, for instance, on the offending hotel, one has still, on a summer morning, the rarest vision of wood and water and happily blended architecture: the Sesia, with its soft meadows and leafy banks, the old houses huddled above it, and the high cliff crowned by the chapels of the Sacred Way. At night all melts to a diviner loveliness. The clustered darkness of the town, twinkling with lights, lies folded in hills delicately traced against a sky mauve with moonlight. Here and there the moon burnishes a sombre mass of trees, or makes a campanile stand out pale and definite as ivory; while high above, the cliff projects against the sky, with an almost Greek purity of outline, the white domes and arches of the Sanctuary.

The centre of the town is also undisturbed. Here one may wander through cool narrow streets with shops full of devotional emblems and of the tall votive candles gaily spangled with gold and painted with flower-wreaths and *mandorle* of the Virgin. These streets, on Sundays, are thronged with the peasant women of the neighboring valleys in their typical costumes: some with cloth leggings and short dark-blue cloth petticoats embroidered in colors; others in skirts of plaited black silk, with embroidered jackets, silver necklaces and spreading head-dresses; for nearly every town has its distinctive dress, and some happy accident seems to have preserved this slope of the Alps from the depressing uniformity of modern fashions. In architectural effects the town is little richer than its neighbors; but it has that indescribable "tone" in which the soft texture of old stucco and the bloom



of weather-beaten marble combine with a hundred happy accidents of sun and shade to produce what might be called the *patine* of Italy. There is, indeed, one unusual church, with a high double flight of steps leading to its door; but this (though it contains a fine Gaudenzio) passes as a mere incident in the general picturesqueness, and the only church with which the sightseer seriously reckons is that of Santa Maria delle Grazie, frescoed with the artist's scenes from the Passion.

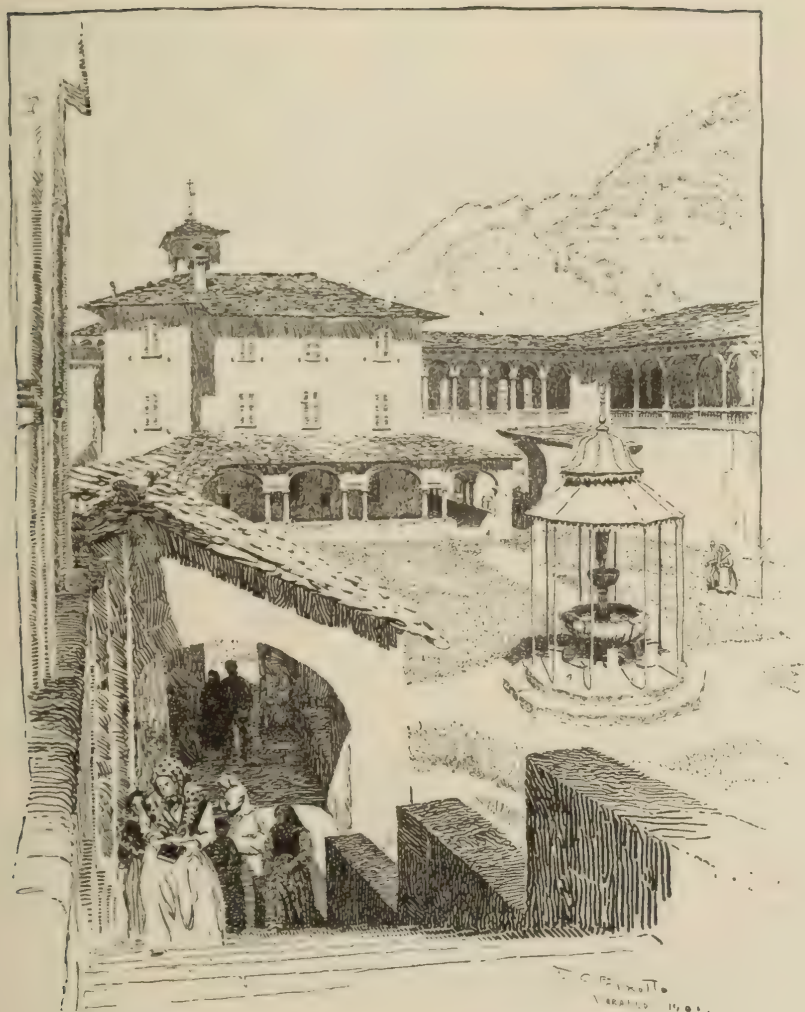
There is much beauty of detail in these crowded compositions; but, to the inexpert, Gaudenzio lives perhaps chiefly as the painter of the choiring angels of Saronno: so great there that elsewhere he seems relatively unimportant. At Varallo, at least, one associates him first with the Sacred Mountain. To this great monument of his native valley he contributed some of his most memorable work, and it seems fitting that on turning from his frescoes in Santa Maria one should find one's self at the foot of the path leading to the Sanctuary. The wide approach, paved with tiny round pebbles polished by the feet of thousands of pilgrims, leads round the flank of the cliff to the park-like enclosure on its summit. Here, on the ledge overlooking the town, stands the church built by St. Charles Borromeo (now disfigured by a modern façade), and grouped about it are the forty-two chapels of the "New Jerusalem." These little buildings, to which one mounts or descends by mossy winding paths beneath the trees, present every variety of pseudo-classical design. Some, placed at different levels, are connected by open colonnades and long flights of steps; some have airy loggias, overlooking gardens tufted with blush-roses and the lilac iris; while others stand withdrawn in the deep shade of the beeches. Each chapel contains a terra-cotta group representing some scene in the divine history, and the architecture and the site of each building have been determined by a fine sense of dramatic fitness. Thus, the chapels enclosing the earlier episodes—the Annunciation, the Nativity and the scenes previous to the Last Supper—are placed in relatively open sites, with patches of flowers about their doorsteps; while as the drama darkens the pilgrim descends into deep shady hollows, or winds along

chill stone corridors and up and down interminable stairs; a dark subterranean passage leading at last to the image of the buried Christ.

Of the groups themselves it is difficult to speak dispassionately, for they are so much a part of their surroundings that one can hardly measure them by any conventional standard. To do so, indeed, would be to miss their meaning. They must be studied as a reflection of the Bible story in the hearts of simple and emotional peasants; for it was the piety of the mountain-folk that called them into being, and the modellers and painters who contributed to the work were mostly natives of Val Sesia or of the neighboring valleys. The art of clay modelling is peculiarly adapted to the rendering of strong and direct emotions. So much vivacity of expression do its rapid evocations permit that one might almost describe it as intermediate between pantomime and sculpture. The groups at Varallo have the defects inherent in such an improvisation: the crudeness, the violence, sometimes the seeming absurdities of an instantaneous photograph. These faults are redeemed by a simplicity, a realism, which have not had time to harden into conventionality. The Virgin and St. Elizabeth are low-browed full-statured peasant women; the round-cheeked romping children, the dwarfs and hunchbacks, the Roman soldiers and the Jewish priests, have all been transferred alive from the market-places of Borgo Sesia and Arona. These expressive figures, dressed in real clothes, with real hair flowing about their shoulders, seem like the actors in some miracle-play arrested at its crowning moment.

Closer inspection brings to light a marked difference in quality between the different groups. Those by Tabacchetti and Fermo Stella are the best, excepting only the remarkable scene of the Crucifixion, attributed to Gaudenzio, and probably executed from his design. Tabacchetti is the artist of the Adam and Eve surrounded by the supra-terrestrial flora and fauna of Eden: a curious composition, with a golden-haired Eve of mincing elegance and refinement. To Stella are due some of the simplest and most moving scenes of the series: the Adoration of the Magi, the message of the angel to Joseph, and





The Main Court on Sacro Monte, Varallo.

Christ and the woman of Samaria. Especially charming is the Annunciation, where a yellow-wigged angel in a kind of celestial dressing-gown of flowered brocade, advances, lily in hand, toward a gracefully startled Virgin, dressed (as one is told) in a costume presented by a pious lady of Varallo. In another scene the Mother of God, this time in peasant-dress, looks up smilingly from the lace-cushion on which she is at work : while the Last Supper, probably a survival of the older wooden groups existing before Gaudenzio and his school took up the work, shows a lace-trimmed linen table-cloth, with bread and fruit set out on Faenza dishes.

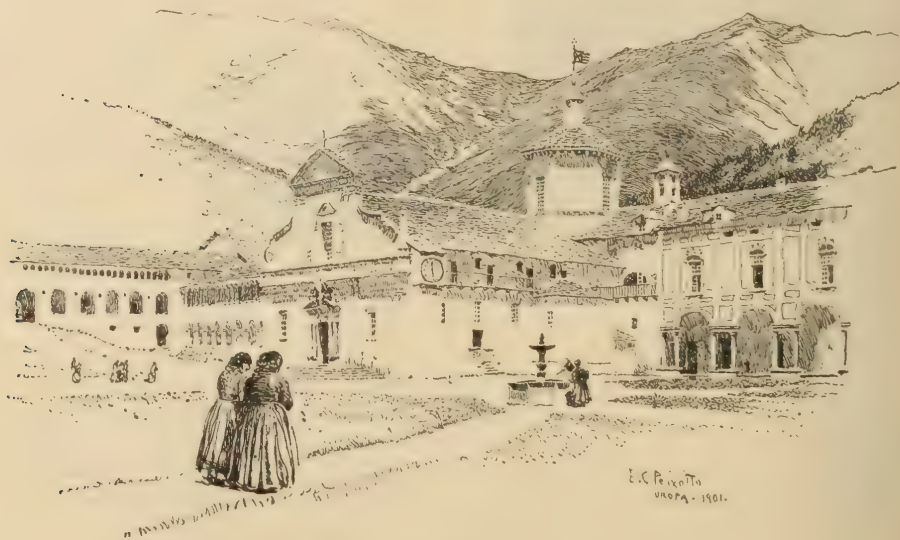
After these homely details the scenes of the Passion, where Gaudenzio's influence probably prevailed, seem a trifle academic ; but even here there are local touches, such as the curly white dog at the foot of Herod's throne, the rags of the beggars, the child in the Crucifixion holding a spotted hound in leash. The Crucifixion is fitly the culminating point of the series. Here Gaudenzio lined the background with one of his noblest frescoes, and the figures placed before it are worthy, in expression and attitude, to carry out the master's conception.

The gold-bucklered Roman knight on his white charger, the eager gaping throng,

where beggars and cripples jostle turbaned fine ladies and their dwarfs, where oval-faced Lombard women with children at the breast press forward to catch a glimpse of the dying Christ, while the hideous soldiers at the foot of the cross draw lots for the seamless garment—all these crowding careless figures bring out with strange intensity the mute agony uplifted in their midst. Never, perhaps, has the popular, the unimpressed, unrepentant side of the scene been set forth with more tragic directness. One can fancy the gold-armored knight echoing in after years the musing words of Anatole France's *Procurateur de Judée*:—"Jésus? Jésus de Nazareth? Je ne me rappelle pas."

From Varallo the fortunate traveller may carry his impressions unimpaired through the chestnut woods and across the hills to the lake of Orta—a small

sheet of water enclosed in richest verdure, with the wooded island of San Giuliano on its bosom. Orta has a secret charm of its own: a quality of solitude, of remoteness, that makes it seem the special property of each traveller who chances to discover it. Here too is a Sacred Way, surmounting the usual shady knoll above the town; but its groups have little artistic merit. The chief "feature" of Orta is the incredibly complete little island, with its ancient church embosomed in gardens; yet even this counts only as a detail in the general composition, a last touch to the prodigal picturesqueness of the place. In any other country the next turn of the road must lead to an anti-climax; but the wanderer who turns eastward from Orta may pass through scenes of undiminished beauty till, toward sunset, the hills divide to show Lake Maggiore at his feet, with the Isola Bella moored like a fantastic pleasure-craft upon its waters.



The Inner Quadrangle, Orta.



By Clara Bellinger Green

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. U. WILCOX

I

THERE was no question about the lot in Mr. Barney's mind. It just suited him.

It lay along the southern slope of the hill, looking down on the broad valley of Elba, and upon Marcy, McIntyre, and other dignified peaks beyond.

The whole expanse of the heavens smiled upon it. It was flanked on the north by deep woods, but on the east, south, and west it lay open to the friendly rays of the sun, which covered it with glory from the moment it peeped over the Sleeping Giant in the morning till it sank behind the hemlocks at the foot of the hill. It was generously sprinkled with balsam shrubs, moss-grown logs and stumps.

Mr. Barney liked stumps. He could sit on a stump hour after hour, and feel the sun pour down on his back, warming him to the very centre of his being. He always felt as though each ray went straight through him and came out on the other side—albeit he cast a distinct, if narrow, shadow on the grass.

He had discovered in the sun a spirit antagonistic to his old foe, rheumatism, which cowered beneath its beams as the devil cowers before the strains of the *The Deum Laudamus*.

Some of Mr. Barney's doctors called

his complaint neuralgic rheumatism and some rheumatic neuralgia : it was all the same to him, for it was as tormenting under one name as the other. To his fancy it was his personal devil, who played pranks on his members one after the other—now his arm, now his eye, now his knee, now his temples. It neglected none, nor had it any preference. Neither, in truth, had its victim, for wherever it lodged he would have preferred it somewhere else. When it chose his arm, he would have it in his eye ; when it seized his eye, he longed to banish it to his knee, and when it was in his knee, he wished it in his temples.

For the past three weeks Mr. Barney had not felt a twinge from his familiar demon, and his face was already beginning to lose those meek outlines which pain draws on the features of its associates. If his had been the only voice in the matter of the lot, he would not have hesitated ; but there were two other important members of the Barney household, each having a distinct mind of her own.

Mr. Barney was fond and proud of his wife and daughter, but there were moments—and this was one of them—when he felt that if one or both had been a little weak-minded his life would have been easier.

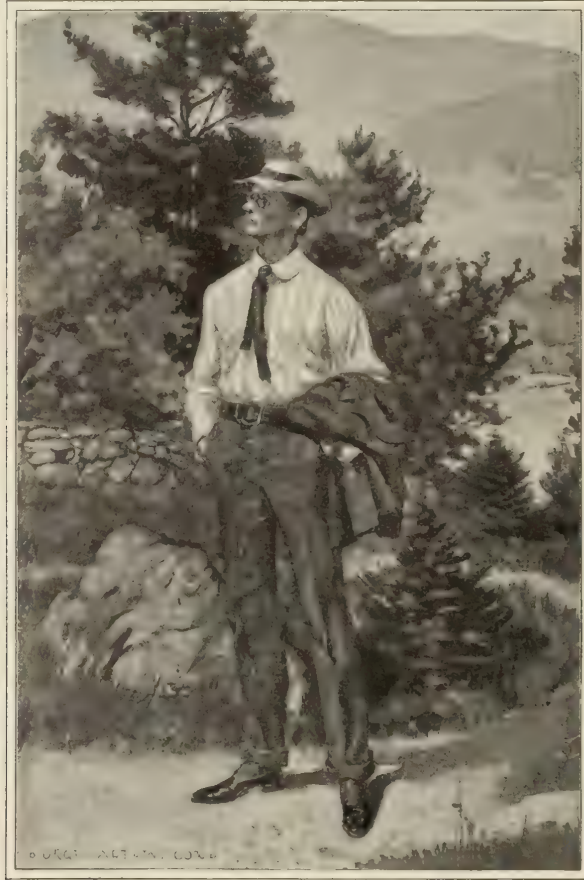


Though he had not consulted them on the subject of the lot, he could hear, as plainly as if they stood before him, their rational objection to it.

"Why, it is on the wrong side of the hill." Which was true.

The other side was obviously *the* side. There were the lakes; there were the

This retired lot, fragrant with balsam and other pungent forest odors, was not in the running to them; neither was the log hut, which he seemed to see standing at the top of the lot. It must be a hut. A cottage was too circumspect for this wild spot. Besides, he would like to live in a hut for a while. His life, begun and



There was no question about the lot in Mr. Barney's mind.—Page 365.

people; there were life and gayety. Ah! that was the point. Here, as he sat on his stump, nothing indicated the presence of the smart world. All was quiet, wild, and mountainous. Only a few scattered farm-houses and tilled fields below him bespoke habitation. But let him walk a few rods to the brow of the hill and lo!—Mammoth hotels with floating banners and great reaches of piazza, cottages, tennis-courts, darting boats on the lake—all the emblems of a popular resort.

so far continued on Washington Square, had been of the most conventional type.

Mr. Barney sat on his stump and pondered while the sun shone on his back. At last he sprang to his feet with an exclamation he had not used since, as a boy, he had gone clamming on Long Island.

"Gosh!" he said, and he began to pace to and fro across the lot, not in his old cautious, rheumatic way, but with free and manly strides. He drew in deep



*Drawn by D. C. Wilcox.*

For a time it took the form of art.—Page 369.



*Drawn by D. U. Wilcox.*

He spent some time watching the progress of a house going up over the hill.—Page 370.



draughts of air and stretched out his arms as if to embrace the air, the sky, the hills. Not to obstruct the sun's rays, he had the habit of wearing a skull cap, and as he walked he had a jaunty air which sat a little awkwardly on him.

The thought which had so stimulated him was this : Freed from the iron hand of rheumatism, could not a man be a man ? If so, why not act for himself ? Presently he turned his steps toward the top of the lot and firmly setting his teeth, leaped the stone wall and struck into the path which led through the woods to the house of Jonas Carter, builder, and dealer in real estate.

## II

SOMEWHAT later he joined his family on the veranda of one of the houses with a floating banner. A man of few words always, his thoughts were now stowed away in his breast-pocket alongside of a document to which he had just signed the name : Theodorus Barney.

An august name for its meek and spare owner was Theodorus, and he had always felt it a burden. With a view to shifting some of this patronimic weight, he had named his only daughter after himself. But he gained nothing by this rather cowardly act, for Theodora Barney was well named, and, being of artistic temper, she knew it and was content.

She was a young woman of heroic proportions and stately bearing. Her features were classically regular. Her style was large : hence she could support her Latin name with as much aplomb as she did the sweeping robes of satin and velvet in which she gloried.

She was also a very superior young woman. People called her talented, and spoke of her as one from whom something uncommon might be expected. She herself shared this expectation, confident of the possession of some extraordinary endowment which would express itself in due time. Just how, she was not quite certain, though it had been manifest in various ways. For a time it took the form of art, and the walls of her home were made glad and, perhaps, a little glaring, with waving cornfields, cabbage-heads, hollyhocks, and windmills described on wood, mat-

ting, silk, velvet, and every conceivable material.

This era was active but brief. She denounced the work, at last, as too narrow, and substituted philanthropy and general reform. Her schemes in this field were vast and comprehensive : they often concerned her own household, and at such times began with an attempt to uproot the family tree, so to speak, and transplant it to some remote region, like Australia, or Kansas City.

Under her magnetic handling these plans were rosy in the morning, golden at midday, but sombre at nightfall. The next day she would present at the breakfast-table an apologetic face, which silently conceded that the old life would do for a while longer.

"So glad to be at home again," Mrs. Theodorus would often exclaim, after one of these mental migrations, for both parents duly spread their wings at their daughter's bidding, whenever she prepared for a new flight, though they swooped ignominiously to earth again afterward. "For my part, I like normal conditions."

The succeeding period of literary effort was a grateful one to them ; and Theodora, who felt that she might have accomplished something in philanthropy, had she been accorded the sympathy of her family, took up her pen, convinced that here, at least, she had found her true expression. Perhaps the world had been defrauded too long of what she had to give it. Strange to say, the first polite note from an editor, regretfully returning her manuscript, quenched her ardor.

Just now she was devoted to erudition.

The book in her hand this morning, Nordau's "Degeneration," so engrossed her that she did not note her father's presence until he, having reached an animated point in a possible family conclave, declared, in a firm voice :

"You see the lakes are here and can be seen at any time, if one will make the effort."

Both ladies raised their eyes, the one from her crocheting, the other from her book, and arched their eyebrows interrogatively at this uncalled-for speech.

"Dad, dear," said his daughter, in the slightly patronizing voice she commonly

employed with her father, "Have any 'bold, bad men' been trying to make you believe the lakes are not here?"

### III

THE next morning the new Theodorus betook himself to the boats and rowed himself across the lake to the house of a certain Seth Tuthill.

"Mr. Carter tells me you have some repute as an amateur cabinet-maker," he said, seating himself on a saw-buck in Seth's back-yard.

"Guess I have, some."

"You make tables and chairs, I suppose?"

"Guess I do."

"Library tables? Tea-tables?"

"Guess 'f I make one table I can another. Tables is tables, ain't they?"

"Tables and chairs, then," Theodorus continued, with an effort not to feel crushed. "Anything else?"

"If tables 'n' chairs is all you want, tables 'n' chairs is all I make."

"Other articles are in your line also, then?"

"Guess they are."

"Sofas, dressing-cases?"

"Guess so."

"Not bedsteads?"

"Bedstids 'f you don't want brass. Ain't no worker in brass. Look a' here, mister. You see the Huntton cottage just across the lake partly hid by the trees? I made every darn stitch o' furniture in that house, bedstids 'n' all. If they hankered arter any particular style o' table or chair—'n' some folks is pretty cranky about furniture—they made a drawin' of it, 'n' I copied it. Kin copy anything you're a mind ta draw. When my work was done, the only dum thing they had to do was to run down to Plattsburg 'n' buy their blankets 'n' mattresses 'n' pillows 'n' kitchen utensils."

Between overseeing the construction of his furniture and the house to put it in, the next two months were full of business for Theodorus. He made his own plans for the hut. The architecture for a hut should not be complex, it is true, but a hut for the Barney family must not be of the simplest nature. He himself would have

preferred only walls and roof with the ground for a floor—clearly Theodorus in a new sense, wanted the earth—but, while he pleased himself, he would please the others as well. It must be a modern hut, commodious and of some dignity. He developed a good deal of wile in these days in learning the minds of his wife and daughter on certain points without arousing suspicion, not a difficult matter, as neither troubled herself about his doings, noting nothing, except that he spent some time watching the progress of a house going up over the hill.

It was in June when Theodorus achieved his purchase, and on the last day of August, at four o'clock P.M., he took a complacent survey of his work preparatory to turning the key and facing the last remaining duty—acquainting his family of his daring designs.

The hut was most inviting: it stood squarely on the ground as if it would not lift itself so much as an inch above its mother earth. The veranda opened into a long, low-studded room extending across the front of the house, and faced a huge fireplace, where in due time a cheerful fire would blaze. Wherever a rough-barked log or branch would serve it was chosen, with the result that the interior was scarcely less rustic than the outside.

After supper Theodorus sat on the veranda and smiled. On second thoughts he had concluded to postpone his announcement until morning.

There was a bright moon, and the air was rarely clear even for that region.

Theodora was vigorously pacing the piazza with Brice Brewster, the noted painter. She had been half reclining among the cushions of a row-boat, moored under a shady bank, during the afternoon, reading, while the artist transferred the fine outlines of her face and figure to canvas. He had a rare subject in Theodora, which fact she realized as well as he, and both made the most of the situation. He had worked at white heat from the first, and the result promised to satisfy even him. The hint of sleeping powers in Theodora's face, which was no doubt accountable for the belief in her talent, the artist had not failed to preserve, so that even in her attitude of repose, strength was her dominant feature.



Her classic head was relieved against a background of trees, and the flecks of sunlight sifting through them and falling upon her gown, her book, and her hand, and throwing a reflected light upon her chin, made a treatment of the subject which aroused warm admiration when it hung "on the line" at the Academy in the following winter as "A Lazy Afternoon." The elation which good creative work always brings was in the painter's voice to-night, and in his step as he paced.

"There is something magnificent in the air to-night," he said to Theodora. "No. I am wrong. Something magnificent has gone out of it. Do you realize that about one hundred and fifty objectionable people have skipped the country to-day and left the piazza for us to walk on and the air for us to breathe? This is the time I begin to enjoy myself—when fashionable folk get out, and we have the place to ourselves."

"The management may not view the matter in the same light," said Theodora. "But it is curious how people rush away at the end of August—just as though September were not fit to be seen. Ah! There are the Apostles of the Higher Comprehension," she continued, as they passed a window where Mrs. Theodorus sat with some other devotees of whist, deeply absorbed in the game. They were a small band who admitted into their circle no one not enlightened on the modern game.

"I suppose they take as their motto: The higher the fewer," laughed Brewster.

Needless to say Theodorus with his old-fashioned methods was not of the few, but he did not seem cast down by this fact to-night, for as the two came up to him in their walk they found him humming a cheerful tune.

"Everyone seems in gay mood to-night," said the artist.

"It is the air. I have not breathed its like this summer."

"Just what we were saying," Theodora said. "There is something unusual abroad. It is almost as though something were going to happen."

"Something is," declared Theodorus. Was he not going to move into the hut on the morrow?

## IV

It was about midnight that night when Theodorus sprang from his bed with a vague feeling that he was wanted. There were confused voices in the air: and a glance from the window showed a bright and sinister light dancing on the lawn. He was, indeed, wanted.

A hurried investigation proved that the flames were in the extreme eastern wing of the hotel. The Barney's rooms were in the western wing. A staircase, just outside his door, led to the veranda below, and down this Theodorus plunged to make sure that it was unbolted, before he set to work.

It must be said of the Barneys, all three, that they met the emergency in silence and without undue agitation. It was not many minutes before the two women stood far out on the lawn, guarding the effects they had gathered together, and watching the crackling flames, which were now leaping buoyantly up into the dark heavens.

Theodora had in charge also the picture which Brice Brewster had breathlessly left in her care, while he hastened back with Theodorus to aid others who might not have so easy an exit. The lawn was soon sprinkled with chairs, tables, packages and people, the latter in every stage of excitement: some were irate, some hysterical, some preternaturally calm, some heroic.

Other bannered houses spread their wings that night and sheltered the disarranged and roofless guests; and when the flames began to die down, Mrs. Theodorus, with a sigh, suggested that they try the Adams House.

Her husband replied with a swagger in his voice not native to it:

"As if I would spend a night under the roof of the Adams House!"

"As if there were any choice," replied his wife. "We shall be fortunate if we get in even there—and we had better not be too leisurely about it either."

"On the contrary, there is luck in leisure. Let us take our time." And as he spoke a broad grin o'erspread the face of Theodorus. Was he not in luck to have postponed the telling of his late transactions?



"I cannot understand what amuses you," his wife said in her resounding voice and looking loftily down on him. "You seem to enjoy seeing the house burn down. You remind me of Nero," to which Theodorus responded by one of those obscure speeches which were lately making her question whether his rheumatism would not at last reach his brain.

"I should not myself have gone to the extent of burning down the hotel for my own furtherance, but since it has been done, let me play my fiddle."

A little later Theodorus unlocked the hospitable door of the hut and bade them enter.

"It is now the spooky hour of three," he said, "and no fit time for a speech, but let me say: Welcome home. This is the house that Theodorus built. It is a hut, but an up-to-date hut. I intended to colonize here to-morrow, but fate has taken the matter in hand and brought us here to-night. I should have preferred to come in the daytime myself. I don't like traveling about at night or moving in such unseemly haste; but we won't complain. You will find everything at hand for your comfort, even meat and drink, and if you are as hungry as I am, they will be grateful."

Mother and daughter looked at each other, and for the first time in their experience found no speech. Was this Theo-

dorus, the submissive father, the meek and lowly spouse, now striding about the room with self-assertive step and speaking in authoritative tone? To Theodora's confused and suddenly subordinated sense, he seemed to have grown all at once tall and commanding. He surely looked down upon her as she stood, in spite of her superior height.

Mrs. Theodorus had sunk, limp and weak-kneed, upon a high-backed settle by the fireplace. Brice Brewster stood in the doorway, observing Theodora, who, always the focus of any group, occupied the centre of the room silently but rapidly adjusting herself to a new order of things.

Humor had not been conspicuously given her, yet it was the humor of the moment which first appealed to her.

"I wouldn't have believed this of you, Dad. To build a house, and such a house, without our permission. Think of your planning an artistic mantel like that without me! I would not have missed having a hand in it for the world. I have always thought I could be an architect. Mother, have we deserved this?"

"H'm," replied her mother, her eyes roaming from one object to another in a helpless way, as if they owed it to themselves to find some peg on which to hang an objection. "I should have chosen the other side of the hill."

## A BRIDAL MEMORY

By Frances Bent Dillingham

THE bridal couple in the Pullman car must have been greatly absorbed in each other, if they did not note Dorothy's big, black, childish eyes fixed relentlessly upon them. The lady was very pretty, with a brown dress that matched her eyes and hair, and a pink vest the color of her cheeks; and the gentleman was tall, with a straight nose and handsome mustache. Though Dorothy's mother whispered, "My dear, it is rude to stare so;" yet there were few movements of the bride and groom that escaped the wide-eyed gaze of the little girl opposite.

She knew that, whenever they had fresh flowers, the lady put one in the gentleman's button-hole, and he thrust one through the ribbon of her brown cap; she longed to read the little notes they wrote to each other, and hid in unexpected places; she grew pale when the gentleman cut his finger in sharpening a pencil, and the next moment she must clap her hand over her mouth to keep from laughing; or the lady wound her dainty handkerchief about the cut and tied it in a funny knot with the corners sticking up like the ears of a rabbit, while he wriggled his finger to make

them flop. Though her mother frowned and nudged, yet Dorothy could not help laughing at their jokes and thrilling at their happiness.

The lady must have understood children, for instead of seeming to resent those prying eyes, once, when the gentleman was not in his seat, she called across the aisle:

"Won't you come and sit with me, little girl?"

Dorothy's heart beat a longing pit-pat, but she looked at her mother. "May I?"

"Why, yes, dear, for a few moments."

Dorothy was overcome with the joy of sitting beside the soft folds of the brown dress.

"Are you having a pleasant journey?"

"Beautiful," murmured Dorothy.

"I am so glad," the lady nodded brightly at her.

"Because I just love to watch you."

"Oh!"

"Yes, it's beautiful, I never saw a wedding couple before." Dorothy's shyness was fast vanishing.

"Now, what does a little girl like you know about wedding couples?"

"Why, you see," Dorothy began, eagerly, "I just love to read love-stories. People give me stories about silly little children and animals and things, but I'd rather read love-stories. All the girls I know would. I pick out the affectionate parts. But I never saw a love-story before, and I don't believe the other girls ever did."

The lady laughed, then sobered, with a glance across the aisle at the mother's black dress. She patted Dorothy's hand.

"You dear little girl," she said, softly.

"And when I grow up I'm going to look just like you"—Dorothy's black eyes gleamed into the soft brown ones—"and I'm going to have a dress exactly like this, and I'm going to have a husband as handsome as yours and go on a wedding journey, and do such funny things. It is your wedding journey, isn't it?"

The lady leaned toward her. "Yes, it is," she whispered, "but it's a secret, and you mustn't tell. I was married just two weeks ago."

"Oh-o!" Dorothy drew a breath of prolonged bliss; "and did you wear a white satin dress with orange flowers, like they do in stories?"

"Yes, I did, with a long train and white satin slippers——"

"Oh-o!" breathed Dorothy, "I'm going to, too."

But here was the young husband coming down the aisle. Dorothy slipped off her seat in obedience to a signal from her mother, and crept away in high content with a pink rose in her hand. The lady talked in a low voice to the gentleman, and he looked toward Dorothy once or twice and laughed. But alas! they left the train at the next stop and Dorothy, without knowing the name or home of these wonderful beings, went on with her mother to the East.

There are certain impressions of childhood around which our memory centres. The thought of a far-away town holds one white house on a shady street: the picture of a farm brings out one tree leaning over the stone wall; the joy of one summer seems concentrated in that swift run down a sloping hill-side with light feet and lighter heart; a winter's sorrow means the story book we were forced to leave unfinished.

Around the unforgotten picture of that bridal couple, grew Dorothy's thoughts of love and marriage. And as each of us has some private standard, often unconscious, by which we measure others, so Dorothy tested each man she met by taking him mentally on a journey in a Pullman car beside that perfect bridal couple of childhood's memory. And how few could endure this trial? One was too stupid, another too brilliantly tiresome, another too selfish, another too thoughtless. But at last Dorothy met the man with whom she thought she could travel leagues of dusty prairie or barren mountain-land, and who would be, not only all that far-away bride-groom had been, but more, much more.

"I shouldn't mind a freight-car with you, dear," she told him, after relating the pretty story of that unknown wedding couple.

She was visiting her aunt in that same Western city where the bride and groom had disappeared on that day ten years ago. It was here she had met Jack Hilliard, and it was while their engagement was still new that she made this tender little remark. She and Jack were on their way to a large club reception at which



Dorothy's aunt, who had gone on before them, was chief executive.

Jack had a way of interrupting Dorothy's most flattering speeches ; but after a moment she went on to the accompaniment of the carriage's roll.

"I want to take a railroad trip anyway, when we—go off together. I suppose I was an awfully silly little child with too much story-reading, and I'm afraid I'm rather sentimental now ; but you don't know how much that glimpse of true happiness meant to me. I had never known my father, and I had begun to suspect that all love-stories were fables. Very nice ones, of course. Seeing those two happy people made me believe in—" she broke off.

"Well?" he questioned, laughingly.

"You," she turned her smiling face toward him in the dusk of the carriage, "in everything. Oh, are we really here?"

Dorothy had never looked lovelier than she did that evening as she went through the lofty, crowded rooms, her dark, piquant face aglow with health and happiness, and Jack's pink roses in her hair and hands.

"Having a good time?" she asked, looking up at him with a laugh ; she could feel his eyes upon her.

"Rather ! But I'd enjoy it as much if I could carry you off to your aunt's drawing-room, where there'd be just we two."

"You ought to have thought of it sooner. Give me a taste of this wild dissipation, and there's no telling—" She stopped suddenly, a deeper pink crept into her cheeks, her eyes grew wide.

"Oh, Jack !" she turned on him breathlessly. "You must introduce me right off, indeed you must ! That lady over there in the pink. Oh, here is aunt, I'm sure she will."

"Why, how late you are, dear," Dorothy's aunt was on them. "Introduce you to Mrs. Ward ? Yes, indeed, delighted ; come right along with me. Charming woman, awfully popular and philanthropic and brilliant. You'll like her."

Dorothy pushed forward with her aunt, and Jack followed at a leisurely distance. In his slow progress he was detained by several men, and when he again reached Dorothy she had finished speaking to Mrs. Ward and was standing at some distance

beyond her, talking with one or two gentlemen. She was entertaining the circle right royally as Jack came toward her ; but soon after the men, one by one, fell away and left them together. Dorothy turned upon him eagerly.

"Oh, Jack, who do you think she is?"

"She, who?"

"Why, Mrs. Ward, you know. She's my bride, the one I told you about. Isn't she lovely? Lovelier than I thought. Dear me, I sha'n't look half so well on a palace car—"

"Nonsense, she can't compare—" began Jack when he saw a change come over Dorothy's happy face. A large woman in garnet velvet was talking just behind them :

"Oh, yes, for some time ; everybody knows it. As sure as can be. No, not a divorce, a separation. Mrs. Ward is so sweet, too. He seems like a fine man. He gives her the house and stays at hotels. Strange—married just ten years. Incompatibility, I understand—and they used to be so devoted. I declare, I'd have got on somehow—"

"Oh, Jack !" Dorothy clutched his arm, "take me away, quick ! here comes Aunt Sarah. I don't want to meet anybody."

She was stately and straight as ever as they walked into the conservatory, opening off the hall. But as she sank down on the divan to which he brought her, he noticed that her cheeks were a deeper pink than the roses she was grasping tightly in tense hands, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Why, Dorothy, dear little girl, what is the matter?" He sat down beside her to comfort her.

She moved a little away from him and looked up through her tears.

"Oh, Jack, what will they think of me. Was there ever anybody so awkward ! Such a spectacle as I have made of myself ! Why didn't you tell me about her ? But that isn't the worst. I've lost my faith, my beautiful faith in love and things—Oh, Jack, why didn't you tell me about Mrs. Ward ?"

"Why, my dear, I don't understand," poor Jack floundered. "You mean that she had separated from her husband ? What is the good of telling those things ?"

"The good !" cried Dorothy. She



raised her voice as she turned upon him. "The good! I went up to her, I simply rushed up to her, I was so delighted to see her. I said, 'Don't you remember me, Mrs. Ward?' And, of course, she said, 'Your face is certainly very familiar.' Then I laughed, I said, 'Of course, you wouldn't, I was a little girl then. But I have never forgotten you. Don't you remember you and Mr. Ward were on your wedding tour, and you were my first love-story?' 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'that dear little girl.' 'And Mr. Ward?' then it occurred to me that he might be dead, though she wasn't wearing black. 'Is he well?' And she answered, as pleasantly as ever, 'Yes, he is well.' Then I rushed madly on, I said, 'Oh, I remember him so well, he was my beau ideal of manhood as you were of womanhood. I have never forgotten that lovely bridal trip of yours, it has always been my ideal—' Somebody was coming up behind, so I finished hastily and, I should say, effectively, 'And do remember me to Mr. Ward, he probably won't remember me. Or perhaps I shall see him myself. Is he here to-night?' And then somebody pushed me on, and she didn't have to answer, and everybody heard every word I said, they must have, and nobody stopped me at all. Oh, how clumsy, how horribly clumsy I have been!"

But Jack laughed. "Why, Dorothy, you silly little girl. Nobody would think of blaming you. You didn't know."

"Oh, you can't comfort me that way. I've been an idiot, and that's all there is to it. I'm too ashamed to ever show myself in public again. I hope I'll never see Mrs. Ward after this. But, oh, Jack," she wiped away her tears with unnecessary violence. "I'm not so selfish as just to think about myself. It isn't only that my pride's hurt; but she looks sad. I know she isn't happy, I don't believe she's stopped loving her husband, and he looked so good, too. They were such a beautiful couple."

"But, my dear, it was a good many years ago."

"Oh, don't say that, I can't bear it." She clasped her little white gloves and looked up at him appealingly. "Is it going to make any difference to you after many years? If I thought it was, I would rather stop caring now. Is love going to

change about that way? Oh, look out! I shall lose my faith in everything. I believed in them all these years; suppose this should make me not believe in you?" Her voice sank to a whisper, but there was tragedy lurking in her eyes.

Jack tried to take her hand, but she kept it about her flowers; his mouth twitched, but his voice was appropriately grave. "Dorothy, dear, it wouldn't make any difference to our love—years—or—anything. But everybody's love is not like ours."

She made a quick little gesture. "Everybody says that. That's what they said, I heard them one day—I was a little pitcher. Oh! I am so sorry for them—for her and him, and I'm sorry for myself, too."

There was a step in the conservatory. Dorothy turned to see the figure of a man passing out at the other door.

"Oh, Jack," Dorothy's voice was a groan. "Do you suppose he heard?"

"Oh, no, indeed, dear;" Jack consoled her easily.

"Did you see who it was? Was it anybody you know?"

Jack hesitated. "I think, dear, it was Mr. Ward."

"Mr. Ward!" Dorothy stared at him with parted lips. "Of course he heard every word. You needn't fib to please me, Jack. Only take me home to my mother, I'm not fit to go about alone. No, please don't touch me; I feel so uncertain about everything." She drew farther away from him and straightened up with a little frown.

"Why, Dorothy, you don't feel uncertain about me?"

"Oh, Jack, I'm afraid I do. You know I warned you once that I was sentimental; I think I must be superstitious, too. Somehow it seems as if I had built my love upon my idea of these two people, and now the foundation's gone."

"But Dorothy, how foolish," Jack remonstrated. "Two people that you knew nothing about."

"It's no use to argue, Jack. I know it's foolish, perfectly silly; but I'm often foolish, very foolish; if you wanted a sensible person you shouldn't have chosen me."

Jack, being an eminently sensible per-

son, here held his peace, and they sat for some moments without speaking, stiff and straight, in opposite corners of the divan. Suddenly Dorothy started.

"I never thought! That man, Mr. Ward, may come back, and he may demand satisfaction from you; thirty paces and pistols, who knows? Let's go."

She rose and walked to the door of the conservatory, with Jack following. Then she discovered that she had dropped her fan, and Jack went back for it. While she was waiting, a gentleman passing through the hall stopped, and giving her a note, asked if she would kindly deliver it to Mrs. Ward.

"Oh, yes, indeed, thank you, you are very kind," Dorothy wildly murmured. She was sure she recognized the straight nose and handsome mustache. As Jack appeared she held out the note, and pointed to the figure retiring down the hall.

"Is that Mr. Ward?"

Jack nodded.

"Then here is the challenge; not for you, for me—to take to Mrs. Ward—to make my humiliation complete. If there are only the same people about that were there when I was introduced, it will be a fitting climax for me to walk up and say, 'Mr. Ward sent you a note.' Take me to Mrs. Ward."

"Nonsense," said Jack, and he took the note from her hand. "I'll give it to her."

"Oh, no, I must;" but despite her protest, Dorothy was so overwrought with the excitement of the evening that she let Jack have his way, and waited wearily in the chair he brought her. He was soon back with the note still in his hand.

"Mrs. Ward has gone up-stairs to the dressing-room. It's too bad, little girl, but I'm afraid you'll have to give it to her yourself!"

Dorothy did not respond to his tender glance; she took the note and rose wearily. "I ought to, anyway, it's my fate. But I should like to go home. Would you see aunt and get the carriage? That is if you don't mind going——"

"Mind!—what a question—anything that you——"

"And if I don't come down in a half

hour, you must raid the dressing-room and carry me off."

In the dressing-room, Dorothy found but few ladies. The blood mounted to her forehead merely to see Mrs. Ward there. She had not the courage to give her the note directly; but in passing the chair from which Mrs. Ward had taken her scarf, she laid the white envelope on a coat-sleeve, then withdrew to the farthest corner of the room. Mrs. Ward came to her wrap and picked up the note. She turned to the mirror with her back to the room and unfolded the paper. Dorothy could see the reflection of her face in the glass; as many years ago, so now, she could not help looking. Beneath the lace drooping over the lady's forehead, she saw the color leave her face. She saw Mrs. Ward put both hands on the table and sway weakly over it. Dorothy took a step forward, but Mrs. Ward had recovered herself. She refolded the note and thrust it into the bosom of her dress. She stood perfectly still for a few moments, then lifted her wrap and mechanically folded it about her. Then as she turned and, with unseeing eyes, went past Dorothy, she was as white as the lace drooping from her hair.

A great pain was in Dorothy's heart. She threw her cape hastily over her shoulders, crammed her fan into her bag and hurried after Mrs. Ward down the broad stairway. She felt guiltily responsible as the figure ahead trembled visibly, and moved with slow, uncertain step. She scarcely saw Jack, who met her in the lower hall.

"We may have to wait a little for the carriage," he said.

"Let's wait outside," and Dorothy pushed on after Mrs. Ward's brown wrap. She did not heed Jack, who walked by her side with a puzzled, injured expression on his face.

As they came out into the vestibule a man stepped from a corner just ahead and Dorothy unconsciously drew a little nearer Jack. The man was Mr. Ward; he stepped to Mrs. Ward's side and bowed. She stopped so abruptly that Dorothy almost trod on her train.

"Shall I call your carriage?" he asked, quietly.

"If you will be so kind, Robert."

Then Dorothy saw a hand go out from the brown wrap, a little uncertainly, but the man's arm was ready and the woman leaned on it as they went on, just ahead of Dorothy and Jack. There was a carriage at the end of the awning and, as they all came nearer, the man in charge shouted, "Twenty-three."

Again Mrs. Ward stopped :

"Do you know I've forgotten my number. There was so much else to think of."

Dorothy drew in her breath with a little sob ; she had seen the look the man gave his wife. "Never mind," he said, "I shall know John."

"Twenty-three," was shouted again, and the large lady of the garnet velvet came down the steps. Dorothy and Jack drew back to let her pass.

"Good-night, Mrs. Ward," she called loudly, "it's very unkind of my carriage to come before—" she was opposite them now, and she saw Mr. Ward ; her mouth dropped open in bewilderment ; the husband and wife faced her quietly, side by side. Mr. Ward lifted his hat and she recovered herself weakly. "Er—er—delighted, I'm sure—er come and see me—Good-night."

Jack had left Dorothy, and she would have drawn back now, but somebody pushed her forward and she could not help hearing Mr. Ward say :

"The world's wife knows it now. You are certain ? Not sorry ?"

"Sorry—Oh, Robert—" that was all Dorothy caught.

"Twenty," was called.

"Isn't that yours ?" asked Mr. Ward, peering forward.

"Oh, yes," answered Mrs. Ward, clearly, "that must be ours."

"Come, Dorothy, ours next." Jack led Dorothy forward and she was still just behind the Wards. She saw Mr. Ward hesitate with his foot on the step of his wife's carriage. "Are you quite sure ?" he asked.

Only one man heard the answer, but that was enough ; he was about to enter the carriage when his wife suddenly reached her hand out of the door, past him :

"Why, there's my dear little girl," she cried. "Here's my card, dear, Mr. Ward and I will be so happy to see you."

Mr. Ward passed the card to Dorothy with a smile, then the door snapped behind him and they were gone. Dorothy was in a dazed state ; she never knew just how she got into her own carriage. She sat still for some time, wiping her eyes ; when she spoke her voice was soft and broken : "Oh, Jack, isn't it beautiful ; aren't you glad ?"

"About Mr. and Mrs. Ward, you mean ? Yes, dear, I am. Everybody said it was a great shame when they separated. I guess it's all right now."

"All right ! Of course it's all right. You see they always loved each other. Oh, I'm so happy ! I feel as if I could be more sure of our own love now."

He looked at her and smiled. "I only need you to make me sure of that."

"You don't understand what it means to me—you don't understand——"

"I think I do, dear," he said, gravely ; he wished she wouldn't keep her hands so busy with her roses. "They are a very fine couple and I am glad that two more people are going to be happy——"

"But it doesn't mean simply two more people to me, dear. It means my faith in the eternity of love and the marriage of souls, and truth and honor and—everything——"

Then suddenly she turned on him and smiled. "But it does mean something to have two more people happy, of course. In fact, just two happy people mean a good deal to me." And she laid her gloved hand on his as she thrust between his fingers the cool, green stem of a pink rose.



# THE POINT OF VIEW

IT is the fashion to speak of this as the degenerate age of poetry, and to say that nothing in the way of verse written to-day is worthy of serious consideration. The large part that is absolutely unintelligible to intelligent people is properly denounced for its obscurity, even when it is faultless in the matter of rhyme and rhythm.

A Plea for  
Better Street-  
Car Poetry.

On the other hand, much verse that is as clear as spring water as regards meaning, is scoffed at by critical persons, as necessarily lacking the depth and profundity which they claim to be inseparable from genuine poetry. To them, also, much verse, excellent in technique, seems on that account a mere machine product; while much that defies all the laws of prosody commends itself to these connoisseurs as of the rugged sort that may ultimately defy the teeth of time.

If defective versification be a real foundation of enduring poetry, beyond doubt the rhymes that set forth the virtues of all sorts of things on street-car panels are likely to become immortal. It may not be going too far to say that these couplets and quatrains are worse in quality than are some of the various things they apostrophize. Now it must occur to the average reader that if these verses are worth doing at all they are worth doing well; and, furthermore, there is no way of calculating the good that might be done if the standard of excellence should be raised to the top notch. That it would be of educational value there can be little or no doubt, as people from perusing would take to liking poetry of a higher order; until these commercial productions would become veritable stepping-stones to a complete understanding and appreciation of singers of the deep note, and would undoubtedly create a demand for the genuine article. Such a salutary effect might be produced on the open song market that the poet accustomed to smiting the harp in honor of canned beans and soap, might abandon this distasteful kind of work and soar into the higher and more rarefied realm of art, in which the passions are, so to speak, sifted and handled with or without gloves as the case demands.

I have been told by one of these advertising laureates that much of the bad rhyme

and rhythm peculiar to street-car poetry may be attributed to the fact that the *métier* of the poet is always made subservient to certain conditions exacted by the subject; or rather by the purveyor of the wares, who makes it imperative that labels and trade-marks be rung into the verse, even if nothing will rhyme with them and they are so lacking in euphony that they will not fit into any kind of metre. Transpositions such as Magee's Dog Soap into Magee's Soap for Dogs are not tolerated. It must be Magee's Dog Soap, and these magic words must be the last words of the last line. And the lines must be short and of a sing-song character to fit the car panel and at the same time the mind of the reader. It would be very different if the poet were allowed full scope, for then he would not lift up his voice and harp and sing:

The poodle's happy all the day,  
He romps and jumps and frisks in play  
And rolls along the grassy slope  
Because he has just been washed with  
Magee's Antiseptic Dog Soap.

The merchant hand is plainly visible in the last line, where Utility stepped in and edited Poesy in the interest of the Business. Now if the poet could have had his own way in the matter, and had not been denied space—in other words, if he could have had unlimited swing to do his best, he might have done himself, his employer, and the soap justice in a good Gallic form, with the commodity and its title for a refrain or burden:

Magee's Dog Soap is quite the thing,  
To make the collie lope and spring  
Along the green from dawn till dark  
As lively as the happy lark  
In morning's golden dingaling.  
It makes all ailments from him wing  
Until he trips the Highland fling  
And barks this eulogistic bark:  
"Magee's Dog Soap!"

Oh see him prance, oh hear him sing,  
Until he makes the welkin ring  
With antiseptic rapture: "Mark  
My skipfulness o'er pave and park—  
What makes me of all joy the king?  
Magee's Dog Soap."

It will be seen here also that the commodity advertised is mentioned not only at the end of the poem but also at the beginning and in the middle; which should, of

course, fill the manufacturer's cup of joy to the very brim. It will further be observed by the student of affairs that the testimonial is not from an emotional actress who uses a blood-hound in her great play, or from the manager of a fighting dog, but from the mouth of the very dog himself.

It must ever be a shame, also, that the verses in these flying cars are not on an artistic level with the illustrations, which, whether mediævally grotesque or soulfully impressionistic, are always interesting examples of the schools they represent, and never fail to appeal pleasantly even to the people who are jarred by the lines that accompany them. Such a combination, and it is not by any means uncommon, is enough to make people of ordinary intelligence shun poetry. I raise the voice of protest against the method employed in the celebration, for instance, of the charms of So and So's Pickles, which is usually something like this :

So and So's Pickles with a raw  
Oyster would make you want some more.  
East or West they are the best  
For to glorify a feast.

No one would be apt to remember this. What is required is a jingle that fascinates and holds captive him that has read it but once, until he thinks and walks to its rhythm and words which may not be cast off. Something in this manner, which is but a feeble embodiment of the idea I have conjured up but cannot fully set forth, might be :

Oh So and So's Pickles  
Are always the best ;  
Who pours out his nickels  
For So and So's Pickles  
With happiness trickles  
North, East, South, and West ;  
For So and So's Pickles  
Are always the best.

It will be noticed that in the foregoing triplet the thing advertised is mentioned three times, and in such a way that the reader is, so to speak, hit by a pickle-thought no matter which way he turns. If a verse could thus sell the article for which it stands on its merits as a verse, without reference to the merits of the commodity, the salutary effect on the poetry market would be such as to stimulate the singer to serious and supreme effort.

It is humbly suggested that classic forms also be employed in the interests of this good work. The Tuscan form of the sonnet as used by Petrarch and Tasso is one whose

general beauty cannot be denied. It is stately and dignified, and to understand and appreciate it is to be in touch with poetry as known by the masters. Now, for instance, would not the following prove restful and soothing to the homing plumber at night :

See yonder bride, a vision of delight,  
Beneath the picture of a blooming tree,  
Beside the margin of the turquoise sea,  
Watching the blue gull in its circling flight.

He that imagines he can read aright  
Her airy thoughts and solve the mystery  
Of all her joy would never, never be  
A bit the wiser if from morn till night

He should mark well those features that betray  
No inkling of the golden vision that  
Illumes her spirit as she gently nods  
And sings : " I furnished all complete to-day,  
For ten per moon, our love-nest of a flat,  
At Garrison's Golconda of the Gods."

The names of the poets should, of course, be attached to their verses, so that they might divide the honors and the felicities of the advertisement with the commodity whose praises they have so melodiously hymned. Publishers would then be seen on the cars reading the metrical efforts of rising young men with a view to securing names that might be heralded as "promises" and "messages." Then the purveyor's gravest responsibility would be to keep his catsup up to the level of excellence of the verses of his laureate. Then the advertising of poetry and the poetry of advertising would go hand in hand, dancing in the dawn of a new era, two light and airy nymphs with diaphanous flowing draperies and hair, across the sun-kissed slopes of the Helicon of Business, where the English breakfast bacon curls up like the tiger lily and the yeast cake that rises but never sets pours forth its chastened spirit on the languid air ; then, too, the poet will feel that art for art's sake is the stepping-stone to real greatness, and that no subject should be slighted ; that he that writes in numbers should put his best efforts as well as his heart into his work, whether it be a Sonnet to the Sphinx or a Sonnet to the Sausage. The higher themes, of course, will still have his preference. On articles of food or dress he can hardly be expected to expend more than the briefer forms of verse already instanced ; but on the more congenial topics of domestic bliss, the pastoral life, etc., why should he not try longer flights?—as the *ballade à double refrain* in this sort of thing

for the Paradise-Tempe, N. J., Real Estate Co. :

Away with tenement and flat,  
 Away with flat and tenement  
 In which you cannot swing a cat—  
 Oh why, oh why, oh why pay rent ?  
 Be on your future welfare bent ;  
 For clay or mud or sand or loam  
 Keep all your surplus cash unspent—  
 Oh buy a lot, and own a home.

Cast off the awful rat-a-tat  
 Of Bedlam in the city pent,  
 Doff to no janitor your hat—  
 Oh why, oh why, oh why pay rent ?  
 Go seek the hills all redolent  
 Of bloom whereon, with fay and gnome,  
 Titania would pitch her tent—  
 Oh buy a lot, and own a home.

Desert the landlord sleek and fat—  
 The octopus and despot blent,  
 Who walks on you as on a mat—  
 Oh why, oh why, oh why pay rent ?  
 Fly to the vale that blossoms scent,  
 Where through green fields bright runnels  
     roam  
 And bumble-bees are eloquent  
 Oh buy a lot and own a home.

#### ENVOI

Oh, slave, one word your weal anent :  
 Oh why, oh why, oh why pay rent ?  
 This husk paste in your mental dome,  
 Oh buy a lot and own a home.

THE abiding disposition of human nature to suppose that other people's shoes cannot possibly pinch in so many places as one's own, is shown afresh just now in the increasing hesitancy which many men show in recommending to beginners—notably beginners in whom they have peculiar interest

Hereditary  
 Callings. —the occupation in which their own life-experience has been gained.

The personal knowledge that they have of the rough places in the enclosure makes them wish their sons and daughters to choose another field in which the walking looks (from the outside) to be smoother. Huxley's comment to a younger friend who had resolved to walk in the field of scientific investigation—that he would get little money and much abuse, but that when he had grown as old as Huxley himself he would have learned not to be much concerned about either—was of a tone and temper that few men to-day seem willing to risk or emulate. If the son of the military or naval man, or of the student, follows in his father's footsteps, it is because the son wishes it much more often than because the parent urges. The men to whom such careers strongly appeal as the most de-

sirable are oftener those who have fought their own way up through the eddies of commerce. The soldier and professor, contrariwise, are bound to have become so often aware of the advantages of a successful business career that they hesitate. In fact, we try so hard to get the maximum out of life in all fashions in these days that we are like fever patients turning on a hard bed, and always thinking that the other side will be more comfortable.

What we gain in general efficiency, in elasticity of opportunity, by this universal and restless striving and experimenting, everyone knows. It is a serious question, though, whether the practical extinction of hereditary callings does not retard particular efficiency in certain definite directions, so gravely as to make the appearance of transcendent ability rarer than it might be. The average qualities find a fairer field, and the ordinary energy is intensified, through changes of occupation. But the extraordinary achievements are prepared, cumulatively, by the efforts of preceding generations working along the same paths. If this be not proved by many examples as stupendous as that of the Bachs, musicians—great and small, root and branch—for something like three hundred years, and bringing forth, at their climax, the gigantic figure of Sebastian Bach, it is, nevertheless, sufficiently attested that consummate capacity is, in any family, built up slowly. There have been exceptions, but if it were possible to disentangle all the remote threads of ancestry we should probably discover that they are even less numerous than appears.

It takes so long to attain to mastery in any one calling, and a man is usually so near his death when he has it, that the proper economy of human effort and the quickest rise of the race in supreme efficiency would seem to be best secured if the disciple could always take up the work just where it had been dropped. We know that Nature does not so order things. The disciple is born with the desire to go through all the steps of evolution for himself. Every man wants his own experience. Everything inclines at this stage of the world to the dissolving of the idea of obligatory, inherited professions, trades, crafts, and arts. Yet one harks back inevitably to the questions: Would not a greater percentage of perpetuated callings better promote the highest type of ability? Shall we not always have to encourage some inheritance of vocation as a forcing-house for genius?



# THE FIELD OF ART

## SYMBOLISM AND THE MEMORY OF RUSKIN

VISITORS to Coniston in the summer of 1901 found, in the little churchyard where John Ruskin's body was laid, a memorial stone at once striking and in excellent taste. It is in a form suggestive of an Iona cross, nine feet high, gray-green in color, and covered over with symbols of his life and work, much like the runic characters on those curious stones in Iona. The side of the shaft looking eastward and facing the grave (Fig. 1) has at the base a laurel-crowned figure with a lyre, typical of his early poems and the "Poetry of Architecture." Just above is the simple inscription "John Ruskin, 1819-1900," surrounded by interlaced work. On the middle space of this face is the seated figure of an artist sketching. In the background are pines, the outline of Mont Blanc, and the rays of the rising sun, repeating the device on his first great work, "Modern Painters." Two symbols occupy the remaining space, one the winged lion of St. Mark, recalling "The Stones of Venice," and the other the seven-branched candlestick of the tabernacle, representing his "Seven Lamps of Architecture."

The west side of the shaft (Fig. 2) looking up toward Coniston Old Man, his most familiar view and constant delight, is a happy conception of Mr. Ruskin's social and ethical teaching. Three figures at the bottom illustrate the workmen in the vineyard receiving each his penny from the master, the whole signifying the thought of "Unto This Last." Immediately above is a mingled design of "Sesame and Lilies." The middle space is filled by the Angel of Fate holding the club, key, and nail, and suggesting "Fors Clavigera." "The Crown of Wild Olive" is readily discernible next, and at the top is St. George and the Dragon.

The narrower face toward the south (Fig. 3; view from S. W.) has a combined design of Ruskin's favorite blossom, the wild-rose, with the animals of which he wrote familiarly—the squirrel, the robin and the kingfisher—signifying his love of nature. On the opposite edge is a simple interlaced pattern. The whole is surmounted by a cross of four equal



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

arms. On one side this bears a globe, symbolizing the Sun of Righteousness, and on the other the fylfot, or revolving cross, the emblem of eternity. The whole conception

is peculiarly fitting as a monument for the great teacher who found in nature so many symbols of our human life and interpreted them so fully in the purest English. To the designer, Mr. W. G. Collingwood, much gratitude is due from all Ruskin-lovers for what he has been able to express in this unique and befitting memorial—unique, in that no man of wide reputation in letters has a like memorial; and befitting, in that it suggests the man of complex individuality to whom symbolism was at once a means of expression and a rich field for appreciative interpretation. Here appear, each in its appropriate figure, nature, art, ethics, and divine truth, subjects which he illumined with so fertile and facile a pen.

In the rear of the churchyard, side by side with the crosses over the graves of the three Misses Beever, to whom John Ruskin wrote the letters of *Hortus Inclusus*, stands the stone described. Above it are the sighing branches of the pines, and close at hand the noisy waters of the church beck.

J. G. RIGGS.

Symbology will never cease to be attractive, at least among people of that peculiar mixed blood which is a part of the inheritance of Great Britain. In modern designs, however, the use of symbols is a task beset with difficulties; for we are not quite unconscious enough to accept them frankly. In the case before us there was a good opportunity, for Ruskin himself was full of the spirit in which symbols were first designed or appropriated, and his work, with its picturesque handling, impressive single sentences, and romantic titles, supplies or suggests emblematic devices in abundance. "The Lion of St. Mark" and the "Crown of Wild Olive," the "Wreath of Sesame and Lilies" and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," are immediately suggested by the titles or the subjects of his well-known books; and in this connection the cut, Fig. 4 of the present article may be studied, for there is seen a setting-forth in picture of the title "Seven Lamps of Architecture" in a way more emphatic and more original than that used on the monument. Seven cressets of wrought and hammered iron, in a modification of four-

teenth-century design, crown seven forked merlons of the shape well known as forming the battlements of those North Italian cities which Ruskin loved so dearly; and each of these merlons carries the title of one of the seven chapters—the name of one of the Seven Lamps. Then on each side of the Coniston cross, the central and largest oval deals with something beyond the mere title of a book, and so does the lowest compartment on each side. Indeed, the western side must be thought to bear especial reference to the cherished work of Ruskin's later years, the Guild of St. George.

The designer in emblems and all that belongs to them is, indeed, hampered by the critical spirit; for, when the artist carves a fylfot, as here upon the disk which forms the centre of the cross, and below on the other side where another such figure separates the two dates of Ruskin's earthly career, he assumes that this familiar emblem stands for eternity, as, indeed, Mr. Riggs has stated; while yet there is not sufficient warrant for assuming that the fylfot means that any more than another unexplained and inexplicable thing of interest to man. It was used by ancient vase-painters of a time previous to Greek civilization, it is common in the decoration of the Far Orient, its origin is unknown, except as it is an easy thing for primitive man to draw, coming next after a simple +, and the significance of its common name is disputed; while its meaning is that which the lover of mystical thought chooses to give to it. On the whole, it is fortunate that there were in this case allusive designs in abundance of less uncertain meaning. Nothing could be more natural than the making of the Seven Lamps into a seven-branched candlestick, and, indeed, this, although a familiar type and one already used to denote the book in question, is a better emblem, if that alone be considered, than the seven cressets of the piece of bookbinding shown in Fig. 4. For the cressets, as signals of war and signs of tumult, are less appropriate to the book and its author than the steady-burning lamps of Biblical association.

The conclusion seems to be that the designer had a fortunate subject for treatment in a poetical, indirect, and allusive way, and



Fig. 3.

that he has done well what he had to do. The choice of knotted and interwoven designs, like the selection of the upright stone cross—such a monument as we find by





Fig. 4.—Binding by Amilia Ars, of Bologna, for Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture."

scores in Ireland and Scotland, although in one familiar respect (the cross itself without a bounding circle) this adopts a less familiar type—is merely national and local and perfectly in keeping with the use of the symbols enclosed by its scrolls. Indeed, the artist has been harassed in one way only, and that is the necessity of keeping his relief low, and not merely low, but flat-topped. He could not give it that subtle rounding which the bas-relief upon a medal, for instance, may receive, for that would have been to produce a system of decoration altogether foreign to the type of monument selected.

In one respect at least the lovers of Ruskin's work should be gratified by the type se-

lected for this monument and the way in which it is used. It was so very possible that a large fund should be raised and a showy and costly monument erected; and yet that would have been so probably inferior as a work of art or as a suitable memorial to the standing stone before us. A well-recognized Christian symbol, in one of its forms most familiar to the inhabitants of the region where it stands, and decorated in a style at once consistent with the form and character of the monument and expressive of the work of the man whose life is here commemorated, is certainly an achievement in memorial architecture fortunate almost beyond experience.

R. S.





WE WALKED OUT TO THE WOODS.

"Captain Mackin," "The Captain"



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## THE GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN

### NIGHT-SEINING AND WINTER TRAWLING

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. J. BURNS

#### NIGHT-SEINING

WE were one of a fleet of Gloucester seiners, cruising lazily in the twilight of a soft September evening off the Cape Cod shore. Out toward where the shoals of Middle Bank should lie, crescent moon, brick red in the reflected after-glow of a setting summer sun, had sunk a segment behind the edge of a gently rippling sea. Around and about us the sails of our consorts were fading into the settling dark, red and green side-lights were beginning to take point, and the first whisperings of the awakening night-breeze were bursting softly from the bubbles in our wake.

Down in the fo'c's'le of our schooner the forward gang were engaged in the usual diversions of seiners at leisure. Four

were playing whist at the table under the lamp; two were lying half in and half out of opposite upper bunks, striving to get more of the light on the pages of their books; one, in a lower bunk nearer the peak, was humming something sentimental, and two were in a knot on the lockers, arguing fiercely over nothing in particular. Only the cook, just done with mixing bread, seemed to have had any serious object in life, and he was now standing by the galley fire, rolling the dough off his fingers, plainly with a desire to rest from his labors.

Down the companion-way and into the thick of this dropped the skipper. "I think," said the skipper, as his boot-heels hit the floor, "I'll have a mug-up." From the boiler on the galley-stove he poured

out a mug of coffee, and from the grub-locker he took a thin slice of bread and two thick slices of cold beef. He buried the bread among the beef and leaned against the foremast while he ate.

In heavy jack-boots and summer sou'wester, with a black jersey of fine quality sticking up above the neck of his oil-jacket, with a face that won you at sight; cheeks a uniform pink; damp, storm-beaten, and healthful; with mouth, eyes, and jaw bespeaking humor, sympathy, and courage; shoulders that seemed made for butting to windward—an attractive, inspiring, magnetic man altogether—the skipper, holding the mug of coffee in one hand and the sandwich of bread and meat in the other, leaned easily up against the butt of the foremast, and, between gulps and bites, took notice of his crew.

"Give me," he said genially to the cook, as the proper man for an audience, "a seiner's crew for elegant gentlemen of leisure. Look at 'em now—you'd think they were all near-sighted, with their cards up to their chins. And above them, look—Kipling to starboard, and the Duchess to port. Mulvaney, I'll bet, filled full of whiskey and keeping the heathen on the jump, and Airy Fairy Lillian, or some other daisy with winnin' ways, disturbin' the peace of mind of half a dozen dukes. Mulvaney's all right, but the Duchess! They'll be taking them kind of books to the masthead next. What d'y s'pose I found back aft the other day? What d'y s'pose? I'll bet you'd never guess. No, no. Well, it was 'He Loved, but was Lured Away.' Yes. Ain't that fine stuff for a fisherman to be feedin' on? And who d'y s'pose owned it but the Cape Island lad. Yes, sir. It was down where he came from—Cape Island, they say—that they once rigged side-lights on the lame horse and walked him around a haystack, and the cattle steamers out of Port-

land, thinking they was a little too much off-shore, used to come in closer. Yes, sir; they never have to buy any beef on Cape Island—nor coal, no. 'Well, who owns this?' says I, picking up the lured-away lad. 'Nobody,' speaks up the Cape Island boy. 'Are you sure?' I asks him. 'Sure,' says he. 'Well, then,' I said, 'over the rail he goes—being nobody's, nobody c'n kick.' And over he went, with Violet Vance and Wilful Winnie, and they floats off in a bunch to the east'ard, with maybe

Winnie a foot to loo'ard.

"Violet Vance," went on the skipper, reminiscently, "Violet Vance and Wilful Winnie, and a whole holdful of airy creatures, couldn't help a fisherman when there's anything stirrin'. I waded through a whole bunch of 'em once"—he reached over and took a wedge of pie from the grub-locker—

"I went through a whole bunch of 'em once—pretty good pie this, cook, though gen'rally them artificial apples that swings on strings ain't in it with the natural tree apples for pie—once when we was layin' to somewhere to the s'uth'ard of Sable Island, in a blow and a thick fog—fresh halibuting—and right in the way of the liners. And I expect I was goin' 'round the deck in my watch like a man asleep, because the skipper comes up and begins to call me down good and hard. It was my first trip with him, and I was a young lad. 'Young fellow,' says the skipper, Matt Dawson—this was in the Lorelei—'young fellow,' says Matt, 'you look tired. Let me call up the crew and swing a hammock for you, from the fore-rigging to the jumbo boom. How'll that do for you? When the jumbo slats it'll keep the hammock rockin'. Let me,' he says. 'Perhaps,' he goes on, 'you wouldn't mind wakin' up long enough to give that music-box a turn or two every now and then while the fog lasts.' We had a patent horn aboard, the first I ever



The Cook.



Sailing. "Can't be sure yet, but things look all right so far!"—Page 396.  
(Pursing up the seine.)

*Drawn by M. J. Burns.*



saw, and I'd clear forgot it—warn't used to patent horns.

"However, I s'pose when there's nothin' doin' there's no very great harm. But we'll try to get it out of your heads for to-night. Four days now and only fifty barrels in the hold. But, praise the Lord,



Trawling—Looking for a Lost Dory.

the moon's well down by this time and its looking black already and the sea ought to fire up fine later on. And there's a nice little breeze beginning to stir. If any of you are thinking of getting in a kink of sleep then you'd better turn in now, for you're liable to be out afore a great while. I'm going aloft."

The skipper climbed up the companion-way. Then followed the scraping of his boot-heels across the deck. A minute later, had anybody cared to go up and hunt, he would have been discovered astraddle the highest block above the fore-gaff, watching out sharply for the

lights of the many other vessels about him, but more particularly straining his eyes for the phosphorescent trails of mackerel.

The men below knew their skipper too well to imagine that they were to be long left in peace. And then, too, the very first man off watch reported a proper night for mackerel. "Not a blessed star out—and black! It's like digging a hole in the ground and looking into it. And the skipper's getting nervous, I know. I could hear him stirring 'round up there when I was for'ard just now, and he holered to the wheel that up to the nor'ard it looked like jibs down and to hold her up. 'Torches burnin',' he said. And I calculate we ain't the only vessel got eyes for it—it's nothin' but side-lights all 'round and some of us'd do well to get into oil-skins."

Fore and aft, in cabin and fo'c's'le, the men made ready. They put away cards, novels, and acrimonious discussions, had a mug-up all, slid into oil-clothes, boots, and sou'-westers, and then, puffing at a last pipeful, they lay around on lockers and on the floor, backs to the butt of the mast and backs to the stove: wherever there was space for a broad back and a pair of stout legs they dropped themselves, discussing all the while the things that interest virile men—fish, fishing, gales, skippers, fast vessels, big

shares, South Africa, China, the Philippines, Bob Fitzsimmons, Carrie Nation, and the awful price of real estate in Gloucester.

By and by, ringing as clearly as if the man himself stood at the companion-way, came the skipper's voice from the mast-head: "On deck everybody." Stopped was all discussion, pipes were smothered in flannel bosoms, and up the companion-way crowded oil-skins and jack-boots.

Then came: "It looks like vessels toward the Maine shore dressing down. Haul the boat alongside and drop the dory over."



Seining—Red and green lights were beginning to take point.—Page 387.

The men jumped. Four laid hands on the dory in the waist and ten or a dozen heaved away on the stiff painter of the seine-boat that was towing astern. Into the air and over the starboard rail went the dory, while ploughing up to the vessel's boom at the port fore-rigging came the bow of the seine-boat.

Followed then: "Put the tops'ls to her. Sharp now."

The halliards could be heard whirring through the blocks aloft, while two bunches of men sagged and lifted on deck below. Among them it was: "Now then, o-ho—sway away, good," until top-sails were flat as boards and the schooner, close-hauled, had heeled to her scuppers.

"Slap the stays'l to her and up with the balloon. Half the fleet's driving to the no'th'ard. Lively."

She liked that rarely. With the seventy-odd foot main-boom sheeted in to her rail, with the thirty-three-foot spike bowsprit poking a lane in the sea when she dove and picking a path among the stars when she lifted, with her midship rail all but flush with the sea and the night-breeze to sing to her—of course she liked it, and she showed her liking. She'd tear herself apart now before she'd let any other

creature by. And red and green lights were racing to both quarters of her.

"Into the boat and drop astern. Drop astern boat and dory." It is the master's voice again, and fifteen men go over the rail at the word. Two drop into the dory and thirteen leap from the vessel's rail onto thwarts or netting or into the bottom of the seine-boat—anywhere at all so they get in quickly. The extra hand on deck stands by to pay out the painter, and then into the schooner's boiling wake they go, the thirty-eight-foot seine-boat hardly a dozen fathoms astern, and the little dory just astern of her again. The two men in the dory fend off desperately as they slide by the boat.

On the deck of the vessel now are only the cook, who has the wheel, and the extra hand, who is to stand by the headsheets. There will be stirring scenes soon, for occasional flashes of light, denoting small "pods" of mackerel, may be discerned on the surface of the sea. Our skipper, we know, is noting these indications, and with them a multiplicity of other things. At the mast-heads of other vessels out in the night are rival skippers, all with skill and nerve and a great will to get fish.

Our vessel may be making from ten to eleven knots now, and the painter of the seine-boat chafes and groans with every jerk in the taffrail chock. The men in the boat call for more line. "Slack away a bit, cook—slack away. We're not porpoises. She's half buried every jump, and every blessed sou'wester aboard bailin' out. And the dory might's well be hove-down altogether. Here's Sam climbed aboard us from the dory—says both of 'em couldn't live in her. Slack away for the Lord's sake, cook—that line's too short."

The cook is about to help them out, but the skipper breaks in :

"Swing her off about two points, ease your main sheet and keep an eye on that light to loo'ard. Off, off—that's good—hold her. For'ard there, slack stays'l and then foretops'l halliards. Be ready to let go balloon halliards and stand by down-haul. Look alive."

Without leaving the wheel the cook paid out some sheet from the bitt by the wheel-box and then unbuttoned the after staysail tack. Forward, the spare hand hoisted up halliards until her kites dropped limp.

"Down with your balloon there for'ard—and at the wheel there, jibe her over. Watch out for that fellow astern—he's pretty handy to our boat. Watch out in boat and dory." The last warning was a roar.

The big gossamer came rattling down the long stay and the jaws of booms ratched, fore and main, as they swung over. From astern came the voices of the men in boat and dory, warning each other to hang on when they felt her jibbing. Some of them must have come near to being jerked overboard. "Why in God's name, cook, don't you slack that painter?" came in the voice of the big seine-heaver.

"'Tain't wuth while now—in a minute now you'll be cast off," called back the cook.

"Draw away your jib—draw away your jumbo," came from aloft. Sheets are barely fast again when it is :

"Steady at the wheel—steady her, cook, ste-a-dy—Great God ! man, if you can't see, can't you feel that fellow just ahead ? Close your jaws astern there and mind

me—water won't hurt you. Ready all !" roared the skipper.

"Ready all !" roared back the seine-heaver.

"All right. Down with your wheel a bit now, cook. Down—more yet. Hold her there."

The vessels that we had dodged by this bit of luffing were now dropping by us ; one red light was slowly sliding past our quarter to port and one green shooting past our bow to starboard. Evidently our skipper had been only waiting to work clear of these two neighbors, for there was plenty of fish in sight now. The sea was flashing with trails of them. Our skipper now begins to bite out his commands.

"Stand ready everybody. In the boat and dory there—is everything ready, Pat?"

"All ready—boat and dory."

Out came his orders—rapid fire—and as he ripped them out, no whistling wind could smother his voice, no swash of the sea drown it. In boat, dory, and on deck, every brain glowed to understand, and every heart pumped to obey.

"Up with your wheel, cook, and let her swing off. Ste-a-dy. Ready in the boat. Steady your wheel. Are you ready in the boat? Let her swing off a little more, cook. Steady—hold her there. Stand by in the boat. Now then, now ! Cast off your painter, cast off and pull to the west'ard, Pat. To the west'ard—to wind'ard, Pat. And drive her ! Down with the wheel, more yet—that's good. Drive her, I say, Pat. Where's that dory? I don't see the dory. The dory, the dory—where in hell's that dory—show that lantern in the dory ! All right the dory. Hold her up, cook—don't let her swing off an inch now. Drive her, boys, drive her ! Look out now ! Stand by the seine, Pat. Stand by—now—now ! Over with the seine, over with it. Give her the twine—the twine, do your hear !—the twine ! Drive her—drive her—Blessed Lord, drive her. That's the boy, Pat—drive her ! Let her come up, cook. Down with your wheel—down with your wheel—ste-a-dy. Drive her, Pat, drive her ! Turn in now—in—in—shorter yet. Drive her now !—where's that dory !—Hold her up—not you, cook—you're all right—ste-a-dy. Hold that





Trawling.

The dory mate is in the wist, reeling and rebaiting the trawl.

*Drawn by M. T. Rogers.*

dory up to the wind !—that's it, boys—you're all right—straight ahead now ! That's the boy, Pat. Turn her in now again, Pat—in the dory there !—show your lantern in the dory and be ready for the seine-boat. Good enough, boys. Now cover your lantern in the dory and haul away when you're ready."

into it—and their wake alive with smoke and fire to tell them they were moving ! Fancy the flatness of regattas in smooth creeks beside that !

It is in the middle of a black night out on the Atlantic, this—and the big seine-heaver is throwing the seine over the side in great armfuls. And there



Trawling—Looking at the "bottom" brought up by the lead.

To have experienced the strain and drive of that rush, to have held an oar in the boat during that and to have shared with them in the confidence they gathered—theirs was a skipper who knew his business—and the soul that rang in his voice !—why, merely to have stood on deck and listened to it—it was like living.

During this dash neither boat nor dory was to be made out from deck, but the splashes of light raised by the oars at every stroke were plainly to be seen in that phosphorescent sea. Certainly they were making that boat hop along—ten good men, with every man a long broad blade, and double-banked, so that every man might encourage his mate and be himself spurred on by desperate effort. Legs, arms, shoulders, back—all went

is the little dory tossing behind, gamely trying to keep up ! Doubtless they were glad enough in the dory to get hold of the buoy, and doubtless, too, there was some lively action aboard of her when the skipper called so fiercely to them to hold her up to the wind, so that the efforts of the crew of the seine-boat, racing to get their ten or twelve hundred foot fence around the flying school, might not go for naught.

With his "Haul away now when you're ready," the skipper came down from aloft. He was sliding down, evidently, by way of the jib halliards, for there was the sound of a chafing whiz that could be nothing else than the friction of oil-skins against taut manila rope ; a sudden check, as of a block met on the way ; an impatient, soft



Trawling—The gunnels of their loaded dories almost flush with the sea.—Page 406.

little, forgivable oath, and then a plump ! that meant that he must have dropped the last twelve or fifteen feet to the deck. Immediately came the scurry of his boot-heels as he hurried aft, and in another moment he stood in the glow of the binnacle light. Reaching back toward the shadow of the cook, but never turning his head from that spot out in the dark where he had last seen the boat, he signified his intention of taking the wheel.

"All right, cook, I've got you. My soul, but that's a raft of fish if they got 'em, and I think they have. Did you see that boat ahead we near ran into—the last time we put the wheel down ? Man, but for a second I thought they were gone. I hope no blessed vessel comes as close to our fellows. And they were so busy rowing and heaving twine, they never saw us, and myself nearly cross-eyed trying to watch them and our own boat and the fish all at once. Go below, cook, she's

all right now. Tell the lad for'ard to go below, too, and have a mug-up for himself—he must be soaked through taking the swash that must have been coming over her bows for the last hour. But tell him to come right up so 's to keep a watch out ahead."

The skipper himself stood to the wheel with his head ever turned over one shoulder, until he saw the flare of a torch from the seine-boat. "Good !" he exclaimed. "What there is is safe now, anyway."

Thereafter his work was easy. He had only to dodge the lights of other vessels now, the old red and green lights that had been his neighbors all that evening, and a few new yellow flares from other seine-boats. So his keen eyes ranged the blackness, and in rings around his own seine-boat he sailed his vessel. That his crew were an unusually long time pursing up only gave him satisfaction. "A jeesly big school, if they got it all," he mur-



Trawling—Over a "gurdy" in the bow one man hauls the stubborn line.—Page 406.





Cutting frozen herring and baiting trawls.

mured, "a jeesly school of 'em." And after a pause, "I think I'll stand down and have a look."

He ran down, luffed, and hailed "What's it look like, Pat?"

From the row of figures that were seen to be crowding gunwale and thwarts and hauling on the seine, one huge shadow straightened up beside a smoky torch and spoke.

"Can't be sure yet, but things look all right so far. A nice little school if we don't lose 'em."

"Well, don't lose 'em. You've got 'em fast enough now. I c'n hear 'em flippin' inside the corks as nach'l as can be. Hurry 'em, boys, it's getting along in the night."

The skipper, very well satisfied, stood away again, and continued to sail triangles around boat and dory. Being now clear of the greater part of a commander's mental strain his spirits began to lighten. Merely by way of being sociable with himself he hummed old ditties. He was possessed of the average fisherman's weakness for anything humorous. There was that about the old coaster, the Eliza Jane. He liked that and he danced an irregular one-footed jig-step by the wheel box as he bumped it out:

Oh, the 'Liza Jane with a blue foremast  
And a load of hay came drifting past,  
Her skipper stood aft and he says, "How do!  
We're the 'Liza Jane and who be you?"

He stood by the wheel and he says, "How do!"  
We're from Bangor, Maine, from where be you?"

The 'Liza Jane got a new main truck—  
A darn fine thing, but wouldn't stay stuck.  
Came a breeze one day from the no'no'west  
And the gosh darned truck came down with the  
rest.

Oh, hi-diddle-di, a breeze from the west:  
Who'd think the truck wouldn't stuck with the  
rest?

Oh, the 'Liza Jane left her wharf one day,  
A fine flood tide and the day Friday,  
But the darned old tide sent her bow askew  
And the 'Liza Jane began for to slew.

Oh, hi-diddle-di, she'd a-fairly flew,  
If she only could sail the other end to.

Oh, the 'Liza Jane left port one day,  
With her hold full of squash and her deck all hay.  
Two years back with her sails all set  
She put from Bath—she's sailing yet.

Oh, hi-diddle-di, for a good old craft  
She'd a-sailed very well with her bow on aft.

There was a long story to the Eliza Jane, but the skipper did not finish it. Possibly he felt that it was not entirely in harmony with this lowering sky or that flashing sea. Possibly, too, in the waters that boomed and the wake that smoked was the inspiration for something more stirring. At any rate, he began, in a voice that carried far, an old war ballad:



Heaving the Trawl.

'Twas the eighth day of May about ten in the morning,

The sky it was clear and bright shone the sun,  
The hail of the Britisher sounded a warning  
For every brave seaman to stand by his gun.

That was the preliminary, and the skipper delighted to dwell upon it. And after it :

'Twas then spoke our captain with brave resolution,  
Saying: " Boys, at this monster do not be dismayed.

We've sworn to defend our beloved Constitution  
And to die for our country we are not afraid."

Then the fight began. And you would think the skipper was in it, except only that now and then he would halt to see how they were getting on in the seine-boat. He laid every mast and yard over the side of her, he made her decks run with blood, and at the last, in a noble effort, he caused her to strike her flag.

By the time he had finished it happened that the skipper was running be-

fore the wind, and, going so, it was very quiet aboard the vessel. There was none of the close-hauled wash through her scuppers, nor was there much play of wind through stays and halliards. It was, in brief, unusually quiet, and it needed only that to set the skipper off on a more melancholy tack. So in a subdued voice he began the recitation of one of the incidents that have helped to make orphans of Gloucester children :

Twelve good vessels fighting through the night,  
Fighting, fighting that no'th-east gale—  
Every man, be sure, did his might,  
But never sign of a single sail  
Was there in the morning when the sun showed red,  
But a hundred and seventy fine men—dead—  
Was settling somewhere into the sand  
On Georges shoals, which is drowned men's land.

Seventy widows kneeling—

A long hail came over the water and a torch was raised and lowered. " Hi-i-i," hallooed the voice.

"Hi-i-i," hallooed back the skipper as he put up his wheel. You might have thought he intended to run over them. But not that—at the very last moment he threw her up deftly and let her settle beside the boat, from which most of the men came tumbling immediately over the side of the vessel. Of those who stayed, one shackled the boat's bow onto the iron that hung from the boom at the fore-rigging, and, having done that, braced an oar between himself and the vessel's run to hold the boat away and steady, while

a turn and "He-yew!" he yelled. "Oy-hoo!" grunted the two gangs at the halliards, and into the air and over the rail swung the big dip-net, swimming full. Down it sagged quickly to the two men at the rail. "Hi-oh!" they called cheerfully and turned the dipper inside out. Out and down it went again, "He-yew," and up and in it came again. "Oy-hoo! Hi-oh!" and flop! it was turned upside down and another barrel of fat lusty fish flipped their lengths against the hard deck. Head and tail they flipped,



Trawling—Coming Along side.

another in the stern of the boat did the same thing with his oar. In the boat's waist two men hung onto the seine.

A section of the cork edge of the seine being now gathered inboard and clamped down over the vessel's rail the mackerel were crowded into the middle part—the bunt of the seine and thus held safely between boat and vessel. Into this space the sea swashed and slapped after a fashion that kept all in the boat completely drenched and made it rather difficult for the men in bow and stern to fend off and with it retain their balance.

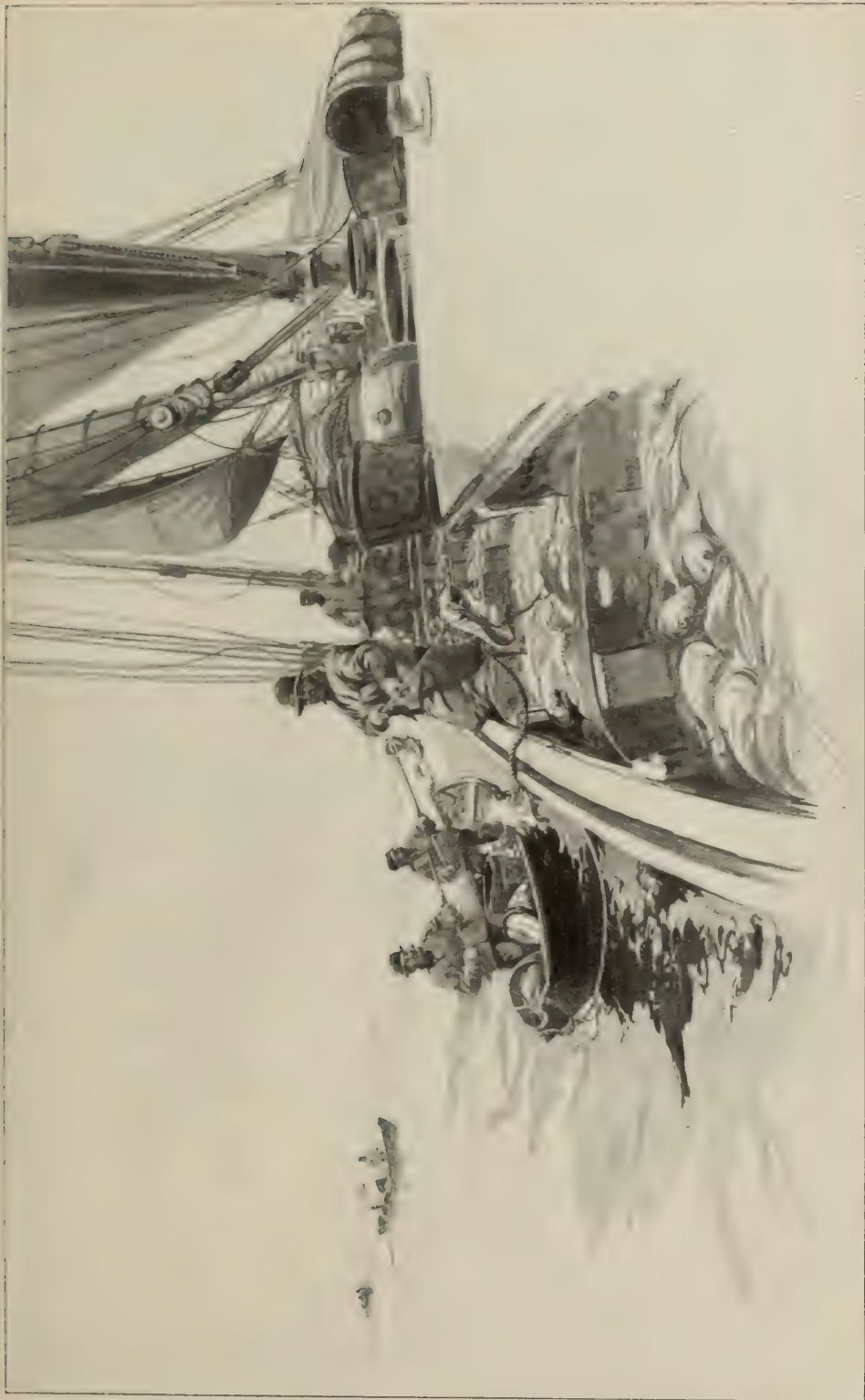
Now began the bailing in. Over the rail and among the kicking fish dropped the skipper's huge dip-net. A twist and

each head and tail ten times a second seemingly, until it sounded—that frantic beating of flesh and bone on the bare deck—as if a battalion of gentle little drummer boys were tapping a low but marvellously quick-sounding roll. Scales flew. Some were found next morning glued to the mast-head.

"He-yew," called the skipper—"Oy-hoo," responded the halliards gang—"Hi-oh," said cheerily the pair at the rail—"Fine fat fish," commented the men in the boat, the only men who had time to draw an extra breath.

Blazing torches encircled them. Arms worked up and down, big boots stamped, while in-board and out swung the dip-net





*Drawn by M. J. Burns.*

Trawling—The men fork the fish over the rail.—Page 406.



Seining—Around the keelers the men gathered and dressing began.

and onto the deck flopped the mackerel. "Drive her," called the skipper, and "He-yew," "Oy-hoo," and "Hi-oh," it went. Drenched oil-skins steamed, wet faces glowed, and glad eyes shone through the smoke and flare. The pitching vessel, left to herself, plunged up and down to the lift and fall of every sea.

"Hold!" said the skipper, when the deck amidships was pretty well filled, "that's enough for now, I callelate." Barrels were tossed out of the hold, "keelers" were set up, sharp-edged knives were drawn from ditty-boxes below, and the work of dressing began. Four gangs of four men each took corners in the waist. Each gang had two keelers—yard-square boxes, eight inches or so in depth—set up on two or three barrels. Into these were bailed the mackerel to be dressed, and around these the men gathered, with a long-handled torch set up amidst them.

All hands now came into it, skipper and cook too, and the work began. It was one gang against the other, each jealously counting barrels when they were filled, that full credit might be given for speed. Sixteen men were accounted for thus. The seventeenth and eighteenth were of general utility—to keep keelers filled, draw water for pickle from over the

side, roll filled barrels out of the way—to help out generally.

The busiest man there was the skipper. At splitting the mackerel, or at gibbing them afterward—that is, pulling out gills and intestines—he held the pace of any man aboard. At splitting he would have made a rare record, but that he had to keep an eye out for the course of the vessel also. Vessels that are dressing fish, vessels whereon the entire crew is immersed in blood, gills, intestines, and swashing brine, might be allowed privileges, one might think. But it is assumed that they will keep a lookout just the same. On this dark night, the schooner, though making noble efforts, considering that she had jibs down and wheel in the becket, to stay as she was put, yet she would fall away or come-to, particularly when the wind shifted two or three points at a jump. Then would the alert skipper, quickly noticing, dart aft and set her right. Generally, to shift the wheel a few spokes would set her right, but occasionally he would have to give the wheel a good round whirl. Then he would sing out a warning, the torches would be lowered, the men would duck, the boom would go swinging by and the vessel would be off on the other tack. The men would brace

their legs to a new angle, the skipper would hop back to his knife, and the work would go humming on again.

At top speed they raced thus through the night. Once in a while a man might drop his knife or snap off his gibbing mitt, rinse his hand in the brine barrel by his side, slap his hand impatiently across the hoops, and condemn the luck of a split finger or a thumb with a bone in it. Another might pull up for a moment, glance up at the stars or down at the white froth under the rail, draw his hand across his forehead, spit ten yards across the wind, mutter, "My soul, but I'm dry," take a full dipper from the water-pail, drink it dry, pass dipper and pail along to the next and go back to his work.

Until the morning they stood to it in that fashion, with the air around them full of the insides of mackerel. Keelers, deck, rail, their own hands, faces, and clothing, were viscid with blood, gills, and intestines. There were 150 barrels of mackerel washing in barrels when the first table gang, at the cook's call of breakfast, stopped long enough to draw full breaths.

"Oh, but the blessed day's coming on," said the skipper before disappearing below. "Smother those torches, we've done with 'em for this night."

Throughout all that day the men worked—dressing, salting, and putting all in pickle. It was a drive all through without withdrawal by any, except when it was time to relieve lookouts at the mast-head. Had the inspiring call of "School-O!" been heard aloft the men on deck would have dropped everything, jumped into the boat and been after that school most cheerfully. But at this particular time mackerel were rarely rising, except at sunset or in the early night.

Not until late in the afternoon, when the last mackerel was flattened out in the last barrel, did a good seiner feel that he could step back in his own time, stand erect and take a good look at his own handiwork. The men surveyed the oozing barrels with great satisfaction, even while they were massaging their heavy wrists with their aching fingers. It was a good bit of work that, well and quickly done, and it was good to get a halt like

this, even if it should be for but a little while. Even though they had to do it all over again—to stay half-drowned in the seine-boat for half the night and then dress down for eighteen or twenty hours on top of it—what mattered a little fast work? And think of the hundred-dollar bill, maybe, to be carried home and laid in the wife's lap, or the roaring night ashore if a fellow was not a family man-m-m-!

On this evening, when the skipper descended from the misty deck to the beaming fo'c's'le, he noted, even as he scaled his sou'wester onto the floor and helped himself to his mug of coffee and handful of beef, that the forward gang were in a different mood from what they had been at this hour on the previous evening. There was no whist at the table, no reading out of upper bunks, no love-song from the peak, and no fierce debate on the lockers. The cook, as usual, was finishing up a batch of dough, but that he was not the only man who had been working lately was made plain by the wet oil-clothes hanging up to dry, and the general overhauling of change suits by the men. Every man, to be sure, except the cook, who never smoked while at work, was puffing away as if he doubted he would ever get another chance for a pipeful in this life. Altogether, it was an air of exquisite harmony that was dwelling over the fo'c's'le, and it seemed to be merely in keeping with the heavenly order of things that the atmosphere showed pale blue wherever the rays of the lamp could get a chance to strike through.

To the poetic skipper the beatitude of the scene was bound to appeal. He gazed about him as he leaned characteristically against the foremast. "My soul," said he, "but it's as if the blessed angels was fanning their wings over this forehold. There's Pat and there's George double-banked on the same locker, and not a whisper of the Boer War. There's the lad that sleeps in the peak, and not a single hallelujah of praise for his darlin' Lucille. And Bill and John no longer spoiling their good eyesight on bad print. I expect it's that deck-load of fish. The work's made you tired, and the prospect's making you look pleased. Well, it ought. Thirteen dollars for them mackerel, or I don't know. As fine fish as ever I bailed



over the rail—yes, as fine as ever I bailed in. And some of you ready reckoners c'n easy figure what's comin' to you—even if we don't head up another barrel this trip. They're an awful good thing, them mackerel. Just needed them to ballast her proper. Last thing I said to the owner as I was leaving the dock was—I'd been speaking about the vessel—'She's tender, don't you think?' says I. 'Twenty-five or thirty tons ballast wouldn't do her no harm.' 'No,' says the old man, lookin' over his shoulder and startin' up the dock—you know his way—'mebbe not. But what's the matter with two or three hundred barrels of fine fat mackerel for ballast?' Well, there's the ballast. And she certainly do seem to be in better trim since we put sail on her again. T'night, if it breezes up, and it looks now as if 'twill, we'll see the difference in her. I'll bet she don't go to the rail so easy as she did last night. One time there last night, did you notice it, cook?—that time that crazy lad started to cross our bow, and we gave her a full—why, man, she went over as if a squall hit her. I was near shook overboard. 'My lady,' says I to myself, 'I've been out in more than one breeze that would have laid your spars flat out on the sea, if that much'll put you down that far.' However, she got us to where the mackerel was, and that's what counts. She c'n sail, God bless her—with all her faults, she c'n sail. And I callete that if there's fish showin' t'night she'll put us there as quick as the next, and that's worth all the rest in a seiner. Of course, we mayn't get a smell of 'em t'night, but then again maybe we will. Anyway, you all want to be ready for it, for it's coming on to another fine black night. And, cook," the skipper shouldered away from the foremast, "would you mind cutting out a wedge or two of one of them blueberry pies you got cooling there? A little wedge, yes—but you don't need to be too close-hauled with your knife, though. Sailing by the wind is all right when we're cruising' round in the fleet, and nothin' partic'lar doin'. But it's safe to give her a full always—always, cook, when you're cuttin' pie. That's the lad—a beam wind. Now lay one atop o' the other. There, that's what they might call a blueberry pie sandwich ashore, I callete. M—m—, but

look at the juice squish through her scuppers!" He held it aloft that all might see. "Now another little wash of coffee in the wake of that, and I'm to the mast-head. Be ready for an early call, boys."

He jammed his sou'wester hard down, heroically waved away the remainder of the pie when the cook held it up, with a very determined, "No, no. First thing I know I'll be having dyspepsy. I never had it, but I might;" and heaved himself up the companion-way, humming, as he went, his old favorite:

Oh, the 'Liza Jane and the Maria Louise  
Sailed a race one day for a peck of peas.  
You'd hardly believe the way them two  
Carried sail that day—they fairly flew.

The people ashore they said, "Gee whiz!  
The 'Liza Jane the fastest is."

He scrambled, still humming, over the barrels on deck, halted long enough by the rail to pass a cheerful greeting to the forward watch, and then, blithe and buoyant, swung himself up the rigging. A school-boy might have climbed an apple-tree so, but this man, once aloft, had to face hours of strain on brain and nerve.

#### WINTER TRAWLING

THIS seining, or mackerel catching, as described above, whether by night or day, is the easiest of all the ways by which Gloucester fishermen drag a living from the deep. It is really only pleasure fishing to them. To get a truer idea of what these men have to endure year in and year out let us take the record of a mild little winter trawling trip. This trip was to Georges Bank. A trip to Quero, Le Have, St. Peters, or to any of the big ocean shoals to which fishermen go for quick fares, would have answered the purpose equally well. But Georges, possibly, has had more fame in song:

And eight score souls  
On Georges shoals  
Went down in that wintry gale.

That may not impress you at first. But if you ever heard a fisherman's wife cradle a baby to sleep with it you would get a notion of what bank fishing in winter means.

This able "haddock," the Horace B. Parker, of Gloucester, working clear of Eastern Point at noon of one day, was by noon of the next nearly 200 miles away, in thirty fathoms of water on the slopes that lie to the westerly edge of Georges Bank. She had come 135 miles on one tack and then hauled up southerly and westerly for fifty miles or so farther before they threw her into the wind to lay-to while this rising southeaster should be passing by.

The good fishing on Georges is found on the shoals that bound its westerly edge. It is here that so many fishermen are lost. Vessels are caught with these shoals to leeward and they are gone. In places here there are only two fathoms of water. That gives a vessel no show in a gale. There is just enough water to batter her hull to pieces on the sand of the bottom, to smother the men before it batters them, too. Give him room, and let the wind blow and the sea pile up—it is a storm indeed when your Gloucester skipper fails to bring his vessel home. But here he sometimes gets no living chance.

While the Parker was trying to hang on to a favorite fishing spot, the wind was making and hauling and the glass was falling. Thirty fathoms of water was no place to be in during an easterly blow, and she was worked off the bank. By morning she was half way to the Gulf Stream, from where she was driven back, then out, and back again, in the hope that the weather would soon moderate.

It did not moderate that day or the next, and so, the Horace B. was jogged and sailed, jibed and tacked, put head-to and stern-to—handled in every conceivable way to further the main idea. It blew harder, so her mainsail was taken in altogether, her jib triced up, and under foresail and jumbo she was hove-to. For two days and three nights she hung on so. It was not a blow to mind much, except that it delayed fishing, and this was in Lent when the market was good.

The wind blew, the rain fell, and the sea arose and pounded the Horace B. On deck the watch held eternal vigilance in pairs. Watching these seas from deck you, a landsman, might wonder how the vessel lived. The seas come racing on

by way of the bow, and run from clear forward to clear aft. Some come broadside on, give her an awful slap flat-handed, and then tumble on, straining the lashings of the dories in the waist and heeling her over till her lee-rail goes well under. The worst of them seem to break over her quarter. These fill the gangway between house and rail, wash the house clear of all loose stuff, and swamp wheel-box and taffrail as they go.

She was a buoyant thing and minded it as little as anybody of her size possibly could, but, even so, she was tossed about as you may have seen a soap-box tossed in the surf of an Atlantic beach when the wind is northeast. Every time she pointed up she buried her bowsprit, and every time she fell away her rails went out of sight. Her sail, you were made to understand, kept her from rolling much, and the swirl of her wake, as she fell off to leeward, caused the worst seas to break before they could strike her fairly. Otherwise it would be uncomfortable aboard of her. Indeed, yes. But now, you see, she rode like a duck. There are some vessels that would drown you here, but not this one! For her tonnage—let the watch tell it—there was no abler vessel sailing out of Gloucester—which was true.

Through all of this imagine the rain sweeping, and the deck and house and rails of the Parker dripping, bright and clean and beautiful, for a vessel never shines as in a storm. Under the lee of Joe Lecost (a protective piece of canvas made fast to the fore rigging) are the two bulky men on watch, their oil-skins bulging with the flannels and sweaters inside. They wear, also, the one leather and the other big rubber boots, large woollen mitts and sou'westers. They watch warily for the big seas. To ordinary combers they simply turn a shoulder. But when they spy a particularly able-looking gentleman—one with a white collar, starched and ironed flat, wide and thick also in breast—these two men on watch hook elbows, hug up to Joe Lecost, grip the rigging and hang on till the gentleman has passed. There they stand their watch out, trying to be sociable with each other, and dodging the seas that come aboard. To the wheel, which is in the becket, they have only to cast an eye now and again.



Safely stowed away in your bunk below while the vessel is hove-to, down in the cabin taking comfort, gives you only a smothered conception of what it is outside. Of course it was nearer the real thing than if you were buried in an inside stateroom on an ocean liner. By snuggling up to her planking you could get your shoulder to within three inches of the swirling sea beneath her and early catch the premonitory heave of every sea. In advance, the side of the vessel would sag away from you so that you would be rolled to the locker side of your bunk. She would go up, up, up, and away to leeward. She would poise there a moment waiting, shivering with fear. Then the sea itself would come. You could hear the roaring of it for some little time before it struck. Then over your head on deck would be a rumbling, swashing, a pounding and thumping the whole length and breadth of her. A barrel of it would dart under the hatch and come down the companion-way. The little vessel would resist, struggle, fight to hold back. You could imagine her nerves tightening with its dread and strain, but after it she would be drawn. She was only sixty tons—remember—a little thing. She would be flung, rolled away and away, and then, suddenly, brought up with a jolt. She would quiver to her very keel after that and you could almost imagine her heart thumping against her ribs; then she would gamely pull herself together and brace for the next one.

Into the cabin came, at regular intervals, one of the drenched watch. In yellow oil-skins, rubber boots, black sou'wester and roomy woollen mitts, he would stand on the last step of the companion-way, study the clock, look around, point a finger at somebody or other, hail: "Your watch, Bill," or Mike, or Henry, or whatever it might be. The man indicated would look up reproachfully, check up the time on the clock, take half a dozen last regretful puffs, stifle the fire in the bowl, poke the pipe itself somewhere under the mattress of his bunk, and take down his storm-clothes. Laboriously he would haul on his jack-boots, over them his oil-skins, set firmly his sou'wester, draw on his mitts, take a lingering look at the clock, and then climb slowly up the companion-

way. Then the old watch would come down, cast off his sou'wester and mitts, slide out of his dripping oil-skins, force off his boots, and hang all up somewhere to dry. He would then take an easy position on a locker, poke his feet into "slip-shods," dig out his pipe, slowly fill it, tamp it down, light it—puff—puff—puff—stretch his feet luxuriously toward the stove—puff—puff—and then ease himself of the weight that had been on his mind throughout his whole watch. "For the amount of wind that's going, there's a jeesly big sea on, let me tell you."—Puff—puff—"I wouldn't want to be on any old coaster that's got to beat to wind'ard to-day."—Puff—puff—a glance at the clock—"Twelve hours to another watch, thank the Lord." Puff—puff—puff.

In the fore'c's'le they would be playing seven-up, forty-five, whist, or a mild little game of "draw," until the cook, making ready for dinner, would drive them all out. Aft they would come then, dodging seas and whooping as they came, tumbling down the cabin gangway and piling in on the lockers.

Before this onslaught most of the cabin bunkers would take to their bunks, and, maybe, "When the For'ard Gang Comes Aft" would be softly hummed by way of greeting from the depths of a port berth, or caustic comment would be uttered to nobody in particular.

"Every morning—one—two—three—four—five." (This seems to issue from the shades that lie under the overhang) "every morning I goes for'ard and fills a coal-hod—give them for'ard loafers a look at the size of it, John—and brings it aft, and that ain't any saloon deck promenard this weather, and I loads the stove up to the hatches, and Lonergan he wiggles the ashes out of her hold, and Henry he sweeps up the floor nice and heaves all over the rail, and the cabin is looking fit for gentlemen, when down pitches the whole forehold, druv out by cookie, and soaks the heat all up and scoops all the locker room there is, and forgets—Lord bless us, would you believe it?—forgets to haul the hatch to behind 'em—yes. And down comes a cask or two of water, and bimeby the skipper begins to wonder why the cabin ain't dry and clean."



"There's an owner in Gloucester," says one of the invaders, ignoring entirely the premises, "and he says to me last trip in, 'Paddie, me boy, what partic'lar model of a vessel will we build for you this spring commin'?' And will it please you to go seemin' or shackin' durin' the fine warm summer?'" And I says, 'I'll think it over.' And I've been thinking it over, and I've a lincy of a Rob Roy bow, and a Preceptor beam, and one of those Mone-ark sterns, an' a Harry Belden style of standing up to a breeze when reaching, and a Mary Whalen way of goin' to wind'ard in a gale. But the main thing is going to be the revolution of authority from aft forward. Yes, sir, I'm going to put the cabin in the fo'c's'le. I'll be the first skipper out of Gloucester that ever bunked in the forehold for choice——"

"With electric bells from the wheel to your stateroom, I s'pose?"

"With Bruss'ls carpet and Ottermans——" goes on Paddie.

"What?"

"Ottermans—for the lockers—and brass spittoons, an' the very first cabin loafer—the very first—that comes for'ard, except to eat. I'll hand the cook the hatchet and say, 'Cut his toes off, cookie!' Yes, sir, just as soon as he sticks his feet down the gangway, it'll be, 'Cookie, cut the lobster's toes off,' and I'll bet he'll hop back on deck some lively."

"You didn't say whether you was goin' seinin' or shackin'."

"Or Mediterranean yachtin', Paddie, darlin'. If it's yachtin', maybe I'd like to speak fer a chance with——"

"Dinner!" roars the watch down the gangway, and first table gang dash for the steps, with the man of new ideas first up.

In the cabin, at about nine o'clock, on the night of the fifth day of this battering, the skipper, who had been studying the glass and the sky alternately for hours, suddenly said, "I guess we'll bait up, boys. It looks half-way good for the morning. Two tubs will do for a start." The word was passed above, and the watch on deck could be heard calling out to the fo'c's'le gang, "Below there—bait up!" In five minutes the crew were cutting frozen herring and baiting trawls down in the freezing hold.

It seemed to be yet in the middle of

the night when the crew turned out for breakfast. It was certainly some time to daybreak when the men were standing by ready to drop the dories over. Into each dory as it was dropped over the side dove two men. The sea at this time was what any landsman would view with vast respect. No shore-going man, bundled up as these men were, would have made that dive over the rail for the owner's share of the trip. Were one of them to fall overboard he would go down like a lump of ballast. The dories were tossed a dozen feet away from the vessel's side when the painters were slacked and to the height of a man's head above the rail. When they settled into the hollows they fell to somewhere down near her keelson. They were then dropped astern, where swirling, jumping, sagging under the vessel's overhang and away again, they were towed by a short painter in the boiling wake of the schooner, and she tearing along by the wind under four lower sails.

The first dory was cast loose, and the man in the bow, after coiling the painter tightly over her stem, seized the oars and began to row, heaving his body well into every stroke. The man aft, at the same time threw over the buoy line. The ground line, with gangings and hooks attached, was whirled dexterously from its coils in the tub by the aid of a stick, and sent after the buoy line. One dory followed another with a quarter mile between. Some of these old trawlers kept the air full of line and hooks until their tubs were empty.

All strong, tough men were these—only such can stand trawling. Conceive a man hauling a mile and a half of trawls off the bottom on a cold winter's day! Sometimes the trawl catches on the rough bottom—gets "hung up"—and the men have to discard mitts, and grip with only a pair of "nippers," bracelets of cloth held in the palm of the hand, creased to allow of a better hold of the line. And imagine the little dory pitching to the top of every wave, and then dropping down into the hollow until, watching from the vessel's deck, you wonder if it is ever coming up again!

It is not really rough weather this day, and it is only now and then that one man has to stop and bail the dory. Some-

times so much water comes inboard that both have to bail. It might be much worse. Suppose it is really cold weather, when the spray freezes almost as fast as it comes aboard. The spray flies over the men, too, until hair and beard is iced up except where their steaming breath keeps it melted, though that is a small matter. It may be that they have to keep pounding ice to keep her gunnels out of water. Their hands and fingers begin to freeze up until there is danger that they will drop off—sometimes they do drop off—but they must go on hauling trawls. Nothing of that happened this trip. In early March the weather is not cold enough for that. But that has happened, and it will happen again. Just so long as men trawl on the banks will that happen.

When our skipper thought the trawls had been allowed to set long enough he hoisted the hauling signal to the main peak. In the nearest dory the men can be seen starting to action. Over a "gurdy" in the bow one man hauls the stubborn line. He is a hardened expert, this one, and hauls it in barehanded, stopping only now and then to slap heat into his fingers. When there appears a hook with a fish on it, he grasps the "ganging" low down, gives a forward and then an easy backward swing, which combines with a professional flirt of the wrist to free the hook and land the fish in the bottom of the dory. If it is a large fellow—a big steak cod, say—then the trawler holds him half clear of the water with one hand, while he gaffs him with the other. His dory mate, during all this, is in the waist, taking the trawl, as it comes in over the bow, re-baiting and coiling it back in the tub to be ready for the next set.

All this time the skipper is standing in and out among the dories. He has a wary eye out for signs of squalls, particularly for snow-squalls and fogs, which are the dread of trawlers, and which account for most of the trawlers lost in dories. The skipper keeps an eye out to see how the fish are coming, and when the men are ready to come aboard he shoots the vessel from one to the other when he can, to save them all the rowing possible. But wind and tide scatter them widely, and some have a long, hard row with the gunnels of their loaded dories almost flush with the sea.

Coming alongside, the men fork the fish over the rail into the compartments on her deck. It is a hard matter for them to hold their feet while pitching fish in this sea. After the first set the men stay aboard just about long enough to get a fresh pipeful—most fishermen smoke nearly all the time except when they are asleep or on watch. After their second set they stop just long enough to eat a quick dinner. They are driving things now during this good fishing. Two more sets and trawling is done for the day. After the last set three of the dories had to be picked up by torchlight.

The very last dory to be picked up caused some anxiety. It was quite dark, and the men went into the rigging to hail for her. It was a long time before the flare of her torch could be made out. It was a man to the mast-head who finally saw the little light rising and falling in the sea.

Before any further work is attempted comes the blessed supper. The men wash-up on deck, and joyfully drop into the forec's'le, where they discard oil-jackets, heave their sou'westers into the nearest bunks, and sit down to a performance that is worth a trip to see. This has been a fine day's work. Twenty-five thousand of haddock and 10,000 of cod, fine fish all, is up in the pens. The way the grub goes! The cook is up on his toes from start to finish. They steam up as they eat. Their faces begin to take on a warm glow and their tongues loosen up. All day long they have had but little to say, but now they joke and roar as they pile in the food. One dory had a string of gear caught in the tide and had to cut it away. Another dory was "hung up" for so long in the morning that the two men in her had to rush all the rest of the day to catch up. "Look at the pair of them," is the way in which attention was called their way, "they're breathing yet."

From the table the men go to dress down the fish, taking along, of course, the beloved pipe, fresh-filled. Half a dozen torches with big wicks are set around the deck and the men divide into a gang to leeward and a gang to windward. Two men of each gang rip the fish up the stomach, and three "gut," that is remove the intestines. Two men rinse them in a tub of salt water and two pitch them be-



low. The two gangs race to see which shall get its side cleaned up first. It is drive, drive, drive. Down in the hold two men chop ice and two others pack the fish in pens and the vapor comes from off them while they work.

Four hours of this slashing work and the fish were in the hold. The decks were running fish-blood and gurry, and the oil-skins of the men dripped gore under the light of the smoking torches. Gurry, blood and salt water dripped from neck to boot heel, and streams of sweat ran down their smoked faces. There was an uproarious washing down of decks and selves. They swished buckets of water over one another almost as freely as they heaved them into the scuppers. With horse-play and some really funny talk they crowded down the forec's'le gangway. A "mug-up," and then ten minutes, possibly twenty for those who took their last pipe sedately, and the crew of the Parker had turned in. Five minutes more and it was a very quiet vessel. In the forec's'le not a sound; in the cabin only the skipper rustling a chart. On deck the watch trod softly and, when they came together, spoke in whispers.

By daybreak the next morning they were out and doing it all over again. It is bait up, into dories, drop astern, heave over trawls, let them set, haul in, come alongside and pitch fish over the rail. Four times of that in the day, with the last dory coming aboard in the dark again by the light of the torches, with the anxious watchers in the rigging. And then the drive of dressing down, with the glorious finish to it all—the "mug-up," the blissful pipe, and heavenly sleep. Two days more of it and the Parker had her load. They held her up, 'no'the no'the east' for forty-five miles by the log. Then it was—this from the skipper—"Swing her off, boom her out, west by no'the and drive her." The Horace B. Parker of Gloucester, with 70,000 pounds of haddock and twenty-odd thousand of cod was running for the Boston market. Her able crew, feeling pretty fine, overhauled trawls and other gear, or sat around and wove the dream carpets whereon to disport themselves when they should get ashore. It was down in the cabin that they gave free play to their fancies.

"Two dollars for them haddock and \$3 for them market cod, and there'll be about a \$70 share comin' round. This is the trip, people, when I telegraphs for the wife and we go to the theatre." He was a big lusty man, an able trawler, with hair that seemed to wave as the brain beneath it worked, and eyes that said more than his tongue.

"What show, John?"

"'Ben-Hur.' Yes, sir. They say there's a chariot race in that to fairly make your hair curl. Bill—Bill for'ard—tells me that he felt like gettin' up and hollerin'. Yes, sir, I want to see that chariot race."

He weighed about 200 pounds, this man, and the blood was ready to burst his skin. He could probably have picked up Ben-Hur and the chariot together and hove them into the wings. He was warming his toes and blowing puffs of smoke toward the skylight in extreme contentment at the prospect. He had put in twenty years at trawling. He had lived through winters on Georges. His experience in his last big blow, "The Portland breeze," when the Portland steamer went down with all on board, one hundred and fifty-odd souls, had been described by him in four sentences: "Let me tell you, people, but there was some wind and snow in the bay that night. We lay-to, misdoubting the Maggie would ride it out. The wind jumped to the no'west—oh, man, but it screeched—and we took it all night long. Next day we bucked her home—a good vessel, the old Maggie." This man regarded a chariot race on the stage as an exciting experience to look forward to.

The Parker got in. The dreams of the men were not realized. They did not get \$2 for haddock, nor \$3 for cod. Forty other vessels had also found good fishing after the gale, and had come home with full holds, and so the market was down. The men shared \$35 apiece. John did not send for his wife, nor did he see "Ben-Hur." He contented himself with a glass of ale up on Atlantic Avenue. He treated a ship-mate and a dock loafer, and he took a small glass of ale on the return treat. "But next trip, maybe—Lent 'll be still here—the wife and me'll go to see 'Ben-Hur,'" he said.

Of abiding faith is the able fisherman—and of courage everlasting.



# A STORY OF THREE STATES

By Alfred Mathews

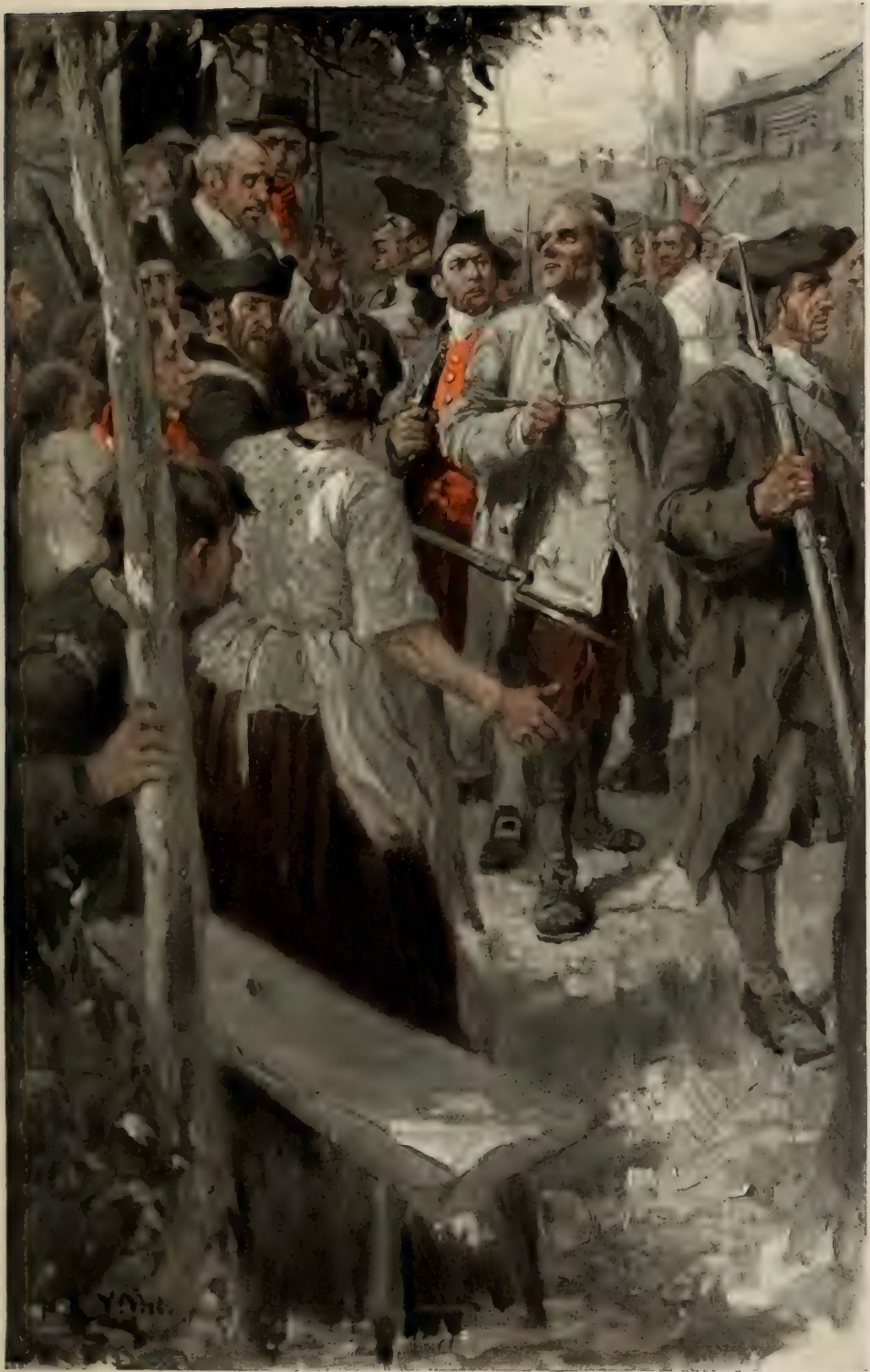
THIS is a true story of three States. Its purpose is to relate the really astounding expansion of Connecticut in the eighteenth century, and the most remarkable movement of internal colonization in the whole history of the country. It is the story of Connecticut militant in Pennsylvania, and of Connecticut triumphant in Ohio; of long warfare at Wyoming, and peaceful conquest in the Western Reserve. The beginning of Connecticut's bold bodily projection westward, six hundred miles into the wilderness, was Cushutunk, on the Delaware; and its end is Cleveland, on Lake Erie, now become the chief city of Ohio, and the "Reserve" lying round about it, peopled by that expansive movement of Connecticut, as large, as populous, as characteristically Connecticut as is the mother State.

Who ever heard of Cushutunk? Who has not heard of Cleveland? They were the products of one and the same force. Of the half-century of time and the strange warfare in the wilderness that lay between them, and of the final vicarious reward of victory in Ohio, this story tells.

Cushutunk's humble being was begun on a soft day in June, 1757, when the solitude and solemn quiet of the valley of the upper Delaware were rudely broken by the resounding strokes of axes sturdily swung—always the first signal of the forest conquerors' coming—and a cluster of rude log-cabins arose in the tiny niche which a band of Connecticut pioneers had chopped in the wall of fresh foliage on the western bank of the river, far up toward the north line of Pennsylvania. Penn's province was well settled to the southward, but all west of this handful of adventurers was a wilderness, clear to the setting sun. It was only a minute dot of civilization which these "Yankees" placed in the present County of Wayne, in Penn's dominion, and some five years later, when Wyoming was planted, it had but thirty families; but it involved most momentous issues.

It was the first, the pioneer settlement

of the Connecticut people within the boundaries of Penn's province. It represented the first overt act of an intercolonial intrusion; the initial movement of that persistent, general, systematic invasion which resulted in the settlement of Wyoming and the establishment of a Connecticut colony and a Connecticut government on Pennsylvania soil; a determined effort to dismember the State and to create another, to be carved from the territory of Pennsylvania; and all of the varied acts, the dissension and strife, armed conflict and frequent bloodshed of what have been commonly called the "Pennamite Wars." But beyond these effects, the action of the "Yankee" invaders of a coveted land, to which they believed themselves rightly entitled, became inextricably interwoven in cause and consequence with that darkest deed of the border warfare of the Revolution, the bloody massacre of Wyoming. This, in turn, had a marked effect in England in creating sympathy for the colonies. The fame of Wyoming went far abroad, but the effects of the movement, of which the massacre was an episode, became immensely important at home. The half-century of contention opened with the Yankee invasion proved almost too much for colonial ability to adjust; and it became an embarrassing legacy to the young union, which it was feared by many prudent patriots might demonstrate a fatal weakness in its cohesive quality. It was amicably settled, however, in a way which not only avoided disaster but helped to cement the confederation; and when the long lingering clouds of the Pennamite wars had been finally dispersed, it was found that the practical results of Connecticut's persistent colonization project had been the incorporation of a small but beneficial element of Yankee blood in the body politic of Pennsylvania; and—on the part of Connecticut—the proud possession of what equalled a State—more than ten times as much ground as she had fought for in



*Drawn by F. C. Volen.*

**The Arrest of the Connecticut Pioneer Leaders at Wyoming.**

Ogden opened the war by the arrest of the Yankee leaders, whom he marched through the woods to Easton Jail sixty miles away.







Map Showing the Connecticut Claim in Pennsylvania and the Western Reserve in Ohio.

Pennsylvania—but beyond her borders, in that then No Man's Land, the old Northwest Territory by the shore of Lake Erie, the famous "Western Reserve," in the future State of Ohio. And thus, after long tribulations, ended in triumph the strangest and most strenuous organized movement in the whole history of Western colonization.

So much, in brief, for the Omega of the movement, which had its tangible Alpha at old Cushutunk, on the Delaware.

Cushutunk and Wyoming were established under the auspices of two separate companies organized in Connecticut, and actuated by a common purpose—the colonization of the westward-lying lands covered by Connecticut's charter—in other words, northern Pennsylvania. Wyoming was founded by what was known as the Connecticut Susquehanna Company, and Cushutunk by the Delaware Company. Both had precisely the same basis of claim, and both sought to attain their ends by precisely the same methods, but the Susquehanna Company, because the stronger, became prominent in history, while the Delaware Company was left in comparative obscurity.

All this contention about the possession of a part of the Quaker province with its far-reaching consequences, it will be recalled, had its origin in the ignorance and indifference of the British monarchs concerning American geography, and the confusion that ensued from carelessness in the granting of royal charters to the several colonies. Several of them overlapped, and

thus caused conflicts of authority in regard to ownership.

Connecticut's charter, which was granted by Charles II. in 1662, confirming and combining former charters and deeds, conveyed to that colony all of the territory of the present State, *and all of the lands west of it, to the extent of its breadth, from sea to sea, or "to the South Sea."* This would have brought Connecticut's western extension nearly or quite down to the forty-first degree of north latitude—almost to the Delaware Water Gap, and thus (had the claim been maintained) Pennsylvania would have been diminished to the extent of over two-fifths of its present territory.

Connecticut, in her strenuous endeavor to realize her early dreams of territorial expansion, was obliged by certain conditions in her charter to pass over the lovely valley of the Hudson and other territory of New York—which must have caused her acquisitive people a sharp pang of regret; but curiously enough she did not let this interruption of her claim bar her from seizure of the lands still farther west. Many of her sons looked with an intense longing to Wyoming, and some may have seen with prophetic vision the rich reward that awaited the meek in the inheritance of that part of the earth in the future State of Ohio, which ultimately became the "Connecticut Western Reserve." The promised land was not to be relinquished without a struggle.

Pennsylvania's claim to the lands lying about Wyoming, the subject of the Con-

necticut contention, was as sound and just as to any within her charter limits.

The charter granted to Pennsylvania, upon the north, territory extending through the forty-second degree or to the beginning of the forty-third degree north latitude, thus overlapping by one degree the grant made to Connecticut by the same sovereign nineteen years before. Sir William Jones, the Attorney of the Crown, had reported that "the tract of land desired by Mr. Penn seems to be undisposed of by His Majesty, except the imaginary lines of New England patents, which are bounded westwardly by the main ocean, should give them a real, though impracticable right to all of those vast territories." Thus the seed of strife was sown far away across the ocean; and fate so generously nourished the troublesome transplanted nettle here that the Quaker husbandman labored in vain for half a century to clear it from the soil.

The peace-loving Quaker colony had been assaulted on all sides. Maryland and Virginia had endeavored to despoil her on the south, and New York and even New Jersey had successively sought to secure a fraction of her dominion. These efforts were all brief, bloodless, without result.

But now Connecticut began with well-organized system, persistent purpose, and strong promise of permanent success what with the other colonies had been mere casual and ephemeral aggressions. The little Yankee colony seemed possessed of an irrepressible expansive spirit, which made it impossible for her to rest content within her bounds. As early as 1653 she had made a bold bluster of armed attack upon the placid Dutch of Manhattan Island, and threatened to annex certain towns on Long Island. The same restless pioneering and colonizing spirit which eventually led the Connecticut men to Wyoming and caused the settlement of western New York and northern Ohio, had been active a full forty years before the coming of Penn, in planting settlements on the Delaware.

There was thus nothing particularly new in Connecticut's purpose regarding the invasion of Pennsylvania. It was merely a later manifestation of an old-time tendency turned in a new direction,

a trifle more carefully planned and very much more pertinaciously prosecuted.

Spies were sent to spy out the land, and it is probable that in the summer of 1750 some of these for the first time looked down from its flanking mountain-wall upon the fair virginal valley of Wyoming. Three years later, the Susquehanna Company was formed, and under this organization (consisting of 840 persons, afterward augmented to 1,200) it was proposed to occupy the coveted ground. The company as its first step to this end sent agents to Albany, in 1754, to purchase from the Indians of the Six Nations the land in the Wyoming Valley. The Pennsylvanians had been alert to the danger that was menacing the province, but their protests were unavailing against the Susquehanna Company's offer of 2,000 pounds of New York money; and the Connecticut men went away triumphant in the possession of the Indian title to the land, which they regarded as completing the legal title of their colony. Governor Hamilton, of Pennsylvania, about this time wrote to the Governor of Connecticut remonstrating against the proposed settlement at Wyoming. Governor Wolcott, of Connecticut, answered in a non-committal but persuasive way, and at the same time touched upon what was really the keynote of the "Pennamite War," although it has very generally been lost sight of, even by usually careful historians, in viewing the complicated contention which ensued. Ignoring any response to the request that he should restrain the "invaders," he urged that those who became settlers should be made "freeholders," artfully arguing upon the inestimable value of ready and resolute defence to be rendered by men whose vital interest was thus enlisted, in case of French aggression. They should have something "to fight for of their own."

Now the heirs of William Penn owned the lands of the province in fee-simple, and their policy was to settle the best of them under leases. Thus one of the worst features of feudalism was planted upon the soil of Pennsylvania. The question whether those who cultivated the acres they dwelt upon should be serfs or freeholders, really underlay the whole Wyoming controversy.

This explains in a large measure the



sympathy which came to be extended to the Connecticut settlers by a considerable element among the Pennsylvania people. The "Yankee" settlers were of precisely the kind that the proprietors did not want, for they certainly were not of such character as to offer any promise of tractability or subservience to those ideas which governed the landed aristocracy. Herein lay the secret of the motive for the constant resort to official and military demonstrations by which the Penns sought the forcible expulsion of the settlers rather than the employment of diplomacy to secure their recognition of the proprietary civil jurisdiction and the peaceful settlement of the northern boundary dispute.

Indian war intervening, the Susquehanna Company effected no settlement during all the years between its organization and 1762. But if idle, so far as outward appearances went, it was storing strength, and in the meantime the Delaware Company, having come into existence and bought an Indian title, had settled Cushutunk, as we have seen, in 1757.

This first act of aggression aroused the Penns to a conviction that there would ensue a veritable invasion, and they took steps to fortify their title. They obtained from Charles Pratt (afterward Lord Camden), the Attorney of the Crown, an opinion adverse to Connecticut's claim; but the Yankees were even better grounded in the law, for they had, not from one only, but from four eminent London barristers opinions against Pennsylvania.

Measures of coercion were resorted to by the Penns against the little colony at Cushutunk, proclamations issued, sheriffs' officers sent there with warnings, and a series of actions followed which constituted a prelude to the long contention at Wyoming.

The Delaware Indians, whose home was in Pennsylvania, complicated affairs by contending that they had been victimized by their old-time enemy, the Six Nations, who had "sold their lands from under their feet"; that they themselves, the real owners, had sold none at all.

Such was the situation when in the early spring of 1762 about 200 Connecticut men made the first settlement, under the auspices of the Susquehanna Com-

pany (about a mile above the site of Wilkes-Barre) in the Wyoming Valley. This term was then, as now, applied to a stretch of the Susquehanna bottoms about twenty-one miles long and averaging three miles in width, shut in by actual mountain-walls a thousand feet in height. Fertile and fair as heart could wish, abounding in the richest growth of all that was natural to the clime, watered by the broad river and by innumerable cascades that leaped down the verdure-clad hills, it must, in its primeval condition, have seemed to those pioneers a veritable garden of the gods.

Though the Delaware Indians demanded of the Governor of Pennsylvania their immediate expulsion from the new-found Eden, nothing was done, and tranquility reigned in the lovely land for two seasons. But it was only such calm as lulls to a false sense of security.

A storm was portending. The Indians were sullen. Their great chief, Teedyuscung, had been mysteriously burned to death in his cabin by some of his Indian enemies among the Six Nations, but Indian cunning threw suspicion upon the poor Yankees. The Delawares, brooding for months upon the murder, and obtaining no satisfactory answer to their repeated demands that the settlers should be driven out of the country, at last, on the night of October 15th, fell in fury—but silently, without a single warning whoop—on the little village, and murdered twenty of its people. The rest fled, some to the lower settlements in Pennsylvania, some to Connecticut. This was the first massacre of Wyoming, not indeed an incident of the "Pennamite War," but an example of Indian ferocity in the resentment of real or imagined wrong, and an experience sufficient to deter forever any less pertinacious people than the Connecticut settlers from returning to the scene of its occurrence.

It did indeed keep Wyoming a wilderness for half a dozen years. But in 1769 the natural charms of the region had so far overcome the horrors enacted there, that the Yankees were constrained to possess themselves again of the valley. In February came a body of forty determined men, sent out by the Susquehanna Company to occupy the country and de-



fend it at all hazards against the Pennsylvanians. They were to be reinforced by 200 more and they were given land and money liberally for their services. They were commanded by a native of Connecticut, a resolute soldier, a hero of the French and Indian wars, who had gained honors also at the taking of Havana in 1762—Colonel Zebulon Butler. He and his men built "Forty Fort," so called from their number, a mere block-house, but destined to be famous—the site of which is still prominently identified.

In the meantime the Penns had induced the Indians to repudiate their sale to the Yankees, and, on the principle that possession is nine points of the law, had founded a settlement in Wyoming, under one Captain Amos Ogden, an Indian-trader from New Jersey, whose armed band Butler was not a little surprised to find there ready for resistance.

And now commenced a hand-to-hand contest for the lovely, fatally alluring valley, and practically for all that part of Pennsylvania between the forty-first and forty-second parallels of latitude—one of the strangest struggles in the history of the country—a contest having many of the elements of an *opera-bouffe* war, but unfortunately a plenitude of tragedy, too.

Ogden opened the war by the arrest of the Yankee leaders, whom he marched through the woods to Easton jail, sixty miles away. They were speedily released on bail furnished by their followers and by some Pennsylvania sympathizers. Then Ogden arrested the whole forty, and the little jail received a glut of prisoners that fairly strained its walls, but again all went free on bail and trooped triumphantly back to Wyoming. By the next summer the settlements contained over 300 men, while more were constantly coming. Some of the later arrivals erected Fort Durkee, named in honor of their captain. Again Ogden appeared on the scene, this time with 200 men, and after he had captured Durkee by strategy, and sent him in irons to Philadelphia, the rest surrendered, possibly awed by the appearance of a little four-pound cannon which the warlike Ogden had unlimbered before the fort. The poor settlers were peremptorily put on the road to Connecticut.

Ogden now went to Philadelphia to receive applause after this first act of the drama, but he had scarcely heard the first congratulations of the Proprietaries when news came that the little garrison he had left to guard the valley had been as summarily ejected as were the Yankees a few days before. And the worst of it was that the aggressors were Pennsylvanians, of the class who sympathized with the Connecticut people. They were under Captain Lazarus Stewart, and had moved with a spirit stimulated by the presentation of a whole township of land from the Susquehanna Company.

In this entry upon the scene of Stewart and his men we have a suggestion of one secret of the long continuance of the Pennamite wars. They were not the only Pennsylvanians who actively sympathized with and succored the Yankees; and there were still more who, while they had no particular love for the intruders, had none whatever for the Penns. These conditions made it well-nigh impossible for the Proprietaries to sweep back, and keep back, the rising tide of immigration. It was not the powerful province of Pennsylvania, but the mere private family of William Penn, impoverished and unpopular, which was opposing the invasion. Had it been a matter of colony against colony, Pennsylvania would doubtless have prevailed over the intruders in one grand decisive action, and so summarily have ended the strife.

But, as it was, there followed a tedious and trying succession of strategic movements, skirmishes, sieges, counter-sieges, sorties, sallies, captures, capitulations, and evictions of one party or the other, all without permanent result.

The first blood flowed soon after Stewart's appearance in the valley, when, he having restored Wyoming to the possession of the Yankees, they were in turn attacked by Ogden's *posse* and one of the Connecticut men was killed and several wounded. This gave to future clashings of the two parties an increased ardor, and from thence onward there were many sanguinary conflicts in this miniature war. Once after Ogden had been long besieged, and had finally to surrender, there came a period of five months of peace. Colonel Butler returned, recruits came



*Drawn by Howard Pyle.*

Queen Esther Inciting the Indians to Attack the Settlers at Wyoming.

The figure to the right is Brant, and the white man is Butler.







Looking Down the Susquehanna River from Near the Corner of River and Market Streets, Wilkes-Barre.\*

Wyomink (Wyoming), the Delaware Indian town stood (1770) a few rods southwest of the group of houses at the bend of the river.

with a rush, and there were new life and activity in the valley. But Ogden was again sent by the alarmed Penns to break up the settlement. A battle ensued in September, 1770, and several of the Connecticut men were killed, many prisoners taken, and all who could do so made their way to their old New England homes. This was the fourth time that Connecticut in Pennsylvania had totally ceased to be.

But the Yankees, as promptly and cheerfully as if nothing had happened, came back in the spring with bluff Colonel Butler again at their head, and hostilities reopened in earnest, which involved enough of thrilling adventure to constitute a whole Odyssey of woodcraft war. Finally, after Ogden had been summarily defeated, with the loss of nine men, an interval of peace ensued which lasted four years.

Up to this time Connecticut as a colony had not, at least openly, taken any part in the Wyoming controversy, but now, when there was for the first time some reason to think that the Penns had succumbed to the inevitable, the colony sought to extend government over the territory so long

fought for by its subject the Susquehanna Company. Accordingly, in January, 1774, Wyoming, Pennsylvania, was included in a county of Connecticut, under the name of Westmoreland, and shortly afterward a "town" was established practically coextensive with the former, and of the same name. The principal settlement was duly named Wilkes-Barre, in honor of John Wilkes and Colonel Isaac Barre, champions of the colonies in the British Parliament. The "town meeting" idea of New England root flourished from the first, and soon burst into full bloom. Elections were held and representatives sent to the Connecticut Legislature. The great County of Westmoreland extended from the river Delaware westward fifteen miles beyond Wyoming, and in extent from north to south was the whole width of the charter bounds. It thus included Cushutunk (as we have already seen, the first settlement of the Connecticut people) and other settlements on the Delaware.

All told, some 6,000 people had now come into Yankee Pennsylvania. Peace had prevailed longer than the Connecticut men had ever before experienced it. But the isolation of one of the new, outlying settlements tempted a revival of Penn-

\* This and the following illustrations are from material furnished by Oscar J. Harvey, Esq., of Wilkes-Barre.



View of Wyoming Valley To-day from Inman Hill, Southwest of Wilkes-Barre.

sylvania authority ; and the success which attended the expedition of one Plunkett in destroying it made him such a hero that he was given a far larger force with which to strike a supreme blow at the stronger settlements.

There were other and entirely new circumstances, however, which combined to produce this action. The fate of Wyoming was still, indeed, in some sense, involved in the affairs of the Pennamite Wars, but the little ripples on the local sea of trouble were fast being swallowed up in the great ground-swell of the Revolution. Wyoming had for a time enjoyed peace *because* of the Revolution ; that is, because the Penns, aware of its approach and long cognizant, too, of the fact that their *régime* was not to the liking of a majority of the people, had desisted from demonstrations which would attract to them undesirable attention. But now the rumblings of the Revolution which had given Wyoming peace, brought it a revival of the Pennamite War ; that is, of the Pennamite War with all of the Penn *animus* plus that of entirely new interests. In explanation it must be said that the Penns had begun in 1771 to sell lands in Wyoming which theretofore they would only rent. Many Pennsylvanians had purchased, and so had strong personal motive for the ex-

pulsion of the Yankee settlers under Connecticut's claim.

And now came the year 1775 and the battles of Lexington and Concord. The war was begun. If it should end favorably to the colonies, there would attach to Wyoming a new and far greater value than that it had possessed under a feudal proprietorship. Therefore, many more Pennsylvanians became interested, and where it had formerly been a slow and difficult task to raise 100 or so men for one of the Ogden expeditions, 700 were quickly enlisted for Plunkett's. Men who until then had been entirely indifferent to the welfare of Wyoming—such prominent Pennsylvanians as Morris, Meredith, Biddle, Shippen, Tilghman—were liberal contributors to the fund raised for the equipment of the expedition.

An army of 700 men, led by as plucky a commander as Plunkett, would at any time prior to this period have routed the Yankees from Wyoming, and a permanent garrison of half that number would have kept them forever from returning, but now it was too late.

Plunkett marched bravely up with his 700, a formidable train, and a field-piece or so, but Butler, with only half as many fighting-men, beat him off in a decisive battle, and the Pennsylvanians hopelessly



View Down the Susquehanna River from the Mountain at the Southwest End of Wyoming Valley.

The village shown is West Newton. Here the Pennamites under Colonel Plunkett encamped after their march in December, 1775, up along the right or west bank of the river to drive the Yankees out of Wyoming.

retired. Thus, by force of arms and with the blood of her sons, Connecticut had sealed the claim she believed right to the soil of a sister-colony, and the Wyoming men now settled down to enjoy the loveliness of that land they had conquered and clothed with law.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Revolutionary war was in progress, and that many of the leaders and able-bodied men were withdrawn from the settlement, having patriotically entered the Continental army, Wyoming was blessed with peace and prosperity. Its people realized pretty closely the condition of those in the fanciful "Happy Valley" of Rasselas. So they might have continued to do, as far as any molestation from their old enemy the Pennamites was concerned; but a new terror was taking form. A great storm was gathering in the North, which was soon to shut the sunshine from the basking valley, and bring down in its place such darkness and devastation as, with all its tribulations, it never yet had known.

The powerful Iroquois, or Six Nations, with other Indians, allies of the British, had, until the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga, been held in the northern region; but now they were released, and their

war-roused passion was to be wreaked on the defenceless border settlements.

The full fury of the savages was seemingly reserved for fated Wyoming.

There was a partial reason for this in one of the facts which linked with the Wyoming massacre, as an event of the Revolution, the miniature Pennamite War. The intense patriots in the limits of the Connecticut claim had, in 1775, aroused a general enmity among the Tories by expelling from Wyoming some forty of their number (mostly Dutch and Scotch of the Mohawk region), and of course they had incurred the most active and implacable animosity of the individuals whom they had cast out. These now added the venom of their vindictiveness to the composite malevolence brewing as in a caldron. They were associated with the Indians in all of their maraudings on the border; one of their number actually built a block-house in the upper part of Wyoming Valley to assist in masking the incursion, and it has been thought by many that their machinations were the chief influence in drawing the Indians thither.

As to the Indians who were regularly in the employ of the British, it is a curious fact that they had been long dominated—speaking in a broad way—by Sir



William Johnson, and he in turn had been influenced to a considerable extent by one of their number—his mistress, Molly Brant, whose brother, Joseph, was the great chief of the Six Nations. But Sir William was now dead, and whatever of his old-time influence was continued came into operation through his son and nephew and Molly Brant.

As the signs of danger increased at Wyoming in the early summer of 1778, wives besought their husbands to return from the army, and the people generally clamored for protection, calling alike upon the Continental Congress and the Pennsylvania authorities; but no effective measures were taken by either for their aid. Finally, a number of the officers sent in their resignations, and a score or so of the privates deserting, they hurried to the threatened settlements. Among them was Colonel Zebulon Butler, who by common consent became commander. There was not only lack of men, but lack of ammunition; and as danger grew daily nearer, Colonel Butler, having already employed all of the males in scouting, strengthening the forts, and generally preparing for the threatened attack, now set the women all at work in a most strange undertaking—the actual manufacture of much-needed gunpowder, to which even with the crude conveniences at hand, Yankee ingenuity proved equal. And, while they leached saltpetre from the soil in the block-houses, prepared charcoal, bruised quantities of each with pestle and mortar, blended them, cast bullets and rifle-balls—while the situation daily and hourly grew more tense, and no tidings of relief came—the enemy was rapidly massing in the North for an attack which the Wyoming people knew was inevitable.

The Indian and British and Tory forces concentrated at Tioga toward the close of June, 1778, while its leaders sent a delegation of Seneca chiefs to Philadelphia to put Congress off its guard and at the same time sent spies down to Wyoming to ascertain, under the guise of friendship, the exact situation there and to disarm suspicion. But one of them (who was purposely made drunk) revealed enough to confirm positively the worst fears of the settlers—though even the extremest of these were far from foreseeing the sweep-

ing, all-surpassing horror that was swiftly to fall.

And, now, while this army—so soon to bring to Wyoming its crowning calamity and to engage in a sweeping butchery that was to appall the whole world—lies idle at Tioga, let us look at its composition and commanders. Surely, no more heterogeneous herd of murderous soldiers and savages ever assembled in America. It has three elements, and in each many varieties. Its total is not far from twelve hundred fighting-men. First there are 400 British provincials, consisting of Colonel John Butler's Rangers and Sir John Johnson's Royal Greens, with a rabble of Tories from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Then there are not far from 700 Indians, chiefly Senecas, with detachments from the Mohawks and other tribes. They are in almost every conceivable dress, and in appearance of every varying degree, from the martial dignity of the trained soldiers down to the ruffian type of the most abandoned and depraved of the Tories. The regulars are in smart uniforms—Butler's Rangers in rich green; the Tories and renegades in every form of backwoods rusticity and tattered motley; the Indians half naked or in savage attire, with their war-paint and barbarous adornment, varied with the martial trappings of soldiers slain in Northern battles. With them swarms a band of squaws, if possible, more blood-thirsty than their masters. Three classes, indeed; but well-nigh 1,000 diverse, fantastic figures, all actuated, however, by a single animus, a ferocious appetite for blood and the possibilities of paltry loot in the humble cabins of the doomed frontiersmen.

But if the rank and file and rabble of this nondescript assemblage are unparalleled in the border war of the Revolution for its complexity, the personalities of its commanders offer contrasts as strange and startling and incongruous. The expedition is avowedly under command of Colonel John Butler (a cousin of Colonel Zebulon Butler, in command of the Wyoming men). He certainly led the British troops, and probably the Indians, at the actual time of the battle and massacre, but the great Mohawk chieftain, Joseph Brant, now in his prime—aged thirty-six—the dignified and able semi-civilized



River Common, South, Wilkes-Barre.

In the middle foreground at the left stood Fort Wyoming during the Revolutionary and "Pennamite" wars. It was for a number of years a Continental post.

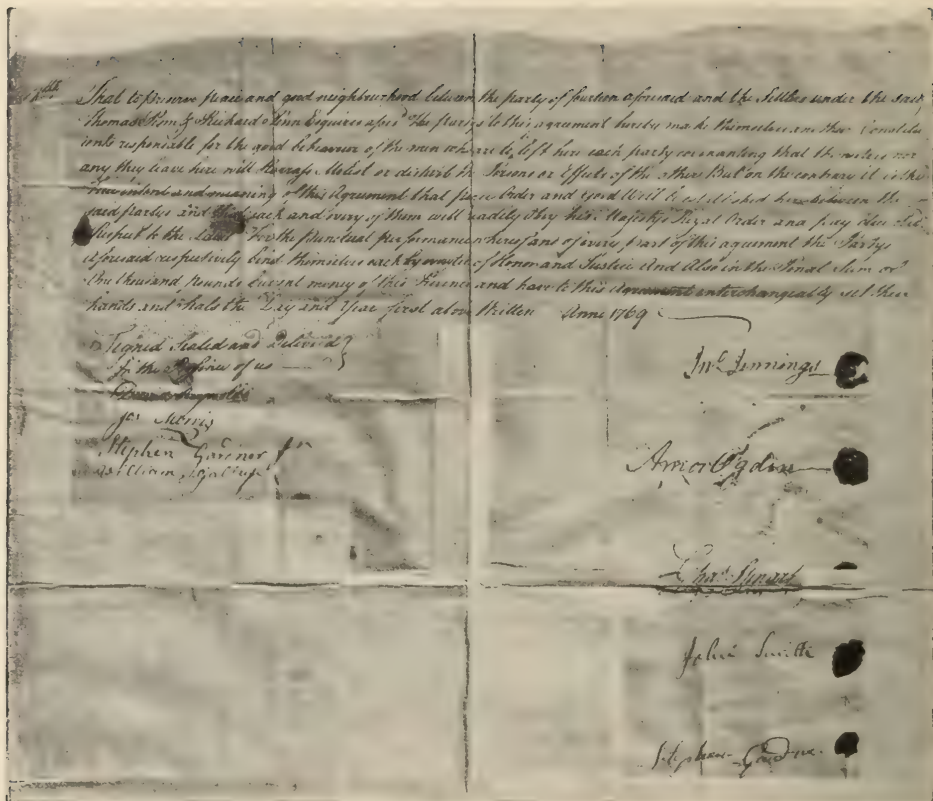
brother of Sir William Johnson's mistress, and the virtual head of the Six Nations, was with the force shortly before it reached Wyoming, and, if he did not go into the fight, at least assembled the Indians for the expedition. He had attained considerable education, and had translated the Bible into the Mohawk tongue.

Colonel John Butler, commonly called at this time "Indian" Butler, offers a curious contrast to Brant, and is one of the most singular of the sanguinary characters engaged in the great strife. In Brant we see a superb, semi-tamed Indian, for the most part now reverted to savagery, but in whose naturally superior soul some sparks of humanity, engendered by contact with civilization, still glimmer. On the other hand, in Butler there is exhibited, in all that extreme reversion of the type of which the human is capable, the brutalized white man. He was a representative of a more than usually cultivated and gentle line, who had perversely sought savagery, and become more savage

than the Indian himself; and now he was called "Indian" Butler, partly to distinguish him from his cousin, Colonel Zebulon Butler, and partly for the simple reason that the *sobriquet* seemed supremely fit. "Indian" Butler was a descendant from a no less personage than that James Butler who was the great Duke of Ormond (1610-1688) of the ancient Anglo-Irish family which traced its genealogy to the dukes of Normandy before the Conquest. He was, perhaps, the ablest, certainly the most atrocious Tory leader of the period, and had figured as the commander of a motley band of marauding whites and Indians in 1776; had fought at their head in the battle of Oriskany, and had otherwise sought fame, and gained infamy.

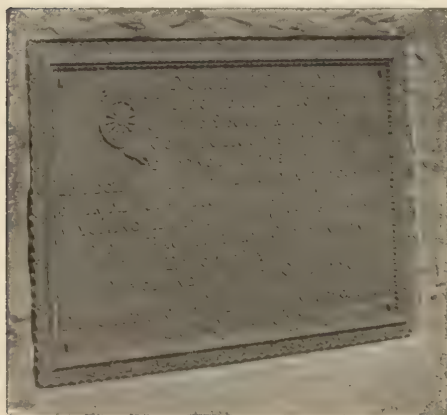
Fat, and squat of figure, with round, rough visage, he was not in appearance an ideal leader, nor a man of prepossessing person; yet he was noted for his success in the former capacity, and he was not without agreeable traits as a heritage from





Fac-simile (Reduced) of a Portion of the Articles of Capitulation of Fort Durkee, Wilkes-Barre, by the Connecticut Settlers, November, 1769.

(In the handwriting of Colonel Charles Stewart, one of the signers.)



his high ancestry, that not even his long life among scenes of blood, and his abandonment to more than savage cruelty, could wholly obliterate or conceal. In preparation for the proposed onslaught at Wyoming he was exceedingly active, and no

detail escaped him. He was seemingly everywhere at once, never still, nervously but effectively bustling among soldiers, guerillas, and savages alike, inciting them afresh from hour to hour, yet ceaselessly cautioning and exercising control.

If there was contrast between the dignified savage Brant and the excitable, degenerate scion of nobility, "Indian" Butler, the final element of the incongruous and grotesque was reached in a third person of sinister and subtle influence in this strangely mixed mass of harsh humanity. This was a woman, no less than the redoubtable, eccentric enthusiast, "Queen Esther." Catharine Montour was the real name of this picturesque and gruesome figure in the strangest scene of the drama of the Revolution. She was a half-breed, and the reputed daughter of one of the French governors of Canada. She had been liberally educated—possessed refine-



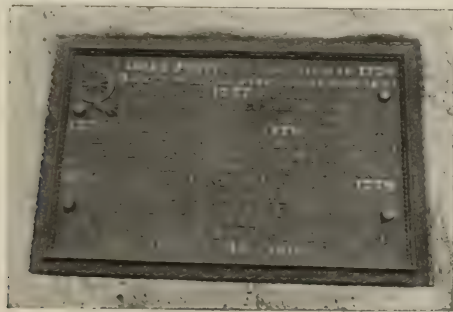
ment, indeed—and the best society of colonial Philadelphia, of Albany, and New York had petted and fêted her as a romantic and engaging young woman, in whose veins coursed a mingling of cultured and savage blood. Soft hands had caressed her, and she was keenly sensible to the gentility of her frequent surroundings, and, in a sense, fitted for them; yet such are the contradictions of wild nature, however restrained temporarily, that this dusky one-time favorite of stately drawing-rooms was the Hecate of the most horrible occurrence in the entire annals of savage war in America.

Queen Esther was a widow now—the widow of a chief—enjoying the repute of a seeress. At all times the possessor of a strange power over the people of her race, but now inflamed by the losses of her kindred, and very recently of a son, she had become a veritable fury who swayed her followers into the utmost extravagances of fanaticism. Even the blood-thirsty Butler, the scourge of the border patriots, though he probably would hesitate at nothing in the way of rapine and murder, feared, upon politic grounds, the supreme ascendancy of this fiery, insanely vengeful “Queen,” and hence his activity among his troops, Tory rangers and their red allies. That he did not wholly succeed was shown by the fact that when

the final advance was made, Queen Esther became the actual leader of the Indian contingent of the army.

The wild aggregation led by “Indian” Butler and Queen Esther, 1,200 men—soldiers, Indians, renegade whites, all brutalized by three years of fierce frontier warfare; a majority by life-long savagery; many incited by bitter personal animosity, and some by simple thirst for blood; energized by cupidity and cruelty; goaded by race hatred and by human hatred; urged on by all the craft of “Indian” Butler and the crazed cries of the zealot queen—finally advanced as if animated by a single will upon doomed Wyoming. The Indians descended the Susquehanna, their flotilla of canoes, in long, sinuous lines, following the current to a point a score of miles above the settlement, where they took to the shore to continue their advance. To the solitary Wyoming scout who from his lofty mountain station watched every movement of this approach of the enemy, it may easily have seemed that some monster passed the great curves of the stream and drew its slow length over the hills and along the plains—a monster more malignant than the fabled ones of the mediæval forests,—moving upon its prey slowly and inexorably.

(To be concluded in May.)





*Design by Walter Appleton Clark.*

He made our meeting something of a ceremony.--Page 47.

# CAPTAIN MACKLIN

## HIS MEMOIRS

### BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK.

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY,  
WEST POINT.

IT may seem presumptuous that so young a man as myself should propose to write his life and memoirs, for as a rule one waits until he has accomplished something in the world, or until he has reached old age, before he ventures to tell of the times in which he has lived, and of his part in them. But the profession to which I belong, which is that of a soldier, and which is the noblest profession a man can follow, is a hazardous one, and were I to delay until to-morrow to write down what I have seen and done, these memoirs might never be written, for, such being the fortune of war, to-morrow might not come.

So I propose to tell now of the little I have accomplished in the first twenty-three years of my life, and, from month to month, to add to these memoirs in order that, should I be suddenly taken off, my debit and credit pages may be found carefully written up to date and carried forward. On the other hand, should I live to be an old man, this record of my career will furnish me with material for a more complete autobiography, and will serve as a safeguard against a failing memory.

In writing a personal narrative I take it that the most important events to be chronicled in the life of a man are his choice of a wife and his choice of a profession. As I am unmarried, the chief event in my life is my choice of a profession, and as to that, as a matter of fact, I was given no choice, but from my earliest childhood was destined to be a soldier. My education and my daily environment each pointed to that career, and even if I had shown a remarkable aptitude for any other calling, which I did not, I doubt if I would have pursued it. I am confident that had my education been directed in an entirely different channel, I should have followed my destiny, and come out a soldier in the end. For by inheritance as well as by instinct I was foreordained to

follow the fortunes of war, to delight in the clash of arms and the smoke of battle ; and I expect that when I do hear the clash of arms and smell the smoke of battle, the last of the Macklins will prove himself worthy of his ancestors.

I call myself the last of the Macklins for the reason that last year, on my twenty-second birthday, I determined I should never marry. Women I respect and admire, several of them, especially two of the young ladies at Miss Butler's Academy I have deeply loved, but a soldier cannot devote himself both to a woman and to his country. As one of our young professors said, "The flag is a jealous mistress."

The one who, in my earliest childhood, arranged that I should follow the profession of arms, was my mother's father, and my only surviving grandparent. He was no less a personage than Major-General John M. Hamilton. I am not a writer ; my sword, I fear and hope, will always be easier in my hand than my pen, but I wish for a brief moment I could hold it with such skill, that I might tell of my grandfather properly and gratefully, and describe him as the gentle and brave man he was. I know he was gentle, for though I never had a woman to care for me as a mother cares for a son, I never missed that care ; and I know how brave he was, for that is part of the history of my country. During many years he was my only parent or friend or companion ; he taught me my lessons by day and my prayers by night, and, when I passed through all the absurd ailments to which a child is heir, he sat beside my cot and lulled me to sleep, or told me stories of the war. There was a childlike and simple quality in his own nature, which made me reach out to him and confide in him as I would have done to one of my own age. Later, I scoffed at this virtue in him as something old-fashioned and credulous. That was when I had reached the age when I



was older, I hope, than I shall ever be again. There is no such certainty of knowledge on all subjects as one holds at eighteen and at eighty, and at eighteen I found his care and solicitude irritating and irksome. With the intolerance of youth, I could not see the love that was back of his anxiety, and which should have softened it for me with a halo and made me considerate and grateful. Now I see it—I see it now that it is too late. But surely he understood, he knew how I looked up to him, how I loved him, and how I tried to copy him, and, because I could not, consoled myself inwardly by thinking that the reason I had failed was because his way was the wrong one, and that my way was the better. If he did not understand then, he understands now; I cannot bear to think he does not understand and forgive me.

Those were the best days of my life, the days I spent with him as a child in his own home on the Hudson. It stands at Dobbs Ferry, set in a grove of pines, with a garden about it, and a box hedge that shuts it from the road. The room I best remember is the one that overlooks the Hudson and the Palisades. From its windows you can watch the great vessels passing up and down the river, and the excursion steamers flying many flags, and tiny pleasure-boats and great barges. There is an open fireplace in this room, and in a corner formed by the book-case, and next to the wood-box, was my favorite seat. My grandfather's place was in a great leather chair beside the centre-table, and I used to sit cross-legged on a cushion at his feet, with my back against his knees and my face to the open hearth. I can still see the pages of "Charles O'Malley" and "Midshipman Easy," as I read them by the lifting light of that wood fire, and I can hear the wind roaring down the chimney and among the trees outside, and the steamers signalling to each other as they pushed through the ice and fog to the great city that lay below us. I can feel the fire burning my face, and the cold shivers that ran down my back, as my grandfather told me of the Indians who had once hunted in the very woods back of our house, and of those he had fought with on the plains. With the imagination of a child, I could hear, mingled with the

shrieks of the wind as it dashed the branches against the roof, their hideous war-cries as they rushed to some night attack, or the howling of the wolves in the snow. When I think of myself as I was then I am very fond of that little boy who sat shivering with excitement, and staring with open eyes at the pictures he saw in the firelight, a little boy who had made no enemies, no failures, who had harmed no one, and who knew nothing of the world outside the walls that sheltered him, save the brave old soldier who was his law and his example, his friend in trouble, and his playmate.

I knew nothing then, and I know very little now, either of my father or my mother. Whenever I asked my grandfather concerning them he always answered vaguely that he would tell me some day, "when you are of age," but whether he meant when I was twenty-one or of an age when I was best fitted to hear the truth, I shall never know. But I guessed the truth from what he let fall, and from what I have since heard from others, although that is but little, for I could not ask strangers to tell me of my own people. For some reason, soon after they were married my mother and father separated and she brought me to live with her father, and he entered the Southern army.

I like to think that I can remember my mother, and it seems I must, for very dimly I recollect a young girl who used to sit by the window looking out at the passing vessels. There is a daguerreotype of my mother, and it may be that my recollection of her is builded upon that portrait. She died soon after we came to live with my grandfather, when I was only three years old, but I am sure I remember her, for no other woman was ever in the house, and the figure of the young girl looking out across at the Palisades is very clear to me.

My father was an Irish officer and gentleman, who came to the States to better his fortunes. This was just before the war; and as soon as it began, although he lived in the North, in New York City, he joined the Southern army and was killed. I believe, from what little I have learned of him, that he was both wild and reckless, but the few who remember him all say that he had many noble qualities, and was much loved by men, and, I am afraid, by

women. I do not know more than that, except the one story of him, which my grandfather often told me.

"Whatever a man may say of your father," he would tell me, "you need not believe; for they may not have understood him, and all that you need to remember, until when you are of age I shall tell you the whole truth, is how he died." It is a brief story. My father was occupying a trench which for some hours his company had held under a heavy fire. When the Yankees charged with the bayonet he rose to meet them, but at the same moment the bugle sounded the retreat, and half of his company broke and ran. My father sprang to the top of the trench and called, "Come back, boys, we'll give them one more volley." It may have been that he had misunderstood the call of the bugle, and disobeyed through ignorance, or it may have been that in his education the signal to retreat had been omitted, for he did not heed it, and stood outlined against the sky, looking back and waving his hand to his men. But they did not come to him, and the advancing troop fired, and he fell upon the trench with his body stretched along its length. The Union officer was far in advance of his own company, and when he leaped upon the trench he found that it was empty and that the Confederate troops were in retreat. He turned, and shouted, laughing: "Come on! there's only one man here—and he's dead!"

But my father reached up his hand, to where the officer stood above him, and pulled at his scabbard.

"Not dead, but dying, Captain," my father said. "And that's better than retreating, isn't it?"

"And that is the story," my grandfather used to say to me, "you must remember of your father, and whatever else he did does not count."

At the age of ten my grandfather sent me to a military academy near Dobbs Ferry, where boys were prepared for college and for West Point and Annapolis. I was a very poor scholar, and, with the exception of what I learned in the drill-hall and the gymnasium, the academy did me very little good, and I certainly did not, at that time at least, reflect any credit on the academy. Had I been able to take half

the interest in my studies my grandfather showed in them, I would have won prizes in every branch; but even my desire to please him could not make me understand the simplest problems in long division; and later here at the Point, the higher branches of mathematics, combined with other causes, have nearly deprived the United States Army of a gallant officer. I believe I have it in me to take a piece of field artillery by assault, but I know I shall never be able to work out the formula necessary to adjust its elevation.

With the exception, perhaps, of Cæsar's "Commentaries," I hated all of my studies, not only on their own account, but because they cut me out of the talks with which in the past my grandfather and I had been wont to close each day. These talks, which were made up on my part of demands for more stories, or for repetitions of those I already knew by heart, did more than any other thing to inspire me with a desire for military glory. My grandfather had served through the Mexican War, in the Indian campaigns on the plains, and during the War of the Rebellion, and his memory recalled the most wonderful and exciting of adventures. He was singularly modest, which is a virtue I never could consider as a high one, for I find that the world takes you at your own valuation, and unless "the terrible trumpet of Fame" is sounded by yourself no one else will blow your trumpet for you. Of that you may be sure. But I can't recall ever having heard my grandfather relate to people of his own age any of the adventures which he told me, and once I even caught him recounting a personal experience which redounded greatly to his credit as having happened to "a man in his regiment." When with childish delight I at once accused him of this he was visibly annoyed, and blushed like a girl, and afterward corrected me for being so forward in the presence of my elders. His modesty went even to the length of his keeping hidden in his bedroom the three presentation swords which had been given him at different times for distinguished action on the field. One came from the men of his regiment, one from his townspeople after his return from the City of Mexico, and one from the people of the State of New York; and nothing I could say would in-



duce him to bring them downstairs to our sitting-room, where visitors might see them. Personally, I cannot understand what a presentation sword is for except to show to your friends; for, as a rule, they are very badly balanced and of no use for fighting.

Had it not been for the colored prints of the different battles in Mexico which hung in our sitting-room, and some Indian war-bonnets and bows and arrows, and a box of duelling-pistols, no one would have supposed that our house belonged to one of the most distinguished generals of his day. You may be sure I always pointed these out to our visitors, and one of my chief pleasures was to dress one of my school-mates in the Indian war-bonnet, and then scalp him with a carving-knife. The duelling-pistols were even a greater delight to me. They were equipped with rifle-barrels and hair-triggers, and were inlaid richly with silver, and more than once had been used on the field of honor. Whenever my grandfather went out for a walk, or to play whist at the house of a neighbor, I would get down these pistols and fight duels with myself in front of the looking-glass. With my left hand I would hold the handkerchief above my head, and with the other clutch the pistol at my side, and then, at the word, and as the handkerchief fluttered to the floor, I would take careful aim and pull the trigger. Sometimes I died and made speeches before I expired, and sometimes I killed my adversary and stood smiling down at him.

My grandfather was a member of the Aztec Club, which was organized during the occupation of the City of Mexico by the American officers who had stormed the capital; and on the occasion of one of its annual meetings, which that year was held in Philadelphia, I was permitted to accompany him to that city. It was the longest journey from home I had ever taken, and each incident of it is still clearly fixed in my mind. The event of the reunion was a dinner given at the house of General Patterson, and on the morning before the dinner the members of the club were invited to assemble in the garden which surrounded his house. To this meeting my grandfather conducted me, and I found myself surrounded by the very men of whom he had so often spoken. I was very frightened, and I confess I was surprised

and greatly disappointed also to find that they were old and gray-haired men, and not the young and dashing warriors he had described. General Patterson alone did not disappoint me, for even at that late day he wore a blue coat with brass buttons and a buff waistcoat and high black stock. He had a strong, fine profile and was smooth shaven. I remember I found him exactly my ideal of the Duke of Wellington; for though I was only then ten or twelve years of age, I had my own ideas about every soldier from Alexander and Von Moltke to our own Captain Custer.

It was in the garden behind the Patterson house that we met the General, and he alarmed me very much by pulling my shoulders back and asking me my age, and whether or not I expected to be as brave a soldier as my grandfather, to which latter question I said, "Yes, General," and then could have cried with mortification, for all of the great soldiers laughed at me. One of them turned, and said to the only one who was seated, "That is Hamilton's grandson." The man who was seated did not impress me very much. He was younger than the others. He wore a black suit and a black tie, and the three upper buttons of his waistcoat were unfastened. His beard was close cropped, like a blacking-brush, and he was chewing on a cigar that had burned so far down that I remember wondering why it did not scorch his mustache. And then, as I stood staring up at him and he down at me, it came over me who he was, and I can recall even now how my heart seemed to jump, and I felt terribly frightened and as though I were going to cry. My grandfather bowed to the younger man in the courteous, old-fashioned manner he always observed, and said: "General, this is my grandchild, Captain Macklin's boy. When he grows up I want him to be able to say he has met you. I am going to send him to West Point."

The man in the chair nodded his head at my grandfather, and took his cigar from his mouth and said, "When he's ready to enter, remind me, let me know," and closed his lips again on his cigar, as though he had missed it even during that short space of time. But had he made a long oration neither my grandfather nor I could have been more deeply moved. My grandfather said: "Thank you, General. It is very



kind of you," and led me away smiling so proudly that it was beautiful to see him. When he had entered the house he stopped and bending over me, asked, "Do you know who that was, Roy?" But with the awe of the moment still heavy upon me I could only nod and gasp at him.

"That was General Grant," my grandfather said.

"Yes, I know," I whispered.

I am not particularly proud of the years that preceded my entrance to West Point, and of the years I have spent here I have still less reason to be content. I was an active boy, and behaved as other young cubs of that age, no better and no worse. Dobbs Ferry was not a place where temptations beset one, and, though we were near New York, we were not of it, and we seldom visited it. When we did, it was to go to a *matinée* at some theatre, returning the same afternoon in time for supper. My grandfather was very fond of the drama, and had been acquainted since he was a young man with some of the most distinguished actors. With him I saw Edwin Booth in "*Macbeth*," and Lester Wallack in "*Rosedale*," and John McCullough in "*Virginius*," a tragedy which was to me so real and moving that I wept all the way home in the train. Sometimes I was allowed to visit the theatre alone, and on these afternoons I selected performances of a lighter variety, such as that given by Harrigan and Hart in their theatre on Broadway. Every Thanksgiving Day I was allowed, after witnessing the annual football match between the students from Princeton and Yale universities, to remain in town all that night. On these great occasions I used to visit Koster & Bial's on Twenty-third Street, a long, low building, very dark and very smoky, and which on those nights was blocked with excited mobs of students, wearing different colored ribbons and shouting the cries of their different colleges. I envied and admired these young gentlemen, and thought them very fine fellows indeed. They wore in those days long green coats, which made them look like coachmen, and high, bell-shaped hats, both of which, as I now can see, were a queer survival of the fashions of 1830, and which now for the second time have disappeared.

To me, with my country clothes and manners and scanty spending money, the way these young collegians wagered their money at the football match and drank from their silver flasks, and smoked and swaggered in the hotel corridors, was something to be admired and copied. And although I knew none of them, and would have been ashamed had they seen me in company with any of my boy friends from Dobbs Ferry, I followed them from one hotel to another, pretending I was with them, and even penetrated at their heels into the *café* of Delmonico. I felt then for a brief moment that I was "*seeing life*," the life of a great metropolis, and in company with the young swells who made it the rushing, delightful whirlpool it appeared to be.

It seemed to me, then, that to wear a green coachman's coat, to rush the door-keeper at the Haymarket dance-hall, and to eat supper at the "*Silver Grill*" was to be "*a man about town*," and each year I returned to our fireside at Dobbs Ferry with some discontent. The excursions made me look restlessly forward to the day when I would return from my Western post, a dashing young cavalry officer on leave, and would wake up the *cafés* and clubs of New York, and throw my money about as carelessly as these older boys were doing then.

My appointment to West Point did not, after all, come from General Grant, but from President Arthur, who was in office when I reached my nineteenth year. Had I depended upon my Congressman for the appointment, and had it been made after a competitive examination of candidates, I doubt if I would have been chosen.

Perhaps my grandfather feared this and had it in his mind when he asked the President to appoint me. It was the first favor he had ever asked of the Government he had served so well, and I felt more grateful to him for having asked the favor, knowing what it cost him to do so, than I did to the President for granting it.

I was accordingly entered upon the rolls of the Military Academy, and my career as a soldier began. I wish I could say it began brilliantly, but the records of the Academy would not bear me out. Had it not been that I was forced to study books

I would not have been a bad student ; for in everything but books, in everything that bore directly on the training of a soldier and which depended upon myself, as, for example, drill, riding, marksmanship, and a knowledge of the manual, I did as well, or far better, than any of my classmates. But I could not, or would not, study, and instead of passing high in my class at the end of the plebe year, as my natural talents seemed to promise I would do, I barely scraped through, and the outlook for the second year was not encouraging. The campaign in Mexico had given my grandfather a knowledge of Spanish, and as a boy he had drilled this language into me, for it was a fixed belief of his, that if the United States ever went to war, it would be with some of her Spanish-American neighbors, with Mexico, or Central America, or with Spain on account of Cuba. In consequence he considered it most essential that every United States officer should speak Spanish. He also argued that a knowledge of French was of even greater importance to an officer and a gentleman, as it was, as I have since found it to be, the most widely spoken of all languages. I was accordingly well drilled in these two tongues, and I have never regretted the time I spent on them, for my facility in them has often served me well, has pulled me out of tight places, put money into my pocket, and gained me friends when but for them I might have remained and departed a stranger among strangers. My French accordingly helped me much as a "yearling," and in camp I threw myself so earnestly into the skirmish, artillery, and cavalry drills that in spite of my low marks I still stood high in the opinion of the cadet officers and of my instructors. With my classmates, for some reason, although in all out-of-door exercises I was the superior of most of them, I was not popular. I would not see this at first, for I try to keep on friendly terms with those around me, and I want to be liked even by people of whom I have no very high opinion and from whom I do not want anything besides. But I was not popular. There was no disguising that, and in the gymnasium or the riding-hall other men would win applause for performing a feat of horsemanship or a difficult trick on the parallel bars which same feat, when I re-

peated it immediately after them, and even a little better than they had done it, would be received in silence. I could not see the reason for this, and the fact itself hurt me much more than anyone guessed. Then as they would not signify by their approbation that I was the best athlete in the class, I took to telling them that I was, which did not help matters. I find it is the same in the world as it is at the Academy—that if one wants recognition, he must pretend not to see that he deserves it. If he shows he does see it, everyone else will grow blind, holding, I suppose, that a conceited man carries his own comfort with him, and is his own reward. I soon saw that the cadet who was modest received more praise than the cadet who was his superior, but who, through repeated success, had acquired a self-confident, or, as some people call it, a conceited manner ; and so, for a time, I pretended to be modest, too, and I never spoke of my athletic successes. But I was never very good at pretending, and soon gave it up. Then I grew morbid over my inability to make friends, and moped by myself, having as little to do with my classmates as possible. In my loneliness I began to think that I was a much misunderstood individual. My solitary state bred in me a most unhealthy disgust for myself, and, as it always is with those who are at times exuberantly light-hearted and self-assertive, I had terrible fits of depression and lack of self-confidence, during which spells I hated myself and all of those about me. Once, during one of these moods, a First-Class man, who had been a sneak in his plebe year and a bully ever since, asked me, sneeringly, how "Napoleon on the Isle of St. Helena" was feeling that morning, and I told him promptly to go to the devil, and added that if he addressed me again, except in the line of his duty, I would thrash him until he could not stand or see. Of course he sent me his second, and one of my classmates acted for me. We went out that same evening after supper behind Fort Clinton, and I thrashed him so badly that he was laid up in the hospital for several days. After that I took a much more cheerful view of life, and as it seemed hardly fair to make one cadet bear the whole brunt of my displeasure toward the entire battalion, I began picking quarrels with anyone who made pretensions of being



a fighter, and who chanced to be bigger than myself.

Sometimes I got badly beaten, and sometimes I thrashed the other man, but whichever way it went, those battles in the soft twilight evenings behind the grass-grown ramparts of the old fort, in the shadow of the Kosciusko Monument, will always be the brightest and pleasantest memories of my life at this place.

My grandfather had one other daughter besides my mother, my Aunt Mary, who had married a Harvard professor, Dr. Endicott, and who had lived in Cambridge ever since they married.

In my second year here, Dr. Endicott died and my grandfather at once went to Cambridge to bring Aunt Mary and her daughter Beatrice back with him, installing them in our little home, which thereafter was to be theirs as well. He wrote me saying he knew I would not disapprove of this invasion of my place by my young cousin and assured me that no one, girl or boy, could ever take the place in his heart that I had held. As a matter of fact I was secretly pleased to hear of this addition to our little household. I knew that as soon as I was graduated I would be sent to some army post in the West, and that the occasional visit I was now able to pay to Dobbs Ferry would be discontinued. I hated to think that in his old age my grandfather would be quite alone. On the other hand, when, after the arrival of my cousin, I received his first letter and found it filled with enthusiastic descriptions of her, and of how anxious she was to make him happy, I felt a little thrill of jealousy. It gave me some sharp pangs of remorse, and I asked myself searchingly if I had always done my utmost to please my grandfather and to give him pride and pleasure in me. I determined for the future I would think only of how to make him happy.

A few weeks later I was able to obtain a few hours' leave, and I wasted no time in running down from the Point to make the acquaintance of my cousin, and to see how the home looked under the new régime. I found it changed, and, except that I felt then and afterward that I was a guest, it was changed for the better.

I found that my grandfather was much more comfortable in every way. The newcomers were both eager and loving, al-

though no one could help but love my grandfather, and they invented wants he had never felt before, and satisfied them, while at the same time they did not interfere with the life he had formerly led. Aunt Mary is an unselfish soul, and most content when she is by herself engaged in the affairs of the house and in doing something for those who live in it. Besides her unselfishness, which is to me the highest as it is the rarest of virtues, hers is a sweet and noble character, and she is one of the gentlest souls that I have ever known.

I may say the same of my cousin Beatrice. When she came into the room, my first thought was how like she was to a statuette of a Dresden shepherdess which had always stood at one end of our mantel-piece, coquetting with the shepherd lad on the other side of the clock. As a boy, the shepherdess had been my ideal of feminine loveliness. Since then my ideals had changed rapidly and often, but Beatrice reminded me that the shepherdess had once been my ideal. She wore a broad straw hat, with artificial roses which made it hang down on one side, and, as she had been working in our garden, she wore huge gloves and carried a trowel in one hand. As she entered, my grandfather rose hastily from his chair and presented us with impressive courtesy. "Royal," he said, "this is your cousin, Beatrice Endicott." If he had not been present, I think we would have shaken hands without restraint. But he made our meeting something of a ceremony. I brought my heels together and bowed as I have been taught to do at the Academy, and seeing this she made a low courtesy. She did this apparently with great gravity, but as she kept her eyes on mine I saw that she was mocking me. If I am afraid of anything it has certainly never proved to be a girl, but I confess I was strangely embarrassed. My cousin seemed somehow different from any of the other girls I had met. She was not at all like those with whom I had danced at the hotel hops, and to whom I gave my brass buttons in Flirtation Walk. She was more fine, more illusive, and yet most fascinating, with a quaint old-fashioned manner that at times made her seem quite a child, and the next moment changed her into a worldly and charming young woman.



She made you feel she was much older than yourself in years and in experience and in knowledge. That is the way my cousin appeared to me the first time I saw her, when she stood in the middle of the room courtesying mockingly at me and looking like a picture on an old French fan. That is how she has since always seemed to me—one moment a woman, and the next a child; one moment tender and kind and merry, and the next disapproving, distant, and unapproachable.

Up to the time I met Beatrice I had never thought it possible to consider a girl as a friend. For the matter of that, I had no friends even among men, and I made love to girls. My attitude toward girls, if one can say that a man of eighteen has an attitude, was always that of the devoted admirer. If they did not want me as a devoted admirer, I put them down as being proud and haughty or "stuck up." It never occurred to me then that there might be a class of girl who, on meeting you, did not desire that you should at once tell her exactly how you loved her, and why. The girls who came to Cranston's certainly seemed to expect you to set their minds at rest on that subject, and my point of view of girls was taken entirely from them. I can remember very well my pause of dawning doubt and surprise when a girl first informed me she thought a man who told her she was pretty was impertinent. What bewildered me still more on that occasion was that this particular girl was so extremely beautiful that to talk about anything else but her beauty was a waste of time. It made all other topics trivial, and yet she seemed quite sincere in what she said, and refused to allow me to bring our talk to the personal basis of "what I am to you" and "what you are to me." It was in discussing that question that I considered myself an artist and a master. My classmates agreed with me in thinking as I did, and from the first moment I came here called me "Masher" Macklin, a sobriquet of which I fear for a time I was rather proud. Certainly, I strove to live up to it. I believe I dignified my conduct to myself by calling it "flirtation." Flirtation, as I understood it, was a sort of game in which, I honestly believed the entire world of men and women, of every class

and age, were eagerly engaged. Indeed, I would have thought it rather ungallant, and conduct unworthy of an officer and a gentleman, had I not at once pretended to hold an ardent interest in every girl I met. This seems strange now, but from the age of fourteen up to the age of twenty that was my way of regarding the girls I met, and even to-day I fear my attitude toward them has altered but slightly, for now, although I no longer pretend to care when I do not, nor make love as a matter of course, I find it is the easiest attitude to assume toward most women. It is the simplest to slip into, just as I have certainly found it the one from which it is most difficult to escape. But I never seem to remember that until it is too late. A classmate of mine once said to me: "Royal, you remind me of a man walking along a road with garden gates opening on each side of it. Instead of keeping to the road, you stop at every gate, and say: 'Oh! what a pretty garden! I'll just slip in there, and find out where that path will take me.' And then—you're either thrown out, and the gate slammed after you, or you lose yourself in a maze and you can't get out—until you break out. But does that ever teach you a lesson? No! Instead of going ahead along the straight and narrow way, and keeping out of temptation, you halt at the very next gate you come to, just as though you had never seen a gate before, and exclaim; 'Now, this is a pretty garden, and *what* a neat white fence! I really must vault in and take a look round.' And so the whole thing is gone over again."

I confess there may be some truth in what he said, but the trouble I find with the straight and narrow way is that there's not room enough in it for two. And, then, it is only fair to me to say that some of the gardens were really most beautiful, and the shade very deep and sweet there, and the memories of the minutes I passed in them were very refreshing when I went back to the dust of the empty road. And no one, man or woman, can say that Royal Macklin ever trampled on the flowers, or broke the branches, or trespassed in another man's private grounds.

It was my cousin Beatrice who was responsible for the change of heart in me

toward womankind. For very soon after she came to live with us, I noticed that in regard to all other young women I was growing daily more exacting. I did not admit this to myself, and still less to Beatrice, because she was most scornful of the girls I knew, and mocked at them. This was quite unfair of her, because she had no real acquaintance with them, and knew them only from photographs and tintypes, of which I had a most remarkable collection, and of what I chose to tell her about them. I was a good deal annoyed to find that the stories which appealed to me as best illustrating the character of each of my friends, only seemed to furnish Beatrice with fresh material for ridicule, and the girls of whom I said the least were the ones of whom she approved. The only girls of my acquaintance who also were friends of hers, were two sisters who lived at Dobbs Ferry, and whose father owned the greater part of it, and a yacht, in which he went down to his office every morning. But Beatrice held that my manner even to them was much too free and familiar, and that she could not understand why I did not see that it was annoying to them as well. I could not tell her in my own defence that their manner to me, when she was with us and when she was not, varied in a remarkable degree. It was not only girls who carried themselves differently before Beatrice: every man who met her seemed to try and show her the best in him, or at least to suppress any thought or act which might displease her. It was not that she was a prig, or an angel, but she herself was so fine and sincere, and treated all with such an impersonal and yet gracious manner that it became contagious, and everybody who met her imitated the model she unconsciously furnished. I was very much struck with this when she visited the Academy. Men who before her coming had seemed bold enough for any game, became dumb and embarrassed in her presence, and eventually it was the officers and instructors who escorted her over the grounds, while I and my acquaintances among the cadets formed a straggling rear-guard at her heels. On account of my grandfather, both she and my aunt were made much of by the Commandant and all the older officers, and when they

continued to visit the Academy they were honored and welcomed for themselves, and I found that on such occasions my own popularity was enormously increased. I have always been susceptible to the opinion of others. Even when the reigning belle or the popular man of the class was not to me personally attractive, the fact that she was the reigning belle and that he was the man of the hour made me seek out the society of each. This was even so, when, as a matter of fact, I should have much preferred to dance with some less conspicuous beauty or talk with a more congenial companion. Consequently I began to value my cousin, whom I already regarded with the most tremendous admiration, for those lighter qualities which are common to all attractive girls, but which in my awe of her I had failed to recognize. There were many times, even, when I took myself by the shoulders and faced the question if I were not in love with Beatrice. I mean truly in love, with that sort of love that one does not talk about, even to one's self, certainly not to the girl. As the young man of the family, I had assumed the position of the heir of the house, and treated Beatrice like a younger sister, but secretly I considered her in no such light.

Many nights when on post I would halt to think of her, and of her loveliness and high sincerity, and forget my duty while I stood with my arms crossed on the muzzle of my gun. In such moments the night, the silence, the moonlight piercing the summer leaves and falling at my feet, made me forget my promise to myself that I would never marry. I used to imagine then it was not the unlicked cubs under the distant tents I was protecting, but that I was awake to watch over and guard Beatrice, or that I was a knight, standing his vigil so that he might be worthy to wear the Red Cross and enter her service. In those lonely watches I saw littlenesses and meannesses in myself, which I could not see in the brisk light of day, and my self-confidence slipped from me and left me naked and abashed. I saw myself as a vain, swaggering boy, who, if he ever hoped to be a man among men, such as Beatrice was a woman above all other women, must change his nature at once and forever.



I was glad that I owed these good resolutions to her. I was glad that it was she who inspired them. Those nights, as I leaned on my gun, I dreamed even that it might end happily and beautifully in our marriage. I wondered if I could make her care, if I could ever be worthy of her, and I vowed hotly that I would love her as no other woman was ever loved.

And then I would feel the cold barrel of my musket pressing against the palm of my hand, or the bayonet would touch my cheek, and at the touch something would tighten in my throat, and I would shake the thoughts from me and remember that I was sworn to love only my country and my country's flag.

In my third year here my grandfather died. As the winter closed in he had daily grown more feeble, and sat hour after hour in his great arm-chair, dozing and dreaming, before the open fire. And one morning when he was alone in the room, Death, which had so often taken the man at his side, and stood at salute to let him live until his work was done, came to him and touched him gently. A few days later when his body passed through the streets of our little village, all the townspeople left their houses and shops, and stood in silent rows along the sidewalks, with their heads uncovered to the falling snow. Soldiers of his old regiments, now busy men of affairs in the great city below us, came to march behind him for the last time. Officers of the Loyal Legion, veterans of the Mexican War, regulars from Governor's Island, with their guns reversed, societies, political clubs, and strangers who knew him only by what he had done for his country, followed in the long procession as it wound its way through the cold, gray winter day to the side of the open grave. Until then I had not fully understood what it meant to me, for my head had been numbed and dulled; but as the body disappeared into the grave, and the slow notes of the bugle rose in the final call of "Lights out," I put my head on my aunt's shoulder and cried like a child. And I felt as though I were a child again, as I did when he came and sat beside my bed, and heard me say my prayers, and then closed the door behind him, leaving me in the darkness and alone.

But I was not entirely alone, for Beatrice was true and understanding; putting her own grief out of sight, caring for mine, and giving it the first place in her thoughts. For the next two days we walked for hours through the autumn woods where the dead leaves rustled beneath our feet, thinking and talking of him. Or for hours we would sit in silence, until the sun sank a golden red behind the wall of the Palisades, and we went back through the cold night to the open fireside and his empty chair.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,  
NEW ORLEANS.

Six months ago had anyone told me that the day would come when I would feel thankful for the loss of my grandfather, I would have struck him. But for the last week I have been almost thankful that he is dead. The worst that could occur has happened. I am in bitter disgrace, and I am grateful that grandfather died before it came upon me. I have been dismissed from the Academy. The last of the "Fighting" Macklins has been declared unfit to hold the President's commission. I am cast out irrevocably; there is no appeal against the decision. I shall never change the gray for the blue. I shall never see the U. S. on my saddle-cloth, nor salute my country's flag as it comes fluttering down at sunset.

That I am on my way to try and redeem myself is only an attempt to patch up the broken pieces. The fact remains that the army has no use for me. I have been dismissed from West Point, in disgrace. It was a girl who brought it about, or rather my own foolishness over a girl. And before that there was much that led up to it. It is hard to write about it, but in these memoirs I mean to tell everything—the good, with the bad. And as I deserve no excuse, I make none.

During that winter, after the death of my grandfather, and the spring which has followed, I tried hard to do well at the Point. I wanted to show them that though my grandfather was gone, his example and his wishes still inspired me. And though I was not a studious cadet, I was a smart soldier, and my demerits, when they came, were for smoking in my room or for breaking some other such silly rule, and never



for slouching through the manual or coming on parade with my belts twisted. And at the end of the second year I had been promoted from corporal to be a cadet first sergeant, so that I was fourth in command over a company of seventy. Although this gave me the advantage of a light after "taps" until eleven o'clock, my day was so taken up with roll-calls, riding and evening drills and parade, that I never seemed to find time to cram my mechanics and chemistry, of which latter I could never see any possible benefit. How a knowledge of what acid will turn blue litmus-paper red is going to help an officer to find fodder for his troop horses, or inspire him to lead a forlorn hope, was then, and still is, beyond my youthful comprehension.

But these studies were down on the roster, and whether I thought well of them or not I was marked on them and judged accordingly. But I cannot claim that it was owing to them or my failure to understand them that my dismissal came, for, in spite of the absence of 3's in my markings and the abundance of 2's, I was still a soldierly cadet, and in spite of the fact that I was a stupid student, I made an excellent drill-master.

The trouble, when it came, was all my own making, and my dismissal was entirely due to an act of silly recklessness and my own idiocy. I had taken chances before and had not been caught; several times I ran the sentries at night for the sake of a noisy, drunken spree at a roadside tavern, and several times I had risked my chevrons because I did not choose to respect the arbitrary rules of the Academy which chafed my spirit and invited me to rebellion. It was not so much that I enjoyed those short hours of freedom, which I snatched in the face of such serious penalties, but it was the risk of the thing itself which attracted me, and which stirred the spirit of adventure that at times sways us all.

It was a girl who brought about my dismissal. I do not mean that she was in any way to blame, but she was the indirect cause of my leaving the Academy. It was a piece of fool's fortune, and I had not even the knowledge that I cared in the least for the girl to console me. She was only one of the several "piazza girls," as we called certain ones of those who

were staying at Cranston's, with whom I had danced, to whom I had made pretty speeches, and had given the bell button that was sewn just over my heart. She certainly was not the best of them, for I can see now that she was vain and shallow, with a pert boldness, which I mistook for vivacity and wit. Three years ago, at the age of twenty, my knowledge of women was so complete that I divided them into six classes, and as soon as I met a new one I placed her in one of these classes and treated her according to the line of campaign I had laid down as proper for that class. Now, at twenty-three, I believe that there are as many different kinds of women as there are women, but that all kinds are good. Some women are better than others, but all are good, and all are different. This particular one unknowingly did me a great harm, but others have given me so much that is for good, that the balance side is in their favor. If a man is going to make a fool of himself, I personally would rather see him do it on account of a woman than for any other cause. For centuries Antony has been held up to the scorn of the world because he deserted his troops and his fleet, and sacrificed the Roman Empire for the sake of Cleopatra. Of course, that is the one thing a man cannot do, desert his men and betray his flag; but, if he is going to make a bad break in life, I rather like his doing it for the love of a woman. And, after all, it is rather fine to have for once felt something in you so great that you placed it higher than the Roman Empire.

I haven't the excuse of any great feeling in my case. She, the girl at Cranston's, was leaving the Point on the morrow, and she said if all I had sworn to her was true I would run the sentries that night to dance with her at the hop. Of course, love does not set tests nor ask sacrifices, but I had sworn that I had loved her, as I understood the word, and I told her I would come. I came, and I was recognized as I crossed the piazza to the ball-room. On the morning following I was called to the office of the Commandant and was told to pack my trunk. I was out of uniform in an hour, and that night at parade the order of the War Department dismissing me from the service was read to the assembled battalion.

I cannot write about that day. It was

a very bright, beautiful day, full of life and sunshine, and I remember that I wondered how the world could be so cruel and unfeeling. The other second-classmen came in while I was packing my things, to say that they were sorry. They were kind enough; and some of them wanted me to go off to New York to friends of theirs and help upset it and get drunk. Their idea was, I suppose, to show the authorities how mistaken they had been in not making me an officer. But I could not be civil to any of them. I hated them all, and the place, and everyone in it. When I was dismissed my first thought was one of utter thankfulness that my grandfather died before the disgrace came upon me, and after that I did not much care. I was desperate and bitterly miserable. I knew, as the authorities could not know, that no one in my class felt more loyal to the service than myself; that I would have died twenty deaths for my country; that there was no one company post in the West, however distant from civilization, that would not have been a paradise to me; that there was no soldier in the army who would have served more devotedly than myself. And now I was found wanting and thrown out to herd with civilians, as unfit to hold the President's commission. After my first outbreak of impotent rage—for I blamed everyone but myself—remorse set in, and I thought of grandfather and of how much he had done for our country, and how we had talked so confidently together of the days when I would follow in his footsteps, as his grandchild, and as the son of "Fighting Macklin."

All my life I had talked and thought of nothing else, and now, just as I was within a year of it, I was shown the door which I never can enter again.

That it might be easier for us when I arrived, I telegraphed Beatrice what had happened, and when I reached the house the same afternoon she was waiting for me at the door, as though I was coming home for a holiday and it was all as it might have been. But neither of us was deceived, and without a word we walked out of the garden and up the hill to the woods where we had last been together six months before. Since then all had changed. Summer had come, the trees were heavy with leaves, and a warm haze hung over the

river and the Palisades beyond. We seated ourselves on a fallen tree at the top of the hill and sat in silence, looking down into the warm, beautiful valley. It was Beatrice who was the first to speak.

"I have been thinking of what you can do," she began, gently, "and it seems to me, Royal, that what you need now is a good rest. It has been a hard winter for you. You have had to meet the two greatest trials that I hope will ever come to you. You took the first one well, as you should, and you will take this lesser one well also; I know you will. But you must give yourself time to get over this—this disappointment, and to look about you. You must try to content yourself at home with mother and with me. I am so selfish that I am almost glad it has happened, for now for a time we shall have you with us, all to ourselves, and we can take care of you and see that you are not gloomy and morbid. And then when the fall comes you will have decided what is best to do, and you will have a rest and a quiet summer with those who understand you and love you. And then you can go out into the world to do your work, whatever your work is to be."

I turned toward her and stared at her curiously.

"Whatever my work is to be," I repeated. "That was decided for me, Beatrice, when I was a little boy."

She returned my look for a moment in some doubt, and then leaned eagerly forward. "You mean to enlist?" she asked.

"To enlist? Not I!" I answered hotly. "If I'm not fit to be an officer now, I never shall be, at least not by that road. Do you know what it means? It's the bitterest life a man can follow. He is neither the one thing nor the other. The enlisted men suspect him, and the officers may not speak with him. I know one officer who got his commission that way. He swears now he would rather have served the time in jail. The officers at the post pointed him out to visitors, as the man who had failed at West Point, and who was working his way up from the ranks, and the men of his company thought that *he* thought, God help him, that he was too good for them, and made his life hell. Do you suppose I'd show my musket to men of my old mess, and have the girls I've danced



with see me marching up and down a board walk with a gun on my shoulder? Do you see me going on errands for the men I've hazed, and showing them my socks and shirts at inspection so they can give me a good mark for being a clean and tidy soldier? No! I'll not enlist. If I'm not good enough to carry a sword I'm not good enough to carry a gun, and the United States Army can struggle along without me."

Beatrice shook her head.

"Don't say anything you'll be sorry for, Royal," she warned me.

"You don't understand," I interrupted. "I'm not saying anything against my own country or our army—how can I? I've proved clearly enough that I'm not fit for it. I'm only too grateful. I've had three years in the best military school in the world, at my country's expense, and I'm grateful. Yes, and I'm miserable, too, that I have failed to deserve it."

I stood up and straightened my shoulders. "But perhaps there are other countries less difficult to please," I said, "where I can lose myself and be forgotten, and where I can see service. After all, a soldier's business is to fight, not to sit at a post all day or to do a clerk's work at Washington."

Even as I spoke these chance words I seemed to feel the cloud of failure and disgrace passing from me. I saw vaguely a way to redeem myself, and, though I had spoken with bravado and at random, the words stuck in my mind, and my despondency fell from me like a heavy knapsack.

"Come," I said, cheerfully, "there can be no talk of a holiday for me until I have earned it. You know I would love to stay here now with you and Aunt in the old house, but I have no time to mope and be petted. If you fall down, you must not lie in the road and cry over your bruised shins; you must pick yourself up and go on again, even if you are a bit sore and dirty."

We said nothing more, but my mind was made up, and when we reached the house I went at once to my room and repacked my trunk for a long journey. It was a leather trunk in which my grandfather used to carry his sword and uniform, and in it I now proudly placed the presentation sword he had bequeathed to me in his will, and my scanty wardrobe and \$500 of the

money he had left to me. All the rest of his fortune, with the exception of the \$2,000 a year he had settled upon me, he had, I am glad to say, bequeathed with the house to Aunt Mary and Beatrice. When I had finished my packing I joined them at supper, and such was my elation at the prospect of at once setting forth to redeem myself, and to seek my fortune, that to me the meal passed most cheerfully. When it was finished, I found the paper of that morning, and spreading it out upon the table began a careful search in the foreign news for what tidings there might be of war.

I told Beatrice what I was doing, and without a word she brought out my old school atlas, and together under the light of the student-lamp we sought out the places mentioned in the foreign despatches, and discussed them, and the chances they might offer me.

There were, I remember, at the time that paper was printed, strained relations existing between France and China over the copper mines in Tonkin; there was a tribal war in Upper Burmah with native troops; there was a threat of complications in the Balkans, but the Balkans, as I have since learned, are always with us and always threatening. Nothing in the paper seemed to offer me the chance I sought, and apparently peace smiled on every other portion of the globe.

"There is always the mounted police in Canada," I said, tentatively.

"No," Beatrice answered, quietly, and without asking her reasons I accepted her decision and turned again to the paper. And then my eyes fell on a paragraph which at first I had overlooked—a modest, brief despatch tucked away in a corner, and unremarkable, except for its strange date-line. It was headed, "The Revolt in Honduras." I pointed to it with my finger, and Beatrice leaned forward with her head close to mine, and we read it together.

"Tegucigalpa, June 17th," it read. "The revolution here has assumed serious proportions. President Alvarez has proclaimed martial law over all provinces, and leaves to-morrow for Santa Barbara, where the Liberal forces under the rebel leader, ex-President Louis Garcia, were last in camp. General Laguerre is coming from Nicaragua to assist Garcia with his for-



eign legion of 200 men. He has seized the Nancy Miller, belonging to the Isthmian Line, and has fitted her with two Gatling guns. He is reported to be bombarding the towns on his way along the coast, and a detachment of Government troops is marching to Porto Cortez to prevent his landing. His force is chiefly composed of American and other aliens, who believe the overthrow of the present government will be beneficial to foreign residents.

"General Laguerre!" I cried, eagerly, "that is not a Spanish name. General Laguerre must be a Frenchman. And it says that the men with him are Americans, and that the present government is against all foreigners."

I drew back from the table with a laugh, and stood smiling at Beatrice, but she shook her head, even though she smiled, too.

"Oh, not that," she said.

"My dear Beatrice," I expostulated, "it certainly isn't right that American interests in—what's the name of the place—in Honduras, should be jeopardized, is it? And by an ignorant half-breed like this President What's-his-name? Certainly not. It must be stopped, even if we have to requisition every steamer the Isthmian Line has afloat."

"Oh, Royal," Beatrice cried, "you are not serious. No, you wouldn't, you couldn't be so foolish. That's no affair of yours. That's not your country. Besides, that is not war; it is speculation. You are a gentleman, not a pirate and a filibuster."

"William Walker was a filibuster," I answered. "He took Nicaragua with 200 men and held it for two years against 20,000. I must begin somewhere," I cried, "why not there?" A girl can't understand these things—at least, some girls can't—but I would have thought you would. What does it matter what I do or where I go?" I broke out, bitterly. "I have made a failure of my life at the very start. I am sick and sore and desperate. I don't care where I go or what——"

I would have ranted on for some time, no doubt, but that a look from Beatrice stopped me in mid-air, and I stood silent, feeling somewhat foolish.

"I can understand this much," she said, "that you are a foolish boy. How

dare you talk of having made a failure of your life? Your life has not yet begun. You have yet to make it, and to show yourself something more than a boy." She paused, and then her manner changed, and her came toward me, looking up at me with eyes that were moist and softened with a sweet and troubled tenderness, and she took my hand and held it close in both of hers.

I had never seen her look more beautiful than she did at that moment. If it had been any other woman in the world but her, I would have caught her in my arms and kissed her again and again, but because it was she I could not touch her, but drew back and looked down into her eyes with the sudden great feeling I had for her. And so we stood for a moment, seeing each other as we had never seen each other before. And then she caught her breath quickly and drew away. But she turned her face toward me at once, and looked up at me steadily.

"I am so fond of you, Royal," she said, bravely, "you know, that—that I cannot bear to think of you doing anything in this world that is not fine and for the best. But if you will be a knight errant, and seek out dangers and fight windmills, promise me to be a true knight and that you will fight only when you must and only on the side that is just, and then you will come back bringing your sheaves with you."

I did not dare to look at her, but I raised her hand and held the tips of her fingers against my lips, and I promised, but I would have promised anything at that moment.

"If I am to be a knight," I said, and my voice sounded very hoarse and boyish, so that I hardly recognized it as my own, "you must give me your colors to wear on my lance, and if any other knight thinks his colors fairer, or the lady who gave them more lovely than you, I shall kill him."

She laughed softly and moved away.

"Of course," she said, "of course, you must kill him." She stepped a few feet from me, and, raising her hands to her throat, unfastened a little gold chain which she wore around her neck. She took it off and held it toward me. "Would you like this?" she said. I did not answer.

nor did she wait for me to do so, but wound the chain around my wrist and fastened it, and I raised it and kissed it, and neither of us spoke. She went out to the veranda to warn her mother of my departure, and I to tell the servants to bring the carriage to the door.

A few minutes later, the suburban train drew out of the station at Dobbs Ferry, and I waved my hand to Beatrice as she sat in the carriage looking after me. The night was warm and she wore a white dress and her head was uncovered. In the smoky glare of the station lamps I could still see the soft tints of her hair; and as the train bumped itself together and pulled forward, I felt a sudden panic of doubt, a piercing stab at my heart, and something cailed on me to leap off the car that was bearing me away, and go back to the white figure sitting motionless in the carriage. As I gripped the iron railing to restrain myself, I felt the cold sweat springing to the palm of my hand. For a moment I forgot the end of my long journey. I saw it as something foolish, mad, fantastic. I was snatching at a flash of powder, when I could warm my hands at an open fire. I was deserting the one thing which counted and of which I was certain: the one thing I loved. And then the train turned a curve, the lamps of the station and the white ghostly figure were shut from me, and I entered the glaring car filled with close air and smoke and smelling lamps. I seated myself beside a window and leaned far out into the night, so that the wind of the rushing train beat in my face.

And in a little time the clanking car-wheels seemed to speak to me, beating out the words brazenly so that I thought everyone in the car must hear them.

"Turn again, turn again, Royal Macklin," they seemed to say to me. "She loves you, Royal Macklin, she loves you, she loves you."

And I thought of Dick Whittington when the Bow bells called to him, as he paused in the country lane to look back at the smoky roof of London, and they had offered him so little, while for me the words seemed to promise the proudest place a man could hold. And I imagined myself still at home, working by day in some New York office and coming

back by night to find Beatrice at the station waiting for me, always in a white dress, and with her brown hair glowing in the light of the lamps. And I pictured us taking long walks together above the Hudson, and quiet, happy evenings by the fireside. But the rhythm of the car-wheels altered, and from "She loves you, she loves you," the refrain now came brokenly and fiercely, like the reports of muskets fired in hate and fear, and mixed with their roar and rattle I seemed to distinguish words of command in a foreign tongue, and the groans of men wounded and dying. And I saw, rising above great jungles and noisome swamps, a long mountain-range piercing a burning, naked sky; and in a pass in the mountains a group of my own countrymen, ragged and worn and with eyes lit with fever, waving a strange flag, and beset on every side by dark-faced soldiers, and I saw my own face among them, hollow-cheeked and tanned, with my head bandaged in a scarf; I felt the hot barrel of a rifle burning my palm, I smelt the pungent odor of spent powder, my throat and nostrils were assailed with smoke. I suffered all the fierce joy and agony of battle, and the picture of the white figure of Beatrice grew dim and receded from me, and as it faded the eyes regarded me wistfully and reproached me, but I would not heed then, but turned my own eyes away. And again I saw the menacing negro faces and the burning sunlight and the strange flag that tossed and whimpered in the air above my head, the strange flag of unknown, tawdry colors, like the painted face of a woman in the street, but a flag at which I cheered and shouted as though it were my own, as though I loved it; a flag for which I would fight and die.

The train twisted its length into the great station, the men about me rose and crowded down the aisle, and I heard the cries of newsboys and hackmen and jangling car-bells, and all the roar and tumult of a great city at night.

But I had already made my choice. Within an hour I had crossed to the Jersey side, and was speeding south, south toward New Orleans, toward the Gulf of Mexico, toward Honduras, to Colonel Laguerre and his foreign legion.



# THE SHERIFF'S BLUFF

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. RANSOM

THE county of H—— was an old Colonial county, and contained many old Colonial relics even as late as the time of my story. Among them were the court-house and the jail, and, at that time, the Judge and the Sheriff.

The court-house was an old brick edifice of solemn and grayish brown, with a portico whose mighty columns might have stood before a temple of Minerva overlooking the *Ægean* Sea. With its thick walls and massive-barred windows, it might have been thought the jail, until one saw the jail. The jail once seen stood alone. A cube of stone, each block huge enough to have come from the Pyramid of Cheops, the windows, or rather the apertures, were small square openings, crossed and re-crossed with great bars of wrought iron, so massive that they might have been fashioned on the forge of Cyclops. Looking through them from the outside, one saw just deep enough into the narrow cavern to see another iron grating, and catch a suspicion of the darkness beyond. The door was but a slit letting into a stone-paved corridor on which opened the grinding iron doors of the four small cells, each door a grate of huge iron bars, heavily crossed, with openings just large enough to admit a hand. The jail was built, not to meet the sentimental or any other requirements of a reasonable and humane age, but in that hard time when crime was reckoned crime, when the very names of "gaol" and "prison" stood for something clear and unmistakable.

The Judge of the circuit was himself a relic of the past, for his youth had been cast among those great ones of the earth whose memory had come down coupled with deeds so heroic and far-reaching, that even to the next generation their doers appeared half enveloped in the halo of tradition, and stood rather as historical personages than as real men. His life had been one of great rectitude and dignity,

while habits of unusual studiousness and a work on great Executors had added a reputation of vast learning, and in his old age both in his manner and his habit he preserved a distance and a dignity of demeanor which lent dignity to the bar, and surrounded him wherever he went with a feeling akin to awe. Though he had given up the queue and short clothes, he still retained ruffles, or what was so close akin to them that the difference could scarcely be discerned. Tall, grave, and with a little bend, not in the shoulders but in the neck; with white hair just long enough to be brushed behind in a way to suggest the knot which once appeared at the back; with calm, quiet eyes under bushy white eyebrows; a face of pinkish red inherited from Saxon ancestors, who once lived in the sun and on the brine, and a mouth and chin which bespoke decision and self-respect in every line and wrinkle, wherever he moved he produced an impression of one who had survived from a preceding age. Moreover, he was a man of heroic ideals, of Spartan simplicity, and of inflexible discipline.

If he had a weakness it was his susceptibility to feminine testimony.

The county was a secluded one—a fitting field for such a judge. And the great meetings of the year were the sessions of the Circuit Court.

The Judge's name was then on every lip, and his passage to the court-house was a procession. Everyone except those unfortunates who had come under his ban, or might be too far gone with drink to venture into his presence, drew up along the path from the tavern to bow to him and receive his courteous bow in return as he passed with slow and thoughtful step along, preceded by the Sheriff and his deputies, and followed by the bar and "the multitude." Whenever he entered the court or rose from the bench the lawyers stood.

If he was impressive off the bench, on the bench he was imposing.

At heart one of the kindest of men, he





Drew up along the path from the tavern to bow to him. —Page 436.

added to great natural dignity a high sense of the loftiness of a position of the bench and preserved, with impartial and inexorable rigor, the strictest order in his court, ruling bar and attendants alike up to a high accountability.

No one would any more have thought of taking a liberty with Judge Lomax than he would have done so with an old lion. Just one man might have thought of it, but he would not have done it—Aleck Thompson, the Sheriff of the county, a jovial man past middle age, a rubicund bachelor, who had courted half the girls in the county and was intimate with more than half the people in the circuit. He was daring even to rashness. He had held the office of Sheriff—not as

long as the Judge had sat on the bench, but, at least, since he first stood for the place, and he could hold it as long as he wished it. He was easily the most popular man in the county. He treated everybody with unvarying joviality and indiscriminate generosity, and it was known that his income, though large, was, except so much as was absolutely necessary for his support, distributed with impartial fairness among the people of his county, some over the poker-table, some in other popular ways. He had a face that no one could read, and bluffed as well with a pair of threes as with fours.

Now and then some opposition to him would arise and a small headway would be made against him. As, for instance, after

he advised Squire Jefford's plump daughter, Mary, not to marry Dick Creel, because Dick was too dissipated. There were some who said that the Sheriff had designs himself on Sam Jefford's buxom, black-eyed daughter, while others held that he was afraid of young Dick, who was an amiable and popular young fellow, and that he did not want him to get too much influence in the lower end of the county. However it was, Mary Jeffords not only married her young lover, but sobered him, and as she was young, pretty, and ambitious, and worshipped her husband, Dick Creel, at the next election, to use the vernacular, "made considerable show runnin' ag'inst the Sheriff, and give him considerable trouble." Still, Thompson was elected overwhelmingly, and few people believed Mary Creel's charge that the Sheriff had got Dick drunk on purpose to beat him. Thompson said, "Didn't anybody have to *git* Dick drunk—the work was t'other way."

## II

THE session of the Circuit Court in the "—— year of the Commonwealth," as the writs ran, and "in the sixteenth year of Aleck Thompson's Sheriffalty," as that official used to say, was more than usually important. The noted case of "*Dolittle et al. vs. Dolittle's Executrix*," was tried at the autumn term of the court, and caused considerable excitement in the county; for, in addition to the amount of property and the nice questions of law which were involved, the two sides had been severally espoused by two sister churches, and nearly half the county was in attendance, either as witnesses or interested spectators. Not only was every available corner in the little village filled to overflowing with parties, witnesses, and their adherents, but during the first week of the term the stable-yards and road-sides were lined with covered wagons and other vehicles, in or under which some of those who had not been fortunate enough to obtain shelter in the inn used to sleep, and "Briles's bar" under the tavern did a thriving business.

As the case, however, wore on, and the weather became inclement, the crowd dropped off somewhat, though a sufficient

number still remained to give an air of life to the little road-side village.

Certain of these visitors found the bar-room on the ground floor of the tavern across the road more attractive than the court-room, and as the evening came the loud talking in that direction told that the visits had not been fruitless.

Perfect order, however, prevailed in the court, until one evening one of these visitors, a young man named Turkle, who had been spending the afternoon at the bar, made his way into the court-room. He was in a dingy, weather-stained overcoat and an old slouch-hat. He sank into a seat at the end of a bench near the door and, being very drunk, soon began to talk aloud to those about him.

"Silence!" called the Sheriff over the heads of the crowd from his desk in front, and those near the man cautioned him to stop talking. A moment later, however, he began again. Again the Sheriff roared "Silence!" But by this time the hot air of the court-room had warmed up Mr. Turkle, and in answer to the warning of those about him, he declared, in a maudlin tone, that he "Warn't goin' to keep silence."

"I got 's much right to talk 's anyone, and I'm a goin' to talk 's much 's I please."

His friends tried to silence him, and the Sheriff made his way through the crowd and endeavored to induce him to leave the court-room; but to no purpose. Jim Turkle was much too "far gone" to know what he was doing, though he was in a delightfully good humor. He merely hugged the Sheriff and laughed drunkenly.

"Aleck, you jist go 'way f'om here. I ain't a goin' to shet up. You shet up yourself. I'm a goin' to talk all I please. Now you hear it."

Then as if to atone for his rudeness, he caught the Sheriff roughly by the arm and pulled him toward him:

"Aleck, how's the case goin'? Is Mandy a goin' to win? Is that old rascal rulin' right?"

The Sheriff urged something in a low voice, but Turkle would not be silenced.

"Now you see thar'!" he broke out with a laugh to those about him, "didn't I tell you Aleck wan't nothin' but a ol' drunkard? What d' you s'pose the ol'



"Bet yer he's got a bottle in 's pocket right now."

rascal wants me to do? He wants me to go over there to the bar and git drunk like 'im, and I ain't goin' to do it. I never drink. I've come here to see that my cousin Mandy's chil'ern gits their patrimony, and I ain' a goin' to 'sociate with these here drunken fellows like Aleck Thompson."

The Sheriff made a final effort. He spoke positively, but Turkle would not heed.

"Oh, 'Judge' be damned! You and I know that ol' fellow loves a dram jest's well's the best of 'em—jest's well 's you do. Look at his face. You think he got that drinkin' well-water? Bet yer he's got a bottle in 's pocket right now."

A titter ran over the crowd, but was suddenly stopped.

A quiet voice was heard from the other end of the court-room, and a deathly silence fell on the assemblage. "Mr. Sheriff, bring that person to the bar of the Court."

The crowd parted as if by magic, and the Sheriff led his drunken constituent to the bar, where his befuddled brain took in just enough of the situation to make him quiet enough. The Judge bent his sternest look on him until he quailed.

"Have you no more sense of propriety than to disturb a court of justice in the exercise of its high function?"

Turkle, however, was too drunk to understand this. He tried to steady himself against the bar.

"I ain't is-turbed no Court of function, and anybody 't says so, Jedge, iz a liar."



He dragged his hand across his mouth and tried to look around upon the crowd with an air of drunken triumph, but he staggered and would have fallen had not the Sheriff caught and supported him.

The Judge's eyes had never left him.

"Mr. Sheriff, take this intoxicated creature and confine him in the county gaol until the expiration of the term. The very existence of a court of justice depends upon the observance of order. Order must be preserved and the dignity of the Court maintained."

There was a stir—half of horror—throughout the court-room. Put a man in that jail just for being tight!

Then the Sheriff on one side and his deputy on the other, led the culprit out, now sufficiently quiet and half whimpering. A considerable portion of the crowd followed him.

Outside, the prisoner was sober enough, and he begged hard to be let off and allowed to go home. His friends, too, joined in his petition and promised to guarantee that he would not come back



again during the term of court. But the Sheriff was firm.

"No. The Judge told me to put you in jail, and I'm goin' to do it." He took two huge iron keys from his deputy and rattled them fiercely.

Turkle shrank back with horror.

"You ain't goin' to put me in thar, Aleck! Not in that hole! Not just for a little drop o' whiskey. It was your whiskey, too, Aleck. I was drinkin' yo' health, Aleck. You know I was."

"The Judge won't know anything about it. He'll never think of it again," pleaded several of Turkle's friends. "You know he has ordered a drunken man put there before and never said any more about it—just told you to discharge him next day."

Turkle stiffened up with hope.

"Yes, Aleck." He leant on the Sheriff's arm heavily. "He's drunk himself—I don't mean that, I mean you're drunk—oh, no—I mean I'm drunk. Everybody's drunk."

"Yes, you've gone and called me a drunkard before the court. Now I'm goin' to show you." Thompson rattled his big keys again savagely. Turkle caught him with both hands.

"Oh, Aleck, don't talk that a-way," he began in a tremulous voice. "Don't talk that a-way!" He burst into tears and flung his arms around the Sheriff's neck. He protested that he had never seen him take a drink in his life; he would go and tell the Judge so; if necessary, he would swear to it on a Bible.

"Aleck, you know I love you better than anybody in this world—except my wife and children. Yes, better than them—better than Jinny. Jinny will tell you that herself. Oh, Aleck!" He clung to him.

His friends endorsed this and declared that they would bring him back if the Judge demanded his presence. They would "promise to bring him back dead or alive at any time he sent for him."

As Turkle and his friends were always warm supporters of the Sheriff, a fact of which they did not fail to remind him, Thompson was not averse to letting him



He had still stood and looked as in a dream.—Page 444.

off, especially as he felt tolerably sure that the Judge would, as they said, forget all about the matter, or, if he remembered it, would, as he had done before, simply order him to discharge the prisoner. So, after dragging the poor fellow to the jail door to scare him well and make his clemency the more impressive, he turned him over to the others on condition that he would mount his mule and go straight home and not come back again during the



"Mr. Sheriff, conduct the young man to the door."—Page 446.

term. This Turkle was so glad to do that he struck out at once for the stable at what Thompson called a "turkey trot," and five minutes later he was galloping down the road, swinging mightily on his sorrel mule, but whipping for life.

That night Thompson was much toasted about the court-house for his humanity. Several of his admirers, indeed, got into somewhat the same condition that Turkle had been in. Even Dick Creel, who had come to court that day, lapsed from virtue and fell a victim to the general hilarity.

### III

THE next morning when court was opened, the Judge was even more than usually dignified and formal. The customary

routine of the morning was gone through with; the orders of the day before were read and were signed by the Judge with more than wonted solemnity. The Clerk, a benignant looking old man with a red face and a white beard, took up his book and adjusted his glasses to call the pending docket; the case of "*Dolittle vs. Dolittle's Ex'x.*," and the array of counsel drew their chairs up to the bar and prepared for the work of the day, when the Judge, taking off his spectacles, turned to the Sheriff's desk:

"Mr. Sheriff, bring in that unfortunate inebriate whom I sentenced to confinement in the gaol yesterday. The Court, while sensible of the imperative necessity of protecting itself from all unseemly disorder and preserving its dignity undiminished, never-





"I don't forget the pretty girls." Page 447.

theless always leans to the side of mercy. The Court trusts that a night's incarceration may have sufficiently sobered and chastened the poor creature. The Court will therefore give him a brief admonition and will discharge him."

The Judge sat back in his large arm-chair and waited benignantly with his gaze resting placidly in front of him, while a deathly silence fell on the crowd and every eye in the court-house was turned on the Sheriff.

Thompson, standing at his desk, was staring at the Judge with jaw dropped and a dazed look like a man who had suddenly to face judgment. He opened his lips twice as if to speak, then turned and went slowly out of the court-house like a man in a dream, while those left behind looked in

each others' eyes, some half scared and others more than half amused.

Outside, Thompson stopped just between two of the great pillars. He rammed his hands deep in his pockets and gazed vacantly over the court-green and up the road.

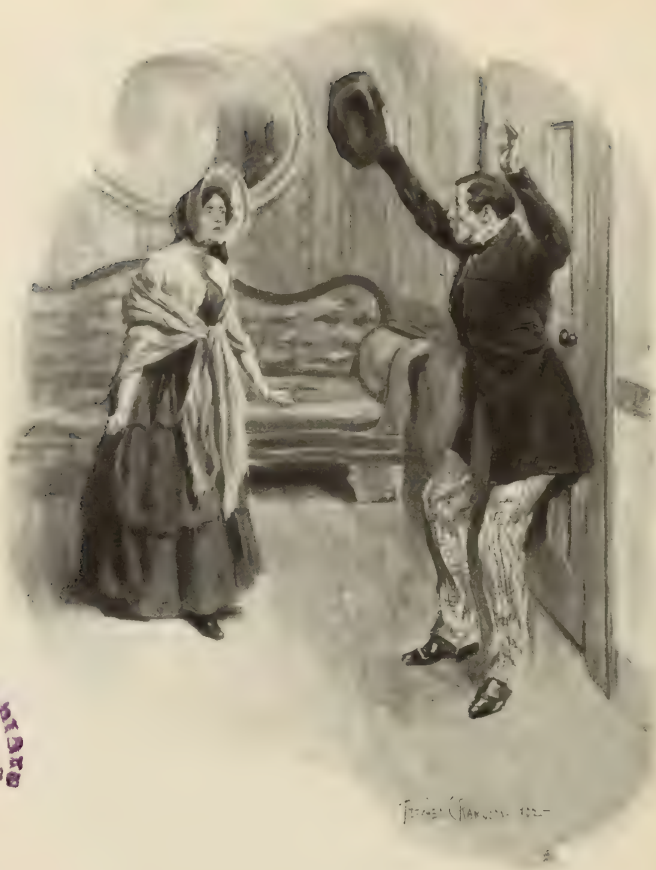
"What will he do with you? Remove you?" asked two or three who had slipped out of the door behind him and now stood about him.

"He'll put me in jail—and remove me."

"Can't you go and get Jim back here?"

"Or put a man on a horse and send for him. You can get a man to go there for a dollar and a half."

"No, he can't do that," declared another, half testily; "it's over twenty-five miles to Jim's, and like as not, Jim's drunk



"Mary, please—For kingdom's sake, don't!"—Page 448.

at home. He wouldn't get here till to-morrow night."

"Aleck, you tell him he was sick. I reckon he *is* sick enough, drunk as he was," suggested the last speaker in a friendly tone; but the first dashed his hope.

"Next thing, the Judge would be sendin' the Doctor to see about him and askin' him how he is comin' on—if he didn't go and see how he was comin' on himself."

"Jee-rusalem! that would be bad!"

Thompson's face had not changed a whit. He had still stood and looked as in a dream. Suddenly, as his eyes rested on the tavern across the road beyond the court green, they lit up. His friends followed his gaze. A young man had just come out of the tavern bar and was making his way unsteadily across the road toward a horse-rack, where a thin bay

horse stood tied. He was clad in a sun-burnt overcoat and slouch hat, much as Turkle had been dressed the evening before.

"There's Turkle now," exclaimed one of the men behind Thompson.

"No, it's Dick Creel," corrected another. "He ain't been drunk before in a year. He's goin' home now."

"Sorry for him when he gits home. His wife will straighten him out."

But Thompson paid no heed to them. He darted down the walk and pounced on the young man just as he reached his horse.

"Come here," he said in a tone of authority. "The Judge wants you."

The young man looked at him in vague amazement.

"The Judge wants me? What th'

Judge want with me? 'S he want to consult me?"

"Never mind what he wants—he wants you. Come along, and mind, no matter what he says to you, don't you open your mouth. If you do, he'll put you in jail. He's been kind o' curious lately about all this drinkin' and he's in an all-fired fury this morning and he'll clap you in jail in a minute. Come along."

The young man was too much dazed to understand, and Thompson was hurrying him along so rapidly that he had no time to expostulate. At every step the Sheriff was warning him, under terrific penalties, against answering the Judge a single word.

"No matter if he says black 's white and white 's black, don't you open your mouth or you'll get it. It's much as I can do to keep you out of jail this minute."

"But, Sheriff—! But, Aleck—! Just wait a minute! I don't——!"

The next instant he was inside the court-house and the Sheriff was marching him up the aisle between the upturned faces. He planted him at the bar immediately before the Court, pulling off his hat in such a way as to drag his hair over his face and give him an even more disheveled appearance than before. Then he moved around to his own desk, keeping his eye fixed piercingly on the astonished Creel's bewildered face. A gasp went over the court-room, and the bar stared at the prisoner in blank amazement.

The Judge alone appeared oblivious of his presence. He had sat absolutely silent and motionless since he had given the order to the Sheriff to produce the prisoner, his face wrapped in deep reflection. Now he withdrew his eye from the ceiling.

"Oh!"

With impressive deliberation he put on his large gold-rimmed spectacles; sat up in his chair; assumed his most judicial expression, which sat curiously on his benignant face, and looked severely down upon the culprit. The court-room shivered and Thompson's round face grew perceptibly whiter; but his eyes, after a single fleeting glance darted at the Judge, never left the face of the man at the bar.

The next second the Judge began to speak, and Thompson, and the court-room with him, heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Young man," began the Judge, "you have committed an act of grievous impropriety. You have been guilty of one of the most reprehensible offences that any citizen of a Commonwealth founded upon order and justice could commit, an act of such flagrant culpability that the Court, in the maintenance of its dignity and in the interest of the Commonwealth found it necessary to visit upon you punishment of great severity and incarcerate you in the gaol usually reserved for the most depraved malefactors. Intemperance is one of the most debasing of vices. It impairs the intellect and undermines the constitution. To the inhibition of Holy Writ is added the cumulative if inferential prohibition of the law, which declines to consider inebriety, though extreme enough in degree to destroy the reasoning faculty, in mitigation of crime of the highest dignity. If you had no beloved family to whom your conduct would be an affliction, yet you have a duty to yourself and to the Commonwealth which you have flagrantly violated. To shocking inebriety you added the even grosser misdemeanor of disturbing a Court in the exercise of its supreme function; the calm, orderly, and deliberate administration of justice between the citizens of the Commonwealth."

"But, Judge—?" began the man——

A sharp cough from the Sheriff interrupted him and he glanced at the Sheriff to meet a menacing shake of the head.

The strangeness of the scene and the impressive solemnity of the Judge so wrought upon the young man that he began to whimper. He looked at the Judge and once more opened his mouth to speak, but the Sheriff called, sharply:

"Silence!"

Creel looked appealingly from the Judge to the Sheriff, only to meet another shake of the latter's head and a warning scowl.

Then the Judge proceeded, in a tone that showed that he was not insensible to his altered manner.

"The Court, always mindful of that mercy whose quality 'is not strained, but droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath,' trusts that your recent incarceration, though brief, may prove adequate to the exigencies of the occasion. It hopes that the incarceration of one night in the common gaol may prove



in case of a young man like yourself sufficiently efficacious to deter you from the repetition of so grave a misdemeanor, and at the same time not crush too much that generous spirit of youth which in its proper exercise may prove so advantageous to its possessor, and redound so much to the benefit of the Commonwealth. The order of the court, therefore, is that the Sheriff discharge you from further imprisonment.

"Mr. Sheriff, conduct the young man to the door, caution him against a recurrence of his offence, and direct him toward his home.

"We will now proceed to call the docket."

The court-room with another gasp broke into a buzz, which was instantly quelled by the sharp command of the Sheriff for silence and order in the court.

"But, Judge—" began Creel again, "I don't understand——"

What he did not understand was not heard, for Thompson seized the prisoner before he could finish his sentence, and, with a grip of steel on his arm, hustled him down the aisle and out of the court-room.

A good many poured out of the court-room after them and with subdued laughter followed the Sheriff and his charge down the walk. Thompson, however, did not wait for them. The young man appeared inclined to argue. But the Sheriff gave him no time. Hurrying him down the walk, he unhitched his horse for him and ordered him to mount.

"But, Sheriff—Mr. Thompson, I'm darned if I understand what it is all about."

"You were drunk," said Thompson—"flagrantly inebriated. Go home. Didn't you hear the Judge?"

"Yes, I heard him. He's doty. I might have been drunk, but I'm darned if I slept in jail last night—I slept in——"

"I'm darned if you didn't," said the Sheriff. "The Judge has ruled it so, and so you did. Now go home and don't you come back here again during this term, or you will sleep in jail again."

"That old Judge is doty," declared the young man with a tone of conviction.

"So much the worse for you if you come back here. Go home now, just as quick as you can."

Creel reflected for a moment.

"Well, it beats my time. I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Thompson," he said, half pleadingly. "I'll go home and stay there if you will promise not to tell my wife I was in jail."

"I promise you," said Aleck, solemnly. "I give you my word I won't."

"And what's more, if you'll keep anybody else from doing it, I'll vote for you next time for Sheriff."

"I promise you that, too," said Aleck, "and if anybody says you were there, let me know, and I'll come up there and— and tell her you weren't. I can't do any more than that, can I?"

"No, you can't do any more than that," admitted Creel, sadly, and, leaning over and shaking hands with the Sheriff cordially for the first time in some years, he rode away in profound dejection.

"Well, I've got to face Mary," he said, "and I reckon I might as well do it. Whiskey is a queer thing. I must have been a lot drunker than I thought I was, because if the Court hadn't ruled it, I would have sworn I slept in that there wing room last night."

"Well, that's the best bluff I ever put up," said Thompson.

#### IV

THE Sheriff's bluff became the topic of the rest of the term. Such audacity, such resourcefulness had never been known. Thompson became more popular than ever, and his re-election the following spring was admitted to be certain.

"That Aleck Thompson's the smartest man that is," declared one of his delighted adherents.

Thompson himself thought so, too, and his imitation of the Judge, of Dick Creel, and of himself in court became his most popular story.

Only the old Judge moved among the throng of tittering laymen, calm, dignified, and unsuspecting.

"If ever he gets hold of you, Aleck," said one of that worthy's worshippers, "there's likely to be a vacancy in the office of sheriff."

"He'll put me in jail," laughed Aleck. "Dick Creel says he's kind o' doty."

The court was nearing the end of the

term. *Dolittle et al. vs. Dolittle's Executrix*, with all its witnesses and all its bitter-nesses, had resulted in a mistrial, and the sister churches were wider apart than ever. The rest of the docket was being daily disposed of.

The Sheriff was busy one day telling his story to an admiring throng on the court green when some one casually observed that Mrs. Dick Creel had got off the train that morning.

The Sheriff's face changed a little.

"Where is she?"

"Waitin' in the tavern parlor."

"What is she doing here? What is she doing in there?"

"Jest a settin' and a waitin'."

"I 'spect she is waitin' for you, Aleck?"

There was a burst of laughter, for Squire Jefford's daughter, Mary, was known to be "a woman of her own head."

The Sheriff laughed, too; but his laughter was not as mirthful as usual. He made an ineffectual attempt to keep up his jollity.

"I reckon I'll go and see Mary."

He left the group with affected cheerfulness, but his heart was heavier than he liked to admit. He made his way to the "ladies' parlor," as the little sitting-room in the south wing of the rambling old tavern, overlooking the court green was called, and opened the door.

On one side of the wood fire in a stiff, high-backed chair sat a young woman, in her hat and wrap and gloves, "jest a settin' and a waitin'." She was a well-made and comely young woman under thirty, with a ruddy face, smooth hair and bright eyes that the Sheriff knew could both smile and snap. Her head was well set on rather plump shoulders; her mouth was well formed, but was now close drawn and her chin was strong enough to show firmness—too much firmness, as Thompson mentally decided when he caught its profile.

The Sheriff advanced with an amiable smile. He was so surprised.

"Why, you here, Mary? When did you come?" His tone was affable and even showed pleasure. But Mary did not unbend. She was as stiff as the chair she sat in. Without turning her head she turned her eyes and looked at him sideways.

"Mrs. Creel."

There was a glint in her black eyes that

meant war, and Thompson's countenance fell.

"Ah—ur—Mrs. Creel."

"I didn't know as you'd know me?" She spoke quietly, her eyes still on him sidewise.

"Not know you! Why, of course, I know you. I don't forget the pretty girls—leastways, the prettiest girl in the county—. Your father and I—"

"I heard you made a mistake about my husband and Jim Turkle. I thought maybe you might think I was Mrs. Turkle."

There was the least perceptible lifting of her shoulders and drawing down of her mouth, but quite enough to suggest Jenny Turkle's high shoulders and grim face.

The Sheriff tried to lighten the conversation.

"Oh! Come now, Mary, you mustn't get mad about that. It was all a joke. I was comin' right up after court adjourned to tell you about it—and—. It was the funniest thing! You'd 'a' died laughing if you'd been here and seen—"

"I heard they was all laughin' about it. I ain't so easy to amuse."

"Oh! Yes, you would, too," began Thompson, cajolingly. "If you'd seen—"

"What time does Court adjourn?" she asked, quietly and irrelevantly.

"Oh, not for two or three—not for several days yet—probably t'will hold over till well into next week. But if you'd seen—"

"I mean what time does it let out to-day?"

Thompson's face fell again.

"Why—ah—about—ah—. Why? What do you want to know for?"

"I want to see the Judge." Her voice was a dead level.

"What about?"

"About business."

"What business?"

"Co'te business," with cold irony.

"You don't mean that you're goin' to—?"

He paused without framing the rest of the question. She suddenly stood up and flamed out.

"Yes, I am—that's just what I am goin' to do. That's what I've come here for. You may take a liberty with the Judge—he's doty; but you can't take a

liberty with me—I'm Squire Jefford's daughter, and I'm goin' to show you."

She was facing him now, and her black eyes were darting fire. Thompson was quite staggered.

"Why, Mary! I am surprised at you. Your father's old friend—who has had you on his knee many a time. I am shocked and surprised—and mortified and—astonished—and—mortified——"

"You've done said that one once," she said, icily.

"Why, Mary, I thought we were friends—" he began. But she cut in on him.

"Friends!" She spoke with contempt. "You've had it in for Dick ever since he was a boy." Her voice suddenly broke and the tears sprang to her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"Why, Mary—no such thing—I assure you—Dick and I are the best of friends—*dear* friends."

His sniff was more forcible than words. She wiped her eyes and looked at him with cold contempt.

"I'm a fool!—And I don't want you to be, *Mary*-in' me, either. If Dick chooses to let you get him drunk and make a beast and a fool of him and drag him up before the Court like a—a—like that drunkard, Jim Turkle, what don't know how to behave himself seemly in Court, and Circuit Court at that—he may; but I'll let you know, *I'm* not goin' to do it. I don't mean the Judge to think my husband's a thing like that. I mean to set him right. And I'll tell him you are nothing but an old gambler who spends his time ruinin' young men, and braggin' as how you can bluff anybody."

"Mary!—ur—Mrs. Creel!" gasped the Sheriff.

She stalked by him wiping her eyes, and marched straight to the door: but the Sheriff was too quick for her. His office, his reputation, everything hung on his pacifying her. He sprang to the door and, standing against it, began to apologize in so humble a tone that even the angry wife could not but listen to him.

He said everything that any mortal could have said, and declared that he would do anything on earth that she might ask.

She reflected, and he began to hope

again. When their eyes met, hers were still hard, but they were calmer.

"I know you think you are making a fool of me," she began, and then as he protested she shut him up with a sharp gesture.

"Yes, you do, you think so; but you are not. There is but one thing I will accept in apology."

"What is that?"

"You are to make Dick your deputy."

"But, M——!"

"I knew you wouldn't—Stand aside." She gave a sweep of the arm.

"But, Mary!"

"Stand aside, I say—I'd rather have you removed any way."

"But, Mary, just listen——"

"Stand aside, or I will call." She straightened herself and looked past him, as if listening.

"But, Mary, do be reasonable!"

She opened her mouth as if to cry out. The Sheriff threw up both hands.

"Mary, please—For kingdom's sake, don't! What unreasonable creatures women are!"

"You'd better let women alone. One is as much as you can manage now." She spoke witheringly. "I give you one more chance."

"More than I can manage. You know Dick will get drunk——"

"Not unless you make him. Who was drunk at that barbecue at Jones's Cross Roads last summer?"

"Oh, Mary!"

"Who set up till after Sunday mornin' playin' kyards——. Yes, *gamblin'*, the last night of last County Co'te?"

"Oh, Mary!—All right. I lay down my hand."

She drew paper and pencil from her little bag and held them out to him.

"Write it down."

"Ain't my word good enough?"

"If you mean to do it, why are you afraid to write it?"

"I'm not afraid."

"Then write it." She held the paper to him with outstretched arm.

"What shall I write?"

"Write what I say: 'I, Aleck Thompson, promise and bind myself if I remain in office for another term to appoint my *dear* friend, Dick Creel'—underscore



that—"my first deputy, and to keep him in as long as he keeps sober and attends to his business." Now sign it."

"What consideration do I get for this?" Thompson looked up from the paper at her cajoling. She met his gaze with a little flash.

"Oh! I forgot the consideration," she murmured, "and I Squire Jefford's daughter, too! Write: 'The consideration for the above is the love I bear the aforesaid Richard Creel, and the fear I have that his wife will tell the Judge what a smart Aleck I am.'"

"Mary, you don't want me to write that?"

"Them very words. I little more forgot the consideration."

The paper was written.

"Now I want a witness. I see the court is broken up."

"'Tain't necessary."

"I want a witness, and I'm goin' to *have* him."

"Who?"

"The Judge."

"Look here, Mary——?"

"I'm goin' to have him. You come and introduce me."

"Mary, are you after all goin' to——?"

She met his gaze frankly.

"No, unless you go back on me. If you do, I'll tell him and show him the paper; and what's more, I'll show it all around this county."

A flash of genuine admiration came into the Sheriff's eyes.

"Mary, you ought to have been a man, or—Mrs. Aleck Thompson."

The paper was signed and witnessed. The Judge inquired of the Sheriff that evening,

"Who is that handsome and very interesting young woman?"

"She is the wife of a young man I want to get as my deputy, sir."

"A very interesting young woman," observed the Judge. "I should say she is a young woman of some intellect and some determination."

"She is, indeed, sir," said the Sheriff.

Long afterward Aleck Thompson used to tell the story and always wound up with, "She bluffed me clean, but she was the best deputy I ever had."









HOW EASTER COMES IN THE CITY.

Drawn by Everett Shinn.





*Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.*

Her cheeks flaming under her wide, dark hat.—Page 458.

# A REVERSION TO TYPE

By Josephine Dodge Daskam

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY



HE had never felt so tired of it all, it seemed to her. The sun streamed hot across the backs of the shining seats into her eyes, but she was too tired to get the window-pole. She watched the incoming class listlessly, wondering whether it would be worth while to ask one of them to close the shutter. They chattered and giggled and bustled in, rattling the chairs about, and begging each other's pardon vociferously, with that insistent politeness which marks a sharply defined stage in the social evolution of the young girl. They irritated her excessively—these little airs and graces. She opened her book with a snap, and began to call the roll sharply.

Midway up the room sat a tall, dark girl, not handsome, but noticeably well dressed. She looked politely at her questioner when spoken to, but seemed as far in spirit as the distant trees toward which she directed her attention when not particularly addressed. She seemed to have a certain personality, a self-possession, a source of interest other than collegiate; and this held her apart from the others in the mind of the woman who sat before the desk.

What was that girl thinking of, she wondered, as she called another name, and glanced at the book to gather material for a question. What a perfect taste had combined that dark, brocaded vest with the dull, rough cloth of the suit—and she dressed her hair so well! She had a beautiful band of pearls on one finger: was it an engagement ring? No, that would be a solitaire.

And all this time she called names from the interminable list, and mechanically corrected the mistakes of their owners. Her eyes went back to the girl in the middle row, who turned her head and yawned a little. They took their education very easily, these maidens.

How she had saved and denied herself and even consented to the indebtedness she so hated, to gain that coveted Ger-

man winter! And how delightful it had been!

Almost she saw again the dear home of that blessed year—the kindly house-mother; the chubby *Mädchen*, who knitted her a silk purse, and cried when she left; the father with his beloved 'cello and his deep, honest voice.

How cunning the little Bertha had been! How pleasant it was to hear her gay, little voice when one came down the shady street—"Da ist sie, ja!" she would call to her mother, and then Hermann would come up to her with his hands outstretched. "Had she had a hard day? Was the lecture good?" How brown his beard was, and how deep and faithful his brown eyes were! And he used to sing—why were there no bass voices in the States? "*Kennst du das Land*" he used to sing, and his mother cried softly to herself for pleasure. And once she herself had cried a little.

"No," she said to the girl who was reciting, "no, it takes the Dative. I cannot seem to impress sufficiently on your minds the necessity for learning that list thoroughly. You may translate now."

And they translated. How they drawled it over—the beautiful, rich German. Hermann had begged so, but she had felt differently then. She had loved her work in anticipation. To marry and settle down—she was not ready. It would be so good to be independent. And now—but it was too late. That was years ago. Hermann must have found some yellow-braided, blue-eyed Dorothea by this. Some *Mädchen* who cared not for Calculus and Hebrew, but only to be what her mother had been, wife and house-mother—but this was treason. Our grandmothers had thought that.

She looked at the girl in the middle row. What beautiful hair she had—what an idiot she was to give up four years of her life to this round of work and play and pretence of living. Oh! to go back to Germany—to see Bertha and her mother again, and hear the father's 'cello! Her-

mann had loved her so: he had said so quietly and yet so surely, "But thou wilt come back, my heart's own. And always I wait here for thee. Make me not wait long!" He had seemed too quiet, then; too slow and too easily content. She had wanted quicker, busier, more individual life. And now her heart said, "O fool!"

Was it too late? Suppose she should go, after all? Suppose she should go, and all should be as it had been, only a little older, a little more quiet and peaceful? The very fancy filled her heart with sudden calm. A love so deep and sure, so broad and sweet, could it not dignify any woman's life? And she had been thought worthy and had refused this love! O fool!

Suppose she went and found—her heart beat too quickly, and her face flushed. She called on the bright girl in the front row.

"And what have *you* learned?" she said. The girl coughed importantly. "It is a poem of Goethe's," she announced, in her high, satisfied voice. "*Kennst du das Land—*"

"That will do," said the German assistant. "I fear we shall not have time for it to-day. The hour is up. You may go on with the translation for to-morrow." And as the class rose with a growing clamor she realized that though she had been thinking steadily in German, she had been talking in English. So that was why they had comprehended so well and answered so rapidly! And yet she was too glad to be annoyed at the slip. There were other things: her life was not a German class!

As the girls crowded out, one stepped by the desk. She laid her hand with the pearl band on the third finger on the teacher's arm. "You look tired," she said, "I hope you're not ill?"

"Ill?" said the woman at the desk. "I never felt better. I've been neglecting my classes, I fear, in the study of your green gown. It is so very pretty." The girl smiled and colored a little.

"I'm glad you like it," she said. "I like it, too." Then with a sudden feeling of friendship, an odd sense of intimacy, a quick impulse of common femininity, she added:

"I've had some good times in this dress. Wearing it up here makes me remember them very strangely. It's queer, what a

difference it makes—" she stopped and looked questioningly at the older woman.

But the German assistant smiled at her. "Yes," she said, "it is. And when you have been teaching seven years the difference becomes very apparent." She gathered up her books, still smiling in a reminiscent way. And as she went out of the door, she looked back at the glaring, sunny room, as if already it were far behind her, as if already she felt the house-mother's kiss, and heard the 'cello, and saw Klara's tiny daughter standing by the door, throwing kisses, calling, "*Da ist sie, ja!*"

Lost in the dream, her eyes fixed absently, she stumbled against her fellow-assistant, who was making for the room she had just left.

"I beg your pardon—I wasn't looking—Oh, it's you!" she murmured, vaguely. Her fellow-assistant had a headache, and forty-five written papers to correct. She had just heard, too, a cutting criticism of her work made by the self-appointed Faculty critic; the criticism was cleverly worded and had just enough truth to fly quickly and hurt her with the head of her department. So she was not in the best of tempers.

"Yes, it's I," she said, crossly. "If you had knocked these papers an inch farther, I should have invited you to correct them. If you go about in that abstracted way much longer, my dear, Miss Selbourne will inform the world (on the very best authority) that you're in love!"

"I? What nonsense!"

It was a ridiculous thing to say and she flushed angrily at herself. It was only a joke, of course.

The other woman laughed shortly.

"Dear me! I really believe you are!" she exclaimed. "The girls were saying at breakfast that Professor Tredick was ruining himself in violets, yesterday—so it was for you!" and she went into the lecture-room.

A chattering crowd of girls closed in behind her. One voice rose above the rest:

"Well, I don't know what you call it, then—he skated with her all the winter, and at the Dickinson party they sat on one sofa for an hour and talked steadily!"

"Oh, nonsense! She skates beautifully, that's all."



"She sits on a sofa beautifully, too."

A burst of laughter, and the door closed.

The German assistant smiled satirically. It was all of a piece. At least the younger women were perfectly frank about it; they did not feel themselves forced to employ sarcasm in their references; it was not necessary for them to appear to have definitely chosen this life in preference to any other. Four years was little to lend to such an experiment. But the older women, who sat on those prim little plat-forms year after year—a sudden curiosity possessed her to know how many of them were really satisfied. Could it be that they had preferred—actually preferred—but she had, herself, three years ago. She shook her head decidedly. "Not for nine years, not for nine!" she murmured, as she caught through the heavy door a familiar voice raised to emphasize some French phrase.

And yet, somebody must teach them. They could not be born with foreign idioms and historical dates and mathematical formulæ in their little heads. She herself deplored the modern tendency that sent a changing drift of young teachers through the colleges, to learn at the expense of the students a soon relinquished profession. But how ridiculous the position of the women who prided themselves on the steadiness and continuity of their service! Surely they must find it an empty success at times. They must regret.

She was passing through the chapel. Two scrubbing-women were straightening the chairs, their backs turned to her.

"From all I hear," said one, with a chuckle and a sly glance, "we'll be afther gettin' our invitations soon."

"An' to what?" demanded the other, quickly.

"Sure, they say it's a weddin'."

"Ah, now, hush yer noise, Mary Nolan, 'tis no such thing. I've had enough o' husbands. I know when I'm doin' well, an' that's as I am!"

"'Tis strange that the men sh'd think different, now, but they do!"

They laughed heartily and long. The German assistant looked at the broad backs meditatively. Just now they seemed to her more consistent than any other women in the great building.

She walked quickly across the greening campus. The close-set brick buildings seemed to press up against her; every window stood for some crowded, narrow room, filled with books and tea-cups and clothes and photographs—hundreds of them, and all alike. In her own room she tried to reason herself out of this intolerable depression, to realize the advantages of a quiet life in what was surely the same pleasant, cultured atmosphere to which she had so eagerly looked forward three years ago. Her room was large, well furnished, perfectly heated; and if the condition of her closet would have appeared nothing short of appalling to a householder, that condition was owing to the hopeless exigencies of the occasion. With the exception of that whitened sepulchre all was neat, artistic, eminently habitable. She surveyed it critically: the Mona Lisa, the large Melrose Abbey, the Burne-Jones draperies, and the Blessed Damozel that spread a placid if monotonous culture through the rooms of educated single women. A proper appreciation of polished wood, the sanitary and æsthetic values of the open fire, a certain scheme in couch pillows, all linked it to the dozen other rooms that occupied the same relative ground-floor-corners in a dozen other houses. Some of them had more books, some ran to handsome photographs, some afforded fads in old furniture, but it was only a question of more or less. It looked utterly impersonal to-day; its very atmosphere was artificial, typical, a pretended self-sufficiency.

How many years more should she live in it—three, nine, thirteen? The tide of girls would ebb and flow with every June and September; eighteen to twenty-two would ring their changes through the terms, and she could take her choice of the two methods of regarding them—she could insist on a perennial interest in the separate personalities, and endure weariness for the sake of an uncertain influence, or she could mass them frankly as the student body, and confine the connection to marking their class-room efforts and serving their meat in the dining-room. The latter was at once more honest and more easy; all but the most ambitious or the most conscientious came to it sooner or later.

The youngest among the assistants, themselves fresh from college, mingled naturally enough with the students; they danced and skated and enjoyed their girlish authority. The older women, seasoned to the life, settled there indefinitely, identified themselves more or less with the town, amused themselves with their little aristocracy of precedence, and wove and interwove the complicated, slender strands of college gossip. But a woman of barely thirty, too old for friendships with young girls, too young to find her placid recreation in the stereotyped round of social functions, that seemed so perfectly imitative of the normal and yet so curiously unsuccessful at bottom—what was there for her?

Her eyes were fixed on the hill-slope view that made her room so desirable. It occurred to her that its changelessness was not necessarily so attractive a characteristic as the local poets practised themselves in assuring her.

A light knock at the door recalled to her the utter lack of privacy that put her at the mercy of laundress, sophomore, and expressman. She regretted that she had not put up the little sign, whose "*Please do not disturb*," was her only means of defence.

"Come!" she called shortly, and the tall girl in the green dress stood in the open door. A strange sense of long acquaintance, a vague feeling of familiarity surprised the older woman. Her expression changed.

"Come in," she said, cordially.

"I—am I disturbing you?" asked the girl, doubtfully. She had a pile of books on her arm; her trim jacket and hat, and something in the way she held her armful seemed curiously at variance with her Tam-o'-Shantered, golf-caped friends.

"I couldn't find out whether you had an office-hour, and I didn't know whether I ought to have sent in my name—it seemed so formal, when it is only a moment I need to see you——"

"Sit down," said the German assistant, pleasantly. "What can I do for you?"

"I have been talking with Fräulein Müller about my German, and she says if you are willing to give me an outline for advanced work and an examination later on, I can go into a higher division in a little

while. Languages are always easy for one, and I could go on much quicker."

"Oh, certainly. I have thought more than once that you were wasting your time. The class is too large and too slow. I will make you out an outline and give it to you after class to-morrow," said the German assistant, promptly. "Meanwhile, won't you stay and make me a little call? I will light the fire and make some tea, if that is an inducement."

"The invitation is inducement enough, I assure you," smiled the girl, "but I must not stay to-day, I think. If you will let me come again when I have no work to bother you with, I should love to."

There was something easily decisive in her manner, something very different from the other students, who refused such invitations awkwardly, eager to be pressed, and when finally assured of a sincere welcome prolonged their calls and talked about themselves into the uncounted hours. Evidently she would not stay this time: evidently she would like to come again.

As the door closed behind her the German assistant dropped her cordial smile and sank back listlessly in her chair.

"After all, she's only a girl!" she murmured. For almost an hour she sat looking fixedly at the unlit logs, hardly conscious of the wasted time. Much might have gone into that hour. There was tea for her at one of the college houses—the hostess had a "day," and went so far as to aspire to the exclusive serving of a certain kind of tinned fancy biscuit every Friday—if she wanted to drop in. This hostess invited favored students to meet the Faculty and townspeople on these occasions, and the two latter classes were expected to effect a social fusion with the former—which linked it, to some minds, a little too obviously with professional duties. She might call on the head of her department, who was suffering some slight indisposition, and receive minute advice as to the conduct of her classes mingled with general criticism of various colleagues and their methods. She might make a number of calls, but if there is one situation in which the futility of these social mockeries becomes most thoroughly obvious it is the situation presented by an attempt to imitate the conventional society life in a woman's col-



lege. And yet—she had gone over the whole question so often—what a desert of awkwardness and learned provincialism such a college would be without the attempt! How often she had cordially agreed to the statement that it was precisely because of its insistence upon this connection with the forms and relations of normal life that her college was so successfully free from the tomboyishness or the priggishness or the *gaucherie* of some of the others! And yet its very success came from begging the question, after all.

She shook her head impatiently. A strong odor of boiling chocolate crept through the transom. Somebody began to practise a monotonous accompaniment on the guitar. Over her head a series of startling bumps and jarring falls suggested a troupe of baby elephants practising for their first appearance in public. The German assistant set her teeth.

"Before I die," she announced to her image in the glass, "I propose to inquire flatly of Miss Burgess if she *does* pile her furniture in a heap and slide down it on her toboggan! There is no other logical explanation of that horrible disturbance."

The face in the glass caught her attention. It looked sallow, with lines under the eyes. The hair rolled back a little too severely for the prevailing mode, and she recalled her late visitor's effectively adjusted side-combs, her soft, dark waves.

"They have time for it evidently," she mused, "and after all it is certainly more important than modal auxiliaries!"

And for half an hour she twisted and looped and coiled, between the chiffonier and a hand-glass, fairly flushing with pleasure at the result.

"Now," she said, looking cheerfully at a pile of written papers, "I'll take a walk, I think, a real walk." And till dinner-time she tramped some of the old roads of her college days; more girlish than those days had found her; lighter footed, she thought, than before.

The flush was still in her cheeks as she served her hungry tableful, and she could not fail to catch the meaning of their frank stares. Pausing in the parlor-door to answer a question, she overheard a bit of conversation:

"Doesn't she look well with her hair low? Quite stunning, I think."

"Yes, indeed. If only she wouldn't dress so old: it makes her look older than she is. That red waist she wears in the evening is awfully becoming."

"Yes, I hate her in dark things."

The regret that she had not found time to put on the red waist was so instant and keen that she laughed at herself when alone in her room. She moved vaguely about, aimlessly changing the position of the furniture. How absurd! To do one's hair differently and take a long walk and feel as if an old life were somehow far behind one!

Later she found herself before her desk, hunting for her foreign letter-paper, and once started, her pen flew. There were long meditative lapses, followed by nervous haste, as if to make up the lost time; and just before the ten o'clock bell she slipped out to mail a fat brown-stamped envelope. The night-watchman chuckled as he watched the head shrouded in the golf-cape hood bend a moment over the little white square.

"Maybe it's one o' the maids, maybe it's one o' the teachers, maybe it's one o' the girls," he confided to his lantern; "they're all alike, come to that! An' a good thing, too!"

In the morning the German assistant dismissed her last class early and took train for Springfield. On the way to the station a deferential clerk from the book-shop waylaid her.

"One moment, please—those books you spoke of. Mr. Hartwell's library is up at auction and we're sending a man to buy to-day. If you could get the whole set for \$25——"

She smiled and shook her head. "I've changed my mind, thank you—I can't afford it. Yes, I suppose it is a bargain, but books are such a trouble to carry about, you know. No, I don't think of anything else."

What freedom, what a strange baseless exhilaration! Suppose—suppose it was all a mistake and she should wake back to the old, stubborn, perfunctory reality! Perhaps it was better, saner—that quiet taken-for-granted existence. Perhaps she regretted—but even with the half-fear at her heart she laughed at that. If wake she must, she loved the dream. How she trusted that man! "*Always I will*



*wait*”—and he would. But seven years—she threw the thought behind her.

The next days passed in a swift, confused flight. She knew they were all discussing her, wondering at her changed face, her fresh, becoming clothes; they decided that she had had money left her.

“Some of my girls saw you shopping in Springfield last Saturday—they say you got some lovely waists,” said her fellow-assistant tentatively, “was this one? It’s very sweet. You ought to wear red a great deal, you look so well in it. Did you know Professor Riggs spoke of your hat with wild enthusiasm to Mrs. Austin Sunday? He said it was wonderful what a difference a stylish hat made. Not that he meant, of course . . . Well, it’s lovely to be able to get what you want. Goodness knows, I wish I could.”

The other laughed. “Oh, it’s perfectly easy if you really want to,” she said; “it all depends on what you want, you know.”

For the first week she moved in a kind of exaltation. It was partly that her glass showed her a different woman, soft-eyed, with cheeks tinted from the long, restless walks through the spring that was coming on with every warm, greening day. The excitement of the letter hung over her. She pictured her announcement, Fräulein Müller’s amazed questions.

“‘But—but I do not understand! You are not well?’

“‘Perfectly, thank you.’

“‘But I am perfectly satisfied: I do not wish to change. You are not sick, then?’

“‘Only of teaching, Fräulein.’

“‘But the instructorship—I was going to recommend—do not be alarmed, you shall have it surely!’

“‘You are very kind, but I have taught long enough.’

“‘Then you do not find another position? Are you to be——’”

Always here her heart sank. Was she? What real basis had all this sweet, disturbing dream? To write so to a man, after seven years! It was not decent. She grew satiric. How embarrassing for him to read such a letter in the bosom of an affectionate, flaxen-haired family! At least she would never know how he really felt, thank heaven. And what was left for her then?

To her own mind she had burned her bridges already. She was as far from this place in fancy as if the miles stretched veritably between them. And yet she knew no other life. She knew no other men. He was the only one—in a flash of shame it came over her that a woman with more experience would never have written such a letter. Everybody knew that men forget, change, easily replace first loves. Nobody but such a cloistered, academic spinster as she would have trusted a seven-years’ promise. This was another result of such lives as they led—such helpless, provincial women. Her resentment grew against the place. It had made her a fool.

It was Sunday afternoon, and she had omitted, in deference to the day, the short skirt and walking hat of her week-day stroll. Sunk in accusing shame, her cheeks flaming under her wide, dark hat, her quick step more sweeping than she knew, her eyes on the ground, she just escaped collision with a suddenly looming masculine figure. A hasty apology, a startled glance of appeal, a quick breath that parted her lips, and she was past the stranger. But not before she had caught in his eyes a look that quickened her heart, that scathed her angry humility. The sudden sincere admiration, the involuntary tribute to her charm was new to her, but the instinct of countless generations made it as plain and as much her prerogative as if she had been the most successful *débutante*. She was not, then, an object of pity, to be treasured for the sake of the old days; other men, too—the impulse outstripped thought, but she caught up with it.

“How dreadful!” she murmured, with a consciousness of undreamed depths in herself. “Of course he is the only one—the only one!” and across the water she begged for his forgiveness.

But through all her agony of doubt in the days that followed, one shame was miraculously removed, one hope sang faintly beneath: she, too, had her power! A glance in the street had called her from one army of her sisters to the other, and the difference was inestimable.

Her classes stared at her with naïve admiration. The girls in the house begged for her as a chaperone to Amherst entertainments, and sulked when a report that the young hosts found her too attractive

to enable strangers to distinguish readily between her and her charges rendered another selection advisable. The fact that her interest in them was fitful, sometimes making her merry and intimate, sometimes relegating them to a connection purely professional, only left her more interesting to them ; and boxes of flowers, respectful solicitations to spreads and tempting invitations to long drives through the lengthening afternoons began to elect her to an obvious popularity. Once it would have meant much to her : she marvelled now at the little shade of jealousy with which her colleagues assured her of it. How long must she wait? When would life be real again? She seemed to herself to move in a dream that heightened and strained quicker as it neared an inevitable shock of waking—to what? Even at the best, to what? Even supposing that—she put it boldly, as if it had been another woman—she should marry the man who asked her seven years ago, what was there in the very obvious future thus assured her that could match the hopes her heart held out? How could it be at once the golden harbor, the peaceful end of hurried, empty years, and the delicious, shifting unrest that made a tumult of her days and nights? Yet something told her that it was, something repeated insistently : “ *Always I will wait.* ” . . . He would keep faith, that grave, big man !

But every day as she moved with tightened lips to the table where the mail lay spread, coloring at a foreign stamp, paling with the disappointment, her hope grew fainter. He dared not write and tell her. It was over. Violet shadows darkened her eyes, a feverish flush made her, as it grew and faded at the slightest warning, more girlish than ever.

But the young life about her seemed only to mock her own late weakened impulse. It was not the same. She was playing heavy stakes ; they hardly realized the game. All but one, they irritated her. This one, since her first short call had come and come again. No explanations, no confidences had passed between them ; their sympathy, deep-rooted, expressed itself perfectly in the ordinary conventional tone of two reserved if congenial natures. The girl did not discuss herself, the woman dared not. They talked of books,

music, travel ; never, as if by tacit agreement, of any of the countless possible personalities in a place so given to personal discussion.

She could not have told how she knew that the girl had come to college to please a mother whose great regret was to have missed such training, nor did she remember when her incurious friend had learned her tense determination of flight. She could have sworn that she had never spoken of it. Sometimes, so perfectly did they appear to understand each other beneath an indifferent conversation, it seemed to her that the words must be the merest symbols, and that the girl, who always caught her lightest shade of meaning, knew to exactness her alternate hope and fear, the rudderless tossing toward and from her taunting harbor-light.

They sat by an open window breathing in the moist air from the fresh, upturned earth. The gardeners were working over the sprouting beds ; the sun came in warm and sweet.

“ Three weeks ago it was almost cold at this time,” said the girl. “ In the spring-time I give up going home, and love the place. But two years more—two years ! ”

“ Do you really mind it so much? ”

“ I think what I mind the most is that I don’t like it more,” said the girl, slowly. “ Mamma wanted it so. She really loved study. I don’t, but if I did—I should love it more than this. This would seem so childish. And if I just wanted a good time, why, then, this would seem such a lot of trouble. All the good things here seem—seem remedies ! ”

The older woman laughed nervously. Three weeks—three weeks and no word !

“ You will be making epigrams, my dear, if you don’t take care,” she said, lightly. “ But you’re going to finish just the same? The girls like you, your work is good, you ought to stay.”

The girl flashed a look of surprise at her. It was her only hint of sympathy.

“ You advise me to? ” she asked, quietly.

“ I think it would be a pity to disappoint your mother,” with a light hand on her shoulder. “ You are so young—four years is very little. Of course you could do the work in half the time, but you admit that you are not an ardent student. If no-

body came here but the girls that really needed to, we shouldn't have the reputation that we have. The girls to whom this place means the last word in learning and the last grace of social life are estimable young women, but not so pleasant to meet as you."

Three weeks—but he had waited seven years!

"I am very childish," said the girl. "Of course I will stay. And some of it I like very much. It's only that Mamma doesn't understand. She over-estimates it so. Somehow the more complete it is, the more like everything else, the more you have to find fault with on all sides. I'd rather have come when Mamma was a girl."

"I see. I have thought that, too."

Ah, fool, give up your senseless hope! You had your chance—you lost it. Fate cannot stop and wait, while you grow wise.

"When that shadow covers the hill, I will give it up forever. Then I will write to Henry's wife and ask her to let me come and help take care of the children. She will like it, and I can get tutoring if I want it. I will make the children love me,

and there will be a place where I should be wanted and can help," she thought.

The shadow slipped lower. The fresh turf steeped in the last rays, the birds sang, the warming earth seemed to have touched the very core of spring. Her hopes had answered the eager year, but her miracle was too wonderful to be.

A light knock at the door and a maid came toward her, tray in hand. She lifted the card carelessly—her heart dropped a moment and beat in hard, slow throbs. Her eyes filled with tears; her cheeks were hot and brilliant.

"I will be there in a moment—" how deep her voice sounded! The girl slipped by her.

"I was going anyway," she said softly, "good-by! Don't touch your hair—it's just right."

She did not wait for an answer, but went out. As she passed by the little reception-room a tall, eager man made toward her with outstretched hands. Her voice trembled as she laughed.

"No, no—I'm not the one," she murmured, "but she—she's coming!"

## SOME NOTEWORTHY SCHOLARS

By Daniel C. Gilman



THE merit of a university, in the long run, depends upon the men who are called upon to conduct it—upon them, absolutely if not exclusively, for although the teachers must have such auxiliaries as books and instruments, books are nothing but paper and ink until they are read, and instruments but brass and glass until craft and skill are applied to the handling. So, after a university has been launched, eternal vigilance is requisite in order that the highest standards may be kept up when new appointments are made, and that every member of the faculty may receive encouragement and help in the prosecution of his studies. I do not think that what is called "pull" has had much to do with appointments in American in-

stitutions, although I have known a few instances where "Pull" and "Push," twin reprobates, interlopers from other fields, have been invoked in behalf of university candidates. As a rule, aspirants are too well aware that their disqualifications will be uncovered if "Push" and "Pull" are cross-questioned, and that the truest evidence of ability is not found in the testimonials of friendship, but in records of the past—personal, domestic, and scholastic antecedents—discipline, examinations, writings, investigations, prizes, honors. Work performed is the surety of work that will be performed in future. Even without the interference of "Push" and "Pull," it is hard to discover the best men, and hard to capture them when they are discovered. There is a still greater difficulty in educating from every professor the best of which



he is capable. The country is full of cases so similar that they might be presented in the form of a mathematical formula. The young man of talent, especially when under the inspiration of a strong mind, rises rapidly, buoyed up by hope and elated by praise. He gets his title; he wins his wife; he opens his house; hospitality is expected of him; children come; books must be bought; journeys must be made; bills must be paid; in fine, the pot must be kept boiling. The salary which seemed so liberal for Bachelor proves inadequate for Benedick. Beatrice makes a difference. Many have to resort to expedients in order to get the necessities. Few are they who resist the levelling tendency of this period; who rise above the table-land upon which they are travelling, and reach the mountain-peaks.

It is a great advantage to any university if the older members of the faculty are those who drink of the fountain of perennial youth—like Peirce and Gray in Cambridge, Silliman and Dana in New Haven, the Le Conte in California, and the like—men whose enthusiasm never died out, whose mental and physical vigor remained unabated, and who found their highest pleasure in doing, and not in dozing. The original men at Baltimore were of this type. Others like them have followed. Indeed, we have been fortunate, from the beginning, in having as permanent members of the faculty men of inspiring qualities, men who “could light their own fires” and show others how to do the same—men who never were tired of work.

We have been fortunate, too, in our guests. It is of great advantage to bring into an academical circle men from other universities—observing, critical, suggestive, familiar with different ways, looking, perhaps, for colleagues or for assistants, asking help, answering questions, showing methods. Whatever may be the conditions in other countries, I have no doubt that in this period of American development there are great advantages in calling men of renown, from a distance, into the intimacy of our secluded, if not cloistered, lives. To meet other travellers is almost as good as to travel ourselves. It may be even better.

To illustrate these principles, I shall speak of some noteworthy scholars with

whom I have been in familiar relations; but I shall rarely allude to any who are living.

The winter of 1876-77 was memorable in Baltimore. It was an era of good-feeling—of great expectations. The differences of the Civil War were not forgotten, but they received no emphasis. The new foundation was welcomed as an agency of conciliation. One evening, for example, there was a social “reunion” of good citizens brought together to show their interest in and their respect for the faculty of this incipient university. Men of all shades of opinion were assembled—Union soldiers, Confederate soldiers, judges, ministers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, bankers—the prominent citizens—all of them ready to welcome an institution devoted to science and letters. “We have had no such gathering,” it was said, “since 1861. Men are here who have not met on common ground since the election of Lincoln.” This was an auspicious beginning, never to be forgotten. The world was expectant, everybody was inquisitive, not a few were sceptical—some may have been distrustful, none were hostile.

In order to illustrate the activities of other universities, and to secure the counsel of eminent scholars in respect to our development, the decision had been reached already that academic lectures on various important and attractive themes should be opened to the public, and that the professors should come from institutions of acknowledged merit, established in the North, South, and West. The usages of the *Collège de France* were in mind. Thus the instructions of a small faculty were to be supplemented by courses which should be profitable to the enrolled students, and entertaining, if not serviceable, to the educated public. Gildersleeve and Mallet, the Grecian and the chemist, were representatives of the inimitable methods of the University of Virginia. Judge Cooley, the constitutional lawyer, the distinguished jurist, came from the great State University of Michigan; and Allen, the classical-historian, from a kindred institution in Wisconsin. Harvard loaned to us its two leading men of letters, Child and Lowell. Whitney, then at the height of his re-

noun, came from Yale, and likewise Francis A. Walker. Hilgard and Billings represented the scientific activities of Washington—the former chosen because of his experience in geodesy, and because of our desire, at that early day, to initiate surveys in the State of Maryland; and the latter, because of his acknowledged distinction in medicine, which was soon to be a leading department of study among us. Simon Newcomb, the illustrious astronomer, was another man of science in the service of the Government.

Each course included twenty lectures. They were given in a hall that held about 150 persons, and the hour was usually five o'clock. Ladies and gentlemen attended, without enrolment or fees, as well as the students and professors of the university. The lecturers were accessible to all who wished to confer with them, and many among us then formed friendships which lasted until the ties were severed by death. Sometimes bright students were spotted by these visiting professors, and afterward invited to positions of usefulness and distinction elsewhere—three at least to Harvard.

Ever since that opening session, public lectures have been given on the plans originally projected, somewhat changed as to the arrangements from time to time. There are differences of opinion as to the value of such public courses, but I firmly believe in them, not because they promote exact scholarship or incite the hearers to investigation and study, but because the presence of an invigorating teacher, presenting the best results of his thought, is inspiring to the younger, stimulating to the older, lovers of knowledge. This theme requires more than a passing paragraph, but I refrain from writing more.

I have made no count of the lecturers and speakers who have spoken in Baltimore, but in the course of five-and-twenty years there must have been 300—some, indeed, giving but single addresses, like Huxley, Moissan, and Klein; others, like Cayley and Kelvin, remaining a good while. Thus it has come to pass that I have met upon familiar terms a great many of the scholars of this generation, and have learned to estimate their services and admire their genius. They

and their peers, at home and abroad, are the men by whose learning, investigation, and publications, society is carried forward. The world applauds the heroes of great struggles, and it does so rightly; it showers its plaudits upon the orator; it witnesses, breathless, the achievements of surgeons; it calls our times the age of electricity; and yet it is prone to forget or overlook the hidden workers of the laboratory and the library, the quiet men who are the necessary precursors of those who are devoted to the application of knowledge. It underpays them while they are in service; it rarely thinks of providing pensions for their advancing years, or of giving stipends to their families when premature death interrupts activities; the honors it bestows are the empty privileges of placing after their names a few letters of the alphabet in order to show their academic rank. The world knows little, until they are ended, of the anxieties that harass the scholar when he thinks of his future life—I mean his future life here below; it cares nothing for his family. But these quiet men of the desk and the den, of the pen and the book, of the balance and the lens, are they who have kept alive the traditions of literature and have extended the bounds of science.

An English mathematician, lately a fellow in one of the colleges of the University of Cambridge, called on me one day and opened the conversation with this pleasant remark: "I have heard a great deal that is good about Baltimore." "Indeed," I replied, "and pray, what have you heard?" "That Baltimore is a seaport which exports corn and imports mathematics." This drollery was founded upon fact. The newspapers and the railroad men of the day were loud in their mention of "our terminal facilities" for shipping Western grain to foreign countries; and the new university had acquired some note by the engagement of the two most famous mathematicians of England—Sylvester and Cayley.

Professor Cayley, of the University of Cambridge, spent a winter in Baltimore and endeared himself to all who met him, by his gentleness and consideration, while they felt honored by an introduction to one whose renown they could appreciate,



though they could not follow the light he was carrying into the mazes of modern algebra, and had never heard of the Abelian functions. I suppose we should never have secured his lectures except for that export of grain from America, in which Baltimore had its share. It was this way. The income of the Sadlerian professorship, which he held in the University of Cambridge, was cut down by the diminution of the rents that maintained it, and the rents were reduced by the fall in the price of "corn," due to the importation of our wheat by Great Britain. To us who were non-mathematical, Cayley was the very opposite of Sylvester. He was calm, undemonstrative, orderly. His lectures were upon a definite plan, and his manuscript was distinct and legible, so that it might have been sent at once to the printer. He was the embodiment of modesty, and yet no one who saw his great head could doubt that he had force. Those who could follow him were profoundly impressed by his ability. He did not have many hearers, and most of them were mathematical teachers — "a regiment of brigadiers," Sylvester called them.

Professor Sylvester spent seven years with us, the seven which preceded his seventieth birthday. He left Baltimore to enter upon the Savilian professorship in the University of Oxford, and he died the incumbent of that post in 1897. The service in Johns Hopkins was not his first experience as a professor in this country, for when quite a young man he had been one of the brilliant staff of the University of Virginia, and stories may still be heard at Charlottesville respecting the manifestations of his irascible disposition while he was there resident. It was at the earnest request of Benjamin Peirce and Joseph Henry, men of science both eminent and wise, that I called upon Sylvester in London, introduced by Sir Joseph Hooker, the botanist, then president of the Royal Society of London. It was obvious that the mathematician was willing, perhaps eager, to be called to Baltimore. He was harassed by what seemed to him a grievous wrong, his displacement by the Government from the post which he had held at the military college in Woolwich; his pecuniary resources were limited; and he longed not only for a salary, but for the

recognition of a university appointment, which for no fault of his own had been denied him in England. I was not so ready to invite him as he was to receive an invitation, for there were many intimations that he was "hard to get on with." More than one American correspondent reminded me of the importance of co-operation among the members of a faculty, with dark hints of possible effervescence. Before asking him to this country I made many inquiries among his English friends respecting his temper, and I received very guarded answers, which awakened the alarm they were designed to allay. Nevertheless, the evidence of Sylvester's intellectual brilliancy and of his renown were so great that the possibility of discord seemed infinitesimal in comparison with his merits; so he was called and came.

Many good stories are afloat about the eccentricities of this professor—most of them exaggerated or twisted—but those which I shall tell came under my own observation. An apocryphal anecdote about his alarm because one leg had become shorter than the other, as he walked to the lecture-room one foot in the gutter, is a story that I had heard in Berlin, decades before, attributed to Neander. College traditions are full of such academic Joe Millerisms. Sylvester had a good deal of skill in versification, and had published a small volume, full of racy remarks and witty notes, on the "Laws of Verse," in the course of which he argued that imagination has much to do with the science of mathematics. In the appendix are some very good versions of classical and modern German poems. If his poetical fire had gone no farther, all would have been well; but he became possessed by a sort of monomania for rhyme, and soon after he came among us his friends were confidentially treated to a long series of lines, every one of which ended with a syllable that he pronounced as *ind*. Rosalind was the theme. Some of the rhymes were forced to a ridiculous degree — Bowdoin, I remember; Bodind, he called it, the derivative of Bowdoin. This extraordinary composition, a veritable *tour de force*, reached four or five hundred verses, each closing with the three monotonous letters or their vocal equivalents. I do not know whether he ever gave away



printed copies of this extraordinary production of his fertile brain, but he read his verses to many unwilling hearers, and I know that he kept the type standing for months at the printer's for additions and emendations. An early manuscript copy is in the archives of the university, and I will give a few lines from it—I am afraid to give more.

TO ROSALIND

(Key to the sentence of some hundreds of lines, all rhyming with ind.)

In Cecilia's name I find—  
(Deem not thou the guess unkind)—  
Celia, with a sigh combined,\*  
Whose five letters, loose aligned,  
Magic set, and recombined,  
Fairest O! of lily kind,  
Shall disclose to every mind,  
From Far West to Orient Ind  
With each mortal thing unkinde,  
Thy sweet name, dear Rosalind!

He certainly distributed a few printed copies of "Spring's Début: a Town Idyll," more than 200 lines of nonsense verse, rhyming with *in*, more remarkable for the appended notes than for any merit as a poem.

Sylvester enjoyed stimulants—I do not mean such vulgar and material articles as alcohol and opium. I never saw any indications that he cared for their support. But he loved such stimulants to intellectual activity as music, and light, and lively society in which he was not called upon to participate. Once at a symphony concert I sat just behind him, admiring the dome of his capacious cranium, unconcealed by hair, and I noticed how absorbed he was. The next day, Sunday, he came to me impetuously to say that he had worked out some mathematical proposition at the concert of the evening before, the music having quickened his mathematical mind. He really thought this was his greatest achievement yet, and he had hastened to write it out and mail it to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. Once he told me that having a special paper to prepare, he went to a store and bought a pound of candles, which he placed about his room, on all sorts of extemporaneous candlesticks, "for light," he said, "is a most powerful tonic." He

\* Celia + i = Cecilia.

complained that the members of his club thought him dull, and the passers on the street thought him queer, when the truth was, as he told me, that the activity of others around him kept his brain active, and enabled him to carry on his own intellectual abstractions. Sometimes, however, he was very absent-minded. For example, he arrived from Philadelphia on a late train and walked bareheaded to his hotel. The next morning he demanded his hat, and insisted that it was in the house, and then he could not be persuaded that it was not stolen, until a telegram revealed the fact that the hat had travelled in the Pullman car to Washington.

Once, in print, he speaks of one of his effusions as "evolved out of an improvised epigram which, as he wended his way home that morning, formed itself in the author's mind, intoxicated with the bright sun shining overhead, the balmy air, the song of the birds, and the new-come-out virgin Spring just beginning to peep over Old Father Winter's reverend shoulder."

Sylvester was a genius, with all the admirable qualities, and with many of the limitations and eccentricities of genius. He was often elated by the honors that were showered upon him by the men of science, and complimented by the deference and courtesy that came to him in society; but his mercury sometimes sank below zero. He could be irate, very much so, but his wrath was like "the crackling of thorns beneath a pot." For a moment it was furious, then the flame became extinct and the embers died.

By recalling his oddities, I must not blind the reader to the extraordinary strength and fertility of Sylvester's mind. From every point of view he was a marvel—first and foremost as a mathematician, as all the world has acknowledged; then as a teacher of gifted scholars, not by any means a drill-master, but an inspirer; then as a man of letters, loving English, French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek literature, carrying the Odyssey in Greek for his light reading at sea, and working for years to perfect his version of one of the odes of Horace, *ad Mæcenatē* (iii. 29).

Among the American investigators of light and heat, Rumford the earliest, and

Rowland the latest, about a century apart, are the most distinguished. Rumford founded a prize for the recognition of important contributions to those twin branches of physics, and very long afterward Rowland received that prize from the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. So their names are associated, but their studies bring their names into closer relations. Rumford died past sixty years of age; Rowland has just departed at the age of fifty-three, both cut off before their work was done, not before their fame was secure. For a quarter of a century Rowland had free scope in the University at Baltimore, and his freedom was justified by his achievements. He was a great man—great in talents, great in achievements, great in renown. So it was said at his funeral. So we shall ever say. He was one of those rare scholars who owe but little, if anything, to a mortal teacher. They learn their lessons in the school of nature. Investigation is their watchword, observation and experiment their instruments. The sun is one of their chief instructors; the earth, another; the sea, the air, the ether, give knowledge to such minds. Of these lessons Rowland was never wearied. But he rebelled in his boyhood against the tasks of ordinary schools; he abhorred Latin and Greek; he would not go to college; he would not swear in the words of any master; conscious of his own accuracy in research and in calculation, he asked for no indorsement. When he entered his teens he began to make notes of hard problems in physics, and to begin their solution. While he was an obscure assistant in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy he made some discoveries respecting the electrical discharge, and this paper gave him instantaneous celebrity. It led to his intimacy with Clerk Maxwell, to his call from the Johns Hopkins, to his winter in Helmholtz's laboratory, and to a noteworthy investigation which was reported by Helmholtz to the Berlin Academy when its author was twenty-seven years old.

As a part of his duties, Rowland was requested by the trustees to buy the requisite instruments for the physical laboratory. Everything was left to his discretion. Those were the days when the scientific lecture-rooms in America gloried

in demonstrations of "the wonders" of nature—"the bright light, the loud noise, and the bad smell." Rowland would none of this. Instruments of precision he would have, and would have them in abundance, and of the best makers, no matter about the cost. So his laboratory was well equipped; and when at Harvard a few years later Professor Wolcott Gibbs published a catalogue of the instruments of precision in this country available for research, Johns Hopkins led the column.

From that time onward Rowland was conspicuous and his course was brilliant. The university secured temporary lodgment in two private dwelling-houses. "All I want," said Rowland, "is the back kitchen and a solid pier built up from the ground." As usual, he got what he wanted, though it must be said that his requests were not always so restrained. Something—I do not know what—turned his attention to the importance of re-determining the mechanical equivalent of heat, and he was encouraged by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences to undertake this inquiry. He devised his own method, made his own instrument, and worked out the results, which stand, I believe, as the nearest approach to absolute accuracy that has yet been attained by the eminent men who have attacked this fundamental problem.

The subsequent career of Professor Rowland is now a part of the history of science in America, an important chapter in the science of light and heat. There is no reason why I should repeat the list of the honors that he has received, nor enumerate the investigations which he carried forward, nor the names of physicists in all parts of the country who acknowledge him as their illustrious teacher, for Dr. Mendenhall has made a critical estimate of his contributions to science, and many other eulogies have been called out by his death.

Yet perhaps a few more words of personal delineation may help to keep in mind his remarkable individuality. He was tall, slender, but not slim, well proportioned, alert, giving every indication of a healthy body. Of physical exercise he was very fond; in winter the horse, in summer the sail-boat, gave him never-failing delight. He knew where to find



the trout and how to handle the rod. He would take great risks in following the hounds. "You should think of the fox, and not of the ditch," I have heard him say when he was chided for his rash horsemanship. He landed once in Liverpool and saw an advertisement of a meet. He took a train to the nearest station, hired the best nag he could find, joined in the run, won the brush, and then disappeared from among his competitors, who hardly knew what to make of this unexpected victor. He designed a sail-boat, and before it was launched he told the builders to paint the water-line where his calculations said that it should be. They objected; he persisted. The boat was launched, and the builders smiled when they saw that the line was above the water's edge. "Put in the mast," said Rowland, and the boat sank to the painted line. "That was what I had figured on," he exultingly said. The incident was closed.

Rowland's enduring fame will rest partly on his determination of the mechanical equivalent of heat, partly on his accurate ascertainment of the value of the ohm, and chiefly on his spectrum analysis. He contrived the dividing-engine, which could rule many thousand lines to the inch, and he made one of the most perfect, if not the most perfect, screw that the world has ever seen, to guide the diamond needle which ruled the concave gratings. By the agency of these gratings the solar spectrum is analyzed. But Rowland did not stop here; he experimented in photography till he became a master of the art, and made a map of the solar spectrum, more explicit and more exact than any previous map. This is not the place, nor am I the person, to give a detailed account of this achievement, and of the wonderful discoveries to which it led in respect to the nature of light.

Instead of making the attempt, I will give a few sentences which I do not remember that I ever showed to Rowland, written to me in 1882 by a Harvard friend who went with Rowland to the Electrical Congress in Paris. This friend of ours was Professor John Trowbridge.

"Rowland invited Mascart, Sir W. Thomson, Wiedemann, Rossetti, and Kohlrausch to his room at the Hôtel Continen-

tal in Paris, and showed them his photographs and gratings. It is needless to say that they were astonished. Mascart kept muttering '*Superbe*'—'*Magnifique*.' The Germans spread their palms, looked as if they wished they had ventral fins and tails to express their sentiments. Sir W. Thomson evidently knew very little about the subject, and maintained a wholesome reticence, but looked his admiration, for he knows a good thing when he sees it, and also had the look that he could express himself upon the whole subject in fifteen minutes when he got back to Glasgow.

"In England, Rowland's success was better appreciated, if possible, than in Paris. He read a paper before a very full meeting of the Physical Society—De la Rive, Professor Dewar of Cambridge, Professor Clifton of Oxford, Professor Adams (of Leverrier fame), Professor Carey Foster, Hilger the optician, Professor Guthrie, and other noted men being present. I was delighted to see his success. The English men of science were actually dumfounded. Rowland spoke extremely well, for he was full of his subject, and his dry humor was much appreciated by his English audience. When he said that he 'could do as much in an hour as had hitherto been accomplished in three years,' there was a sigh of astonishment and then cries of 'Hear! Hear!' Professor Dewar arose and said: 'We have heard from Professor Rowland that he can do as much in an hour as has been done hitherto in three years. I struggle with a very mixed feeling of elation and depression: elation for the wonderful gain to science; and depression for myself, for I have been at work for three years in mapping the ultra violet.' De la Rive asked how many lines to the inch could be ruled by Rowland. The latter replied: 'I have ruled 43,000 to the inch, and I can rule 1,000,000 to the inch, but what would be the use? No one would ever know that I had really done it.' Laughter greeted this sally. This young American was like the Yosemite, Niagara, Pullman palace car—far ahead of anything in England. Professor Clifton referred in glowing terms to the wonderful instrument that had been put into the hands of physicists, and spoke of the beautiful geometrical demonstrations of Rowland. Professor Dewar said



that Johns Hopkins University had done great things for science, and that greater achievements would be expected from it. Captain Abney wrote a letter which Rowland ought to show you, for, after having been read at the meeting, it was given to him.

"The letter concluded with this characteristic anecdote: 'I introduced Rowland to a fox-hunting gentleman, an old acquaintance of mine, and I imagine Rowland got enough of English fox-hunting, for on my return from Birmingham, one evening, I found him stretched on the bed, a symphony in brown and red mud, his once glossy hat crushed into nothingness, his top-boots, once so new, a mass of Warwickshire mud. He dryly remarked that he "guessed there wouldn't be any trouble about getting his hunting-suit through the custom-house now." He came very near breaking his neck, having been thrown on his head before he "could calculate his orbit," as he remarked. I could not help shuddering from friendship and from love of science.'

One of the most extraordinary and renowned of the physicists of the nineteenth century lectured before the Johns Hopkins University in 1884. Years before, I had sought the counsel of Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, in Glasgow, where I found him in his laboratory surrounded by a dozen students watching, with the attention of a clinic, an experiment which he was making. It may have been the working of the syphon recorder—that ingenious device by which the feeble currents received from an ocean cable are reduced to curves, which are afterward translated into words—I am not sure, but I have treasured to this day a bit of the script which he then gave me. One day Professor Wolcott Gibbs suggested, to my great surprise, that we should invite Lord Kelvin to lecture in Baltimore. We hardly thought it likely that he would accept our invitation, but, supported by one or more indorsements, it was favorably received by this eminent man, and he came.

Long may it be before anyone shall write a memorial sketch of Lord Kelvin, but when it is written there must be a paragraph or a chapter about his visit to

Johns Hopkins and his reception by the "coefficients," the company of mathematicians to whom he gave his lectures upon light. The lectures went on from day to day upon the topics that occurred to the lecturer, or that were suggested by the questions of his hearers. Everyone who was capable of following him was enchanted. "How long will these lectures continue?" asked one of the auditors. "I do not know," replied Lord Rayleigh, who was one of the followers. "I suppose they will end some time, but I confess I see no reason why they should."

Our celebrities were not always mathematical. Dean Stanley, for example, belonged to many schools, but not, so far as I have ever heard, to the school of mathematics. He came to Baltimore from Philadelphia under the escort of that generous and hospitable internationalist, Mr. George W. Childs. As he could only stay over night, I said to him, as he came into the railroad station: "What would you most like to see in Baltimore? We have a superb hospital," I began. "I cannot endure a hospital," was his quick interruption. "Dr. Harper, my young medical companion, might like to see that, but show me something historical." "Historical?" I inquired. "You come from Westminster Abbey to a town a century and a half old. Dear me, what would you call 'historical'?" We have a Roman Catholic Cathedral, where a Provincial Council has been held, and it has some paintings given by a King of France. We have the Maryland Historical Society, with archives and pictures that interest local antiquaries. We have a university that has passed its second summer. And there are the Bonaparte portraits and mementoes." "Take me to see the Bonapartes," was his prompt reply. I explained to him that they were a private possession, and I must ask permission. While he was taking his afternoon cup of tea, the permission was readily and graciously given. The dean was delighted with what he saw. Every object, every portrait, interested him and drew forth some appropriate question or comment. I have a vivid remembrance of his kneeling before a group of miniatures which hung so low that even one of his stature could not read-

ily see them standing. At dinner he was full of anecdotes and inquiries. Among other things, he told the famous Inveraw and Ticonderoga story, which was soon afterward printed in *Fraser's Magazine* for October, 1878. At nine o'clock he was ready to meet the assembled officers and students in Hopkins Hall. Of course he was called on for a speech, and he said a few words, which were recalled, the next day, by Sir George Grove, a member of the party and a man of ready pen and editorial habits. The company was naturally pleased by his historical allusions to Walter of Merton and Devorguilla of Balliol, for, although we did not know much about either of them, we projected our imaginations forward and wondered whether Hopkins of Baltimore would be as long remembered. These were Dean Stanley's words :

"When I see an institution like this in its first beginnings, I am carried back to the time my own university in England was begun, perhaps a thousand years ago, in the fabulous obscurity of the age of Alfred, or the more recent historic times of Walter of Merton or Devorguilla of Balliol ; and I observe the repetition of the same yearnings, after a distant future of improvement, as those which were before the minds of those old mediæval founders. The same spirit is needed for that improvement on this side of the ocean and on the other. I am led to think of the description given by Chaucer in that inestimable Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales,' which I hope you will all read one day or other, of the Good Scholar and the Good Pastor, bred in Oxford in his time ; and I see how, in spite of all the vast changes which have passed over the minds of men since that age, the same qualities are still necessary to make a good and sincere scholar, a good scientific student, an efficient medical or legal adviser, an efficient spiritual pastor. Simplicity, sincerity, love of goodness, and love of truth are as powerful and as much needed in our day as they were in the days long ago, which formed the great professions that are still the bulwarks of society."

The remarks of Dean Stanley were appropriate—of course they were ; he never said anything inappropriate—but his man-

ner in meeting those who were presented to him was more remarkable. Each name set him thinking. "From what part of England did your forefathers come?" "Are you of the — family?" "You surely are not of English stock?" "Did your people emigrate to Virginia?" These and like questions, with the answers they elicited, put everyone at ease as he came up to greet him. His biographers have truly said that everywhere, in his American visit, "he put himself on a level with the commonest person and without a touch of self-consciousness. His tact was unailing, and it flowed from the desire and the power to throw himself into the feelings and circumstances of others." Many people have this desire—how few have the ability as well as the wish !

I notice one slight inaccuracy in their memoir, and that is so amusing that I must mention it. "Whether he spoke to the Congregationalist students of the Johns Hopkins University, or to the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and Episcopalians elsewhere, his audience felt that in each utterance the speaker was sincere in the effort to discover points of union sympathy." As the new foundation in Baltimore was non-denominational, and the president was the only Congregationalist on the governing boards—this wholesale classification of his colleagues, as Congregationalists, by an ecclesiastical historian, was gratifying, but unwarranted.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, then Professor Lowell, and Professor Child spent the month of February, 1877, with us, and during a part of the same period Professor Charles E. Norton was lecturing at the Peabody Institute. They were revered as three wise men of the East. Lowell made but little preparation for his lectures, which were devoted to Romance poetry, with Dante as the central theme—I mean that he made but little special preparation for each discourse. He had with him the accumulated notes of a long-continued professorship, and I think he told me that he had read Dante forty times over. His manner was so captivating that he would have delighted his auditors if he had simply stated the most commonplace reflections on mediæval poetry ; but his literary sagacity, his humor, his learning, and his citations charmed all who heard him, more,



perhaps, than greater elaboration and more logical treatment would have done. In private, he was delightful. I treasure a vivid picture of his getting down on his knees so as to be of the same height as a little girl seven years old, and offering her his arm as he escorted her to the supper-table; and I know a lady who still counts as a valuable memento the offhand verses with which he acknowledged a bunch of roses received from her on his recovery from an attack of illness.

At the commemoration exercises on Washington's Birthday, Mr. Lowell read by request that part of his "Ode under the Old Elm" (Canto viii.), in which a glowing tribute is paid to Virginia. In a letter to Miss Norton, the scene is thus described by the poet himself. After speaking of the address by Professor Gildersleeve on classical studies and that by Professor Sylvester on the study of mathematics, "both of them very good and just enough spicy with the personality of the speaker to be taking," he goes on to say: "Then I, by special request, read a part of my Cambridge Elm poem, and actually drew tears from the eyes of bitter Secessionists—comparable with those iron ones that rattled down Pluto's cheek. I didn't quite like to read the invocation to Virginia here—I was willing enough three or four hundred miles north—but I think it did good. Teackle Wallis (Charles will tell you who he is), a prisoner of Fort Warren, came up to thank me with dry eyes (which he and others assured me had been flooded), and Judge Brown, with the testifying drops still on his lids."

Lowell was a constant listener to Child, and he enjoyed the lectures as much as any of us. "You missed a great pleasure," he says to Professor Norton, "in not hearing him read the Nonnes Prestes tale. I certainly never heard anything better. He wound into the meaning of it (as Dr. Johnson says of Burke) like a serpent, or perhaps I should come nearer to it if I said that he injected the veins of the poem with his own sympathetic humor till it seemed to live again. I could see his hearers take the fun before it came, their faces lighting with the reflection of his. I never saw anything better done. I wish I could inspire myself with his example, but I continue dejected and lump-

ish. . . . Child goes on winning all ears and hearts. I am rejoiced to have this chance of seeing so much of him, for though I loved him before, I did not know *how* lovable he was till this intimacy." There is another letter from "Bahltimer" to Miss Norton, from which I make a longer citation, chiefly for the sake of Child—partly for the sake of Baltimore hospitality. "Sylvester paid a charming compliment to Child, and so did Gildersleeve. The former said that Child had invented a new pleasure for them in his reading of Chaucer and Gildersleeve, that you almost saw the dimple of Chaucer's own smile as his reading felt out the humor of the verse. The house responded cordially. If I had much vanity I should be awfully cross, but I am happy to say that I have enjoyed dear Child's four-weeks' triumph (of which he alone is unconscious), to the last laurel-leaf. He is *such* a delightful creature! I never saw so much of him before, and should be glad I came here if it were for nothing but my nearer knowledge and enjoyment of him.

"We are overwhelmed with kindness here. I feel very much as an elderly oyster might who was suddenly whisked away into a polka by an electric eel. How I shall ever do for a consistent hermit again, heaven only knows. I eat five meals a day, as on board a Cunarder on the mid-ocean, and on the whole bear it pretty well, especially now that there are only four lectures left."

Mr. Lowell engaged to come again a year later, and to take Don Quixote for his theme, but in the meantime President Hayes selected him for the legation at Madrid, from which he was soon transferred to London. I met him in London as we were entering the gateway of the Fisheries Exhibition on "American Day." "I must make an opening speech," he said, "as the presiding officer, and I have no idea what to say." "Tell them the story of the American oyster," I replied. "What is that?" he asked. So I told him that our Baltimore biologist, Dr. Brooks, had discovered recently that the American oyster differs from the European oyster by beginning its career outside the parental shell. In the oyster world, as in the human world, young America is eager to begin life on his own



account, without parental supervision. Pretty soon I heard Mr. Lowell tell the story in his agreeable way, and it was correctly given in the report of his speech.

Professor Child was the most companionable and lovable of visitors. He had not been accustomed to the lecture platform, and was evidently both surprised and delighted by the reception given him. His theme was Chaucer. It was before the day of Lounsbury's masterly volumes, and Child's narrative of Chaucer's life, his pictures of Chaucer's time, his exposition of Chaucer's language, and his Chaucerian pronunciation of passages from the "Canterbury Tales" were a fresh contribution to English literature. Everybody who owned a Chaucer brought it to the lecture-room, and those who owned no copy betook themselves to the book-stores. The local supply was soon exhausted, the libraries were despoiled, and for days there was "a corner" in Chaucers such as history has never before recorded, and never will again. In the second year Child read us old ballads, in different versions and texts. This was part of his *opus magnum*—learned, exhaustingly so—but not nearly as acceptable to his auditors as his Chaucerian discourses. I think he may have been conscious of this, for he volunteered some extra appointments, in which he read Shakespeare with almost as much skill as, in later days, Horace Howard Furness. The memory of Professor Child is still a cherished possession. I have many letters from him, almost all of them full of messages to or inquiries after those whose acquaintance he made on those two memorable visits. All these memories have been recently revived by the gift of a medallion likeness of Child by Miss Upshur, of Boston. When Dr. Kelly made us this present, we held a meeting to commemorate the lectures of early years, and to dwell upon the rare attainments of Professor Child, as a scholar, his rarer virtues as a friend.

Mr. Edward A. Freeman, the historian, would have been better appreciated by the Americans whom he addressed if they had understood his tenses and moods, or, in other words, if they had mastered his mode of speech. It has often seemed to

me that scholars, certainly those who dwell within college walls or live secluded lives, have, each of them his own "lingo." By this I mean that each has his characteristic use of words, and if you would quickly apprehend his meaning you will do well to observe his habitual diction. A word of praise, even a laudatory tone, means more from some men than a paragraph of eulogy from others. So likewise with criticism and censure. Now the minute exactness which is apparent in Freeman's writings, and is one of his great merits, governed his familiar correspondence and conversation. For example, his letters from America give many allusions to the epithets by which he was accosted. He is offended, or pretends to be so, because they call him "Professor" and "Doctor." "Once," he says, "I was called 'Colonel.'" He declined to speak at the university because he was under engagements to give lectures at the Peabody Institute. If he would not "lecture," I asked him to give some familiar talks to the students. "Familiar talks?" he said, ironically. He seemed to be as much surprised as if I had asked him for nursery tales. "Well, conferences," I suggested. "Do you mean that the students are to do a part of the talking and I a part?" was his next inquiry. I forget how we got round the difficulty, but I believe that the term "informal lectures" suited him. At any rate he spoke, and made many friends among us. "There are not so many swells here at Baltimore as at the 'Hub of the Universe,' but we have made some pleasant acquaintances here—judges, professors, and others. Johns Hopkins, his University, seems to be doing very good work"—so wrote the historian from Baltimore November 25, 1881. He took a great liking to Professor Herbert B. Adams, to whom he alluded in phrases of just praise in his books on America; and Adams took a great liking to Freeman, of which there is a lasting memorial. Over the lecturer's desk in the historical room were words of Freeman which appealed strongly to Dr. Adams, "History is past politics, and politics present history"—the motto, likewise, of Adams's series of historical studies. "Mr. Freeman, where did you write your great work on the Norman Conquest?" asked a modest student, ex-

pecting as an answer, no doubt, "the British Museum" or the "Bodleian." "In my own library. Where did you suppose?" came the gruff reply. I have been credibly informed that when conversation lagged at a dinner-table the great historian was known to nod. If this was so, it is not a solitary instance of the soporific tendency of advancing years.

Professor Bryce, as it happened, was in Baltimore at the same time, and the two men rendered a great service to the State of Maryland, by urging the Legislature to make a liberal appropriation for printing the colonial, or more strictly, the provincial, records of that remarkable, in some particulars that unique, Commonwealth. Freeman's name is still held in personal reverence among our men of that day. A few years after his visit, in spending a Sunday at Trinity College, Oxford, I found him robed, sitting in a stall, as an Honorary Fellow, at early morning prayers. Then and later he was full of courtesies and kindness.

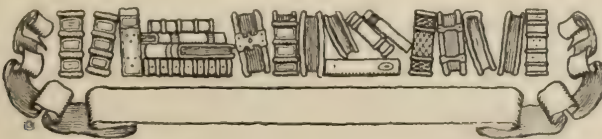
As we went into the dining-hall on "Gaudy day," my escort pointed to a portrait on the wall, and said: "That is your great enemy, Lord North;" and when I repeated the remark a few minutes later to Freeman, "Yes," he said, indicating another portrait, "and that is your great friend, Lord Chatham." He was not at his ease in Oxford, especially not in a professor's chair. "It is all so disappointing and disheartening"—these are his words. "I have tried every kind of lecture I can think of, and put my best strength into all, *but nobody comes!*" This was pitiful, indeed. I think the fault must have been in the system, not in the man. Certainly such students as listened to him in Baltimore would have been delighted to follow the master for a year through the mazes of historical research.

They might not have cared for didactic lectures, crowded with detail, but they could not have failed to watch closely the methods followed by a great investigator, his ways of finding out, his habits of verification. After all, a great teacher is not to be measured by his learning; it is rather by his example.

Although I am not one of those who knew Freeman best, I would echo the words of Professor Bonney, who thus wrote of him: "He always reminded me of a lion, and had he roared when roused it would have seemed quite natural. Some men complained that, like the king of beasts, he was apt to rend those who crossed his path. I can only speak of him as I found him—one of the kindest of friends, most tolerant of my ignorance, and ever ready to open to me his stores of knowledge."

One word more let me add. Freeman's correspondence is racy in a high degree; everybody should know it. To appreciate the extraordinary acquisitions, industry, and versatility of this historian, it is only necessary to glance at a full and well-arranged list of his principal writings from 1846 to 1892, which is given at the end of his Memoirs.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. In the conduct of a university, secure the ablest men as professors, regardless of all other qualifications excepting those of personal merit and adaptation to the chairs that are to be filled. Borrow if you cannot enlist. Give them freedom, give them auxiliaries, give them liberal support. Encourage them to come before the world of science and of letters with their publications. Bright students, soon to be men of distinction, will be their loyal followers, and the world will sing a loud Amen.





# THE LINGE OF M'SIEUR

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

I AM Bob. That isn't much of a description of course, but you'll see, later on. My brother calls me the cub, I don't know why, unless because I'm only thirteen, but that seems to me quite a fair age, though of course I don't think myself an octagonarian. This story that I'm going to write is all because of Margaret—my sister-in-law she is now. I told it to her last night, just the way it happened, and she laughed—well, you just ought to have seen her laugh. She laughed herself all over the room, so she tried to talk and couldn't, and then she laughed herself out on to the piazza, but, knowing the nature of women, I wasn't surprised. Girls are queer, anyway, you know, but she's a nice one. She's a sport and likes to do reasonable things, swimming and so forth. She's a really sensible person, as girls go. She said she declared if I'd write this down the way I told it to her, she'd send it to a magazine. Well now, I don't know the way I told it, but I'll do the best I can, only it's a good deal of work to write so much. Walter says my words are all wool and a yard wide, which he means to state, I suppose, that I use long ones. Well then, you see Walter took me up into camp in Canada last summer, to his club, where all the guides talk French, and I think that's a good deal of the reason he took me. I talk good French; I don't mean to brag, but I began when I was a child, about five, and I've lived in Paris a year, so I ought. But Walter talks the funniest French you ever heard, and lots of it, with a strong American accent. Anything that ends with "ong" goes. This is what he said to one of the guides:

"Si nous pouvons venons pendant le printemps, nous allons attraperons beaucoup de poissons." Now if anyone speaks French they will see that is funny. Walter pounds away at the guides like that and they never crack a smile, they're so polite,

but I just squeal. So sometimes when he gets balled up worse than usual he's pretty glad of me to talk French for him, and I guess it's a relief to the guides too.

Walter and I had been having a fine time in camp, fishing and paddling and tramping about over the portages. We had been in about a week when the first of September came along, which is the beginning of the open season for caribou, you know, and of course we both wanted to get one. So we talked it over with the guides—one of them was the redoubtabull Joe Véro, a Montagnais Indian and the best hunter in the club—and we decided on a plan. Anybody who doesn't know the country won't understand, but it was a good plan. We were to go to a lake near the hunting-ground and camp there over night, and then get up very early in the morning for the hunt. Walter, with Joe Véro, was to go over to the Rivière Mouche Noire, right near us, and hunt there in a canoe, and I was to take a guide and watch on a little marshy lake, which would be only about twenty minutes from us in another direction. It's the best fun there is, going off on a hunt like that. Everybody ought to try it. I had a lovely time, even if I did miss my caribou. I can't understand why I didn't hit that thing, but I think there's something wrong, perhaps, with the sight of my rifle, which is a 30-30 smokeless Winchester, and a splendid gun. But I must have that sight examined. It takes so little, in a sight, to make you shoot wrong, you know, and I can't understand how I could have missed it otherwise, for I held right on. Well, anyway I missed it, and we needn't dwell on that, but will pass on. Walter killed his. He always *is* lucky. It was a big buck, "un gros," the guides said, and they thought it would weigh between four and five hundred. I didn't see it, at least not all together, because they chopped it up before they brought it into camp.





Walter killed his.—Page 472

but Walter said it looked like a big pony. But one must always make allowances for a fortunate hunter. When I observed that to Walter he said "You young cuss," and grinned. Well, they got the beast into camp in chunks, the head being the showiest one, and we had a big supper to celebrate; flapjacks and maple sugar, and orange marmalade and canned lobster, and onions and fried potatoes, and mulligatawny soup and toast, and pickles and chocolate with canned "lait" and a lot more—all the provisions we had, in fact; for now we had meat we were going back to camp next day. We couldn't eat the caribou because it hadn't been killed long enough. Walter felt fine and let me eat all I wanted and didn't kick at waiting. Then after supper he stood up and looked at the guides with his hands in his pockets, the way he always does when he wants to explain something and is thinking up the French.

"Godin," he said. That's the head

guide, Godin, and he cocked his head and said, "Oui, M'sieur," quick, in the nice polite way the guides all have, as if you were doing them a favor when you order them to grease your boots. Walter went on talking.

"Godin, je crois que demain nous faisait cela." Then I squealed, but he just proceeded to continue.

"S'il ne mouillait pas trop beaucoup, nous allons chez nous par la Rivière Mouche Noire, jusqu'à nous arriverons à Lac Nacsitan"—then I cut in and said, "Voilà! On peut s'arrêter à Château Nacsitan, ou se trouve"—and then Walter kicked me quite hard, and I saw that I was becoming unpopular. But he understood that I saw through *that* move, and knew that he was going home the long way around so as to see Miss Margaret Nelson—which was what she was then. I knew he liked her, you see—Oh, you can't fool me! So I just grinned at Henri Jeunesse, who was one of my two

guides, but he didn't know the difference. Then Walter asked them.

"Est-ce que vous avez pensé que nous allons mouiller ?"

"Mouiller" means "to rain" in French-Canadian, you know, and Walter always asked them that every night, in variegated language, just before he said, "Bon soir." And they always answered without a smile.

"C'est difficile à dire, à c't heure," and cocked their eyes up at the sky.

And then they all said, "Bon soir, M'sieur," and "Bon soir, M'sieur Bob," and it sounded something like the people saying "Amen" together in church. Then we went off to our tent, and I'll bet they laughed at Walter when we got away.

The next morning when I woke up I opened one eye and peeped across the tent at Walter. He was way down in his blankets on his cot, and you couldn't see much but an ear or so, but there was one of his eyes gleaming fixedly over at me. The minute he saw mine open, he said :

"You young cuss, get up and make the fire."

So I involuntarily snuggled into my blankets and squealed pitifully a little and moaned :

"It's too cold. It's too soon," and I shut my eyes right up in a hurry.

Pretty soon I heard Walter crooning to himself, and I surmised he was making poetry, so I listened. He makes the funniest poetry you ever heard. He made a lot I can't remember, but this was some of it :

Too soon, too soon, too soon, too soon.  
The fishes peep  
In the vasty deep,  
Where down below  
The winding snow  
Covers the ocean's ebb and flow.  
And the birds in the air  
Without any hair;  
And the mighty moon  
Too soon, too soon!

That is entirely different from the sort I have to recite in school. Walter's poetry always makes me laugh, it's so queer, and I always know he's happy when he begins.

But before long he got over that fit, and then he roared :

"Cub ! Make the fire ! Make the mer-

ry flames roar amid the greenwood tree ! Make 'em. Rise ! Rise, son of a mighty race, and race down to the lake and ablute yourself. Hurry up ! Dépêchez ! Courons ! N'arrête pas ! Ablute ! Washez vous !"

I just crawled way in under and moaned. Finally I said :

"Call the guides, why don't you? They'll make it."

Walter shook his head dejectedly.

"Oh, no, my son ! I wouldn't be cruel. Not to a guide. *They* don't like to make a fire, either—you don't; why should they ?"

Then he began to get up, moaning miserably. "Nobody to make a fire for me—have to do all the work myself. Four guides and a brother, and I have to make the fires"—and all the time he was crawling out in his pink flannel pajamas. "I'm an awfully good brother to you," he said, solemnly. "Some day, when I'm cold in my grave, you'll know how good."

Well, he carried on like an Indian that way, while he piled up birch-bark and sticks, and pulled together the ends of the logs that had been last night's fire. The guides would have made it in half the time, and there were four of them within a hundred yards. I'll bet he wished, later, he'd given them a hail. But it blazed up all right pretty soon, and I lay there comfortably and looked at it and at him, and watched the sunlight jump about the tent in white splotches between the shadows. Out in front the light-green birch branches—the "bouleau"—were waving among the dark-green "épinette"—that's spruce—and now and then I could see a scrap of water, like a bright steel sword, cutting through them both. It looked awfully pretty.

But Walter kept on complaining about everything on earth, though of course I knew it was nonsense, and that he wouldn't do it so much if he wasn't feeling pretty jolly. Finally he struck his clothes, and then he raised Cain.

"All wet ! Sopping ! Mouillé ! N'important—nobody cares ! It's only just me. C'est moi—viola tout ! Look at that coat—regarde !"

He held it up and I regarded, and it *was* rather damp and mussy. Then he hung it up on a cross-stick back of the



He saw quick enough, and then his maniac cries rose to the heavens,—Page 476.

fire that Godin had put up the night before to dry my stockings on, and he took his trousers and held them up. Now, trousers have such a funny, straddly, helpless look when they're empty, that I laughed out loud.

"What are you laughing at, you young cuss? What's funny, I'd like to know, about my—my—what's that Godin called them the other day?"

I suggested "pantalons," but he despised that.

"No. *Non*. Pas de tout. Tout de suite. 'Pantalons' indeed! That's coarse. It was something refined and exquisite—now what was that word?"

Then I remembered that the guides call everything to wear "linge" from shoes to an umbrella.

"That's it," said Walter. "Mon linge. Mon linge sont mouillé. Voilà mon pauvre linge! Je vais sécherai mon linge," and he hung the things up on the cross-stick so tenderly, and patted them so lov-

ingly that I just rolled around and shrieked with laughter. Then he made one dive for his blankets again and wrapped himself up and ordered me out.

"Now cub, up! It's your turn. Go and ablute yourself in the lake and when you're dressed I also will bathe and array my form," and then he turned over for another nap.

So I pulled myself out and went shivering down to the lake, for it was a pretty crisp morning. But the water felt so fine when I got in that I took a little swim and then I took just a little other swim, so it was perhaps ten minutes when I ran back to the tent again. What horrible vision should meet my despairing eyes when I got there, but Walter's poor, beloved "linge," half burned up, smoking and burning, with a sharp, wiggly red edge all around the lower part, and smelling like a herd of sheep on fire. And Walter himself snoring! How I yelled! My! Walter and the pink pajamas bound-



ed up, horror-struck and dazed. But he saw quick enough, and then his maniac cries rose to the heavens.

"Godin ! Véro ! Toutes les guides ! Venez ! Venez damn vite—ici ! Apportons de l'eau ! De l'eau frette ! De l'eau chaude ! Venez ! Mes choses brûlons ! Mes linge, il brûte vite," and then some English that my mother wouldn't allow me to write.

But it brought the guides, and in about half a minute the fire was out and the guides were mourning like doves over the trousers. But it wasn't a patch on Walter's mourning, which was silent but awful. I'd mourn too, a minute or so, and then I'd go behind the tent and choke myself. You see there wasn't enough left of the trousers to put on, for they were burned from south to north about two feet, and then from east to west, so as to obliterate the chance of getting into them except sidewise. And then you would be apt to fall out.

I will draw the veil of silence over the painfulness of the next two hours. We managed to have breakfast and break camp and get started, and got Walter pinned up with safety-pins, as nicely as we could fix him, in a red blanket. It wasn't as much fun as you'd think, for Walter was dignified and treated me politely, which is hard to bear from your brother. But I gathered some crumbs of pleasure walking behind him on the portages and watching him amble along through the woods—he looked like a red flannel mermaid. When he forgot and tried to swing out with long steps and was suddenly hitched back by the exigencies of his apparel, then I dropped off the portage and sat on a log awhile. We went through Lac Orignal—Moose Lake—and then over a portage of "quatorze arpents" fourteen acres, half a mile you see ; they measure by acres up there, isn't it funny? Then we went down the "Belle Rivière," and it was bully and "belle" too, and after another long portage we struck the head of Lac Nacsitan.

By this time Walter was feeling better and let me indulge unmolestedly in some trivial pleasantries about his fancy-dress mermaid costume. I asked him to let down his hair and get into the water and flop his tail and sing to me, and he only

laughed. But when I picked up the end of the red blanket and said I was the lovely lady's page, and yanked him backward, he said :

"Look here, cub, you'll find this darned funny up to the dead line, but I'm hanged if you'll find it funny beyond. So be careful."

Therefore I was careful, and exhibited an exhibition of the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove.

When the guides were getting the canoes into the water and the charges into the canoes, on Nacsitan, Walter struck his French conversation attitude and began laddling out language to them as cheerfully and politely as if he wasn't looking queerer than a goat.

"Regardez ici."

That's the way he began and they all stopped work and regarded him, hard. Glad of the chance, I guess, for he was a holy show, standing on a rock by the water, his hands stuck into imaginative pockets, for you don't find them in blankets, and all that red stuff swaddled around him. George! He looked fierce! It had turned into a blazing hot day, too.

"Je vais vous expliquerait ce que nous allons faisons"—I can't remember just the words he expliquéd in. I guess it would take a giant intellect for that herculeaneum task. The air trembled with strange and mysterious sounds for ten minutes, and I had to boost him over two chasms. The guides stood around, as solemn and respectful as judges and slaves, and listened with wrapt attention, but they couldn't make him out. I was puzzled a bit myself at first, but knowing both Walter's French and real French, got at it finally, and the oration was clarified this way. Walter wanted to leave some venison at Château Nacsitan—Dr. Nelson's camp—and he wished me to go on ahead and land with it. He also wanted to be paddled within hailing distance, but not for your life near enough to let the Nelsons see his toboggan suit. That's what was so hard for him to explain to the guides, and yet preserve his dignity unspotted. It was easy enough for me, and if Walter had only let things alone immaculate where I fixed them, everything would have been all right.



The guides stood around, as solemn and respectful as judges.—Page 476.

But he got talking his crazy French to the two guides in his boat all the way down the lake, and by the time they got astern of the Nelson point, I believe those men had made out that he wanted them to carry him up to the camp, and lay him as a burnt offering on the doorstep, while the others escaped by stealth with the venison. Grown-up people fuss and collaborate such a lot over things.

My boat ran up near Walter's once or twice, and I laughed to hear them all three talking together. The guides were expliqué-ing to each other in a sort of

lightning jabber of which nothing un-French-Canadian can pierce the veil, when they do it their fastest. And then Walter would hold up his hand and say :

"Attendez ! N'importe, Alexandre. E'coutez moi. Véro. Vous êtes tort. Tout le monde sont tort, excepté moi. Je vous faites comprendre"—and then he'd mix them worse than ever. I advised him to let them alone, but he sat on me hard, so I had to leave him to his fate.

My canoe went on ahead, according to arrangements. Dr. Nelson and Miss

Margaret—I call her Margaret now, of course—were on the beach waiting for me when we ran ashore. I jumped out and shook hands. It was awfully funny—I tried to lift my cap, and found myself pulling my own hair, because I never wear a cap in the woods. Then I gave them the venison, and they liked it and asked if I shot it, which was an awkward experience. Then they invited us to stay to dinner, and I said:

"Oh, no! Couldn't possibly, thanks," and a vision occurred to me of Walter, in his one large, lonesome red trouser, waddling to dinner with Miss Margaret, and I gave a squeal.

Miss Margaret's keen, I tell you, and she knew something was wrong.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "What are you laughing at, Bob? Isn't that your brother in the canoe out there? We'll just see if he won't stay to dinner when he's asked."

I choked down my feelings and said, "We'll just see" after her, as politely as I could.

And then we were aware of sounds of vociferosity out on the lake and I turned around and there was the canoe, and Joe Véro and Alexandre, Walter's two guides, paddling as if they'd burst, and I guess they would have burst if they'd kept it up. They bent to their paddles till they scratched their noses on the gunwales, and the boat came spinning and bounding and leaping over the water like a scared duck. Never saw a boat come along like that in all my experience. And all the time Walter's voice was going steadily on in an excited monotony.

"Vite, vite! Dépêchez vous! Pas assez! Allez! Venez!" Then there would be a streak of English with some words in it I'll leave out in deference to my youth.

"Oh——! *Can't* you——idiots understand French? When I say *vite* I mean quick—turn quick. Oh, the——Oh, it's too late! Get away—get out—into the lake—anywhere!" Then a pitiful, desperate moan, "*Have* I got to let these fools take me"—then breaking into French again: "Vite, vite! Nous serai en retard! Vous êtes tort! Vite, oh, vite! Plus vite!"

And of course the guides paddled more

madly yet and you could hear the water swish before the boat.

I knew Walter wanted them to turn *au large* and was saying everything backward because he was so excited he had lost the little French he ever had, yet I was so near death's door with choked-up laugh that I couldn't have said a word without rolling on the ground and shrieking. The Nelsons couldn't make out what the noise was about and stood stupefacted, and in a minute the canoe rushed in on a private tidal wave, the men panting and gasping and Walter sitting in the middle as mad as a hatter. We surrounded the boat, and the guides, breathing like porpoises, stepped out to hold it steady, and everybody looked at Walter. It was up to him to get out, but he sat stock still in the bottom in that ridiculous hot red blanket, his face about the same color, and a look of almost human misery in his glassy eyes.

"Well, Morgan, my boy, what's the difficulty? Won't you land and let us see a little of you?" said Dr. Nelson. That finished me. I lay down on the beach and rolled over and over and roared and squealed and cried and screamed out the pent-up passions of many hours. When I got so I could stop and sob and choke a little and notice proceedings, they were watching me with a surprised sort of interest—except Walter, and it made me stop laughing suddenly to see the way he looked. I believe he would have been glad to shoot me. They turned their attention to him when they saw my life was saved, and began urging him again to get out, and he declined with a snappish yet sickly firmness that made my flesh crawl. No. He couldn't. Positively couldn't. Yes. He killed the caribou. Yes. He was very happy, very. No. Hadn't time to tell about it. Would come up later. Must get back to camp. Important business—sorry. Must hurry—Véro!

The doctor struck in as Véro started to wade out to the stern.

"But, my dear boy, why are you wrapped in that great blanket this hot day? Are you ill?"

Walter gave a desperate, badgered look up at him.

"It's not hot, doctor. It's chilly, sitting in a boat," and he shivered vigor-





Sounds of vociferosity out on the lake.—Page 478.

ously. That seemed to me hypercritical.

"Chilly! My dear man, you've caught cold, you're ill. Chilly indeed! Chilly!" Dr. Nelson nearly had a fit. "Chilly! Margaret, love, run and get my medicine case. This youngster needs a dose of quinine."

Walter went on unintermittently saying he was all right, and had slept cold last night, and he felt perfectly well, and he was worn out hunting all night, and a few other impracticable inventions. The doctor shook his head pitifully at him, and in a minute Miss Margaret came jumping along with the medicine case, and my! but Walter looked sour swallowing down about a teaspoonful of quinine powder. Then the doctor said he must insist that the patient should throw off the blanket at once, and walk up and down the beach till he was thoroughly warm. But then Walter turned at bay. He gave one maddened look at those guides and shouted:

"Débarquez!"

Which, of course, means "Get out." So they, being used to him, got in, and in about a second and a half Walter had executed a brief but eager farewell, and his canoe was *au large*. I tried to be more deliberative and polite, but it's hard to sandwich your best behavior between chucklings, and I guess the Nelsons were dazed. Walter wouldn't talk very pleasantly on the way home, and it seemed as if his spirit was broken. But as soon as he got some more trousers he felt better—it's wonderful what courage trousers give you.

That's about all. Walter seemed to be much estranged from Margaret at first when he got home, but they made it up in one of those mysterious ways that lovers have—with some sort of a whopper on Walter's part, I'll bet—which I think is very beautiful. And they got married the 14th of February, like a pair of mating birds, and I was the best man, which is the youngest one Walter or Mother has ever heard of. That's all.



*Drapon by Walter Appleton Clark.*

They painted all day and every day.—Page 481.

# THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

## CHAPTER XIII

### UNDER A BARK SLANT



THE weeks that followed were rare ones for Margaret and Oliver.

They painted all day and every day.

The little school children posed for them, and so did the prim schoolmistress, a girl of eighteen in spectacles with hair cut short in the neck. And old Jonathan Gordon, the fisherman, posed, too, with a string of trout in one hand and a long pole cut from a sapling in the other. And once our two young comrades painted the mill-dam and the mill—Oliver doing the first and Margaret the last; and Baker, the miller, caught them at it, and insisted in all sincerity that some of the money which the pictures brought must come to him, if the report was true that painters did get money for pictures. "It's my mill, ain't it?—and I ain't give no permission to take no part of it away. Hev I?"

They climbed the ravines, Margaret carrying the luncheon and Oliver the sketch traps; they built fires of birch-bark and roasted potatoes, or made tea in the little earthen pot that Mrs. Taff had loaned her one day. Or they waited for the stage in the early morning, and went half a dozen miles down the valley to paint some waterfall Oliver had seen the day he drove up with Marvin, or the glimpse of Moose Hillock from the covered bridge, or some shady nook or sunlit vista that remained fastened in Oliver's mind and the memory of which made him unhappy until Margaret could enjoy it, too.

The fact that he and a woman he had known but a little while were roaming the woods together, quite as a brother and sister might have done, never occurred to him. If it had it would have made no difference, nor could he have understood why any barrier should have been put up

between them. He had been taking care of girls in that same way all his life. Every woman was a sister to him so far as his reverent protection over her went. The traditions of Kennedy Square had taught him this.

As the happy weeks flew by, even the slight reserve which had marked their earlier intercourse began to wear off. It was "Oliver" and "Margaret" now, and even "Ollie" and "Madge" when they forgot themselves and each other in their work.

It was no shock to her. She had decided on the day of their first meeting that Oliver's interest in her was due wholly to his love of companionship, and not because of any special liking he might feel for her. Had she not seen him quite as cordial and as friendly to the men he knew? Satisfied on this point, Oliver began to take the place of a brother, or cousin, or some friend of her youth who loved another woman, perhaps, and was, therefore, safe against all contingencies, while she gave herself up to the enjoyment of that rare luxury—the rarest that comes to a woman—daily association with a man who could be big and strong and sympathetic, and yet ask nothing in return for what she gave him but her companionship and confidence.

In the joy of this new intercourse, and with his habit of trusting implicitly everyone whom he loved—man, woman, or child—Oliver, long before the first month was over, had emptied his heart to Margaret as completely as he had ever done to Miss Clendenning. He had told her of Sue and of Miss Lavinia's boudoir, and of Mr. Crocker and his pictures; and of his poor father's struggles and his dear mother's determination to send him from home—not about the mortgage, that was his mother's secret, not his own—and of the great receptions given by his Uncle Tilghman, and of all the other wonderful doings in Kennedy Square.

She had listened at first in astonishment,



and then with impatience. Many of the things that seemed so important to him were valueless in her more practical eyes. Instead of a régime which ennobled those who enjoyed its privileges, she saw only a slavish devotion to worn-out traditions, and a clannish provincialism which proved to her all the more clearly the narrow-mindedness of the people who sustained and defended them. So far as she could judge, the qualities that she deemed necessary in the make-up of a robust life, instinct with purpose and accomplishment, seemed to be entirely lacking in Kennedy Square formulas. She saw, too, with a certain undefined pain, that Oliver's mind had been greatly warped by these influences. His mother's domination over him, strange to say, greatly disturbed her; why, she could not tell. "She must be a proud, aristocratic woman," she had said to herself after one of Oliver's outbursts of enthusiasm over Mrs. Horn. "Wedded to patrician customs and with no consideration for anyone outside of her class."

And yet none of these doubts and criticisms made the summer days less enjoyable.

One bright, beautiful morning when the sky was a turquoise, the air a breath of heaven, and the brooks could be heard laughing clear out on the main road, Oliver and Margaret, who had been separated for some days while she paid a visit to her family at home, started to find a camp that Hank had built the winter before as a refuge while he was hunting deer. They had reached a point in the forest where two paths met, when Margaret's quick ear caught the sound of a human voice, and she stopped to listen.

"Quick —" she cried — "get behind these spruces, or he will see us and stop singing. It's old Mr. Burton. He is such a dear! He spends his summers here. I often meet him and he always bows to me so politely, although he doesn't know me."

A man of sixty—bare-headed, dressed in a gray suit, with his collar and coat over his arm and hands filled with wildflowers, was passing leisurely along, singing at the top of his voice. Once he stopped, and, bending over, picked a bunch

of mountain berries which he tucked into a buttonhole of his flannel shirt, just before disappearing in a turn of the path.

Oliver looked after him for a moment. He had caught the look of sweet serenity on the idler's face, and the air of joyousness that seemed to linger behind him like a perfume, and it filled him with delight.

"There, Margaret! that's what I call a happy man. I'll wager you he has never done anything all his life but that which he loved to do—just lives out here and throws his heart wide open for every beautiful thing that can crowd into it. That's the kind of man I want to be. Oh! I'm so glad I saw him."

Margaret was silent. She was walking ahead, her staff in her hand; the fallen trunks and heavy underbrush making it difficult for them to walk abreast.

"Do you think that he never had to work, to be able to enjoy himself as he does?" she asked over her shoulder, with a toss of her head.

"Perhaps—but he loved what he was doing."

"No, he didn't—he hated it—hated it all his life." The tone carried a touch of defiance that was new to Oliver. He stepped quickly after her, with a sudden desire to look into her face. Ten minutes, at least, had passed during which he had seen only the back of her head.

Margaret heard his step behind her and quickened her own. Something was disturbing the joyousness of our young Diana this lovely summer morning.

"What did the old fellow do for a living, Margaret?" Oliver called, still trying to keep up with Margaret's springing step.

"Sold lard and provisions, and over the counter, too," she answered, with a note almost of exultation in her voice (she was thinking of Mrs. Horn and Kennedy Square). "Mrs. Taft knows him and used to send him her bacon. He retired rich some years ago, and now he can sing all day if he wants to."

It was Oliver's turn to be silent. The tones of Margaret's voice hurt him. For some minutes he walked on in silence. Then wheeling suddenly he sprang over a moss-covered trunk that blocked her path, stepped in front of her, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Not offended, Margaret, are you?" he asked, looking earnestly into her eyes.

"No—what nonsense! Of course not. Why do you ask?"

"Well, somehow you spoke as if you were."

"No, I didn't; I only said how dear Mr. Burton was, and he *is*. How silly you are! Come—we will be late for the camp."

They both walked on in silence now, he ahead this time, brushing aside the thick undergrowth that blocked the path.

The exultant tones in her voice, which had hurt her companion and which had escaped her unconsciously still rang in her own ears. She felt ashamed of the outburst now as she watched him cutting the branches ahead of her, and thought how gentle and tender he had always been to her and how watchful over her comfort. She wondered at the cause of her frequent discontent. Then, like an evil spirit that would not down, there arose in her mind, as she walked on, the picture she had formed of Kennedy Square. She thought of his mother's imperious nature absorbing all the love of his heart and inspiring and guiding his every action and emotion; of the unpractical father—a dreamer and an enthusiast, the worst possible example he could have; of the false standards and class distinctions which had warped his early life and which were still dominating him. With an abrupt gesture of impatience she stood still in the path and looked down upon the ground. An angry flush suffused her face.

"What a stupid fool you are, Margaret Grant," she burst out impatiently. "What are Kennedy Square and the whole Horn family to you?"

Oliver's halloo brought her to consciousness.

"Here's the slant, Margaret—oh, such a lovely spot! Hurry up."

"The Slant" had been built between two huge trees and stood on a little mound of earth surrounded by beds of velvety green moss—huge green winding sheets, under which lay the bodies of many giant pines and hemlocks. The shelter was made of bark and bedded down with boughs of sweet-balsam. Outside, on a birch sapling, supported by two forked sticks, hung a rusty kettle. Be-

neath the rude spit, half-hidden by the growth of the summer, lay the embers of the abandoned camp-fires that had warmed and comforted Hank and his companions the preceding winter.

Oliver raked the charred embers from under the tangled vines that hid them, while Margaret peeled the bark from a silver-birch for kindling. Soon a curl of blue smoke mounted heavenward, hung suspended over the tree-tops, and then drifted away in bands of silver haze dimming the forms of the giant trunks.

Our young enthusiast watched the Diaz of a wood interior turn slowly into a Corot, and with a cry of delight was about to unstrap his own and Margaret's sketching-kits, when the sun was suddenly blotted out by a heavy cloud, and the quick gloom of a mountain storm chilling the sunlit vista to a dull slate gray settled over the forest. Oliver walked over to the brook for a better view of the sky, and came back bounding over the moss-covered logs as he ran. There was not a moment to lose if they would escape being drenched to the skin.

The outlook was really serious. Old Bald Face had not only lost his smile—a marvellously happy one with the early sun upon his wrinkled countenance—but he had put on his judgment-cap of gray clouds and had begun to thunder out his disapproval of everything about him. Moose Hillock evidently heard the challenge, for he was answering back in the murky darkness. Soon a cold, raw wind, which had been asleep in the hills for months, awoke with a snarl and started down the gorge. Then the little leaves began to quiver, the big trees to groan, in their anxiety not knowing what the will of the wind would be, and the merry little waves that had chased each other all the morning over the sunny shallows of the brook, grew ashy pale as they looked up into the angry face of the Storm-God, and fled shivering to the shore.

Oliver whipped out his knife, stripped the heavy outer bark from a white birch, and before the dashing rain could catch up with the wind, had repaired the slant so as to make it water-tight—Hank had taught him this—then he started another great fire in front of the slant and threw fresh balsam boughs on the bed that had



rested Hank's tired limbs, and he and Margaret crept in and were secure.

The equanimity of Margaret's temper, temporarily disturbed by her vivid misconception of Kennedy Square, was gone now. The dry shelter, the warm fire, the sense of escape from the elements, all filled her heart with gladness. Never since the day she met him on the bridge had she been so happy. Again, as when Oliver championed her in the old Academy school-room, there stole over her a vague sense of the pleasure of being protected.

"Isn't it jolly!" she said as she sat hunched up beside him. "I'm as dry as a bone, not a drop on me."

Oliver was even more buoyant. There was something irresistibly cosy and comfortable in the shelter which he had provided for her—something of warmth and companionship and rest. But more intensely enjoyable than all was the thought that he was taking care of a woman for the first time in his life, as it seemed to him. And in a house of his own making, and in a place, too, of his own choosing, surrounded by the big trees that he loved. He had even outwitted the elements—the wind and the rain and the chill—in her defence. Old Moose Hillock could bel-low now and White Face roar, and the wind and rain vent their wrath, but Margaret, close beside him, would still be warm and dry and safe.

By this time she had hung her tam-o'-shanter and jacket on a nail that she had found in the bark over her head, and was arranging her hair.

"It's just like life, Oliver, isn't it?" she said, as she tightened the coil in her neck. "All we want, after all, is a place to get into out of the storm and wet, not a big place, either."

"What kind of a place?" He was on his knees digging a little trench with his knife, piling up the moist earth in miniature embankments, so that the dripping from the roof would not spatter this Princess of his whom he had saved from the tempest outside.

"Oh, any kind of a place if you have people you're fond of. I'd love a real studio somewhere, and a few things hung about—some old Delft and one or two bits of stuff—and somebody to take care of me."

Oliver shifted his pipe in his mouth and looked up. Would she, with all her independence, really like to have someone take care of her? He had never seen any evidence of it.

"Who?" he asked. He had never heard her mention anybody's name—but then she had not told him everything.

He had dropped his eyes again, finishing the drain and flattening the boughs under her, to make the seat the easier. It seemed inexpressibly delightful to sit by her and see her so happy and safe out of the way of the rain from which he had himself saved her.

"Oh, some old woman, perhaps, like dear old Mrs. Mulligan." There was no coquetry in her tone. She was speaking truthfully out of her heart.

"Anything more?" There was less buoyancy in his voice now. The pipe was upside down, the ashes falling on his shirt.

"Yes—lots of portraits to paint."

"And a medal at the Salon?" asked Oliver, brushing off the waste of his pipe from his coat-sleeve.

"Yes, I don't mind, if my pictures deserve it," and she looked at him quizzically, while a sudden flash of humor lightened up her face. "What would *you* want, Mr. Happy-go-lucky, if you had your wish?"

"I, Madge, dear?" he said, with a sudden outburst of tenderness, raising his body erect and looking earnestly into her eyes, which were now within a hand's breadth of her own. She winced a little, but it did not offend her, nor did she move an inch. "Oh, I don't know what I want. What I want, I suppose, is what I shall never have, little girl."

She wasn't his little girl, or anybody else's, she thought to herself—she was firmly convinced of that fact. It was only one of his terms of endearment. He had them for everybody—even for Hank and for Mrs. Taft—whom he called "Taffy," and who loved to hear him say it, and she old enough to be his grandmother! She stole a look into his face. There was a cloud over it, a slight knitting of the brows, and a pained expression about the mouth that were new to her.

"Mother would never consent," he went on after a pause, and he settled back



from her slowly, his knees still bent under him. "She wouldn't think it respectable. Anything but a painter," she says.

Margaret looked out through the forest and watched a woodpecker at work on the dry side of a hollow trunk, the side protected from the driving rain.

"And you would give up your career because *she* wants it? How do you know she's right about it? And who's to suffer if she's wrong? *Be a painter*, Oliver, if you want to! Your mother can't coddle you up forever! No mother should. Do what you can do best, and to please yourself, not somebody else," and then she laughed lightly as if to break the force of her words.

Oliver looked at her first in indignation that anyone should speak so of his mother, until he heard Margaret's laugh and caught the expression on her face. Then only a sense of the injustice of her words took possession of him. Suddenly there rose before him the solemn compact he had made with his mother not to be a burden on her while the mortgage was unpaid. This softened any hurt Margaret's words had given him.

"You would not talk that way, Madge, if you knew my dear mother," he said quietly, as he patted the mound of earth on which his knees rested with the point of his knife. "There is nothing in her life she loves better than me. She doesn't want me to be a painter because—" He stopped, fearing she might not understand his answer.

"Go on—why not?" The laugh had gone out of her voice now, and a tone almost of defiance had taken its place.

"She says it is not the profession of a gentleman," he answered, sadly. "I do not agree with her, but she thinks so, and nothing can shake her."

"If those are her opinions, I wonder what she would think of *me*?" Margaret asked. There was a slight irritation in her voice—somehow she always became irritable when Oliver spoke of his mother. She was ashamed of it, but it was true.

All his anger was gone now. Whatever opinion the world might have on any number of things there could be but one opinion of Madge. "She would *love* you, little girl," he burst out as he laid his hand on her arm—the first time he had ever touched

her with any show of affection. "You'd *make* her love you. She never saw anybody like you before, and she never will. That you are an artist wouldn't make any difference. It's different with you. You're a woman."

The girl's eyes again sought the woodpecker. It was stabbing away with all its might, driving its beak far into the yielding bark. After a moment's thought she said thoughtfully as she rested her head on the edge of the slant:

"Ollie, what *is* a gentleman?" She knew, she thought, but she wanted him to define it.

"My father is one," he said, positively, "—and so is yours," and he looked inquiringly into her face.

"That depends on your standard. I don't know your father, but I do mine, and from what you have told me about yours I think they are about as different as two men can be. Answer my question—what is a gentleman?" She had straightened herself again, leaning over a little, and was tucking a chip under her toes to keep the water away from her shoes. Her eyes sought his again.

"A gentleman, Madge—why, you know what a gentleman is. He is a man well born, well educated, and well bred. That's the standard at home—at least, that's my mother's."

"Anything else?" She was searching his face now. There were some things she wanted to settle in her own mind.

"I don't think of anything else, Madge, dear—do you?" He was really dismissing the question. His thoughts were on something else—the way her hair curled from under her worsted cap and the way her pink ears nestled close to her head, especially the little indents at each corner of her mouth—they were so well modelled.

"And so according to your mother's and father's ideas, and those of all your aristocratic people at home, Hank here could not be a gentleman if he tried?"

The idea was new to Oliver. He had become conscious now. What had gotten into Margaret to-day?

"Hank?—no, certainly not. How could he?"

"By *being* a gentleman Mr. Aristocrat. Not in clothes, mind you—nor money, nor furniture, nor wines, nor carriages, but in

*heart.* Think a moment, Ollie," and her eyes snapped. "Hank finds a robin that has tumbled out of its nest, and spends half a day putting it back. Hank follows you up the brook and sees you try to throw a fly into a pool, and he knows just how awkwardly you do it, for he's the best fisherman in the woods—and yet you never see a smile cross his face, nor does he ever speak of it behind your back—not even to me. Hank walks across Moose Hillock to find old Jonathan Gordon to tell him he has seen some big trout in Loon Pond, so that the old man can have the fun of catching them and selling them afterward to the new hotel in the Notch. He has walked twenty-four miles when he gets back. Do these things make Hank a gentleman, or not?"

"Then you don't believe in Sir Walter Raleigh, Miss Democrat, simply because he was a lord?"

"Yes—but I always thought he wore his old cloak that day on purpose, so he could be made an earl." And a ripple of laughter escaped her lips.

Oliver laughed too, sprang to his feet, and held out his hands so as to lift her up. None of these fine-drawn distinctions really interested him—certainly not on this day, when he was so happy. Why, he wondered, should she want to discuss theories and beliefs and creeds, with the beautiful forest all about and the sky breaking overhead?

"Well, you've walked over mine many a time, Miss Queen Elizabeth, and you haven't decorated me yet, nor made me an earl nor anything else for it, and I'm not going to forgive you for it, either," and he rose to his feet. "Look! Madge, look!" he cried, and sprang out into the path, pointing to the sunshine bursting through the trees—the storm had passed as suddenly as it came. "Isn't it glorious! Come here quick! Don't wait a minute. I should try to get that with Naples yellow and a little chrome—what do you think?" he asked when she stood beside him, half closing his eyes, to get the effect the better.

Margaret looked at him curiously for a moment. She did not answer. "I cannot fasten his mind on anything in which I am interested," she said to herself, with a sigh, "nor shall I ever overcome these

prejudices which seem to be part of his very body."

She paused a moment and an expression of pain passed over her face.

"Pale cadmium would be better," she said, quietly, with a touch of indifference in her tone, and led the way out of the forest to the main road.

## CHAPTER XIV

### MRS. TAFT'S FRONT PORCH

THE autumn fires were being kindled on the mountains—fires of maple, oak, and birch. Along the leaf-strewn roads the sumac blazed scarlet, and over the rude stone fences blood-red lines of fire followed the trend of leaf and vine. Golden pumpkins lay in the furrows of the corn; showers of apples carpeted the grass of the orchards; the crows flew in straight lines, and the busy squirrels worked from dawn till dark.

Over all settled the requiem haze of the dead summer, blurring the Notch and softening Moose Hillock to a film of gray against the pale sky.

It had been a summer of very great sweetness and charm, the happiest of Oliver's life. He had found that he could do fairly well the things that he liked to do best; that the technical difficulties that had confronted him when he began to paint were being surmounted as the weeks went by, and that the thing that had always been a pain to him had now become a pleasure—pain, because, try as he might, the quality of the result was always below his hopes; a pleasure, because some bit of bark, perhaps, or glint of light on moss-covered rock, or tender vista had at last stood out on his canvas with every tone of color true.

Only a painter can understand what all this meant to Oliver; only an out-of-door painter, really. The "studio-man" who reproduces an old study which years before has inspired him, or who involves a composition from his inner consciousness, has no such thrills over his work. He may, perhaps, have other sensations, but they will lack the spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm which followed the success of the old sketch. Triumphs of all kinds come



to men—triumphs in business; in politics; in discovery; in law; medicine, and science. To each and every profession and pursuit there must come, and does come, a time when a rush of victorious feeling surges through it, crowning long hours of work.

But there is one triumphant surge of joy that overmasters them all and that can be gotten only from a six-by-nine canvas, a beaked palette, some half-dried tubes of color, and a few ragged, worn-out brushes.

The victor has been weeks over these same trees that have baffled him; he has painted them on gray days and sunny days; in the morning, at noon, and in the gloaming. He loved their texture and the thousand little lights and darks; the sparkle of the black, green, or gray moss, and the delicate tones that played up and down their stalwart trunks. He toiled in the heat of the day, his nerves on edge, and sometimes great drops of sweat on his troubled forehead. Now and then he would spring from his seat for a farther-away look at his sketch. With a sigh and a heart bowed down (oh, how desolate are these hours!) he noted how wooden and common-place and mean and despicable it all was—this insult he has cast upon the beautiful yellow birch, this outdoor, motionless old model that has stood so patiently before him, that has posed all day without moving; its big arms above its head; its leaves and branches stock-still to make it all the easier for him.

Suddenly in all this depression, an inspiration enters his dull brain—he will use burnt umber instead of Vandyke brown for the bark! or light chrome and indigo instead of yellow ochre and black for the greens!

Presto! Ah, that's like it! Another pat, and another, and still one more!

How quickly now the canvas loses its pasty mediocrity. How soon the paint and the brush-marks and the niggly little touches fade away and the *thing itself* comes out and says "How do you do?" and that it is so glad to see him, and that it has been lurking behind these colors all day, trying to make his acquaintance, and he would have none of it. What good friends he and the sketch have become now; how proud he is of it, and of possessing it and of *creating* it! Then little

quivery-quavers go creeping up and down his spine and away out to his finger-tips; and he *knows* he has something really *good*.

He carries it home under his arm, oh, so carefully (he strapped its predecessor on his back yesterday without caring), and a dozen times he stops to look at its dear face, propping it against a stump for a better light, just to see if he had not been mistaken after all. He can hardly wait until it is dark enough to turn on the light and see how it looks by gas-light, or candle-light, or kerosene, or whatever else he may have in his quarters. Years after, the dear old thing is still hanging on his studio wall. He has never sold it nor given it away. He could not—it was too valuable, too constantly giving him good advice and showing him what the thing *was*. Not what he *thought* it was, or *hoped* it was, or would *like it to be*, but what *it was*.

Yes, there may be triumphs that come to men digging away on the dull highway of life; but they are as dry ashes to a thirsty man compared to the boundless ecstasy a painter feels when his six-by-nine canvas glows with life under his brush.

All this Oliver knew and felt. The work of the summer, attended at first with a certain sense of disappointment, had, during the last weeks of sojourn, as his touch grew surer, not only become a positive pleasure to him, but had produced an exaltation that had kept our young gentleman walking on clouds most of the time, with his head in the blue ether.

Margaret's nice sense of color and correct eye had hastened this result. She could grasp at the first glance the masses of light and shade, giving each its proper value in the composition. She and Oliver really studied out their compositions together before either one set their palettes, a most desirable practice, by the way, not only for tyros, but for Academicians.

This relying upon Margaret's judgment had become a habit with Oliver. He not only consulted her about his canvases, but about everything else that concerned him. He had never formulated in his mind what this kind of companionship meant to him (we never do when we are in the midst of it), nor had he ever considered what would become of him



when the summer was over, and the dream would end, and they each would return to the customary dullness of life ; a life where there would be no blue ether nor clouds, nor vanishing points, nor values, nor tones, nor anything else that had made their heaven of a summer so happy.

They had both lived in this paradise for weeks without once bringing themselves to believe it could ever end (why do not such episodes last forever ?)—when Oliver awoke one morning to the fact that the fatal day of their separation would be upon him in a week's time or less. Margaret, with her more practical mind, had seen farther ahead than Oliver, and her laugh, in consequence, had been less spontaneous of late, and her interest in her work and in Oliver's less intense. Something, too, was weighing on her mind. She was also thinking of the day, now so near, when the old stage would drive up to Mrs. Taft's pasture gate, and her small trunk and trap would be carried down on Hank's back and tumbled in, and she go back alone to duty and the prosaic life of a New England village.

Neither of them supposed that it was anything else but the grief of parting that afflicted them. Who ever does ? But there came that memorable autumn night, the one they never forgot, when the moon swam in the wide sky, breasting the soft white clouds, and when the two sat on the porch of Mrs. Taft's cottage—he on the steps at her feet, she leaning against the railing, the moonlight full upon her face.

For some minutes neither had spoken. They had known all day what was in each other's mind, but they had avoided discussing it. Now they must face it.

"You go to-morrow, Madge ?" Oliver asked. He knew she did. He spoke as if announcing a fact.

"Yes."

The shrill cry of a loon sifted down the ravine from the lake above and died away among the pines souging in the night wind.

"I don't want you to go. I don't know what I am going to do without you, Madge," he said with a long indrawn sigh.

"You are coming to us at Brookfield, you know, on your way back to New York. That is something." She glanced at him with a slightly anxious look in her

eyes, as if waiting for his answer to reassure her.

He rose from his seat and began pacing the gravel. Now and then he would stop, flick a pebble from its bed with his foot, and walk on. She heard the sound of his steps, but she did not look at him, even when he stopped abruptly in front of her.

"Yes, I know, but—that will only make it worse." He was leaning over her now, one foot on the steps. "It tears me all to pieces when I think this is our last night. We've had such a good time all summer. You don't *want* to go home, do you ?"

"No—I'd rather stay." The words came slowly, as if it gave her pain to utter them.

"Well—stay, then," he answered with some animation. "What difference does a few days make ? Let us have another week. We haven't been over to Bog Eddy yet ; please do, Madge."

"No, I must go, Ollie."

"But we'll be so happy, little girl."

"Life is not only being happy, Ollie. It's very real sometimes. It is to me—" and a faint sigh escaped her.

"Well, but why make it *real* to-morrow ? Let us make it *real* next week, not now."

"It would be just as hard for you next week. Why postpone it ?" She was looking at him now, watching his face closely.

Her answer seemed to hurt him. With an impatient gesture he straightened himself, turned as if to resume his walk, and then, pushing away the end of her skirt, sat down beside her.

"I don't understand your theories, Madge, and I'm not going to discuss them. I don't want to talk of any such things ; I'm too unhappy to-night. When I look ahead and think that if the Academy should not open, you wouldn't come back at all, and that I might not see you for months, I'm all broken up. What am I going to do without you, Madge ?" His voice was quivering, and a note of positive pain ran through it.

"Oh, you will have your work—you'll do just what you did before I came up." She was holding herself in by main strength ; why, she could not tell—fighting an almost irresistible impulse to hide her face on his breast and cry.

"What good will that do me when you

are gone?" he cried, with a quick toss of his head and a certain bitterness in his tone.

"Well, but you were very happy before you saw me."

Again the cry of the loon came softly down the ravine.

He put his hand on her shoulder with one of his quick, impatient gestures she knew so well.

"Stop, Madge, stop! Don't talk that way. I can't stand it. Look at me!" The pain had become unbearable now. "You've *got* to listen. I can't keep it back, and I won't. I never met anybody that I loved as I do you. I didn't think so at first. I never thought I could think so, but it's true. You are not my sweetheart nor my friend, nor my companion, nor anything else that ever came into my life. You are my very breath, my soul, my being. I never want you to leave me. I should never have another happy day if I thought this was to end our life. I laid awake half the night trying to straighten it out, and I can't, and there's no straightening it out and never will be unless you love me. O Madge! Madge! Don't turn away from me. Let me be part of you—part of everything you do—and are—and will be."

He caught her hand in his warm palm and laid his cheek upon it. Still holding it fast he raised his head, laid his other hand upon her hair, smoothing it softly, and looked long and earnestly into her eyes as if searching for something hidden in their depths. Then, in a voice of infinite tenderness, he said:

"Madge darling! Tell me true—could you ever love me?"

She sat still, her eyes fixed on his, her hand nestling in his grasp. Then slowly and carefully, one at a time, she loosened with her other hand the fingers that lay upon her hair, held them for an instant in her own, bent her head and touched them with her lips.

## CHAPTER XV

### SOME DAYS AT BROOKFIELD FARM

BROOKFIELD village lay in a great wide meadow through which strayed one of Moose Hillock's lost brooks—a brook tired out with leaping from boulder to

boulder and taking headers into deep pools, and plunging down between narrow walls of rock. For here in the meadow it caught its breath and rested, idling along, stopping to bathe a clump of willows; whispering to the shallows; laughing gently with another brook that had locked arms with it, the two gossiping together under their breath as they floated on through the tall grasses fringing the banks, or circled about the lily pads growing in the eddies. In the middle of the meadow, just where two white ribbons of roads crossed, was a clump of trees pierced by a church-spire. Just outside of this bower of green—a darker green than the velvet meadow-grass about it—glistened the roofs and windows of the village houses.

All this Oliver saw, at a distance, from the top of the stage.

As he drew nearer and entered the main street, the clump of trees became giant elms, their interlaced branches making shaded cloisters of the village streets. The buildings now became more distinct; first a tavern with a swinging sign, and across the open common a quaint church with a white tower.

At the end of the avenue of trees, under the biggest of the elms, stood an old-fashioned farmhouse, its garden-gate opening on the highway, and its broad acres—100 or more—reaching to the line of the vagabond brook.

This was Margaret's home.

The stage stopped; the hair-trunk and sketch-trap were hauled out of the dust-begrimed boot and deposited on the sidewalk at the foot of the giant elm. Oliver swung back the gate and walked up the path in the direction of the low-roofed porch, upon which lay a dog, which raised its head and at the first click of the latch came bounding toward him, barking with every leap.

"Needn't be afraid, she won't hurt you!" shouted a gray-haired man in his shirt-sleeves, who had risen from his seat on the porch and who was now walking down the garden path. "Get out, Juno! I guess you're the young man that's been painting with our Margaret up in the Gorge. She's been expecting you all morning. Little dusty, warn't it?"



Oliver's face brightened up. This must be Margaret's father !

"Mr. Grant, I suppose ?"

"Yes, that's what they call me—Silas Grant. Let me take your bag. My son John will be here in a minute, and will help you in with your trunk. Needn't worry, it's all right where it is. Folks are middling honest about here," and his hand closed on his guest's—a cold, limp, dead-fish sort of a hand, Oliver thought.

Oliver said he was sure of it, and that he hoped Miss Margaret was well, and the old man said she was, "Thank you," and Oliver surrendered the bag—it was his sketch-trap—and the two walked toward the house. During the mutual greetings the dog sniffed at Oliver's knees and looked up into his face.

"And I suppose this is Juno," our hero said, stopping to pat her head. "Good dog—you don't remember me ?" It seemed easier somehow to converse with Juno than with her master. The dog wagged her tail, but gave no indications of uncontrollable joy at meeting her rescuer again.

"Oh, you've seen her ? She's Margaret's dog, you know."

"Yes, I know, but she's forgotten me. I saw her before I ever knew—your daughter." It was a narrow escape, but he saved himself in time. "Blessed old dog," he said to himself, and patted her again.

By the time he reached the porch-steps he had made, unconsciously to himself, a mental inventory of his host's special features : tall, sparsely built, with stooping shoulders and long arms, the big hands full of cold knuckles with rough fingertips (Oliver found that out when his own warm fingers closed over them), thin face, with high cheek-bones showing above his closely cropped beard and whiskers ; gray eyes—steady, steel-gray eyes, hooded by white eyebrows stuck on like two tufts of cotton-wool ; nose big and strong ; square jaw hanging on a hinge that opened and shut with each sentence, the upper part of the face remaining motionless as a mask. Oliver remembered having once seen a toy ogre with a jaw and face that worked in the same way.

As Mr. Grant mounted the wooden steps, and Oliver, who was close behind

him, caught the bend of his thin legs, the hump of the high shoulders, and saw the brown skin of the neck showing through the close-cut white hair—just such trifles turn the scales of likes and dislikes for all of us—a feeling of repugnance amounting almost to a shrinking dislike of the man took possession of him. "Could this really be Margaret's father ?" he said to himself. Through whose veins, then, had all her charm and loveliness come ? Certainly not from this cold man without grace of speech or polish of manner.

This feeling of repugnance had come with a flash, and in a flash it was gone, for before Oliver reached the top of the steps of the low piazza he caught sight of a young girl in white, a rose in her hair, standing in the open door, her arm around a silver-haired old lady in gray silk, a broad white handkerchief crossed over her bosom.

Oliver's hat was off in an instant.

Margaret stepped close to his side and held out both her hands. "Oh, we are so glad to welcome you !" Then turning to her companion she said : "Mother, this is Mr. Horn, who has been so good to me all summer."

The old lady—she was very deaf—cupped one hand behind her ear, and with a gracious smile extended the other to Oliver.

"I am so pleased you came, sir, and I want to thank you for being so kind to our daughter. Her brother John could not go with her, and husband and I are most too old to leave home now." The voice was as sweet and musical as a child's, not the high-keyed, strained tone of most deaf people. Margaret touched Oliver's arm.

"Speak slowly and distinctly, Ollie," she whispered, "then mother can hear you."

Oliver smiled in assent, took the old lady's thin fingers, and with a cordiality the more pronounced because of a certain guilty sense he had for his feeling of repugnance to her father, said :

"Oh, but think what a delight it was for me to be with her. Every day we painted together, and you can't imagine how much she taught me ; you know there is nobody in the Academy class who draws as well as your daughter." A light broke



in Margaret's eyes at this, but she let him go on. "She has told you, of course, of all the good times we have had while we were at work" (Margaret had, but not all of them). "It is I who should thank *you*, not only for letting Miss Margaret stay so long, but for wanting me to come to you here in your beautiful home. It is my first visit to this—but you are standing, I beg your pardon," and he looked about for a chair. There was only one on the porch—it was under Silas Grant.

"No, don't disturb yourself, Mr. Horn; I prefer standing," Mrs. Grant answered, with a deprecatory gesture as if to detain Oliver. No one in Brookfield ever intruded on Silas Grant's rights to his chair, not even his wife.

Silas heard, but he did not move; he had performed his duty as host; it was the women-folk's turn now to be pleasant. What he wanted was to be let alone. All this was in his face as he sat hunched up between the arms of the splint rocker.

Despite the old lady's protest, Oliver made a step toward the seated man; his impulse being to suggest to his host that the lady whom he had honored by making his wife was at the moment standing on her two little feet while the lord of the manor was quietly reposing upon the only chair on the piazza, a fact doubtless forgotten by his Imperial Highness.

Grant had read at a glance the workings of the young man's mind, and knew exactly what Oliver wanted, but he did not move. Something in the bend of Oliver's back as he bowed to his wife irritated him. He had rarely met Southerners of Oliver's class—never one so young—and was unfamiliar with their ways. This one, he thought, had evidently copied the airs of a dancing-master; the wave of Oliver's hand—it was Richard's in reality, as were all the boy's gestures—and the fine speech he had just made to his wife, proved it. Instantly the instinctive doubt of the Puritan questioning the sincerity of whatever is gracious or spontaneous, was roused in Silas's mind. From that moment he became suspicious of the boy's genuineness.

But Oliver forgot all this when he again turned to Margaret and caught the beauty of her throat against the soft white of her dress, and the exquisite tint of the

October rose in contrast with the autumnal browns of her hair.

The old lady was still gazing into the boy's face, however, unconscious of what either her husband or her guest was thinking.

"I am so glad you like our mountains, Mr. Horn," she continued. "Mr. Lowell wrote his beautiful lines, 'What is so Rare as a Day in June,' in our village, and Mr. Longfellow never lets a summer pass without spending a week with us. And you had a comfortable ride down the mountains, and were the views enjoyable?"

"Oh, too beautiful for words!" It was Margaret this time, not the scenery, he could not take his eyes from her. Never had he dreamed she could be so lovely. He could not believe for one moment that she was the Margaret he had known; any one of the Margarets, in fact. Certainly not that one of the Academy school in blue gingham with her drawing-board in her lap, alone, self-poised, and unapproachable, among a group of art students; or that other one in a rough mountain skirt, stout shoes, and a tam-o'-shanter, the gay and fearless companion, the comrade, the co-worker. This Margaret was a vision in white, with arms bare to the elbow—oh, such beautiful arms! and the grace and poise of a duchess—a Margaret to be revered as well as loved—a woman to bend low to.

During this episode, in which Silas sat studying the various expressions that flitted across Oliver's face, Mr. Grant shifted uneasily in his chair. At last his jaws closed with a snap, while the two tufts of cotton-wool, drawn together by a frown, deeper than any which had yet crossed his face, made a straight line of white. Oliver's enthusiastic outburst and the gesture which accompanied it had removed Silas Grant's last doubt. His mind was now made up.

The young fellow, however, rattled on, oblivious now of everything about him but the joy of Margaret's presence.

"The view from the bend of the road was especially fine—" he burst forth again, his eyes still on hers. "You remember, Miss Margaret, your telling me to look out for it?" (he couldn't stand another minute of this unless she joined in the talk). "In

my own part of the State we have no great mountains nor any lovely brooks full of trout. And the quantity of deer that are killed every winter about here quite astonishes me. Why, Mr. Pollard's son Hank, so he told me, shot fourteen last winter, and there were over 100 killed around Moose Hillock. You see, our coast is flat, and many of the farms in my section run down to the water. We have, it is true, a good deal of game, but nothing like what you have here," and he shrugged his shoulders, and laughed lightly as if in apology for referring to such things in view of all the wealth of the mountains about him.

"What kind of game have you got?" asked Mr. Grant, twisting his head and looking at Oliver from under the straight line of cotton wool.

Oliver turned his head toward the speaker. "Oh, wild geese, and canvas-back ducks and——"

"And negroes?" There was a harsh note in Silas's voice which sounded like a saw when it clogs in a knot, but Oliver did not notice it. He was too happy to notice anything but the girl beside him.

"Oh, yes, plenty of them," and he threw back his head, laughing this time until every tooth flashed white.

"You hunt them, too, don't you? With dogs, most of the time, I hear." There was no mistaking the bitterness in his voice now.

The boy's face sobered in an instant. He felt as if someone had shot at him from behind a tree.

"Not that I ever saw, sir," he answered quickly, straightening himself, a peculiar light in his eyes. "We love ours."

"Love 'em? Well, you don't treat 'em as if you did."

Margaret saw the cloud on Oliver's face and made a step toward her father.

"Mr. Horn lives in the city, father, and never sees such things."

"Well, if he does he knows all about it. You own negroes, don't you?" The voice was louder; the manner a trifle more insistent. Oliver could hardly keep his temper. Only Margaret's anxious face held him in check.

"No, not now, sir—my father freed all of his." The tones were thin and cold.

Margaret had never heard any such sound before from those laughing lips.

Silas Grant was leaning forward out of his chair. The iron jaw was doing the talking now.

"Where are these negroes?" he persisted.

"Two of them are living with us, sir. They are in my father's house now."

"Rather shiftless kind of help, I guess. You've got to watch 'em all the time, I hear. Steal everything they get their hands on, don't they?" This was said with a dry, hard laugh that was meant to be conciliatory—as if he expected Oliver to agree with him now that he had had his say.

Oliver turned quickly toward his host's chair. For a moment he was so stunned and hurt that he could hardly trust himself to speak. He looked up and saw the expression of pain on Margaret's face, and instantly remembered where he was and who was offending him.

"Our house servants, Mr. Grant, are part of our home," he said, in a low, determined voice, without a trace of anger. "Old Malachi, who was my father's body-servant, and who is now our butler, is as much beloved by everyone as if he were one of the family. For myself, I can never remember the time when I did not love Malachi."

Before her father could answer, Margaret had her hand on Oliver's shoulder.

"Don't tell all your good stories to father now," she said, with a grateful smile. "Wait until after dinner, when we can all hear them. Come, Mr. Horn, I know you want to get the dust out of your eyes." Then in an aside, "Don't mind him, Ollie. It's only father's way, and he's the dearest father in the world when you understand him," and she pressed his arm meaningly as they walked to the door.

Before they reached the threshold the gate swung to with a click, and a young man with a scythe slung over his shoulder strode up the path. He was in the garb of a farm-hand; trousers tucked into his boots, shirt open at the throat, and head covered by a coarse straw hat. This shaded a good-natured, sunburnt face, lighted by two bright blue eyes.

"Oh, here comes my brother John,"



Margaret cried. "Hurry up, John—here's Mr. Horn."

The young man quickened his pace, stopped long enough to hang the scythe on the porch rail, lifted his hat from his head, and, running up the short flight of steps, held out his hand cordially to Oliver, who advanced to meet him.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Horn. Madge has told us all about you. Excuse my rig—we are short of men on the farm, and I took hold. I'm glad of the chance, for I get precious little exercise since I left college. You came from East Branch by morning stage, I suppose? Oh, is that your trunk dumped out in the road? What a duffer I was not to know. Wait a minute—I'll bring it in," and he sprang down the steps.

"No, let me," cried Oliver, running after him. He had not thought of his trunk since he had helped stow it in the boot outside Ezra Pollard's gate—but then he had been on his way to Margaret's!

"No, you won't. Stay where you are—don't let him come, Madge."

The two young men raced down the path, Juno scampering after them. John, who could outrun any man at Dartmouth, vaulted over the fence and had hold of the brass handle before Oliver could open the gate.

"Fair-play!" cried Oliver, and they each grasped a handle—either one could have held it out at arm's length with one hand—and brought it up the garden-path, puffing away in pantomime as if it weighed a ton, and into the house. There they deposited it in the bed-room that was to be Oliver's during the two days of his visit at Brookfield Farm, Margaret clapping her hands in high glee, and her mother holding back the door for them to pass in.

Silas Grant watched the young fellows until they disappeared inside the door, lifted himself slowly from his seat by his long arms, stretched himself, with a yawn, to his full height, and said aloud to himself as he pushed his chair back against the wall:

"His father's got a negro for body-servant, has he, and a negro for butler—just like 'em. They all want somebody to wait on 'em."

At dinner Oliver sat on Mrs. Grant's

right—her best ear, she said—Margaret next, and John opposite. The father was at the foot, in charge of the carving-knife.

During the pauses in the talk Oliver's eyes wandered around the room, falling on the queer paper lining the walls—hunting-scenes, with red-coated fox-hunters leaping five-barred gates; on the side-board covered with silver, but bare of a decanter—only a pitcher filled with cider which Hopeful Prime, the servant, a woman of forty in spectacles, and who took part in the conversation, brought from the cellar; and finally on a family portrait hung above the fireplace. A portrait was always a loadstone to Oliver.

Mrs. Horn had been watching his glance.

"That's Mr. Grant's great-uncle—old Governor Shaw," she said, with a pleased smile; "and the next one to it is Margaret's great-grandmother. This one—" and she turned partly in her chair and pointed to a face Oliver thought he had seen before, where, he couldn't remember—"is John Quincy Adams. He was my father's most intimate friend," and a triumphant expression overspread her face.

Oliver smiled, too, inwardly, to himself. The talk, to his great surprise, reminded him of Kennedy Square. Family portraits were an inexhaustible topic of conversation in most of its homes. He had never thought before that people at the North had any ancestors—none they were very proud of.

John looked up and winked. "Great scheme naming me after his Royal Highness," he said, in an undertone. "Sure road to the White House; they thought I'd make a good third."

Mrs. Grant went on, not having heard a word of John's aside: "This table you're eating from once belonged to Mr. Adams. He gave it to my father, who often spent a week at a time with him in the White House."

"And I wish he was there now," interrupted Silas from the foot of the table. "He'd straighten out this snarl we're drifting into. Looks to me as if there would be some powder burnt before this thing is over. What do your people say about it?" and he nodded at Oliver. He had served the turkey, and was now sharpening the carver for the boiled ham,



trying the edge with his thumb, as Shylock did.

"I haven't been at home for some time, sir," replied Oliver, in a courteous tone—he intended to be polite to the end—"and so I cannot say. My father's letters seem to be very anxious, but mother doesn't think there'll be any trouble; at least she said so in her last letter."

Silas looked up from under the tufts of cotton-wool. Were the mothers running the politics of the South, he wondered?

"And there's another thing you folks might as well remember. We're not going to let you break up the Union, and we're not going to pay you for your slaves, either," and he plunged the fork into the ham that the spectacled waitress had laid before him and rose in his chair, the knife poised in his hand to carve it the better.

"Mr. Horn hasn't got any slaves to sell, father—didn't you hear him say so? His father freed his," laughed Margaret. Her father's positiveness never really worried her. She rather liked it at times. It was only because she had read in Oliver's face the impression her father was making upon him that she essayed to soften the force of his remarks.

"I heard him, Margaret, I heard him. Glad of it—but he's the only man from his parts that I ever heard of who did. The others won't give 'em up so easy. They hung John Brown for trying to help the negroes free themselves, don't forget that." Oliver looked up and knitted his brows. Silas saw it. "I'm not meaning any offence to you, young man," he said quickly, waving the knife toward Oliver. "I'm taking this question on broad grounds. If I had my way I'd teach those slave-drivers—" and he buried the knife in the yielding ham, "that——"

"They did just right to hang him," interrupted John. "Brown was a fanatic, and ought to have stayed at home. No one is stronger than the law. That's where old Ossawatimie Brown made a mistake." Everybody was entitled to express his or her opinion in this house except the dear old mother. Margaret's fearless independence of manner and thought had been nurtured in fertile soil.

Mrs. Grant had been vainly trying to get the drift of the conversation, her hand behind her ear.

"Parson Brown, did you say, John? He married us, sir," and she turned to Oliver. "He lived here over forty years. The church that you passed was where he preached."

John laughed, and so did Silas, at the old lady's mistake, but Oliver only became the more attentive to his hostess. He was profoundly grateful to the reverend gentleman for coming out of his grave at this opportune moment and diverting the talk into other channels. Why did they want to bother him with all this talk about slavery and the South, when he was so happy he could hardly stay in his skin? It set his teeth on edge—he wished that the dinner were over and everybody down at the bottom of the sea but Margaret; he had come to see his sweetheart—not to talk slavery.

"Yes, I saw the church," and for the rest of the dinner, Oliver was entertained with the details in the life of the Rev. Leonidas Brown, including his manner of preaching; the crowds who would go to hear him; the number converted under the good man's ministrations; to all of which Oliver listened with a closeness of attention that would have surprised those who knew him unless they had discovered that his elbow had found Margaret's during the recital, and that the biography of every member of Brown's congregation might have been added to that of the beloved pastor without wearying him in the slightest degree.

When the nuts were served—Silas broke his with his fingers—his host made one more effort to draw Oliver into a discussion, but Margaret stopped it by exclaiming, suddenly:

"Where shall Mr. Horn smoke, mother?" She wanted Oliver to herself—the family had had him long enough.

"Why, does he want to *smoke*?" she asked, with some consternation.

"Yes, of course he does. All painters smoke."

"Well, I don't know; let me see." The old lady hesitated as if seeking the choice between two evils. "I suppose in the sitting-room. No—the library would be better."

"Oh, I won't smoke at all if your mother does not like it," Oliver protested, springing from his chair.

"Oh, yes, you will," interrupted John. "I never smoke, and father don't, but I know how good a pipe tastes. Let's go into the library."

Margaret gave Oliver the big chair and sat beside him. It was a small room, the walls almost hidden with books; the windows filled with flowering plants. There was a long table piled up with books, and an open fireplace, the wall above the mantel covered with framed pictures of weeping-willows worked out with hair of dead relatives, and the mantel itself with faded daguerreotypes propped apart like half-opened clam-shells.

Mr. Grant on leaving the dining-room walked slowly to the window without looking to the right or left, dropped into a chair and gazed out through the leaves of a geranium. The meal was over. Now he wanted rest and quiet. When Mrs. Grant entered the library and saw the wavy lines of tobacco-smoke that were drifting lazily about the room she stopped, evidently annoyed and uneasy. No such sacrilege of her library had taken place for years; not since her Uncle Reuben had come home from China. The waves of smoke must have caught the expression on her face, for she had hardly reached Oliver's chair before they began doubling back as if frightened, stealing along the ceiling in long, slanting lines, without once looking back, until they reached the doorway, when with a sudden swoop they escaped into the hall.

The dear lady laid her hand on Oliver's shoulder, bent over him in a tender, motherly way, and said:

"Do you think it does you any good?"

"I don't know that it does."

"Why should you do it, then?"

"But I won't if you'd rather I'd not."

Oliver rose to his feet, took his pipe from his mouth, and was about to cross the room to knock the ashes from it into the fire-place when Margaret laid her hand on his arm.

"No, don't stop. Mother is very foolish about some things—smoking is one of them."

"But I can't smoke, darling," he said, in an undertone, "if your mother objects." The mother law was paramount, to say nothing of the courtesy required of him. Then he added, with a meaning look in his eyes—"Can't we get away some place

where we can talk?" Deaf mothers are a blessing sometimes.

Margaret pressed his hand—her fingers were still closed over the one holding the pipe.

"In a moment, Ollie," and she rose and went into the adjoining room.

Mrs. Grant went to her husband's side, and in her gentle mission of peace put her arm around his neck, patting his shoulder and talking to him in a low tone, her two yellow-white curls streaming down over the collar of his coat. Silas slipped his hand over his wife's and for an instant caressed it tenderly with his cold, bony fingers. Then seeing Oliver's eyes turning his way he drew in his shoulders with a quick movement and looked askance at his guest. Any public show of affection was against Silas's creed and code. If people wanted to hug each other, better do it upstairs, he would say, not where everybody was looking on, certainly not this young man, who was enough of a mollicoddle already.

John moved over from the lounge and took Margaret's seat, and the two young men launched out into a discussion of flies and worms and fish-bait generally, and whether frog's legs were better than minnows in fishing for pickerel, and what was the best-sized shot for woodcock and Jack-snipe. Oliver told of the ducking blinds, and of how the men sat in wooden boxes sunk to the water's edge, with the decoy ducks about them, and shot the flocks as they flew over. And John told of a hunting trip he had made with two East Branch guides, and how they went loaded for deer and came back with a bear and two cubs. And so congenial did they find each other's society that before Margaret returned to the room—she had gone into her studio to light the lamp under her tea-kettle—the two young fellows discovered that they were both very good fellows indeed, especially Oliver and especially John, and Oliver had half promised to come up in the winter and go into camp with John, and John met him more than half-way with a promise to accept Oliver's invitation for a week's visit in Kennedy Square the next time he went home, if that happy event ever took place, when they would both go down to Carroll's Island for a crack at a canvas-back.

This had gone on for ten minutes or



more—ten minutes is an absurdly long period of time under certain circumstances—when Margaret's voice was heard in the doorway:

"Come, John, you and Mr. Horn have talked long enough; I want to show him my studio if you'll spare him a moment."

John knew when to spare and when not to—oh, a very intelligent brother was John! He did not follow and talk for another hour of what a good time he would have duck-shooting, and of what togs he ought to carry—spoiling everything; nor did he send his mother in to help Margaret entertain their guest. None of these stupid things did John do. He said he would go down to the post-office if Oliver didn't mind, and would see him at supper, and Margaret said that that was a very clever idea, as nobody had gone for the mail that day, and there were sure to be letters, and not to forget to ask for hers. Awfully sensible man was John. Why aren't there more like him?

Entering Margaret's studio was like going back to Moose Hillock. There were sketches of the interior of the school-house, and of the children, and of the teacher who had taught the year before. There was Mrs. Taft sitting on that very porch, peeling potatoes, with a tin pan in her lap—would they ever forget that porch and the moonlight and the song of the tree-toads, and the cry of the loon? There was Hank in corduroys, with an axe over his shoulder; and Hank in a broad straw hat and no shoes, with a fishing-pole in one hand; and Hank chopping wood, the chips littering the ground. There was Ezra Pollard sitting in his buckboard with a buffalo-robe tucked about him, and Samantha by his side. And best of all, and in the most prominent place, too, there was the original drawing of the Milo—the one she was finishing when Oliver upset Judson, and which, strange to say, was the only Academy drawing which Margaret had had framed—besides scores and scores of sketches of people and things and places that she had made in years gone by.

The room itself was part of an old portico which had been walled up. It had a fireplace at one end, holding a Franklin stove, and a skylight overhead, the light softened by green shades. Here she kept her own books ranged on shelves over

the mantel; and in the niches and corners and odd spaces a few rare prints and proofs—two Rembrandts and a Vandyke, both by Raphael Morgan. There was an old walnut clothes-press with brass handles, its drawers filled with pencil sketches, as well as a lounge covered with chintz and heaped up with cushions. The door between the studio and library had been taken off, and was now replaced by a heavy red curtain. Margaret had held it aside for Oliver to enter, and it had dropped back by its own weight, shutting them both safely in.

I don't know what happened when that heavy red curtain swung into place, and mother, father, sea, sky, sun, moon, stars, and the planets, with all that in them, is, were shut out for a too brief moment.

And if I did know I would not tell.

We go through life, and we have all sorts of sensations. We hunger and are fed. We are thirsty, and reach an oasis. We are homeless, and find shelter. We are ill, and again walk the streets. We dig and delve and strain every nerve and tissue, and the triumph comes at last, and with it often riches and honor. All these things send shivers of delight through us, and for the moment we spread our wings and soar heavenward. But when we take in our arms the girl we love, and hold close her fresh, sweet face, with its trusting eyes, and feel her warm breath on our cheeks, and the yielding figure next our heart, knowing all the time how mean and good-for-nothing and how entirely unworthy of even tying her shoe-strings we are, we experience a something compared with which all our former flights heavenward are but the flutterings of bats in a cave.

And this blessed John did not come back until black, dark night; not until it was so dark that you couldn't see your hand before you or the girl beside you, which is nearer the truth; not until the stout woman in spectacles with the conversational habit, had brought in a lard-oil lamp with a big globe, which she set down on Margaret's table among her books and papers. And when John did come, and poked his twice-blessed head between the curtains, it was not to sit down inside and talk until supper-time, but to say that it was getting cold outside and that they ought to have a fire if they intended to sit in the



studio after supper. (Oh, what a trump of a brother!) And if they didn't mind he'd send Hopeful right away with some chips to start it. All of which Miss Hopeful Prime accomplished, talking all the time to Margaret as she piled up the logs, and not forgetting a final word to Oliver as she left the room, to the effect that she "guessed it must be kind o' comfortin' to set by a fire"—such luxuries, of course, to her thinking, being unknown in his tropical land, where the blacks went naked and the children lay about in the sun munching water-melons and bananas.

What an afternoon it had been! They had talked of the woods and their life under the trees; of the sketches they made and how they could improve them, and *would*; of the coming winter and the prospect of the school being opened and what it meant to them if it did, and how much more if it did not, and she be compelled to remain in Brookfield with Oliver away all winter in New York, and of a thousand and one other things that lay nearest their hearts and with which neither you nor I have anything to do.

It was good, Margaret thought, to talk to him in this way, and see the quick response in his eyes and feel how true and hopeful he was.

She had dreaded his coming—dreaded the contrasts which she knew his presence among them would reveal. She knew how punctiliously polite he was, and how brusque and positive was her father. She realized, too, how outspoken and bluff was John, and how unaccustomed both he and her dear deaf mother were to the ways of the outside world. What would Oliver think of them? What effect would her home life have on their future? she kept saying to herself.

Not that she was ashamed of her people, certainly not of her father, who really occupied a higher position than any of his neighbors. He was not only a deacon in the church and chairman of the School Board, but he had been twice sent to the Legislature, and at one time had been widely discussed as a fitting candidate for Governor. Nobody in Brookfield thought the less of him because of his peculiarities—many of his neighbors liked him the better for his brusqueness; they believed in a man who had the courage

of his convictions and who spoke out, no matter whose toes he trod on.

Nor could she be ashamed of her brother John—so kind to everybody; so brave and generous, and such a good brother. Only she wished that he had some of Oliver's courtesy, and that he would take off his hat when a lady spoke to him in the road, and keep it off till she bade him replace it, and observe a few of the other amenities; but even with all his defects of manner—all of which she had never before noticed—he was still her own dear brother John, and she loved him dearly.

And as for her mother—that most gentle and gracious of women—that one person in the house who was considerate of everybody's feelings and tolerant of everybody's impatience! What could Oliver find in her except what was adorable? As she thought of her mother, a triumphant smile crossed her face. "That's the one member of the Grant family," she said to herself, "whom my fine gentleman must admit is the equal of any one of his top-lofty kinsfolk in Kennedy Square or anywhere else." Which outburst the scribe must admit to himself was but another proof of the fact that no such thing as true democracy exists the world over.

None of these thoughts had ever crossed her mind up to the time she met Oliver on the bridge that first sunny morning. He had never discussed the subject of good and bad manners with her, nor had he ever criticised the personality, or good or bad breeding of anyone she knew. He had only *been himself*. The change in her views had come gradually and unconsciously to her as the happy weeks flew by. Before she knew it she had realized from his talk, from his gestures, even from the way he sat down or got up, or handled his knife and fork, or left the room or entered it—that some of her early teachings had led her astray, and that there might be something else in life worth having outside of the four cardinal virtues—economy, industry, pluck, and plain-speaking. And if there were—and she was quite certain of it now—would Oliver find them at Brookfield Farm? This was really the basis of her disquietude—the kernel of the nut which she was trying to crack.

If any of these shortcomings on the part of his entertainers had been apparent to Oliver, or if he had even drawn any such deductions, or noted any such contrasts, judged by the Kennedy Square code, no word of disappointment passed his lips. The red curtains of the studio were closed—the world was shut—and Margaret was with him—why worry over trifles!

Some things, it is true, during his visit at the farm, *had* deeply impressed him, but they were not those that Margaret feared. He had thought of them that first night when going over the events of the day as they passed in review before him. One personality and one incident had made so profound an impression upon him that he could not get to sleep for an hour thinking about them. It was the stalwart figure of John Grant in his broad-brimmed straw hat and heavy boots striding up the garden-path with his scythe over his shoulder. This apparition, try as he might, would not down at his bidding.

"Think of that young fellow," he kept repeating to himself. "The eldest son and heir to the estate, no doubt a college-bred man and a most charming gentleman, working like a common laborer in his father's field. And proud of it, too—and would do it again and talk about it. And yet I was so ashamed of working with my hands that I had to run away from home for fear the boys would laugh at me."

Margaret heard the whole story from Oliver's lips the next morning with many adornments, and with any amount of good resolutions for the future. She listened quietly and had held his hand the closer, her eyes dancing in triumph, the color mounting to her cheeks, but she made no reply.

Neither did she return the confidence and tell Oliver how she wished her father could see some things in as clear a light, and be more gentle and less ill-bred and opinionated. She was too proud for that.

And so the three short days, crowded thick with emotions, sped on.

The evening of their first one came and passed, with its half-hours when neither spoke a word and when both trembled all over for the very joy of living; and the morning of the second arrived, bringing with it a happiness she had never

known before, and then the morning of the third—and the last day.

They had kept their secret even from John. Oliver wanted to inform her father at once of his attachment, telling her it was not right for him to accept the hospitality of her parents unless they understood the whole situation, but she begged him to wait, and he had yielded to her wishes.

They had all discussed him at their pleasure.

"Nice chap that young Horn," John had said to her the night before. "We had three or four of 'em in my class, one from Georgia and two from Alabama. They'd fight in a minute, but they'd make up just as quick. This one's the best of the lot." He spoke as if they had all belonged to another race—denizens of Borneo or Madagascar or the islands of the Pacific.

"I have sent my love to his mother, my dear," Mrs. Grant had confided to her early that same morning. "I am sure he has a good mother. He is so kind and polite to me, he never lets me remember that I am deaf when I talk to him," and she looked about her in her simple, patient way.

"Yes—perhaps so," said Silas, sitting hunched up in his chair. "Seems sort of skippy-like to me. Something of a Dandy Jim I should say. Good enough to make men painters of, I guess." Artists in those days had few friends North or South.

The memory of none of these criticisms affected Margaret. She didn't care what they thought of him. She knew his heart, and so would they in time.

When Oliver had said all his public good-byes to the rest of the family—the good-byes with which we have nothing to do had been given and taken in the studio with the curtains drawn—he joined Margaret at the gate.

They were standing in the road now, under the giant elm, waiting for the stage. She stood close beside him, touching his arm with her own, counting the minutes before the stage would come, her eyes up the road. All the light and loveliness of the summer, all the joy and gladness of life, would go out of her heart when the door of the lumbering vehicle closed on Oliver.

(To be continued.)



# THE EVOLUTION OF A GIRL'S IDEAL

By Clara E. Laughlin

"The way of life is wonderful; it is by abandonment."



SOMETIME, somewhere, long ago, that sentence caught my uncomprehending eye and fastened its literal outlines, but not its spiritual significance, on my recollection. At a later day, when I could not remember when or where I had read it, or from whose pen it came or by what context it was surrounded, it flashed into the forefront of my consciousness, with a haunting power and illuminating suggestiveness. "The way of life is wonderful; it is by abandonment." I began to wish for commentaries on my text, to think that if we could know at what point and by what process any soul came to this realization, we should know the most profoundly interesting thing that soul could tell us.

We begin by believing that the way of life is by acquisition, by what the world reckons progress. We live to learn that it is by abandonment, by the ability to do without rather than by the capability to gain, by the growing away from ideals rather than by fulfilment of them, and this not necessarily by a ruthless decree, but most often by a specially benignant one.

I wish biography, even autobiography, were more explicit on this point. And so wishing, so thinking, I began to put down the poor, bare, utterly commonplace little outlines I know "best of all," as Mrs. Burnett says; and looking backward as best I could, my recollection flew, straight as a magnetic needle to the north, to the time when I used, as a little girl, to look forward with a chill agony of foreboding to the inevitable time when I should be "too big" to play with dolls. I felt sure that when such a time came to me I should want to die; life would hold no further incentives to go on living. I really suffered in this anticipation, imagining that some day, in the full flush of my passionate love for my dolls, someone would come to me and make me put my treasures away from me forever, and my heart

would surely break in one great ache of agony. But I can't even remember how or when I stopped playing with dolls. My interest in them, my passion for them, their power to absorb and satisfy me, faded so gradually, so gently, into other interests, other passions, that there was no wrench in the transition; it was evolution, and as quiet as the growth of grass, the unfolding of buds, as the creeping by of time.

I never "gave up" my dolls; they keep their place in "the part of me" that belongs to doll days; it is part of me yet, for we do not grow away from our beginnings, nor from any of our successive stages of growth; we simply keep adding, inch by inch, to our mental and spiritual as well as to our physical stature, but we never grow away from any part of it—we can only "add on." I "added on" to my doll days the inevitable next stage of schoolgirl friendships; only, instead of adding as bricks are added to bricks, separate entity to separate entity, with necessity of mortar to hold them together, I added, by the blessing of Providence, I suppose, as color is added to color in the marvellous blend of the rainbow, or as theme is added to theme in the softest, smoothest harmony.

It used to seem to me that if there ever came a time when I could not see daily, or thrice-daily, those school-chums who so thoroughly supplanted dolls in my affections, that life would be stark, intolerable. But I never see them now, of course; I can hardly even remember their names. Nor do I remember that, with one or two exceptions when some girl-chum was taken ruthlessly from me by removal from the neighborhood or city, I suffered much as these interests gradually gave place to others.

And so it has been all along, with my passions and my pleasures. Always I have thought that no kind of happiness could ever be possible for me except the present kind; and always, without jar or hurt, somehow, there has come another and bet-



ter kind to supersede it. And thinking along this line, I fell into retrospection on the evolving of my ideal of love.

I had a few "affairs of the heart" before I was ten, but they were very slight. I recollect that once I actually went to house-keeping with a boy, in a large empty packing-case in his back yard; but unless my memory plays me false, I was very much more in love with the packing-case than with the boy, and merely accepted him because he "came with it," so I don't count that a real love-affair. None of my fancies were very real, as I say, until I was ten. Then I loved a boy who sat next to me in the little private school I went to.

He was a nice, quiet boy, several classes above me in "learning," and a little superior, I'm afraid, in his manner toward me. But that didn't matter; I adored him humbly, and rather liked the quiet splendor of his superiority. I tried very hard to be worthy of him, because I meant to marry him when I was grown up—say at fourteen or sixteen. I recollect that in writing he always made the letter after p like this—*g*, whereas the copy-books and the teacher insisted that it should be made like this—*q*; but although I had always, previously, made both my p's and q's according to authority, I began, for love's sake, to make them the way the boy did, and I have made my q's thus ever since.

The boy was good enough to walk in the park with me, sometimes. The park was across the street from the little school, and we were sent thither at recess. I planned (secretly; I never told the boy) to buy the park when we were married (it is a very large park), and build a high stone wall all around it. We should live in a very fine house in the exact middle of the park, and spend a great deal of our time riding in the "swan-boats" on the lake. On Sundays we would allow the public to file respectfully through our grounds, attended by our troop of mounted park police who would see that the said public deflected not from the narrow path of meekness and straightforwardness, and would, above all, exercise over said public a rigorous restraint from "touching anything." The boy and I would rise early in the morning, and ourselves attend to the ecstatic duty of feeding the wild animals in the Zoo; and with our own hands we would pick flowers by

the bushel—just for the joy of rioting in what, now, we durst not touch. In every way would we enjoy complete freedom from all the restrictions of the present—and, oh! the joy of those swan-boats!

I entertained this particular dream of happiness for about two years, during which time it somehow became borne in upon me that the park was not for sale. I do not seem to have suffered in giving up this heavenly prospect, however. No, not even though, as I can now see, at that time genius died in me.

Andrew Lang says children are all geniuses until by education the practical is made to outweigh the imaginative and fancy is put in curb by probability. Somewhere between the age of ten and the age of twelve it dawned on me that *in all probability* I should never own the park. Then, I say, the genius in me died, but I cannot remember that it gave me any pain. I read a great deal in those days, chiefly the immortal works of Bertha M. Clay and May Agnes Fleming. I lived in an atmosphere of princes, duchesses, and noble lords, of "estates" and "town houses" and "Mediterranean villas," of "tiaras" and "the sheen of silks" and "the odor of rare exotics." Poor and lovely maidens never purchased public parks, I came to learn, though they frequently became duchesses and went to live on "broad, ancestral acres," in "stately, turreted halls."

I would be a duchess, I decided. There was a boy I knew whose father was cousin to an English lord, and I decided that this boy (who was the youngest of three sons, and removed by about twenty lusty prior claimants from the lord's successorship) was he by whom I should rise. I believed (perhaps genius did not die in me all at one gasp) that this boy would, by a truly miraculous succession of casualties almost as sweeping as a second great flood, become a lord, presently, in his father's cousin's stead, and that I, ergo, would be—a duchess! No, I knew that to be a duchess one must have a duke for husband, but, perhaps, I argued hopefully, there was a duke somewhere to whom this lord was heir; perhaps by more casualties still we might come to wear the famed strawberry-leaved coronet of my favorite heroines. But in any event, a lord was not so bad,

and I pinned my faith sturdily to this imminent rise in the world.

My mind had begun to dwell on attire by that time—thanks, no doubt, to the detailed and unrestrained millinery descriptions of the Misses Clay and Fleming. I “thought out” the gowns I should wear in my new estate, and I remember that my regulation costumes were of white satin, thick white satin, embroidered in a blaze of gems, and further embellished by an enormously long “court train” of *plush*! Sometimes the train was to be of sapphire plush, and then the embroidery of the gown proper was of sapphires, and sometimes rubies or emeralds were used in similar harmonies of quiet taste and elegance. For really “swell” occasions the embroidery was done in diamonds, and the train was of white plush—always there was plush, a now unheard-of fabric, which then represented stupendous elegance at five dollars a yard.

These dainty toilettes I wore, in my prospect, on all polite occasions. In the free and easy atmosphere of my own castle at breakfast-time, I wore a trailing (*all my dream-gowns trailed yards!*) confection of pale pink satin, with “billowy cascades” of lace. “Billowy cascades of lace” was a favorite term in my novels, and suffered not at all in my mind from the natural lack of harmony between billows and cascades.

But one day I walked to school with a girl—a lovely, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, doll-featured girl, two years older than I—who got mad at me, sad to relate, and by way of offensive (or was it defensive?) warfare, asked me how it felt to be as ugly as I was.

I had never thought much about my looks—nothing, in fact, except to regret that my hair was not yellow and my eyes blue; in my favorite novels all the lovely heroines had “hair like spun gold,” and “eyes like purple violets,” and the mean women who worked all the mischief were invariably brunette. I was sorry to be brunette, but I did not mean to let it divert me into a career of villainy. I aspired to be a heroine, and somehow, vaguely, trustingly, I had an undefined hope that perhaps my hair would turn gold some day, and my eyes grow violet-blue.

The thrust of the Flaxen Girl was almost mortal. After a miserable day at school, I hurried home and sat me down before my mirror for a minute recapitulation. The result came near being tragedy. I recollect that one item of the result was that in my zeal to overcome Fortune's niggardly treatment of me in the matter of beauty, I discarded mere soap in favor of one of the gritty scouring compounds for face-washing purposes, with consequences that were hard to bear till the skin grew on again. I invested in a famous complexion cream then, and raised a miraculously heavy crop of pimples; I went without the necessities of school-girl life to buy a tooth-powder that “no lady should be without,” and I regularly “helped out” my eyebrows with the burnt end of a match. A girl told me that arsenic was good for the complexion, but somehow I mistrusted it; also the advice of another girl who said belladonna would “make your eyes bigger.” If these suggestions had come to me earlier, I would in all probability have tried them, but by the time they were offered me my faith in the reconstructive powers of cosmetics had grown faint, and I had fallen back into a sort of happy notion that when I was bigger I should be better-looking, and that anyway, fine feathers had a deal to do with helping on the appearance of a bird—or a duchess!

I cannot remember that I ever contemplated for more than a passing moment at most, any of the phases of being a duchess except the millinery phase. It was the phase in all my favorite literature which most interested and absorbed me. Not to tell what “she” had on, to the minutest detail, was to fall fatally short of the high calling of a real novelist; but all my novelists did tell, in each chapter, and so my mind was very clear as to the habits—or habiliments—of duchesses. All this time the duke was very hazy in my mind. He existed chiefly as a means to an end, although I always rather liked the idea of his being on hand to admire me (as of course he would!) in all my splendor. Poor little me! I'm afraid I hadn't got so very far away from the “packing-case” order of affection, even yet.

Before I was fifteen the last hope of being a duchess had faded from me; I



could no longer wrestle with the improbability of it. But its going cost me no pang; it slipped from me, like my passion for swan-boats, while I was unaware; it was not ejected, but supplanted. I had "graduated" without an intermediary step, and without at all feeling the tremendous chasm bridged, from "Dora Thorne" to "Vanity Fair," from "Wee Wifie" to "Dombey and Son" and "David Copperfield," from "Tempest and Sunshine" to "Jane Eyre," and, strangely enough, with the transition from most romantic trash to realistic fiction, it was either in that transition or coincident with it that some notion of romantic love first began to filter into my consciousness. Moreover, I began to see some experiences of it. The older sisters of girls I knew got engaged, and married. They were ecstatically happy; they had pretty new clothes (always the millinery factor!); they were married in a big church, to organ music, and preceded to the altar by trains of bridesmaids. Afterward they went to live in a lovely new house or flat with everything in it new and "bridey," and there they had little parties at which they exhibited all their new possessions to admiring and envious friends. And by and by they had a baby. Oh, delight of delights—a baby! And they were very, very, very happy—of course! Who *wouldn't* be, with a new home and pretty "things," and a baby—and a husband?

I liked "the looks" of this kind of happiness. It was better than being a duchess in one important respect, at any rate. To be a duchess one had, presumably, to live in England, and there none of one's relatives and old-time friends would be by to look and envy. And who cares to dazzle mere strangers, if they *are* titled? Perhaps I had, too, by that time, a suspicion that happiness does not always go in direct ratio with ascending scales in the peerage. Perhaps, oh, well! I don't know what the reason may have been, but I relinquished my dream of marble halls and plush court-trains without a pang and came blissfully to a new ideal, based on a "nice," good young man, of undeniably brilliant prospects, of course; a church wedding, with a particularly voluminous veil; a pretty house, with a parlor equipped with gilt chairs, and a baby—ultimately,

*several* babies! I had marked my man, too.

Of course, the state of being grown up and married and possessed of gilt parlor chairs and tea-gowns with trains to 'em, and bonnets with strings, absorbed me more, even yet, than the man. It was still, in a way, of the packing-case order, but not altogether. There was only one boy who had a packing-case in his yard, and to become mistress of the packing-case one must accept, perforce, the boy who went with it. But though there were many young men of my acquaintance who were equally likely to provide gilt chairs and the necessary factor for a church wedding, there was only one I ever considered for the purpose.

I was nearly sixteen, then, and looked forward to my wedding as not very far off. "He" was a tall, bronzed, athletic collegian—a rare scholar, a great favorite, a knightly soul. I thought we should be married immediately after his graduation; I was looking forward to my own graduation just about the same time, only mine was to be from the high school and his was to be from the professional school of his college. He was very learned, and that he would be able to enter at once into a lucrative practice of his profession I did not for a moment doubt. I remember how I planned to make him happy; I had actually got as far as that! I remember that he liked chocolate cake, and that I resolved NEVER to let the supply of fresh, delicious chocolate cake run low in our house. I planned, too, to help him in his scholarly pursuits! I had bookish tastes, myself, and was noted in school for writing excellent "compositions," so I had no doubt that we should enjoy a very companionable existence. Moreover, I planned to become a writer—a very, very celebrated and much-revered writer, of course, and our home would be a rallying-place for all the literary notabilities of the day.

I decided that we would have seven children, to be called, respectively, Philip, David, Helen, Beatrice, Jack, Elizabeth, and Lily. These little cherubs, I thought, would "play" all day with their "colored nurse," while I sat in the library, radiant in a pale-gray morning gown and a huge bunch of violets, and wrote great novels, stopping now and then to assist my hus-



band turn a particularly elegant phrase, or mayhap going occasionally to the kitchen to see if the supply of chocolate cake was up to standard.

The more I contemplated this well-planned future the more ecstatically certain I felt of its complete fulfilment. I almost swelled with pride when I foresaw how my husband's relatives would adore me, how I should be admired and worshipped by the community as an "unspoiled" celebrity, and how, wherever I went, people would turn to look after me and say, "There she goes. Isn't she lovely?"

I *meant* to be very, very lovely—irreproachable in manner and in modes, in inner purity and outer complexion—in character and in costume complete. And, of course, my husband would be no less perfect. Being so perfect severally and so happy mutually, what in all the world could happen to vex us, to give us occasion for unlovely attributes? Yet I knew, in a vague way, even then, that people do not live and die without sorrow. I had read a really great deal of good literature, and fool of hope though I was, I knew that the world was full of sadness, and that it would be odd if I were marked for complete immunity. This misgiving took a firm hold on me, I remember, and *would not* be put aside. So, after thinking over *all* the calamities that could *possibly* befall "him and me," I came to the conclusion that one of our children would die. I hated the thought, for I was a maternal little thing from my babyhood, and I loved my "dream children," even from afar off. But it seemed as if Sorrow came and sat down before me, and said, "I am inescapable; sooner or later you have got to reckon with me and pay the reckoning; everyone has to. Now, what shall it be?" And because I could not get the gaunt, gray creature out of my house of dreams, I made with her the best bargain that I could, I delayed my day of payment to the last moment I dared; I decided that when she was about five years old, *Lily* would die. This put the evil hour off for a number of years, and somehow, after I had made this compromise with my too-optimistic self, I felt more certain than ever that all the rest would come true. So early do we clutch at the queer notion

that, having paid tribute to Fate, having bent our necks in submissive recognition of her power, she should hold no further tyranny over us, but be a gracious conqueror.

When "he" graduated he went to Europe to study for two years, and our wedding was necessarily postponed—which was just as well, for my family would doubtless have considered me "ower young to marry yet," and he, poor man, had had no intimation of what was expected of him, at all.

If he had stayed at home during those two years I might have found it difficult to maintain my house of dreams in the face of his complete ignorance of my intentions, his apparent indifference to my existence on the face of the earth. But he was so far away, he was easy to "manipulate," and though I "grew up" very considerably in those two years, this dream had been so long with me, had entered so thoroughly into every root and fibre of my dream life, that it began to seem impossible that so complete, so stoutly woven a fabric should have no thread of fact in it. Almost, with my sober senses of eighteen years, I believed in this as my ultimate destiny.

I shall never forget my excitement when I knew he was coming home, my terrible anxiety about my dress for that season, so that he make no mistake about my "grown-upness" and fitness for matrimony and gilt chairs. I had a really long-trained dress for the first time in my life, trains being then in fashion for street wear; I had a hat which fairly *screamed* maturity at the passer-by. And I trembled with nervous ecstasy as I planned the delicious, the dramatic moment of our meeting and his recognition of the fact that I was *grown up*. *Of course*, he couldn't regard me seriously as a probable wife when he went away. He had two years to study before he could marry, and in any event, who could entertain any notion of matrimony in connection with a sixteen-year old miss, with skirts reaching only to her ankles? When he saw my *train*, I reflected, proudly, there would be no mistake!

Woe is me! how well I remember, as 'twere yesternight, the warm, sweet, starlit summer evening when I crept home in

my trained gown and mature hat, and sat in a little, huddled heap on our porch, and would not, could not speak when spoken to by my mother. Poor, wee bit lassie! I was a stricken thing that night. I had received what seemed a mortal blow, nor could I tell just where the wound was. Only I knew that the foundations of my house of dreams were crumbling, and that nothing could save them, nor the superstructure. I was widowed and deprived of seven children, all in one stroke of calamity; indeed, so completely was my outlook swept clear of things to hope for, to live for, that though I laugh now at the plight of that night, it is through tears, for the memory of that feeling of awful, awful desolation, is with me still; I can feel, even yet, the rain of hot, hot tears that poured down my face, the utter, utter desolateness with which I sat in the midst of tender kindred and abundance of the good things of life, and wept over the ruin of my hopes, the grave of my girlish dreams.

A pleasant look of recognition, a hearty hand-shake, a word of greeting—and absorption in the next comer! This was what broke away all the props of my dream-fabric. Another girl, perhaps, would not have given up so easily; another would have put by idle dreams for a while and tried to exercise active charms over the obdurate. I could not; I could only give up, and suffer, for the first time in my life, the angel with the flaming sword to take his stand before the barred gates of my Paradise.

After this point I am afraid I cannot write a very coherent memory of the evolution of my girlish ideal. All the rest, up to date, is so fresh to me that I have no perspective on it, even though some of it dates back through a good many years.

I know that in the very early years of my evolving ideal I passed from one dream of happiness into another without waking, as 'twere—one dream just merging into another in an unbroken continuity of blissful expectations. But what time I, even in my childish ignorance, looked up from my bright beads of fancy-weaving, and recognized Sorrow as a factor in human life, she claimed me for her subject on the strength of that recognition,

and would thenceforth for no reason let me go. While I believed in the power of my desire to create its own fulfilment, Sorrow respected me as immune, divinely immune, but when I recognized her as an enemy to my dreams and tried to make compromise with her, then I lost my shield against her, and ever since I have grappled with her in conflict, trying to save this treasure, that hope, from her mercilessly exhaustive reckoning.

But ever since I wrestled with her for the immunity of my household of seven children and all the accompaniments thereof, trying to hold her at bay for years by the offer of Lily as a sacrifice, and she exulted to show her victory over me by taking not Lily alone, but all the seven, and "him," and all that I had in my house of dreams, I have had to contest my right to every hope, every fancy, every aspiration—and as I recount, in memory, these contests, it seems to me as if I had almost never won, as if always I had given up, until one would think there must be nothing left for me to cherish, to hope; yet am I richer, immeasurably, to-day than ever in the day of my fullest dreams, for never has been wrested from me one dear anticipation, one loved ideal, but to me has come in its stead either a better joy or a richer sense of the joys remaining.

I cannot measure the successive steps of my ideal's evolution after the collapse of the dream last described—I can only measure what joy now means to me by what, one time, I thought it could only be.

I know that once I swore I would love only a big man, "a mighty man of valor," like Guy of Warwick, one strong to defend and sturdy to lean upon, and now I love only the weakest of men, the frailest, the neediest of care and devotion and love's patience. I know that the knight of my childish dreams was attired like a combination of circus rider and Shakespearean Benedick, in pale-blue silk doublet and hose, and cloak of pale-blue velvet, with a blue-feathered cap on his golden curls and a deliciously clanking sword by his side—and that my knight to-day is not even "well-groomed," just a most wraith-like, stooping figure, in the most ill-fitting of baggy clothes; sartorially, he might almost be taken at some



distance for one of the gaunt things farmers erect to scare crows.

Later, when my mind had got away from the physical and on to the mental and spiritual equipment of my ideal, I remember that I stipulated with myself that "he" should be of a joy-loving temperament, kin to mine—and lo ! he is a son of the Puritans, mistrusting gladness, always, as ominous ; and fearful of happiness lest it stand for the absence of sensitiveness, the arrest of development. I hoped that he would be a gallant man, a cavalier, if not a chevalier ; I had a beautiful theory that Love was, very properly, dependent on the sweet and gracious little expressions which, all told, go to make up chivalry. Alas, my poor "knight" ! He has a fatality for doing the wrong thing. Instead of making my heart flutter hourly with some exquisite courtesy, he twangs the poor, taut chords thereof, hourly, in sharp discord, and hourly I have to summon all my love to forgive him. I used to dream that my knight would bring me flowers—violets, and now and then a great red rose or a handful of hyacinths—but he has never given me so much as a pansy "for thoughts," or a four-leaved clover to put between the pages of my book "for luck." I used to dream that he would come for me in a fine coach, with prancing, dashing horses, and take me to festivities, all in a flutter of excitement, but when he comes he gets wearily off a jangling cable car, and instead of whisking me off to ball or theatre, he puts his head down on my shoulder and says, "I am so tired." I used to think, in all my moments of anguish, that some day I should have a broad bosom to creep to and there weep out all my heart's bitterness, but it is never so with me ; if I am sad, he is always sadder and must needs be comforted.

As I have given up one cherished hope after another, with regard to my ideal, I have tried to ask myself each time, since consciousness came upon me with that first surrender to sorrow, whether this sacrifice were not the last sustaining prop of my house of dreams, whether I was not a fool of fools to try longer to dwell in so tottering a fabric.

Face to face have I wrestled with the

conviction that at some certain point sacrifice becomes mere weakness to resist rather than strength to overcome, and strenuously have I striven with myself that I feed not the flame on my altar of love with some sacrifice that instead of replenishing my fire would quench it. I know that one can pay too dear for anything, even for love, and I have tried not to let myself be willing to pay the price that maketh poor and impoverisheth. I know, too, that love of the highest type must demand as well as give—must demand, oftentimes, where it would be far, far easier to give—and I have tried to be steadfast to certain lines of insistence, have tried not to falter in holding my ideals always high and higher, and not to forget them or make compromise with their enemies, even though, for love's sake, I had hourly to overlook some insufficient fulfilment of them, some violence to their tenets. I have held to the belief that some things are "worth while" from the great, ultimate point of view and others are not, and I have tried, as best I could see, and weigh, and judge, to choose—God knows !—the things that *are*.

I have weighed in one balance, my knight, your frail health, and in the other balance I have tried to put what I know of my own patience and tenderness and physical sufficiency ; I have tried to balance all your shortcomings of my ideal with all my powers to overlook and bear them ; I have tried to scrutinize myself, to know if I seem to be the woman who can do most *for* you, be most *to* you, aye, and I have tried to see if the points of disparity between us be such as, in their compromise or adjustment, shall be good for you and me, individually and jointly, or such as, in all wisdom, should warn us apart. And so trying, so praying, in *utter* desire to know the right for us both, and to do it, I have dumped into one balance *all* the things wherein love as you bring it to me differs from love as I yearned after it, and into the other balance I have put all that you are to me that I cannot analyze, or describe, or dispense with ! And it has far, far outweighed all the rest.

And my house of dreams to-day ? It hasn't a detail, in my mind, of location, or size, or trappings, so only you are in it ! And Sorrow is in it, I know ; not "after



many years," either, but from the first, even as a household saint. And if there is a parlor it shall be furnished with Forbearance, for there we shall see the "polite" world, which, whether one be glad or sad, is so alien that if it be accepted at all it can only be with forbearance. And the dining-room shall be furnished with Cheer, for there we shall gather, now and then, the chosen few we really love, and set before them our best refreshment of body and spirit, that they may fare forward the stronger therefor. And if there is a little "den," it shall be "done" in Congeniality, for it will be mine and yours, your pipes and my embroidery lying down to-

gether in peace and harmony, like the lion and the lamb in the Apocalypse. And there shall be a large, upper chamber, with "windows opening toward Jerusalem," and it shall be made beautiful with Love, for there, when all things and all men shall have tried us, and we are sore beset and weary, we shall come together—all the world outside—and whether our hearts be sad or lightsome, whether the world vex us or we vex one another, we shall stand face to face, in the quiet, in the quiet, and look into each other's eyes, and laugh, and sob, and say, "Yet Love remaineth! Yet LOVE remaineth!"

Even so, my house of dreams!

## THE POINT OF VIEW

**A** MATTER of far from minor importance receives passing notice in the statement of a newspaper correspondent, that Paris has what is literally a "school for shouting," the "pupils" being the newspaper venders. Unverified, one is tempted to accept the statement with the qualification we apply to certain stories, that "they are good enough to be true." Yet if papers are to be hawked on the boulevards at all, it is quite in accordance with Parisian notions that the men who hawk them—not for the most part boys, as with us—should be trained to distinct, full-mouthed, deep-chested, if not musical, tones. The idea behind this reform, that of making a necessary noise more intelligible if not more endurable—which last would be accomplished, too, if the master of shouting did his work properly—has obvious possibilities of application here in America; more especially to the conductors and brakemen who "call out" streets and stations.

The expedient of mitigating a noise it has been decided to tolerate has been largely overlooked in much desultory discussion of the serious nuisance of noise in modern life. Yet there is in it not a little of suggestion. As for the fact of the nuisance, that is hardly

disputed. Our nerves, it would be generally conceded, are appreciably more sensitive or more irritable than were the nerves of people even a few generations ago. Some persons find in this a curious ground of comfort when reading of the horrid tortures inflicted in by-gone times, or inflicted to-day in Oriental countries, or sometimes on animals in cases of vivisection. While, doubtless, there is great suffering, the martyr, or the Oriental, or the animal does not, it is held, endure the exquisite agony the more delicately organized and developed modern would feel under like torture. Unluckily for this theory, callousness to pain, the surgeons say, varies greatly; is largely a matter of individual sensitiveness. No general rule can be laid down for measuring the pain of an experiment. Of two men undergoing the same operation without an anæsthetic, one will apparently suffer little as compared with the other, his "superior pluck" being merely a case of not "being hurt so much." In the case of animals it is often next to impossible to anticipate or determine the degree of suffering inflicted. A rabbit, unstrapped to the operating table, may endure pretty radical surgery without moving or showing a sign even of discomfort. On the other hand, a rat con-

fined in a barrel will give frantic jumps if the experimenter simply claps his hands over the aperture. On the sensitive ears of the rat a sudden, sharp noise seems to inflict actual, even acute, pain.

The inability to appreciate that what does not even annoy one person may give positive pain to another has not a little to do with popular indifference to appeals for the suppression of unnecessary noises. The point is illustrated by a minor comment in a letter to a London paper describing Chicago, that "the noise throughout the city is dreadful, and to one of delicate nerves, utterly prostrating." Such "exaggeration" would provoke most Americans to a cynical smile and a sneering reminder of the well-advertised "roar of London." Few would accept the writer's statement as a truthful description of the effect of Chicago noise upon him. Yet, to discriminating ears, it is quite conceivable that the distinguishing noises of great cities may differ, much as do individual voices, since there are obvious differences in paving, in kinds of traffic—the elevated road has a noise all its own—in the frequency and shrillness of whistles, or in the frequency and tone of bells, in the character of the voices of hawkers, indeed in many other particulars if it were worth while to make out a case for the Englishman in Chicago. Similarly, the statement made some years ago by a professional authority, the *Philadelphia Medical News*, would still be dismissed with general incredulity, a statement that "in thousands of cases people are being made ill, are committing slow suicide, or are being painfully and slowly killed by useless street noises."

The process of readjusting traditional notions of community and individual rights to fit new conditions is necessarily a slow one. Such readjustment consists simply of a fresh application or extension of the old law maxim, not to "use your own to another's injury." The men who formulate the coming equities for us in advance of public opinion have already gone on record. Thus in his "Ethics" Herbert Spencer lays it down that acts of worship cannot be equitably interfered with "so long as they do not inflict nuisances on neighboring people," "as does the untimely and persistent jangling of bells in some Catholic countries, or as does the uproar of Salvation Army processions in our own." Similarly, Lecky, in his "Democracy and Liberty," after citing the recognized

principle that the state, while not undertaking to guarantee the morals of its citizens, should enable them "to pass through the streets without being scandalized, tempted, or molested," extends it to "some things that have no connection with morals," as "to unnecessary street noises which are the occasions of acute annoyance to numbers." As the set is toward a constantly busier and noisier life it would be of course absurd to predict that the city of the future will be a comparatively noiseless city. The complementary fact, however, should not be left out of the reckoning, that protests against noise are growing more insistent, more general, and more audible despite the increasing din—that, in short, the question of unnecessary noise is coming to be considered seriously.

MUCH is said nowadays, in consequence of events of what our German friends would call world-moment, of the contrast between the "high-vitality" and "low-vitality" peoples. In substance, that which is signified by these rather journalistic appellations is the contrast between the peoples who have for long centuries embraced the philosophy of life which maintains that in passiveness is wisdom, and the peoples who, as we of the West, have wrought out for themselves an opposite philosophy founded on the belief of the virtue of intensiveness. Now that the East and the West have been brought in contact, or are apparently soon to be brought in contact, in a manner the results of which are apt to be more interpenetrating, more productive of possible changes on both sides, than the world has seen since the Crusades, it is certainly wise to think over what we really understand by the ideal of the intensive life, and how far it is in fact, and for definite purposes, realizable at present.

We are sufficiently familiar by this time with the more transient causes to which we have of late owed the pronounced favor accorded here and in England, to strenuousness. They have been such as to associate, at least in the popular mind, the idea of intensive living almost altogether with the increase of the volitional powers. Naturally, the intensive life must mean the enhancement of those powers. But it also means the strengthening and expanding of the human being's faculties as a thinking and knowing

The Intensive  
Life.

agent. Try to sum up the whole shaping faith of the West, the forces that have been pushing on the Western peoples in progress, in discovery, in experimental knowledge, and you find the underlying hypothesis that human nature has all-round capabilities of which the limits have by no manner of means been touched as yet, or even dimly discerned. By our political and social experiments alike, and by our more and more diversified and organized systems of pedagogics, we are taught and teach others to hold that mankind should consider itself practically equal to anything. No one can tell what he can do until he tries, is a scientific statement that might be accepted as the point of departure of the entire Occidental philosophy of life. Hence that philosophy results in a continuous admonition to exertion, to effort both against the array of outer obstacles created by circumstance and against the inner inertia of man himself.

To those who have been bred in these views the absolutely contrary philosophy taught by the sages and religious reformers of the East from the beginning of history must seem, logically, to be responsible for the stupefying (many say the brutalizing) of the masses in the Eastern countries. Man is a very small quantity in the great scale of things, has there been the gist of the warnings of the wise; he is hemmed in and confined by all his conditions; seeking to escape them will help him not at all; let him "lie low," then, and avoid a multitudinous assortment of gratuitous troubles in addition to those that belong to his natural state. He is very far from being "equal to anything"; and, furthermore, in proportion as he variously strives to get at the meaning of life through experimental knowledge and the cultivation of his physical energy, and through the creation of new material wants and their satisfaction, does he remove himself from what he seeks. For those reach best the meaning of life who do their humble daily work in simplicity, and possess their spirit in quietness.

Political economists point out to us, of course, that this Oriental life philosophy is only an outcome of the economic conditions.

Put a great many creatures on a square mile of land inadequate for their support and you have the true cause of Hindu or Chinese passiveness, the whole secret of the life-philosophy of quietism. But however this may have been till now, it is impossible not to believe that the ideal of intensive, strenuous living must infallibly reach, in the progress of the ages, larger and larger numbers, since the gradual but ever-increasing enlargement and intensification of consciousness have been the whole story of the ascent of man.

At this present stage, all the same, there is a great deal that is factitious in our notions of what the intensive life actually has accomplished, or appears as yet to be able to accomplish. In spite of all that is claimed, what it precisely has not up till now succeeded in doing is to make men more capable in the all-round way, more able to touch life appreciatively at every point of the sphere. The intensiveness goes rather more and more into the line of the special profession, the particular life-work. Everyone can mention exceptions to this, but it is the rule. And extraordinary proficiency and intensity of energy in one thing do not at all fulfil the programme of the ideal of the intensive life. There is an abiding discrepancy here between what we of the West predicate of our ideal and what it actually does. It is true that political and social and pedagogical experiments are all *endeavoring* to stretch men's capacity of enjoyment and achievement. It is not true that the average modern man who enjoys physical prowess also finds himself enjoying hard thinking; or that the great painter or mystic can sympathize, to any extent that will be of use to himself or anyone else, in the preoccupations of the practical statesman, or the labors of the experimental scientist. Human possibilities may unfold extraordinarily, as to this; but the time is not yet, and it will be well for us to be candid with ourselves on the subject. *This* is the thing the intensive life has not accomplished. And it may be that nearer touch with the East and its characteristic mode of thought will, in some particulars, render us clearer in mind as to our own position.



# THE FIELD OF ART

## *SOME NOTES ON PATTERN-MAKING BY A BOOKBINDER*

THE constant production of designs for any special purpose is apt to become a matter of weariness as well as of difficulty to those unable to rest satisfied in reiteration without novelty, and the stereotyped repetition of motives on more or less mechanical lines.

No doubt the effort to avoid working in a groove belongs to the designer in any art, even the highest, but must of necessity pursue those most who are occupied with the humbler arts, since these cannot, from their restricted nature, give the artist as much scope as the more important ones. Still, it is not only a higher or lower position in the hierarchy of the applied arts that determines the limitations of ornament appropriate to each. Jewelry, for example, though far removed in its scope from, let us say, architectural decoration, yet admits of almost endless diversity of shape, color, and material. So likewise does furniture, lace, and many another of the useful arts. But some, like bookbinding, which forms the text of these remarks, are limited in special ways which the decorator is bound to grasp at once, and with complete realization of their unalterable character. The chronicle of the artistic side of bookbinding is at the outset full of the attempt to get over the limitation of material. In the early days when books were scarce and consequently of indefinite value, the precious metals, often in combination with enamel and carved ivory, were devoted to their adornment. In those days when books were manuscripts on vellum, weight in the covers was a desirable feature rather than the reverse, and thus the affixing of metal or

other plaques to the thick wooden boards was practicable and useful as well as ornamental. Even after the multiplication of books through printing, it was long before any restriction in the matter of material for covers was recognized, and it was not until the seventeenth century that the almost universal adoption of some form of leather superseded the employment of velvet, silk, embroideries, pierced metal, tortoise-shell, and the like. From time to time, up to the present day, attempts have been made to revive the old custom of coverings other than leather or vellum, but the hard usage entailed by frequent handling, combined with the modern conditions of dirt, and the usual library conventions, have shown all such efforts to be of an unpractical nature.

The limitations that more especially concern us in this paper are not those of material, but the even more unalterable ones of size and shape. I say unalterable because, to all intents and purposes, from the designer's point of view, they are so. Books may vary from 32mo to folio, they may be relatively narrow or wide, but they are always severely rectangular, and no attempts to ignore this fact have ever been crowned with success. Here again, as we review successive chapters in the history of binding, we see the artist's various attempts to free himself from this class of limitation; we come upon designs that treat both sides and the back as the unit, so that when the book is closed, and on a table, the pattern appears only in a fragmentary state; we see others that seem purposely to controvert, so to speak, the boundary lines, as if endeavoring to make of no avail the right angles of the carefully squared boards; and with the latest fashion of eccentricity and affectation in things ornamental, we get what



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

may be called the Japanese application of unconnected and generally naturalistic detail or the fireworks made out of peacock's tails, curves and dashes—splutterings of the unrestrained fancy and the untutored hand.

I want to direct the attention of those who undertake the designing of book-covers, to the boundless field that lies open in the direction of Oriental art. It is nothing new; it has always been free to the worker in every department through public museums and illustrated accounts of private collections, but there seem few able or willing to learn the lessons it offers, although William Morris has shown ably enough to the present generation what a mine of wealth lies ready to him who can exploit it.

And first in importance comes that lesson of the East—so hard, apparently, of comprehension by the Western mind—the necessity for conventionalizing natural forms. It may be said of nearly all modern English work, and of most French, that there is little left of decorative value between the extremes of arbitrary invention on the one hand and unadulterated naturalism on the other. Our schools of embroidery and wood-carving, our sculptured and plastered reliefs, our beaten metal and our painted pottery, all vie with each other in giving the most faithful transcript of nature. The artificiality of mind and manner that was a feature of the eighteenth century in its literature, its art, and its society, gave place to a reaction, as it was bound to do, and "the return to nature" is still working as a leaven in all regions of the human mind. But it is time for realization that in the industrial arts the reproduction of naturalistic detail is not of necessity ornament. To be so, it must be transmuted by the process of intelligent selection—so clumsily called conventionalizing—into what will bear application and repetition in a given space and in a given material that has its own special characteristics.

Narcissus and snowdrops hammered on a copper coal-box do not glorify it as a recep-

tacle of coals, nor does the wall-paper covered with faithfully drawn and colored clematis give even the illusion of reality, much less the satisfaction of country visions, far more effective in the mind's eye alone. Just as it is no use to take any art out of its legiti-

mate sphere and demand of it what it cannot give, so is it as purposeless to ask the effect of nature from flower and fruit in their application to ornament. Our French neighbors have not grasped this truth in its entirety, though they rarely represent nature with the triviality so often to be found on our common objects of every-day use. But even Marius Michel, to whose efforts it is largely due

that modern French bindings have ceased to be reproductions of the old, is too apt to let his intimate acquaintance with natural floral forms suffice for the adornment of much of his fine work. This, too, is in despite of his better judgment, for his book on "The Ornamentation of Modern Bindings" contains some admirable remarks on the importance of avoiding this pitfall to those who go to the country for inspiration in design. Many of the most attractive recent French books are inlaid with that fine instinct for the harmonious blending of colors that is a national gift, but as regards the point under discussion this very color sense more often than not presents an added snare, and we find covers of exquisite workmanship show-

ing purple irises, climbing clematis, and the like, which are most perfect copies in color as well as drawing of the growing plant.

Few things are more difficult than to define the precise nature of the treatment of growing things which renders them fit objects for decoration, except, perhaps, to teach how it is done. Possi-

bly those whose instinct is least likely to err would find it most impossible of explanation. We will endeavor to state the most important points in connection with it, though a careful study of the art of those nations that have solved the problem most successfully will be the surest way of attaining to a realization of



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



the essentials. In the first place, then, the servile imitation of natural growth is not strictly guarded against, for while nature never makes two leaves or blossoms alike, art, in consequence of the restriction of its tools and material, must frankly accept repetition.

Furthermore, it is preferable to choose the forms that are most salient in feature and simple in outline rather than those of which the character is shown in multiplicity or delicacy of detail. The natural plant should be studied and both accentuated and simplified in translation. The rigid, unyielding lines of one may be emphasized, while another of climbing habit may have its convolutions insisted on in the curves of a flowing arabesque.

What can never be explained or taught is just the unconscious effort by which the true decorator turns the harvest of flower and fruit that lies ready to his hand into appropriate ornament without doing violence to the natural trend of leaf or blossom—thus effecting the supreme idealization of the type-form.

Again, there must be a certain feeling for the scale on which it is desirable to reproduce particular plant-forms. It would be inappropriate, for example, to give the effect of excessive reduction of such as are always large in their natural growth, or of undue magnitude to those like violet and snowdrop, that are lowly in their habit. By such treatment they would inevitably lose both character and significance.

Finally, it is necessary for decorative convention that there should be a certain symmetrical disposition of the material chosen, when once its essentials have been grasped and its diversity of form simplified to the artist's use, for only so can the eye rest upon it with satisfaction. When one looks at nature, there are no boundaries except those set by the limits of the field of vision, and they are not hard, but melt away so that there is no consciousness of any outline or defining framework to the picture. But it is far otherwise with most objects that offer scope for decoration, and especially with those of panel form. In bindings one may almost say that the limitation of the book is the first thing of which one is aware. Decoration, therefore,

should be well contained within the natural boundary lines of whatever it is applied to, and should avoid both the opposite defects of being too obvious or too involved. If it is the first, it will probably be trivial; if the second, the mind will at once set to work upon it as on a puzzle. Æsthetic pleasure can be given by the simplest ornament or the humblest object, but *triviality* is not *simplicity*, and without the element of dignity that belongs to real simplicity the pleasure will be absent. Nor is it less important that the mind should have a sense of rest, which it can never

get when the attention is absorbed with the effort to unravel a complicated or perhaps only ingeniously elaborated pattern. If the main lines are clear and uninvolved, a feeling of enjoyment is rapidly produced, and the attendant detail may be disposed in moderate intricacy without detracting from the sense of satisfied repose.



Fig. 5.

We said before that the best way of understanding this necessary process of selection and adaptation in its application to nature for purposes of art, lay in examining the ornament of those countries which have *successfully solved* the decorative problem. In my opinion no nation succeeded so admirably as Persia, and it was in the attempt to turn the study of her art to account in the matter of designs for bindings that these notes originated.

Every country has achieved a triumph in the employment of some one plant-form for its ornamental uses. Egypt and Assyria appropriate the lotus and the palm; Greece the acanthus, the vine, and the honeysuckle; China the aster and the peony; Japan the almond blossom and chrysanthemum, and so on. The genius of the Persians shows itself over a wider field, but the pomegranate and vine, the iris and pink, seem to have been selected for most frequent treatment.

The importance of Persian art to the designer lies in several directions. First, in the frank and free acceptance of the natural limitations of form in the various objects decorated. In making carpets, the straight lines serve as inspiration for the border and the panel; in painting pottery, the curves of the ewer and the bowl are made to contribute their value to the ornament. Nothing is more



delightfully instructive than to see the same detail applied under fundamentally different conditions. As an example of this, the reader can look at the border of a tile (Fig. 1) and the bottom of a plate (Fig. 2) which have the same motive dexterously suited respectively to the square and the curve; and there is a like interesting treatment of a climbing plant with large leaf (Figs. 3 and 6) frequently found both in the tapestry and the pottery of the country.

Secondly, the Persians ornamented articles of daily use and often of very little value, and their taste for art was so widespread that the designs were obviously made then, as they are to this day, by the artisans themselves, and not by artists in preparation for the workman. Their decoration was, therefore, that infinite variety which is only to be found under similar circumstances.

Thirdly, there is the opportunity of seeing the same motive treated both naturalistically as well as with the conventions necessary for its adaptation to more rigid schemes, and consequently of making a comparison in the same field of observation. As examples of wholly admirable convention, it is not possible to find anything to surpass the pomegranate (Fig. 4) border and the rose tile (Fig. 5) here given, while the natural rendering of iris and pink, of bud and blossom, is seen in tile after tile, illustrations of which we would fain give if space permitted.

Lastly, with all the careful study of natural growth and blossom, and an appreciation of their minutest details which one sees in these mere naturalistic designs, they were not afraid to let imagination, once started by some common flower or accident of growth, run riot on its own lines, so that forms only remotely resembling flowers came forth in profusion, nature merely hinting to the workman the direction in which to set his fancy free. Tile after tile, again, is thus filled with flower-

forms having only the slightest connection with any garden plant, but excellent as ornament and distributed over a limited space with consummate skill and the most satisfactory result.

In conclusion, I would suggest that the binder of modern books, avoiding both the old traditional lines of historic ornament, except where such are specially appropriate, and the too naturalistic ones so much in vogue of late years, may vary his tools by seeking a new fount of inspiration in the happy achievements of Eastern decorative art.

If it is objected that this is mere plagiarism, and that what is wanted is the invention of fresh matter, I would answer: we must be honest and admit that there is little absolutely new. Moreover, it often happens when there is an appearance of novelty, that the illusion is really due to our ignorance of what has been already done somewhere and somehow. At any rate, few can imagine themselves creative artists, and it is well to recognize that the next best thing, and the only honest and possible thing, for the majority engaged in pattern-making, is a fearless research in the wide field of the art of different nations at different epochs. There may follow free annexation of such ideas and material as we find available for the scope of our own efforts if—and this is a condition of chief importance—such borrowed sources of inspiration are translated into the terms of our own temperament. In this way will the adopted motives of decoration cease to be out of place in their new environment; they will cease to appear as belonging exclusively to the country of their inception, and by force of application in a new sphere and as instruments of a mind conscious of its own aims, they will become what all tools and material should become, a means of giving effect to the personality of the workman.

S. T. PRIDEAUX.

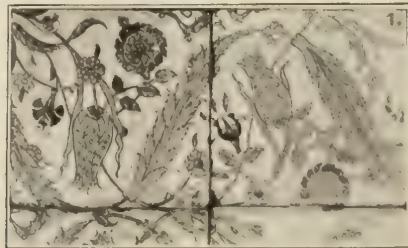


Fig. 6.





*Painted by E. C. Johns.*

THE INDIANS DEPARTING AFTER THE MASSACRE OF WYOMING.

Household spoils

clattered on the flanks of their horses and added to the discordant din amid which the wild horde departed



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## ON A NORTH SEA SMACK

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. J. BURNS



SHE was out of Scarborough, this smack of ours, but at this time running to Grimsby for market. Grimsby is the largest fishing port in England, possibly in

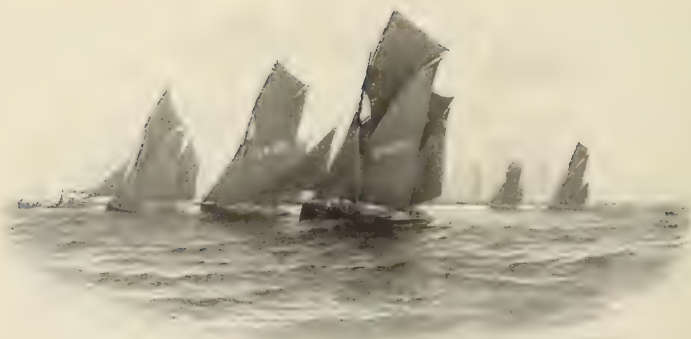
the world, and all sorts come there—French, Dutch, Norwegian, German, and so on—but particularly do the fishermen from the smaller places along the English coast run in there when their own markets are down.

It had been our deliberate intention to look up just such a craft and crew here, typical of a life that is slipping past, and yet our acquaintance came about in the most natural way. We were walking the big pontoon at Grimsby on a June afternoon, with a weather eye out for odd happenings, when we noticed a very stout and hearty-looking man of good age standing heedfully on a plank that stretched across the hatchway of the well of a steam "codman" just in from Iceland. He was trying to gaff live cod from the well, with some care as to his balance, when, happening to glance up and, doubtless, sympathetically discerning our more than casual interest, he genially invited us to come aboard and observe the workings of things at closer range.

The stout man turned out to be a steam trawler's watchman. Fellowship with him developed rapidly. It was he

that led us from the dock to the big corporation "pub," and there later put us in the way of our Scarborough skipper, who was certainly a fascinating and most able-looking seaman. He wore a hand-knit blue guernsey, with a black silk handkerchief tucked into the neck, and oily looking black trousers of navy cut tucked into short black jack-boots. His black curly hair stuck out from beneath a black cloth cap, and he had a bold nose, a bold mouth, and a bold eye—he was a bold-looking man altogether—and a black beard curled out and up from his strong jaw. Three centuries back, a Drake, a Hawkins, or any other chartered pirate, would have "shanghaied" him at sight and trusted him to lead a boarding-party in his first engagement. Even in these days of mechanical workings the crowd would have turned to get another view of him, were he to walk the streets of any other place than a fishing port on the east coast of England.

He looked us over, this man of the sea, as he might have looked at a storm-cloud to wind'ard, not necessarily as a thing to be dreaded, nor even avoided, but rather as something that might have to be allowed for. But that was only the flash of first inspection. He was undoubtedly one who formed quick judgments, for he gave almost instant greeting in broad Yorkshire. He was evidently one, too, who moved swiftly to action, for he ordered a full pint with the same breath as a preliminary. As he drank, he stood



Down the Humber (off Grimsby)

determinedly on his short, thick, and rather bowed legs, that is, whenever he allowed himself to swing away from the support of the long bar. Behind the bar were eight perspiring men drawing corks and pumping ale, and no one in all that thirsty mob did more to keep the eight busy than did this fisherman from Scarborough. He took full pints always, and as often as any man cared to set them up. He did not get tipsy, nor anywehre near it—endurance stood out all over him—only, after a time, he put more color and action into his narrative, and, as he talked, churned out the Yorkshire till it came like rich butter from his mouth.

Such men, who accept or reject one at a single glance, do not stand upon convention. The evening was not half over before he was detailing intimate experiences that sounded intensely interesting, even to us, who, by reason of his peculiar dialect and the rapidity with which he rolled it out, could not, in our early acquaintance, catch more than one word in three. When we did get a word here and there, it was like picking up a buoy in a strange channel, and even then, had not the comment of our stout friend served as a chart for us, we probably could not have held to the course of the rapid narrative.

When he left us later in the evening—he and his faithful shipmate—it was with sorrow and of necessity, as he made clear. “In th’ marnin’ at fower o’clock thou must be to th’ dock, thou an’ tha friend. Ice an’ bait’s aboard a’ready, d’y’ see.

but th’ bit bacon, an’ butther, an’ th’ bread an’ bit baccy ma’be will ha’ t’be looked arter. There’ll be brither, brither Jarje—teetotaler, never comes in pub, nae—an’ ma own twa lads, yan coomin’ twenty an’ t’ither eighteen, an’ Jim ’ere—aye, an’ auld Jim. Nine an’ twenty year we’ll ha’ sailed t’gither, nine an’ twenty year—iss, an’ coomin’ on thirty year—an’ thirty year more we’ll sail t’gither an’ Lord pleases—sha’n’t us, Auld Jim?”

“Aye, Frankie, lad, thirty year an’ mair, an’ us keeps off bottom.”

“Aye, Jim, an’ us sha’n’t an’ Lord says nae. An’ noo, lad—thou’lt no mind ma callin’ thee lad—aw’m above feefty masel’ an’ aw’ve a lad at hame will be aulder than thee by looks, thirty year come next Whitsuntide. Jim minds it well, don’t ee, Jim? Then us first coom t’gither an’ sin’ then us ha’ not parted. An’ thou’lt coom aboard i’ th’ marnin’, lad—let it be fower o’clock. Us’ll put th’ friend there, aboard anither smack an’ thou shall go wi’ us. Aw’ve told thee where an’ thou knowest. An’ gude night t’ thee, lad—t’thee an’ th’ friend, gude night.”

They went out into the darkness and their boot-heels had hardly begun to scrape the granite blocks of Fish Dock Road ere Jim began to sing. Only a single interruption came. That was when a good-natured policeman standing in a door-way, admonished them as they rolled by, “Hi, there, you’ll wake every watchman in the basin, if you don’t stop,” called the policeman.

“Go thy way,” retorted the skipper,

"an' Jim, get on wi' thy song—it's a rare ane."

"Aye," said Auld Jim, "but he's discomposin'—yan."

"Aye, rare discomposin' if th' taks heed. But coomin' frae yan, it means nowt—that's th' dooty o' th' like. Tak no heed, but get on wi' thy song. Go on wi' it—it's a rare ane that—lasses an' kisses."

So Auld Jim went on:

Aw kissed ma lass  
an' aw says "Good-  
by."

Aw kissed her tair  
"Good-by—good-  
by."

An' says, "Sweet-  
heart, aw'm garn  
awve."

Aw says to her,  
"Good-by—good-  
by."

And he and the skipper, with braced shoulders touching, walked uninterruptedly the rest of the road and the pontoon beyond.

Four o'clock on a June morning is broad light in English latitudes, and there was no trouble in locating our smack. Venus was her name and SH 266 her number. It must be the number that counts with the authorities, for that was painted in large figures on each bow and on both sides of the hoisted mainsail, while the name was to be found only under the stern, and even there it was none too boldly lettered.

Down in the crowded cabin the passenger was made known to "brither Jarge," with the sly look that sometimes accompanies a cast in the eye—and the "twa lads," wholesome-looking boys, named Bill and Howie. But there was no time to bother with the promised breakfast. The lock-gate was open and everybody was in a hurry to get to sea. The skippers of the Charity, Good Intent, and Mary Campbell, inside of us in the same tier, were ready to warp out, and were

now calling for action by the Venus that they might be on their way. So a small junk of bread and a quick mug of tea had to do us for the time.

One brute of a steam trawler shouldered us out of the way; but another, a perfect lady, helped us along with a gentle little bump of our taffrail. When it came our chance to go through the gate, we warped her out with a line made fast to one cleat after another on the long pier. On this line all aboard, except the passenger, who had the tiller, bore a hand at heaving in. Just before we passed through the gate, a man with a silver-buttoned coat reached out from the pier and took from the skipper the ticket that allowed us to go out. We could get in for nothing, but it took a seven-and-six-pence ticket to get us out.

On the pier-head, as we slid

by, were several loiterers who knew our captain. "What ho, Old Skipper," they called.

"What ho," returned our skipper.

"Where bound this time?"

"Aw d'knaw, but aw'm thinkin' o' Silver Pit."

"Aye, a good old hole—for whitin's and the like?"

"Aye, whitin's mebbe an' a few boxes of 'addocks, mebbe, an' a cod or a sole, wi' some skates an' th' like—who knows?"

Working down the sandy reaches of the Humber, with Howie to the tiller, gave the older people a chance to get their breakfast of bread and tea. In the cabin was an open fire-place, which when Jim heaped it up with the soft coal of England, began to smother us with smoke. "It's no like this ootside," said the skipper's brother, who had the manner of a



Our Scarborough Skipper of the Venus.



man that might be more given to explanation than the others. "Ootside the sailin' maks a fine draft o' th' smook—a fine draft."

"It ar'n't lack o' draft," said the skipper; "it's no' that noo—plenty draft here. It's th' main sheet jibin' ower an' knockin' off top o' stove-pipe, an' Howie afeard t' leave th' tiller lang enou' to fix it. Bill, gae on oop an' set on stove-pipe."

"Oh, aye, set on th' stove-pipe," said George, and poured a little something into the bottom of his mug and from there down his throat. "For ma appetite," he explained, as he put the flask back in his grub-box. Although there was in the air a whiff of something that suggested Scotch, with possibly a slight tincture of sweetening, the passenger had to assume that it was medicine, because of what the skipper said almost on the instant.

"Jarje is teetotaler—ai'n't ee Jarje? Jarje no ben inside a pub for—sin' when, Jarje—twenty year?"

"Aye, about twenty year," said George.

"An' that ane time t' fetch me hame, warn't it, Jarje?"

"Aye"—reflectively—"ane time th' stopped ower lang."

"Most rare time that mun ha' ben," commented Auld Jim.

"Aye," rejoined Auld Skipper, "but let thou not stop ower lang wi' th' tea-kettle, an' twenty year from noo aw won't hae it to speak on."

Seeing the Venus among a half-dozen of her kind beating down the Humber, one might not have been impressed with her model—straight-stemmed, rather full-bowed, and wide-sterned, of about sixty feet on deck, fifteen feet beam, and nine feet draught. She was yawl rigged, with jib, fore, main and mizzen for lower sails, and lug topsail to main and mizzen. Her foresail was what would be called a stem staysail by American yachtsmen, or what American fishermen call a "jumbo," when it is rigged with a boom. She had a hold in the peak, where were stored sails, gear, anchors, salt, and so on. She had a main hold amidships for fish and ice, and a small little after hold for the water-casks, and odds and ends. Clear aft by the stern was the cabin, where the crew slept and cooked and kept their personal belongings. She had a sliding bowsprit,

brick-red sails, and was steered with a tiller whose handle was carved into a many-stranded rope's-end.

An ancient lady was the Venus. It was plainly many years since she had been adorned with a coat of real paint, but of hot coal-tar she had many dressings, and she smelled of pitch, and impressed one with her look of blackness. Her skipper could swear to her record for thirty-two years—back of that he could not say. Possibly her builder could, but he was dead, "coom t' think o' it, ae auld man, too." However, for thirty-two years to the skipper's knowledge the Venus had pointed her nose out toward Dogger Bank and found her way home again, which proved that she had been a soundly built craft in the beginning, for "as th' sees for th'self, she arn't foond bottom yet."

But the Venus grew on one. And the skipper was not without his pride in her. When the breeze waked up and she began to throw off her harbor sloth, he started to tell tales of the runs she had made. "Eleven knots yince—aye. But she had fine breeze an' smooth bottom then." Watching her roll down the Humber nobody would have believed that eleven knots. She must have had an exceedingly smooth bottom, and it must have been a hurricane when she did it. Anybody would have trusted her to cross the Atlantic in mid-winter, but hardly have picked her out for a cup-challenger. Still she possessed some great virtues. She was reliable. She rose to every sea when we had to meet the chop of the tide-rips off Spurn Light at the mouth of the river as lively as could be, ducking three ways to every heave, and keeping her decks moderately dry. It was easy enough to believe the skipper when he said that she would hang on to her canvas as long as the next, and stay right side up in a blow. Twenty years ago her type was the boast of English fishermen, but this morning, beside the line of big steel trawlers that were churning by, she seemed a relic of a past generation. And to one who remembered the sharp, deep, high-sparred and handsome fishermen of New England, she seemed indeed behind the times.

However, if we were not the fastest or the most magnificent thing afloat that morning, there was a smack ahead that



*Drawn by M. J. Burns.*

Steam Trawler—Hauling the Net.



"Th' Dootchman."

was shapely and that could sail. Yawl-rigged she was, like ourself, and a fisherman, but large and handsome—painted a beautiful, shining black, with a broad gold stripe along the run, and gold decorations on bow and quarter. "She'll be th' Girl Muriel or th' Boy Percy, oot o' Lowestoft, beam trawlers—o' the' same mould. Able lads they be. See her mak int' th' wind noo, like awny steam trawler. She'll be stoppin' at th' coper—th' Dootchman yan wi' th' wee little mizzen ower th' stern entirely an' th' signal flyin'. Aw'm thinkin' oursel's 'll stop by there, too. She sells baccy, sperrits, an' so, an, t' th' like o' we an' th' steam trawlers oot o' Grimsby an' Hull."

When we were near enough to do business, the skipper blew a horn, and the coper's small boat, which had been lingering beside the handsome smack ahead, came away and headed for us. They sold us two pounds of tobacco and a long bottle of schnapps for half what the stuff could have been bought ashore. These floating grog-shops, called copers by the fishermen, are always to be found cruising among the North Sea fleet. This one was stationed off the mouth of the Humber, and among all the outgoing craft of Grimsby and Hull she must have sold a lot of goods that morning. She was careful to keep outside the three-mile limit, and so render herself liable only to the laws of the high seas. It is said that many attempts have been made to discourage the traffic with the copers, but it

is likely that so long as fishermen can buy liquor for much less than they can buy it ashore, the copers will flourish. The English Government now interferes only to the extent of requiring that no liquor bought of the copers shall be taken ashore—this on pain of confiscation. It must all be consumed at sea, say the government. It all is.

"Howie lad, tak' th' tiller"—we were clear of the coper—"lay her coorse east by nowthe, an' gie us a call if so be we ar'n't stirrin' at half arter twelve." Then Auld Skipper, George, and Auld Jim and the lad Bill turned in for a nap against the

later labors of the voyage. The youngest lad, Howie, a degenerate youth by his father's protests, lit a cigarette, jammed the tiller against his hip and held the jumping smack to her course into the North Sea.

Early in the afternoon they came on deck refreshed, and began to put the gear in shape for fishing. Fifteen coils of hooked lines were brought out, each coil lying on what they called a skep, which looked like the bottom of an old market basket. Each skep held 125 fathoms of



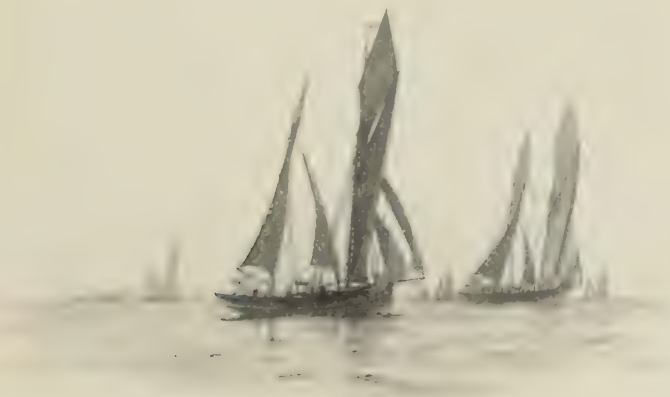
Skipper of the Charity.



ground line, "snoojed" at every half fathom.

All that afternoon and during most of the lightsome evening the crew were overhauling gear and baiting up, so that by nine o'clock, when log and soundings showed that we were on the westerly edge of Silver Pit, all was ready for an early morning start. Having thus made ready

in and wiggle out by, added to the crowded effect. Beneath the bunks and jutting out on to the floor were the lockers. Leading to the deck above and looking aft was the companion-ladder, stuffed in and all about with the habiliments of the crew—oil-clothes, big boots, sou'-westers, guernseys, old storm-coats, together with a lot of extra blocks, old rope-ends and



Trawlers.

for business, the crew of the *Venus* came down into the cabin, lit the little socket lamp and prepared for the first real meal of the trip. They drew forth their tin boxes from the depths of dark bunks, and each dug out from his own whatever supplies were thought needful to the hour. Nobody hinted at any sentimental exchanging of rations. It was assumed, evidently, that no man had a liking for whatever any other man might have, else he would have brought it aboard for himself. Only the tea that went into the kettle and the grease for the frying-pan came from a common store.

A stay in the cabin during this meal-time was a most trying ordeal for the passenger. To begin with, it must be remembered that the *Venus*, besides being "pitched within and without," was also, again like unto the Ark of Scripture in having "little rooms," three holds and the cabin, and of these the cabin was the most crowded. On either side were the bunks, which, being boarded up except for an aperture just large enough to crawl

a mess of stuff that could only be specified off-hand by a dealer in second-hand ship chandlery. In the forward end was an open fireplace, and to restrict the floor space yet more, the mizzen-mast butted through about mid-way.

That is as to the dimensions of the place. For the air we breathed, there were the fumes and odors that arose from the soft-coal fire burning in the grate, the rancid grease scorching in the frying-pan, and the last coat of tar applied to the old smack, and the foregoing, when mingled with the undeniable evidence of salt-hering bait in the after-hold (come in by way of a missing plank in the partition) and the overpowering proof that it was really many years since the bilge-water had been pumped out of the *Venus*—these scents and smells when taken altogether, as they were of necessity taken on one or two fairly warm nights in June, rather gave out the impression that it was "stuffy" below.

In this place, Auld Skipper and Jim, both short men, never stood erect but they hit the deck-planking, while George, who



Shooting the Lines.

was a big man and tall, simply had to stay sitting all the time if he cared for comfort—and even so he did not always get it. Take this particular night, when it was raining outside, and everybody, being in oil-clothes and big boots, became a huge bulk that found a distressing want of room on the lockers. If some had taken to the bunks, it might have afforded relief, but in such a hungry crowd as this nobody was taking to the bunks. The small space that made up the middle of the floor, between the mizzen-mast and the fireplace, might have accommodated one man, but just now it was taken up with the table-ware, made up of five mugs, blue and white, with three plates that almost matched and one that came nowhere near matching—a queer foreign thing in yellow—a Chinese pattern, to George's way of thinking. While the table-ware was on the floor all had to be careful in the handling of their big boots, so that the crockery might not come to smash.

After all had eaten they sat around for a little smoke. Then, all but Auld Jim cast off the oil-smocks and boots, which they seemed to have had no time to attend to before, and climbed into their dark bunks. Auld Jim, when all were silent about him, took a fresh coal for his pipe, turned the lamp-wick down the least bit,

looked around, said, softly, "Noo for ma watch," looked around again to reassure himself, caught sight of the frying-pan by the grate, muttered, "Drat Howie," and hove it back into the coal-locker. Then, suddenly becoming cheerful, he hummed,

Aw kissed ma lass, a Fihe lass,

and went up to face the wind and rain.

This sounds like primitive living. So it was, but along some lines they had but little to learn. Above all things they were hospitable, although for the matter of that it may be accepted as truth that deep-sea fishermen everywhere are hospitable. The stranger on the Venus could have had the pick of their grub-boxes. And he could have had all his cooking done for him, as most of it was done for him. Tired, wet, and hungry they might be themselves, but never a meal-time came that some one of them did not wish to put his own need off until after he had attended to the passenger. And it was not merely that they labored for this stranger. They had sympathetic thought for him. For two days when, by the chop of the sea and the oppressiveness of the cabin air, smoke, tar, and bilge-water, he was forced to stick to the deck, Auld Skipper and Auld Jim never forgot him for a moment. They had the



Overhauling and Rebariting the Lines.

baiting and shooting of lines and the hauling of them again, the fish to stow and the vessel to handle—but with all that they had time for the passenger. It was something for him to remember when, as he was spread across the lee rigging one time, how the two came on deck—Auld Jim with a nicely browned bit of fish and Auld Skipper with a plate of toast and a mug of tea. “Aw thought thou might like it, lad, an’ picked it masel’,” began Auld Jim, “a sweet little whitin’ as ever was. Aw says to Jarje when aw pulled ’m off the’ ’ook to save ’m special for ’ee. Rare to look at he were, like silver, oh an’ fat! aye, he were fat—fried ’thout th’ littlest bit o’ grease, didn’t ee, Francis?”

“Aye,” said Auld Skipper, “a beau-u-tiful, sweet whitin’. But that’s nowt. For supper noo there’ll be the nicest bit o’ skate. Ever ate a bit o’ fine skate? Nae? I’ll wager th’ didna. ’Ooked ’m last night Jarje did, an’ aw cuts ’im up nice an’ ties ’im oop all tight an’ tows ’im astarn. I’ th’ evenin’, lad, arter fower an’ twenty hours o’ towin’ astarn, he’ll be rare eatin’—rare eatin’, lad. Mind thou askin’ what it was aw had astarn, an’ aw says: ‘Never thou mind, thou’ll knaw later?’ Makin’ surprise for ’ee. Thou knaw noo. Stewed skate—rare eatin’ that. But tha’ll try th’ whitin’ an’ toast noo. Ar’n’t proper toast

mebbe, lad—th’ knaws what cooms o’ soft coal.”

The passenger well knew how he must have done the toasting—with the slices of bread impaled on a short-handled fork, which he had to keep jumping from one hand to the other as each set of knuckles became overheated before the blistering blaze. The passenger knew, because he had tried it himself. But a trained nurse could not have shown more tenderness of intention toward the most delicate invalid. And it must be remembered, too, that this was trouble they would never have taken for themselves. This thought in the matter of the stewed skate was characteristic of them. Stewed skate may not appeal to the American palate as a delectable dish, even after four and twenty hours of towing astern, but a full appreciation of the good feeling betokened by that act is not to be expressed in easy phrasing, no more than is a full recognition of the tenderness of Auld Skipper when he slept two nights on the lockers rather than crowd the passenger who occupied his bunk, and then denied the sleeping—said he had turned in with George—with George who had every night to remove half a hundred weight of miscellaneous stuff, oil clothes, old boots and thick guernseys, before he could find room for himself alone.



At two in the morning, when it was coming on to a dim daylight, the crew were ready to shoot the lines. We were a lonely speck in the North Sea, though faintly, very faintly, at two or possibly three points on the horizon, there were little glimmers that might have been the lights of other fishing craft.

George took his stand by the quarter rail, while the skipper stood by the tiller and prepared to nurse the vessel's speed.

they made ready to launch the cobble, from which the lines were to be hauled. She was a heavy, clinker-built, eighteen-foot boat, this cobble, that took up the starboard side of the smack amidships, and demanded the strength of all hands when it came to slewing her across the deck and pushing her bow over the side. Ten feet or so of bulwark had been removed to allow of this operation. To launch the cobble would have been a se-



Cobble—Hauling the Lines or Trawls.

The Venus was put by the wind and held there while George was paying out the line over the side. When the smack got to moving too fast, George would hold up his hand and the skipper would jam her up and check her. When George signalled for a little more speed, the skipper would swing her off.

George "shot" the line with bare hand. Auld Jim kept him going with supplies. When one skep was almost empty, Jim would bend on another so that there might be no delay. When five lines, or skeps, were out, Jim made fast a buoy and threw that over. A buoy had also gone with the first line, and later a buoy went over at the end of the tenth skep and again at the fifteenth, which was the end of the long line altogether. The "bobs" of these floats were black-tarred sheepskins of about the size and shape of a foot-ball.

When the lines had been set two hours or so, the smack all the while jogging back and forth within easy reach of the buoys,

were task for the crew unaided, but the heave of the sea, nearly always choppy here, was timed to catch her bow, and out she went at the right moment, with Howie forward, Jim in the waist, and George hanging doubtfully over her stern. A final shove from those on the smack sent her ski-ing for thirty or forty yards. It was a mild form of the shoot-the-chutes game that one sees at seaside resorts.

The method of handling the lines was much the same as that in vogue among American fishermen. George stood by the quarter of the cobble and hauled in over a roller attached to the gunnel, while Jim sat on the midship thwart and dressed the fish as George took them off the hooks. The lad all the while was keeping her head to the tide so that the line would not become snarled. Now and then, when the tide seemed overstrong, Jim would take a second pair of oars and give the lad a lift, for this cobble, being a heavy thick-planked boat of eighteen feet in length,

demanding some brute force in the handling.

When George had hauled five lines of the fifteen, and taken his second buoy in, he waved to the smack, which then bore down and took aboard the two buoys and what fish and lines they had taken in. This was done that the cobble might not be cluttered up, and also that the skipper and Bill might be overhauling the gear and putting it in shape for the next set. When George had hauled eight lines he gave way to Jim, who finished the hauling while George did the dressing.

When the lines were all hauled, the watchful skipper stood down with the smack, took everything aboard, and dropped the cobble astern until they were ready for another set. Bill and Howie continued the work of overhauling and re-baiting the lines, while Jim, George, and the skipper attended to the fish, which were dumped into wash-tubs on deck, thoroughly soured with buckets of water from over the side, and then transferred to wide-woven baskets from which the water could drain freely. From the baskets they went below to Jim, who had to see to it that the fish were carefully packed in the hold, fish and ice in alternate layers, with whiting, haddock, and cod in separate pens, and another pen for miscellaneous. Every fish here was handled with care. In America the fish are pitchforked at every stage of the handling, from dory on to deck, to below, into pens, into baskets again when unloading, into boxes when weighing out—at least five times are they pitchforked before they reach the consumer.



On Silver Pit.

That is the American style, but it is doubtful if a pitch-fork could be found in a season's search among the North Sea fishing fleet. The result of this greater care is that the Englishmen land their catch in better shape than do our men.

There is a great difference between English and American hook-and-line fishermen in the matter of results. The English crews put in as many hours as do we in America, but they accomplish far less. And yet nobody who watched the men of the *Venus* for a trip would ask them to work any harder than they do—it would be cruel. Sixteen to eighteen hours a day is their portion, not including time spent on watch, but they do not hurry along as do our men. In our vessels, it is drive, drive, drive all the time. It is said that hailing from Grimsby are men who can dress fish as fast as the speediest out of Gloucester; that is not disputed here,

but certainly the average speed with which these North Sea people work is far behind the standard of our men. It is not in the air to rush things. There is nothing to compare with the rivalry of dory against dory, as with us. It is well known in an American trawler who are the "high-liners" of the crew and who are the "scrubs," who it is that manage to save their gear no matter what the



Long Liners—Smacks on 'Dogger Bank.'

tide and weather, and who it is that are always losing theirs, and getting aboard early when it is blowing hard. The weak members, somehow or other, do not stay too long with a successful skipper, not that there is anything of ungenerous or outspoken comparison where an able couple are doing their best, but drive, drive, drive it is, and the weak members must inevitably give way. Among the English more leisurely methods prevail. Possibly the difference is inevitable. Possibly, too, it is not in excess of the difference between what might be called the national temperaments.

With that first catch of fish safely stowed away, the skipper led the way to the cabin and produced the coper's long bottle of schnapps. The skipper took a good pull and passed it to his eldest boy Bill, who wetted his lips and passed it to George. The passenger, who innocently rated George a teetotaler in the ordinary meaning of the term, supposed that the big man would merely wet his lips too, by way of compliment, and pass it on to Jim, who was plainly dying of thirst. But the passenger was fooled. George took a drag that fairly started the air bubbles from the very bottom of that long bottle. "Gie ower, gie ower, Jarje," cried the skipper in alarm, "or there'll be nowt for th' morry."

When the bottle came to Jim he held it up to the light and gauged the depth of it. "Tide's garn oot summat, ar'n't it?" and then himself allowed a moderate three fingers to gurgle away ere he handed it mischievously to Howie, the young lad, who indignantly passed it to his father. "Tha knows aw doon't drink th' pizen stoof," said Howie.

"Naw," said his father, "Howie doon't drink liquor—he smooks cigarettes."

"Aye," said George, "cigarettes."

"If Howie'll but tak arter Jarje noo," said Old Jim, "thou'lt hae happy family, Francis. Jarje a toototaler on ale," said Jim by way of explanation to the passenger. "Never gaes to pub—do ee, Jarje? For twenty year noo, ar'n't it, Jarje?"

"Aye, aboot twenty year." George was still tasting the relish on his lips.

"But thee do love a drap o' rale gude liquor, don't ee, Jarje?"

"Aye. A drap o' gude stoof yince in

a whiles moost o' necessity be rare been—ift t' th' stomach o' un. But aw can no abide ale——"

"An' tha can no abide pubs."

"Noo, can no abide pubs. Ar'n't ben in pub for twenty year—since I ben marrit—noo."

"An' me an' Jim ar'n't ben awa' frae pub for twenty oors, ha' us, Auld Jim, in thirty year?"

"Aw couldna say for that, Francis—thirty year back—'tis ae lang time t' remember on wi' sartanity."

"Jim, Jim—an' thou, Francis," broke in George, "think on th' pundts thee'd hae if so be thee'd kept clear o' pubs."

"So," said Auld Skipper, "an' hoo mony pundts have 'ee in bank, Jarje?"

"How mony? How mony?" repeated George indignantly. "Why, thou ootrageous roysterer, ha'en't aw rared a moost expansive family? But thou—thou an' Jim—th' twa o' thee'd ooned smaks noo, if——"

"Smacks!" echoed Jim, "aye an' fleets o' smacks. Aw've coom hame—nae, no hame, for aw never had hame sin' aw waur a lad—but aw've coomed ashore wi' ten pund, fifteen pund—aye, an' twenty pund—an' Frankie th' same—in evenin', an' foond oursel's daid wi' thirst i' marnin' an' not a single tanner—not sax-pence for anither drink. Ar'n't us, Frankie?"

"Aye, an' not yince, but scoors o' times. But, oh, th' rare times us ha' ben through, Jim!"

"Ah-h," said Old Jim.

"Aw'm'shamed of 'ee both," interjected George, "th' stranger an' th' twa lads by, Francis. An' th' woonders Howie smooks cigarettes! Does th' know what Bible says, Francis? 'Th' sins o' th' fayther,' says th' Lord, 'mun be veesited on th' chil——'"

"Aye," said the skipper; "an' noo if thou'rt done preachin', will tha cast loose th' tea-kettle? Do the Bible say aboot th' sins o' they as mak fast to tea-kettle an' niver lets un get awa'—do it?"

"Oh, aye, th' tea-kettle. Aw forgot th' tea-kettle, Francis."

"Iss, but tha never forgets to preach."

We had sailed from Grimsby on a Tuesday morning. On the Sunday afternoon following we had used up the last of the





*Drawn by M. J. Burns*

Every fish here was handled with care.

bait and had hauled the last line. With the fish washed and ready for stowing, it was time to put for home, but the question arose as to our position. These smacksmen work by dead reckoning—compass and log. Dead reckoning helped out by the lead—for soundings—tell them when they are on the grounds. But after that—with constantly changing direction and working with tide and wind, they have to depend somewhat on instinct or a fisherman's extra sense to place themselves exactly.

No sooner had the skipper spoke of going home than George had said, "Where be we noo?"

The skipper, pausing thoughtfully, but winking down at Jim, as he lowered the basket of whiting, answered: "On Silver Pit, aw'm thinkin'."

"Aye, na doot," snorted George; "but whereabouts on Silver Pit?"

The skipper stopped and considered, this time in all seriousness.

"Let be a breath noo, whiles aw reckons it oop. Us coom eight an' soxty mile east by nowthe frae Spurn, ar'n't us?—then drifted summat. Tuesday, got shut o' first line. Tuesday night, then Wednesday night, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, an' this be Soonday. Five nights ben driftin'—tide, wind, an' sea to reckon on. But us ben makin' east and sooth all th' time—some to sooth, but mair t' east. Say eight or ten mile to sooth'ard, but most twice that t' east'ard. We'll be noo—that be th' last basket, Jim—we'll be noo eighty or five an' eighty mile frae Spurn Lightship, an' if us start noo, westerly as near as aw'd care to steer would bring us in, Jarje."

"Five an' eighty mile!" shouted George; "'twould be a lang line would stretch frae here to eighty mile, let be to five and eighty mile east frae Spurn Lightship. Aw'd like well to hae such a line wi' a whitin', or e'en a little 'addock on ev'ry tenth hook. Aw'd make ae rare v'yge o' it. What dost th' say, Jim?"

Auld Jim, who was leaning with his elbows on the hatch combings, in the full comfort of a man who had done his work, took a look above and about him, as if the weather were a more important matter than their position on Silver Pit. "A fine night this 'll be, a rare night, Francis. Eh,

Jarge? Oh, aye—how far frae Spurn noo? Aw'm not saying, but what care I how far we be? That's the business o' Frankie, an' what Frankie says will de me. If Frank says five an' eighty, then five an' eighty let be. Frankie knows, don't ee, Auld Frank?"

"'Tis quick settled," answered the skipper. "'Ere be a steam trawler coomin'—hail yan, Jarje."

"Aye, an' I will," said Jarje, "but yan looks t' be comin' frae th' sooth."

"Ben workin' t' th' sooth'ard—ma' be to Markham's Hole, or Leman's, an' foond fishin' poor. But he no drags trawl like ane of oor lads, think 'ee, Jim?"

"Yan will be a Dootchman," observed Jim, who had the eyes of the smack.

"Aye, na doot, na doot," said the skipper; "but what kind of a Dootchman?"

"Belgian-like—oot o' Ostende."

"Ma'be, ma'be, but hail, Jarje, hail. Thou hast th' lungs for it."

"What-ho!" roared George.

A voice answered back, something or other, but we could not make out what it was.

George hailed again, this time even more robustly.

"O-ho-o, aboard th' steamer—O-ho-o," and added, in his natural voice: "An' what a roosty lad. No Belgian yan—Belgians be clean like. What did 'ee mak o' it, Jim?"

"Aw made nowt o' it, George. Hail 'im yince again."

Though the crew of the steamer crowded to the rail and were plainly shouting something at us, we could not distinguish their words.

"She's number owt, fower, sox, an' sox again on bow, but th' name's ower roosty on 'er t' mak oot. She'll be a Dootchman certain," said Jim.

"Aye," said the skipper, "but what kind of a Dootchman?" He turned to the passenger, "Will 'ee speak t' him? Na'be th' knows soom foreign speech to try on 'im."

"Get oor bearin's oot o' him, if tha can," added George.

The passenger tried hard to remember the fitting French phrase, and when he thought he had it pat hurled it at the stranger.

But no answer—that is, no intelligible answer.



The Venus did not bury herself, but she went part way.

He volleyed it again, but still no results. "What would 'ee call that?" asked the skipper, while the passenger was drawing breath.

"French I meant it for, French."

"Aye, aw thought like, didna thee Jim?"

"Aye, soounded ower like fine French, that, Francis."

"Can tha hail in Dootch—aw mean in the Dootch like they speaks oot o' Hamburg?"

From out of the depths of a long-neglected vocabulary the passenger evolved a sentence or two and carefully articulated the same for the benefit of the drifting stranger. Nothing came of it, and he repeated, this time thickening his voice to what he estimated was fine German measure. Still nothing came of it, and as once again nothing came of it he gave it up. "Maybe he's a Dutchman," he said in despair.

"Oh, aye," said Auld Skipper, "so us

ben sayin', but what kind of a Dootchman? Hooever, let un be for a obstinate fowreigner. Dom all fowreigners, say I, if so be they canna speak nowt but their own queer speech. What do thee say, Jim?"

"Aye, ignorant chaps, Francis, most ignorant chaps, though some aw've met war fine chaps, too. But let un gae, yan's a lad frae th' west'ard. He'll be out o' Hull, this chap—Blue Cross line by th' looks. Hail yan, Jarje, an' tha'll soon know where we be."

"Aw'll hail," said George, "an' if he's Hull craft yan, us'll get oor bearin's proper."

"Aye," said Jim, "yan'll know. Troost th' steam trawlers t' ha' things right."

"Aye," said George, "yan'll know. What ho!" he roared.

"What ho!" came back from the man in the wheel-house of the trawler.

"Thou'lt be oot o' Hull?" inquired George.



"Aye, from Hull."

"Gude," said George. "Then will tha gie us oor bearin's frae Spurn Lightship? Whar be we noo?"

"Aye, wait." The master of the trawler took a look at his compass and then stepped out by the bridge-rail and studied the log. "Noo," said George, in an aside to Jim and Auld Skipper, "noo, ye'll know."

"We've come east one quarter north and——" The master of the steamer took another look at the log.

"East an' quowter nowthe," repeated George, "that doon't soond right——"

"And eighty-three miles," completed the steamer's master.

"What did tha say?" exclaimed George.

He on the steamer took another look at his log. "Eighty-three miles."

"Hoo mooch?" screamed incredulous George.

"Eight-y three-ee mi-i-les—eight-t-ty thr-r-ee-ee mi-i-les."

"Eight-t-ty thr-r-ee-ee mi-i-i-le," roared George after him—"eight-t-ty thr-r-ee-ee mi-i-i-le," he mimicked. "Gae t' th' de'il wi' thee, will 'ee? Tha talks like th' Dootchman."

It was not often that Jim laughed aloud, but now he burst into a great roar and fell back into the hold with weakness. "Eight-t-ty thr-r-ee-ee mi-i-i-le—gae t' th' de'il wi' thee, will 'ee—ho-ho—" roared Jim. "Thou'rt still th' stongest aboard ship on relegation, but if thou'll but leave th' management o' th' smack t' Auld Frank thy hope o' Heaven 'll be even as gude as 'tis noo, an' th' missis ma'be no so certain t' die a widdy."

"Aw see no great deefERENCE whether it be five an' seventy or three an' eighty mile arter all, James." The big man was pouting.

"Nor whither it be west an' quowter sooth gaein' hame or west an' half sooth. Ma'be no. But if so be it was winter noo an' thick snaw an' gale frae th' nowthe or east—lee shore an' sma' deefERENCE twixt land an' snaw-clouds—it might mean summat t' th' rest o' us whether we made th' mooth o' th' Humber or some o' th' shoal spots along Linco'shire shore—Sand Haile flats or th' like. An' if——"

"Jim, Auld Jim," broke in the skipper, "never thee mind—no more o' it. Jarje knows th' Nowthe Sea as well as ever do ony o' us. All o' us gaes a bit wrang an oor reck'nin' some time. But we'll p'int auld Venus t' west'ard noo. Billie, lad, tak tiller an' lay her west an' quowter sooth—an' put th' log oot. Jarje will tak thy place at eight o'clock. We'll go below noo an' hae bit t' eat."

"An' set th' clock to rights, fayther," said Bill.

"Aye, an' set th' clock to rights—aw most forgot th' clock."

The clock that needed setting to rights was a new thing, whose eccentricities they had not yet gauged. It hung above the fireplace at the farther end of the cabin, facing aft. It seemed that whenever the crew happened to think of it, and this would seem to be when leaving port or leaving the grounds, they would attend to the clock. Lately the clock had been given to gaining time.

"There'll be sox marks coomin' to it, fayther," said young Howie. "Th' marnin' we coomed oot aw looked on whiles Jarje set un. Six marks—twa marks a day for three days, an' there be three days coomin' to it by marnin' again. See, fayther."

"Gie ower wi' tha lang fingers an' aw'll put to rights. Sox marks tha said t' put un, Jarje? Aye. An' did tha put t' south'ard or nowth'ard th' other time, Jarje?"

"Other day?—to nowth'ard, Francis."

"Aye, fayther. Aw war by when Jarje set to rights."

"Hauld tha tongue—thou'rt confusin'. Noo, sox marks for three days garn an' sox marks for three days t' coom—twa days a'ready coom an' day by marnin'. Half oor for th' ane three days an' half oor for th' ither three days—ane oor all towld."

Auld Skipper carefully guided the long hand around, while Howie stood looking over his shoulder. Both gave the impression of men who were settling the destinies of nations.

"Oh, aye—ho, Jarje," the skipper stepped back in surprise. "It'll be eight o'clock an' thy watch a'ready. Dom, but it's comical clock—see un, Jarje—see un, Jim—eight o'clock a'ready, see un, Jarje!"

"Ha!" breathed George, and staring. "Ha!" He had been pouring out tea for himself, while the skipper and Howie had been busy with the clock, and he was blowing into his mug to cool it when Auld Skipper surprised him with the announcement of the sudden advance in time. "What? What did th' say, Francis?"

"Aw said, 'Eight o'clock.' 'Tis thy witch as agreed on—eight o'clock. An' Howie lad, tell Bill to wait a bit, and he'll eat sooper below—Jarje will be oop i' short time to tak th' tiller."

"Eight o'clock!" George set his mug of tea on the locker, and arose like a man that had been etherized. "Eight o'clock! an' when us coomed doon only quowter t' se'en! Nae, nae, Francis—there's mistake."

"Hoo can there be mistak? There's clock an' there's th' oor o' eight on it."

"Eight o'clock! Art certain?" George stooped over and had a look for himself. "Eight o'clock—why, so 'tis. Eight o'clock! Most surprisin' that, ar'n't it, Jim? On'y quowter t' se'en when us coomed down. Aw looked an' said—mind, Jim?—quowter t' se'en, oor an' quowter afore us cooms watch—plenty time for sooper an' gude smook. Ar'n't so, Jim?"

"Aye, Jarje—heard 'ee masel'. 'Quowter t' se'en,' tha said, though 'twas wee bit beyant th' quowter."

"Ma'be, but verra little. An' not ten minutes back that. An' noo, an' noo, eight o'clock."

"Aye," said Jim, "most comical that."

George held his breath and eyed the clock fixedly. All at once he gave a little leap that caused his head to hit the roof of the cabin.

"Dom! Look 'ere, Francis. What direction did tha say tha put tha lang hand—to nowth'ard or soothard?"

"Nowth'ard—let be noo, oh aye, to nowth'ard."

"Aye, fayther, to nowth'ard—aw see'd 'ee."

"'Tar'n't right—'tar'n't right!"

"'Tar'n't right? An' why 'tar'n't right, Jarje?"

"Should be t' sooth'ard."

"T' sooth'ard? An' thou hasel' said t' put t' nowth'ard. An' Howie lookin' at 'ee when th' set un afore."

"Aye, fayther."

"Oh, aye, Francis, but th' Venus war gaein' t' east'ard then, Auld Venus gaein' t' west'ard noo."

The skipper braced himself on his sturdy legs while the principle of that filtered through his brain. Once he got the idea settled he quickly made amends. "Oh, aye, Jarje, th'art right. Aw'll set t' right." He put the hands back to seven o'clock. "Twelve marks noo—ma sowl, sox o'clock. Aw'll tell Billie."

He called up the companion-way. "Oh, Billie, thou'rt not t' coom doon for two oors yet. Clock gaes th' other way, t' sooth'ard, but aw'll send 'ee oop mug o' hot tea—iss." Then he turned on the young lad. "Howie, thou young de'il, why didna mind t' say we war gaein' t' east'ard when Jarje set clock last time? Here, noo, tak tha brother oop mug o' tea."

"Aye," said George, "tak th' puir lad mug o' hot tea. 'Tis rare gude, is hot tea—but gaes better in cabin, doon't it, Jim?"

"Aye," answered Jim, "'tis verra discompoosin' t' tak tea when tha can no tak it in coomfort—gude tea this, Jarje."

"Aye, Jim, gran'. But if aw didna oonderstand th' engineerin' o' th' clock, 'twouldna taste so fine—nae."

"Nae indeed, Jarje. But it's comical clock—yan."

It was a fine sort of a fresh summer's night when George took the tiller for his three hours' watch. "She'll be daein' sox knots or mair for hersel' aw'm thinkin'," was the comment that followed his first glance over the side and stern. After some thoughtful gazing above and about him he filled and lit his pipe. He shifted from one hip to the other before he thought to bring over two bait-boxes, pile them beside the tiller, and sit himself at ease. "She do steer gentle like—the auld Venus—in a breeze o' this kind. But in a blaw, lad—she's aye wuss nor ony steamboat—aye." He puffed out clouds of smoke and tried to watch the wind whisk them off. It was a fine June night, not too cool for comfort, with a smooth sea and steady breeze.

George was too good a seaman to sit there long and not take notice of how the ship was working. His was a brain that

could busy itself with details. "Half p'int nearer wind 'll be better. West quowter soothe, nae—but west quowther nowthe, iss." A scrutinizing glance forward and the matter of sheets at once claimed his attention. "Mun haul in sheets, lad. Francis is aye ower loose wi' sheets—he's ower loose in mony things, wi' his money an' his baccy an' his ale—aye, a free man is Francis. 'Tis caractereestic o' Francis t' be free, as tha mae ha' noticed ma'be, an' he do love t' sail wi' a free sheet—iss. Aw mun tak in sheet. Main and mizzen sheets haul in. Jib an' fore let be so."

There was some further commune with the stillness of the night, a comment or two of the sea rippling past her rail, a remark on the eddies in her wake, another on the tug of the halliards aloft, and George came back to where he had left off.

"It be caractereestic o' Francis, as aw might say—free sheets. Aw was yince a wild young blade like Francis ma'sel'—iss. Aw'd drink an' crack on awfu'—iss. Five pund, aye an' five guineas for suit o' clothes—jist coat an' waistcoast an' troosers—oh, th' bonny troosers aw had yince—five guineas like awny steam trawler master noo-a-days for suit o' clothes. But then aw got releegion an' marrit—t'gither, doon't allus gae t'gither, nae—an' aw've ben anither kind o' mon sin—iss, a deefereent mon."

George, sitting on the bait-boxes beside the tiller, with one eye to the compass and the other to the sails, with now and then a glance to the heavens and the sea about him—George, sitting in great comfort so, with his pipe drawing nicely, worked clear of the tempestuous days of his heedless youth and drifted gently to the quieter, happier days of his thoughtful manhood. As he became even more self-forgotten of the present, memories of home stirred him to expressions of unwonted sentiment. There was the wife. 'Twas she who knitted him the fine guernseys and the fine underwear. "Feel th' texture o' it, lad. Eleven bob for th' yarn by itsel'—th' couldna get ane like that in th' shop for pund an' ten—nae. An' this, lad—feel—" George rolled up his sleeve and the passenger pinched the fore-arm and side-ribs for the complete proof of

the excellence of the goods. "An' allus ready again ma return. An' how her do look arter th' bairns, lad! On Soondays when aw'm t' hame—awn't ben hame for two trips noo, but, please Lord, aw'll be hame this night fortnight—on Soondays when we strolls int' th' coontry wi' th' bairns, th' misses an' misel'—it's gran', lad, jist gran'. There's th' hedges by th' roadside, th' medders, th' coos, th' hills wi' th' sun on 'em, th' little brooks—thou couldst no imagine it, lad—an' th' smell o' it all—aye, but it's rare—rare, lad—an' coomin' hame i' th' evenin' wi' th' church bells—thou mun ha' church bells in thy place? Aye, ar'n't it gran' on a Soonday evenin'? Ah-h, an' this verra moment they'll be chimin' in oor place. Lad, if so be 'twas ma smack do th' suspect what aw'd dae? Aw'd put 'er straight for hame? Aye, nor'west by west would mak it—could jist hauld her oop to it wi' wind this way. An' t'morry night at latest aw'd be hame wi' th' missis an' th' bairns playin' by th' door. Oh, lad, lad, but there's nowt else like that—th' bairns playin', wi' th' misses by th' door on a Soonday evenin' an' climbin' all ower me an' pullin' th' beard o' me, an' me smokin' a pipeful on th' neighbor's stoop ower th' way. Look at yan noo—th' moon ahead—see un ower th' jib when Venus dips. What think th' bairns say aboot the moon? Missis towld 'em yince, puir bairns, an' they never forget—nae. 'Whatever becooms o' th' moon when us sees nowt o' it—when it gaes awa', mither?' An' missis says, 'They cuts it into little stars, shinie stars'—aye, th' missis tells 'em, an' th' bairns believes, the puir, puir bairns. Same moon yan. Soonday night this, lad, an' ma'be her's tellin' summat like it noo—this verra minute. Ma'be she's tellin' them how fayther's oot on Dogger fishin' for them. Aye, fishin' for th' bairns an' missis. 'Tis that haulds us here in gale an' cauld—th' bairns an' missis. Lad, lad, th' black nights aw've feared for them. Last Octowber 'twas when three an' thirty men o' Fylie never coomed hame, an' was acquainted wi' mair than th' half o' them masel—three an' thirty men o' Fylie gone to the bottom in a single gale. Francis an' Auld Jim—ah, but they be twa gran' hands when it cooms to blaw for all their free



ways ashore. 'Th' three on us an' twa men o'wisby were on Dogger that night, an' for three nights arter. Lad, lad, th' win' an' sea—'twas frightful, fair frightful. Na dry bread nor hot tea did us see for fower days an' fower nights—nae. Wet, clothes, wet cabin, aye, an' oor beds in oor verra bunks wet—an' three an' thirty men, gude men oot o' Fylie, garn, they towld us when we coomed hame. Aw tell 'ee, lad, on a night like this, when it be all so fine an' starry an' fine moon, men shouldna forget th' bad nights—noo, mun allus be ready. There's no sayin' when oor time'll coom—nae mon can say."

When Auld Jim came on deck at eleven o'clock, to take the tiller from George, his first move was to kick the bait-boxes to one side, and his next, after taking an extra long look at the compass, was to put the smack on her original course. "West an' quowter nowthe—nae," said Jim. "That will be some o' Jarge's savin' notions. But 'west an' quowter su'the,' as Francis said. A gude man is Jarge, but he's savin' an' all for the family an' misis. Tauld 'ee t' get marrit, didna 'ee? Aye, get marrit. An' arter that? Did 'ee promise 'ee owt then? Aw've never been marrit, an' ma' be aw shouldna say owt, but Francis ben marrit, an' what do Francis say? Francis says, 'Jim, Auld Jim, it's na bad bein' marrit—get marrit if th' feels that way—but mind this,' Francis says, 'mind this, Auld Jim, thou'll never agen hae th' oon way.' There's what Auld Frank says."

"And what does he say about religion?"

"'He says nowt about releegion. Francis, aw'm thinkin', never experienced releegion lang enou t' be able t' say owt aboot it. Ae verra joost man is Frankie, an' so he says nowt aboot releegion."

Jim whistled to leeward when he found himself alone, and followed that up with an attempt at a song. As his sense of rhythm was a more tenacious thing than his memory for words, he got out for a long time nothing more definite than a string of those too-roo-roo things of which all men of the sea seem to be so fond. But later on, when he was alone, or, rather, when he thought he was alone—the passenger being under the shadow of the mainsail—Jim did sing a few old airs with

words sufficient to entitle them to be called ballads.

One must imagine him—one hand to the carved rope's-end of the tiller, and one hand up under the breast of his guernsey, stamping his boot-heels and bobbing his sou'-wester in emphasis—a short, sturdy figure of a man, holding the Venus to her westerly course across the North Sea, and striving to lighten the solemn hours with the songs that eased his heart.

Aw kissed ma lass an' aw said Good-by,  
Aw kissed her fair—"Good-by—good-by."  
An' says, "Sweetheart, aw'm garn awye."  
Aw says to her, "Good-by—good-by."

On ma breast she cried, while aw hove-to,  
"Whatever," says she, "is a lass to do  
When her lad's awye? Aw've nowt but 'oo,  
An' aw've nae ither lad but 'oo."

An' she sets out again to cry,  
An' aw starts again to kiss good-by.  
"Good-by, good-by, an' mind 'ee, sweet,  
While aw'm awye wi' tha Nowthe Sea fleet."  
An' aw kissed ma lass, a Filie lass,  
Aw kissed ma lass a sweet good-by.

The moon was coming and going behind little clumps of clouds that were hurrying south; the cross-sea was slapping cool little splashes of spray aboard the smack; down to leeward a dipping red light, and up to windward a green one, told of two other craft, fishermen doubtless, bound to the west'ard. Those were the only two lights of this earth in sight, and below in our cabin all were sleeping soundly. A vast auditorium, but a slim attendance. However, that probably mattered little to Auld Jim, and on he sang until he suspected it was two o'clock and time to arouse Auld Skipper.

"An' thou'd dae well t' put on th' oil-smock, Francis," was Jim's advice to the skipper when he had got him out on the locker. "It be coomin' to breeze. Wind in plenty afore auld Venus butts her nose past Spurn. It be a-whistlin' a'ready."

Auld Skipper, before his shoulders were yet above the companion-way, took a whiff and a long look. "Aye, Jim, thou'rt right. Fresh, ar'n't it. Fine an' fresh. But get 'ee below, Jim, an' hae mug o' tea arter thy watch an' a bit o' sleep agen th' day t' coom. An' thou, too, lad, get 'ee below an' hae mug o' fine tea wi' Jim—there be tea i' plenty below, plenty."

When the passenger came on deck

again he immediately became aware that the set of the main and mizzen sails had caught the skipper's eye.

"Ho, lad," he called, "did Jim hae owt t' do wi' sheets?"

"I didn't notice."

"Na? 'Twill be Jarje then. Aw shant ask thee, for aw knaws. Sma' deefereence 'twould mak t' Auld Jim. Sheets might be close as paint or free as th' sea for all Jim 'd care. It'll be Jarje—certain it'll be Jarje. Economical is Jarje—teetotaler an' likes well to sail close-hauled. Savin' o' th' wind an' Lord knaws there be a soofeciency o' that i' th' Nowthe Sea. Lord knaws—iss. But Jarje—there be no abidin' some o' Jarje's close-hauled notions. Will tha pay oot a bit mair o' th' main sheet, lad? Watch out, noo—it be no like thy American sails wi' boom to foot. Un will slat 'ee—watch oot. A bit mair—aye—gude—gude—mak fast. Aw'll put mizzen t' rights masel'. Thank 'ee, lad, thank 'ee, an' dom Jarje."

The rising wind was whistling gayly enough through her tops, but Auld Skipper himself was quiet as a man should be in the last darkness of the night. He stood beside the tiller, for what must have been a full half-hour after the matter of the sheets before he broke silence again, and that was a long spell for the skipper. However, the glory of a colorful dawn, with the golden beauty of one particular shaft that came over our taffrail, stirred him to speech again. "Fine sun astarn, ar'n't it, lad? Rare red, ar'nt it?—iss—red like th' fire i' th' cabin grate on a cauld night. But sky'll be clearer, aye, clear's awny summer sky owt t' be—plenty o' wind, but glor'ous, glor'ous. Fine breeze an' we be gaein' noo. Tak i' log, will 'ee lad, an' see what says?"

The passenger coiled it in and announced results—"Forty-five miles."

"Fowerty-five—five an' fowerty. That will mak it—let be noo—that will mak it eight an' thirty miles to Spurn. Look 'ee, lad. Coomin' doon th' Humber tha smiled t' thysel'—oh, aw saw thee—when aw said Auld Venus yince made eleven knowts. It be arter three o'clock noo—five minutes arter—mak note o' it. Eight an' thirty knowts to gae. Put on Jarje's great coat an' th' ither pair o' great boots an' watch Auld Venus sail t' Grimsby.

She's rowlin' proper noo, is Auld Venus. But what's yan ahead? Steam trawler boond oot, an' aw think aw knaw who she be. She'll be coomin' cloose. Aye, she'll be speakin' us. Aw knaws her noo. The Turtle—aye—wi' little Johnnie Byers master. Johnnie waur yince apprentice wi' me same's Bill an' Howie be noo. Would get his fifteen shillin' a week then wi' twa lines in every thirty for himsel'. But noo—master o' fine steam trawler noo. A gude lad, Johnnie—allus waur. Look noo!—see un gie ower th' wheel an' coom oot on bridge t' speak. Can tha mak un oot? Aye, that be Johnnie."

"What ho, Old Skipper," called a voice from the bridge that was beginning to loom above us.

"What ho?" returned Auld Skipper, "that 'ee, Johnnie? Hoo art thee?"

"Fine."

"Tha looks it. Where noo?"

"Oh, out to the east'ard here somewhere—cod."

"Aye—good luck t' thee, Johnnie lad."

"An' good luck to you, Old Skipper. Here's for you." Something came scaling down from the trawler's bridge as she went ploughing by.

"That's Johnnie—fine lad that," said Auld Skipper, gazing after the steamer. "Allus heaves soomthing aboard when gaein' by. Go for'ard, lad, an' see what it be."

The passenger picked a herring out from under the cobble and held it up.

"Oh, aye," chuckled the skipper, "herrin'. That be th' style o' Johnnie. Soometimes it be a lump o' coal."

The red dawn was beginning to give way now to what promised to be a perfect morning of its kind. It was blowing half a gale of wind, not cold and disagreeable wind, but wind that warmed a man's cheek, wind that vitalized, that made a man's blood race with the sea, that made man feel that he ought to be doing something—to be jumping about, shouldering somebody, or like the skipper at the tiller, holding her up and taking, on boots, oil-smock and sou'-wester, and full in the beard, the rain bowed acres of spray over the rail, and talking joyously all the while.

"Sox an' twenty boxes o' whitin's an' ten boxes o' 'addocks i' th' hold. Twa an' twenty shillin's for th' whitin's an' a



fair price for th' 'addocks, ma'be—ma'be no. But say seventeen bob—tho' scandalous low price that be. But at seventeen shillin' 'twill be gude v'yage, lad, a gude v'yage. An' a score o' fine cod. Did tha see th' cod on ice, lad? Gran' cod, aye. An' there be sole an' plaice an' th' miscellan'ous—most anither box. Oh, all t'gither we'll hae gran' v'yage o' it—gran' v'yage. There'll be summat gude t' send hame to missis arter this v'yage—aye."

So Auld Skipper, in his optimistic way, anticipated the profits, as he stood to the tiller, drenched, and watched the Venus, which from the length of her bowsprit and from knight-head to taffrail, throughout every inch of her length and breadth—was soaking in brine. It was shining in little pools in every hollow of her worn and tarred planks, and it was running off the elevations—the combings, the rails, and the companion-way. The foot of her mainsail was heavy with it, and in the bottom of the cobbles a man could have gone wading. She herself enjoyed it, and any high-shouldered, white-collared, pale green gentleman that cared to try could come aboard and welcome. But none stayed long. They may have reckoned her an ancient lady, and, truly speaking, she was, but goodness—. She had known in her time some North Sea gentlemen that were really able and a credit to their birthplace, but these summer youth—poof!

"Think 'ee th' mermaids we hears of gaes on like th' auld Venus—divin' like an' rowlin' ower i' th' sea?" queried the skipper. "She do rowl, doont she?" He himself, minding it no more than if he were a can buoy, kept sawing away at the tiller. When he saw a sea coming, he would duck his head and take it on his sou'wester if it were a small one, or turn a shoulder and take it on his back if it were a big fellow. When he was too late, and he got it fair in the face, he would laugh and shake his head. "A bit mair or less, it be a sma' matter."

Approaching Spurn Light-ship the skipper called out to the passenger, "Tak in log noo an' see what says."

The passenger hauled it in and read: "Eighty-two, a little better than eighty-two."

"What say—eighty-two? Twa an' eighty? There noo—what did aw say? That be se'en an' thirty mile sin' tha hauled in afore, ar'n't it? An' hoo many oors? Call below for time. What say? Ten to se'en. Ten to se'en—let be noo—three oors an' three quowters for th' se'en an' thirty mile. What be that i' th' oor? Nine an' three-quowters knowts?—nine an' three-quowter gude? Aye, an' noo what think 'ee o' th' auld Venus?"

The passenger admitted that she wasn't so very slow.

"Aye, she do gae summat. This wind suits her rare. An' ar'n't she the de'il for carryin' canvas?—booth tops'ls noo. Her's rowlin' summat, but her's hauldin' on t' it. Thee war tellin' th' ither day about th' Glowster vessils in 'Merica—think 'ee noo they'd lug canvas like auld Venus—two tops'ls?"

"What do tha say—what? Not oonly hae booth tops'ls but th' great stays'l they sets aloft an' great balloon—flyin' jib like? An' mair if they had un in sail-room? I' breeze like this? I' breeze like this, lad?"

The passenger gravely affirmed it.

"Stays'l aloft an' tops'ls an' balloon!" repeated the skipper. "Ma sowl! An' aw had mind a moment garn to tak in oor oon twa tops'ls. Aye. But sha'n't noo—nae—they twa stays oop if so be th' Auld Venus bury hersel'—iss."

The Venus did not bury herself, but she went part way. The pale-green, white-collared gentlemen began to find a way to come aboard. The old smack would have avoided some of them, and of her own accord, doubtless, but now the skipper held her to it relentlessly.

Closing in on the Bull Sand Light-ship, which lay stern-on to the channel, the passenger asked, "How close, skipper, would you care to sail to that?"

"To th' Bull? Cloose enou' for thou, if tha'll stand at fore riggin', to twist th' tail of un."

"For a crown?"

"For twenty croons."

"For a crown." The passenger, grasping a ratline with his right hand, leaned out and prepared to swoop with the cap in his left hand. "Ready, skipper?"

"A' ready."

"Now!"



"Noo!" The passenger saw himself sweeping down on the taffrail of the light-ship. "I don't want to go aboard, skipper, you know."

"Nae fear—hauld tight." The Venus lifted and dove, the passenger swayed and lunged. His cap just touched the varnish on the stern of the Bull.

"Hoo close, lad?"

"Plenty close—your crown."

"Gude for 'ee, Francis, gude for 'ee—" Jim had come on deck—"us'll ha' soom rare ale oot o' that croon."

In that fashion did Auld Jim drive the mouth of the Humber and up the broad river to Grimsby. From Bull, north-north-west, as close as she would sail, with Bull sands safe to leeward, and then west by north, except for one short leg on the port tack to clear a spit of sand to the north of Clee Ness sands. After that it was straight and fast as she could go for the hydraulic tower beyond the outer gate of Grimsby's docks. Four lengths away and down came our lug topsails and in came our jib.

The old barnacles were there on the pier-head as the skipper shot her in. "What cheer, Old Skipper?" came the salutation.

"What cheer, Tammie, what cheer?"

"Had good trip?"

"Middlin', Tammie, middlin'."

"That's good. I'll see you on the pontoon, maybe, later."

"Aye, Tammie, coom around arter fish be sold."

The skipper was scraping her along the pier toward the gate. At the same place where in going out we had given up a ticket, another silver-buttoned man called out, "Any sick?"

"Na sick."

The skipper had eyes out for a man in authority on the pontoon. "You'll tie up alongside that near trawler yonder—the Drake," said this man.

"Aye." The smack was steered gently until she rubbed her low, tarred planks against the high, varnished sides of the Drake. A drowsy loafer, smoking a pipe, made a bungling job of catching our line, but Jim made a long leap from her bow and slipped the loop of the line over a cleat on the pontoon, before she had time to drop away.

"All well—mak fast," said Jim.

"Fast she be," said George.

Auld Skipper let go the tiller, removed his sou'-wester, squeezed the brine out of his whiskers, and smiled, though somewhat wearily. "To port again—th' auld Venus—an' thank th' Lord."

## A FIGHT WITH A MUSKALLONGE

By John R. Rathom

ILLUSTRATION BY A. B. FROST

THE dictionaries give twenty-three ways of spelling the word "muskallonge," but there's only one way to fight him and only one particular, peculiar kind of heart-palpitation that he gives the fisherman who catches him napping. For what the leaping tuna is to the Pacific Coast and the tarpon to Florida, is the muskallonge to the lakes of the great Northwest.

To begin with, call him by the familiar term with which sportsmen have come to know and revere him—the "musky." The very word tells of his standing as the greatest game fish in American waters, for he is the only one of them that has had

his name so affectionately abbreviated. You can hear a devotee of the sport talk about the pugnacious bass, the trout, or the pike in matter-of-fact manner; but, if he knows the game and loves it, his voice takes on a different tone when he speaks of the musky.

Fishing trips are very much like love-affairs in one way: they say a man can only have one grand affair of the heart; to catch one's twentieth or thirtieth big musky is sport, sublime and bracing sport, too, but to catch one's first—well, I'll make a feeble effort to put the thing into words.

You have cut loose from all the reminders of a base and barren workaday world, and are being rowed over your chosen fishing-ground by a trusty and well-recommended guide. This human product of the city man's desire for sport generally sits ahead with one eye closed. The other is focussed perpetually on the back of your head in the attempt to hypnotize you into the belief that he carries on a private correspondence daily with every big musky in the lake, and knows the exact spots where they are waiting for you. He has already modestly informed you that "those waters" or "them waters" or "those places yonder acrost" are to him an open book, and that the only guide in North America worthy of the name "ain't no thousand miles out of this boat, sir, if I do say it meself."

He takes you at a moderate speed round the lake, skirting the edges of the weed-beds near shore, and circling others that spring up like islands in the middle of the beautiful sheet of water. Out between fifty and eighty feet behind you stretches your line, and back of it runs a fast twirling spoon with a bare gang of hooks or a minnow attached. The vibrations of the brilliant piece of revolving metal send a steady shiver down through your steel rod and into the very tips of your fingers, not only signalling "all clear below," but sounding a perpetual warning to you to be ready and on your guard. If you happen to be a stock-broker back in town you'll probably liken it to the sensation of standing with a ticker tape in your hand and waiting for the next move at the other end of the machine.

Steady! A swift tug at the line. If you are experienced at the game you simply smother an exclamation with a cough and begin to reel in slowly like a man who has a painful duty to perform, for you know that your hooks have picked up a sizable string of water vegetation. But if you're a novice your heart goes into your mouth, you frantically shove your rod up to set the points, and begin to take in line at a mile-a-minute pace, fully believing that the record fish of the season has fallen a victim to your cunning.

The omniscient guide, however, knows better before you have been at it a second. He glances at the hang of the silken

thread as it runs down over the stern, and says, in a patronizing way (it takes him about a minute after you get into the boat to find out whether you are an expert or a beginner): "Take yer time. It's weeds."

"Holy Jehoshaphat! How can you tell it's weeds without the rod in your hands?" gasps the wondering novice.

"Enstinct," he answers, with a pitying smile. "Enstinct, I guess. Why, mister, if I didn't know them things like A, B, C I'd give up this business to-morrer. It's born in us fellers."

Two minutes, five minutes, ten, and fifteen minutes go by and you are still stooping motionless. You couldn't stay in the same position so long under other circumstances, even if it meant the winning of a heavy wager. The guide's quiet and continuous chatter only filters through your subconsciousness, for most of your thoughts lie with that whirling spoon. You note in the same half-unheeding manner that another day has broken. The morning sun begins to peep over the horizon and sends a glorious rosy light across the great pine forests that cluster down to the edge of the lake. The blue-black water changes its shade here and there, lit up by golden beams and little tints of gray. The drops that hang like dew from the swishing silken cord—

Stop! A savage tug, a twist, a sudden slackening of the line, and then sixty feet away a glistening, beautiful thing shoots straight as an arrow up from below into the air, twists himself frantically in his effort to throw his body off the hooks, and plunges again like a flash into the depths of the lake.

They might as well tell you not to breathe as not to get excited at such a moment. But keep your senses as clear as you may. With a sweep of the oars the guide brings you broadside on to the battle, and keeps you in that position as closely as he can all through the fight.

"Take in your slack." This is the warning that rings in your ears. Unless you heed it you might as well give up all hope of victory, for once let him get enough loose play for a successful jerk and he will spit the hooks out of his mouth as if they were straws. Down at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees stands your line, as taut as a bar of iron, and the

depth tells you that he is as big as he is game. The top sections of the rod in your hand bend gracefully like a whip, and sway so rapidly with every motion of the fish that they seem to have become part of his own body.

For a moment or two all is strangely still. Then, as the musky deliberately runs up the line to steal the slack he cannot get in any other way, you watch the top of the rod jump back into place, and your heart sinks as you see what appears to be certain evidence that he is off and away. "I've lost him," you say to the guide in a pathetic tone. Almost before the words are out of your mouth the oarsman, half way as excited as yourself, but trying hard to appear indifferent, shouts :

"Pick up your slack, quick ; fer the love of me wild oats, pick up yer slack. He's there yet."

In confirmation comes another swift dash for liberty that almost throws the rod out of your trembling hands, and once again the steel tip bends till it almost touches the water. Tug, dive, spurt, rush ; this way, that way, up and down he plunges. Inch by inch, between every gallant effort he makes, you turn your reel, bringing in the dripping line and holding on like grim death to every foot as it comes over.

Suddenly there is that strange, silent easing up once more, but this time you remember your lesson and take advantage of it. Then you begin to breathe again in the belief that the fight is almost over and your cramped wrists and fingers are about to get a well-earned respite. Over? The ridiculous idea is knocked out of your head with another smashing leap that takes him a foot out of the lake and shows him

to you in the flooding sunshine only thirty feet away. Provided you don't drop the rod out of your hands in admiration at the sight, you have a fighting chance. So has he.

"Careful," says the guide, in a trembling whisper. "If that feller's a ounce he's a twenty-pounder. Hold him there a minute. Keep stiddy. I'll head into deep water."

Once, twice, three times your rod dips into the lake, and still the strain never eases, still that swift running creature below keeps up his plucky struggle. You feel the drops of sweat on your forehead, though the early morning air is as cool as the breath from some snow-clad mountain. Gradually he weakens, and you know that, barring accidents, you have won. Up, closer and closer, you draw him along till at last he floats there within a foot of your boat.

No eyes so wicked as a musky's. They glare up at you like an angry dog's, seeming to watch every motion you make. Be careful. Here it comes—his final despairing leap for liberty. As he makes it his powerful tail sweeps against the stern and deluges you with water. But the hooks hold, and once more, for the last time, you draw him again to where the guide waits with a revolver in his hand. A shot back of those glittering eyes, a shiver down the whole length of him, a swift jerk into the bottom of the boat with the gaff-hook—and you lie back in an ecstasy of exhaustion.

Then the guide, in order to impress you with the idea that he is about ninety-eight per cent. responsible for the victory, says, in a dreamy tone :

"I knew we'd get that feller if we went over a certain spot."

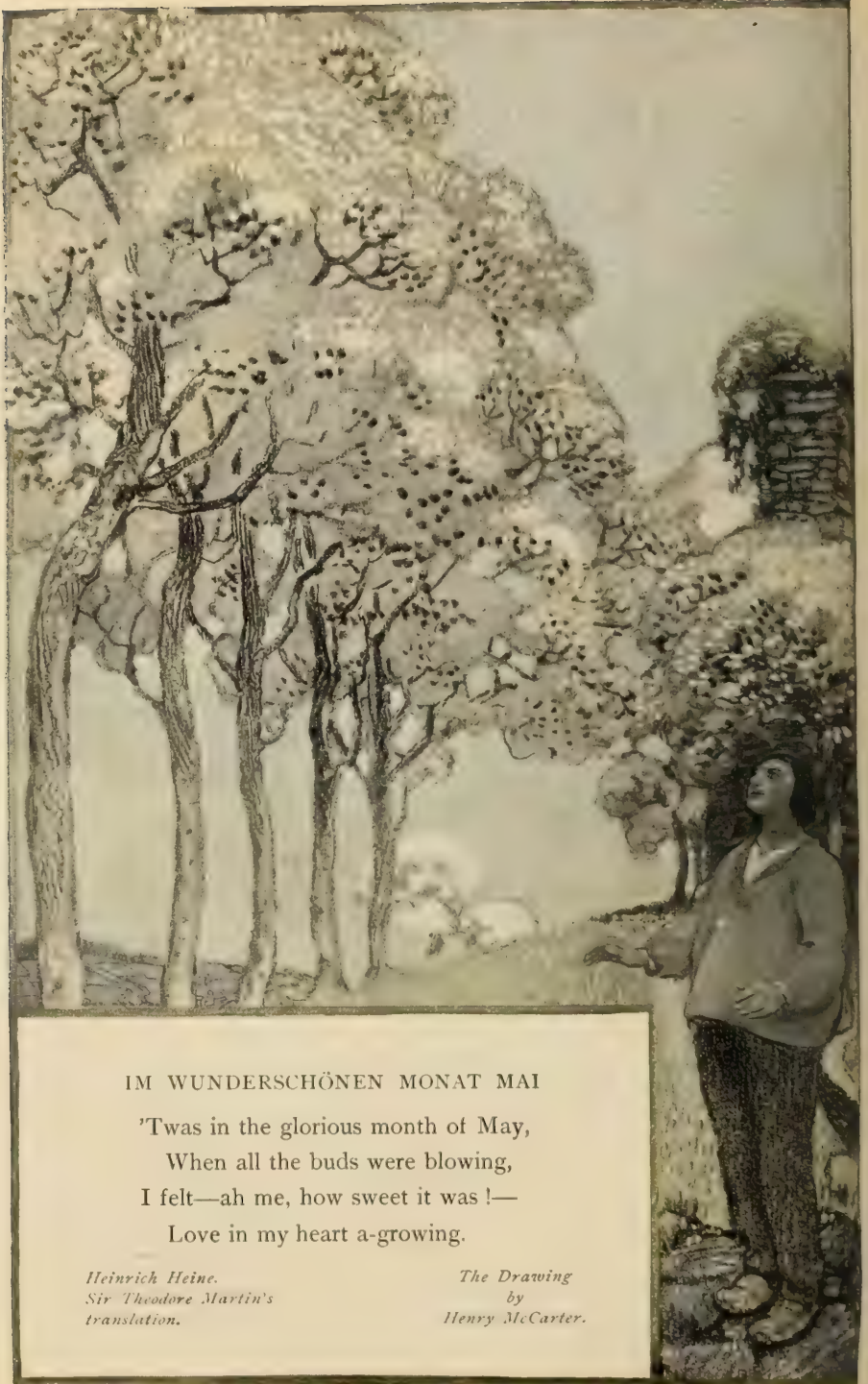






*Dragon by A. B. Frost.*

Another smashing leap that takes him a foot out of the lake.—Page 556.



IM WUNDERSCHÖNEN MONAT MAI

'Twas in the glorious month of May,  
When all the buds were blowing,  
I felt—ah me, how sweet it was !—  
Love in my heart a-growing.

*Heinrich Heine.  
Sir Theodore Martin's  
translation.*

*The Drawing  
by  
Henry McCarter.*









*Prison by Walter Appleton Cook.*

I was sure life in Sagna la Grande would always suit me. Page 326.

# CAPTAIN MACKLIN

## HIS MEMOIRS

### BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

#### II

S. S. PANAMA.  
OFF COAST OF HONDURAS.

To one who never before had travelled farther than is Dobbs Ferry from Philadelphia, my journey south to New Orleans was something in the way of an expedition, and I found it rich in incident and adventure. Everything was new and strange, but nothing was so strange as my own freedom. After three years of discipline, of going to bed by drum-call, of waking by drum-call, and obeying the orders of others, this new independence added a supreme flavor to all my pleasures. I took my journey very seriously, and I determined to make every little incident contribute to my better knowledge of the world. I rated the chance acquaintances of the smoking-car as aids to a clear understanding of mankind, and when at Washington I saw above the house-tops the marble dome of the Capitol I was thrilled to think that I was already so much richer in experience.

To me the States through which we passed spoke with but one meaning. I saw the country on either side of the train as the chess-board of the War of the Rebellion. I imagined the towns fortified and besieged, the hills topped with artillery, the forests alive with troops in ambush, and in my mind, on account of their strategic value to the enemy, I destroyed the bridges over which we passed. The passengers were only too willing to instruct a stranger in the historical values of their country. They pointed out to me where certain regiments had camped, where homesteads had been burned, and where real battles, not of my own imagining, but which had cost the lives of many men, had been lost and won. I found that to these chance acquaintances the events of which they spoke were as fresh after twenty years as though they

had occurred but yesterday, and they accepted my curiosity as only a natural interest in a still vital subject. I judged it advisable not to mention that General Hamilton was my grandfather. Instead I told them that I was the son of an officer who had died for the cause of secession. This was the first time I had ever missed an opportunity of boasting of my relationship to my distinguished grandparent, and I felt meanly conscious that I was in a way disloyal. But they were so genuinely pleased when they learned that my father had fought for the South, that I lacked the courage to tell them that while he was so engaged another relative of mine had driven one of their best generals through three States.

I am one who makes the most of what he sees, and even the simplest things filled me with delight; my first sight of cotton-fields, of tobacco growing in the leaf, were great moments to me; and that the men who guarded the negro convicts at work in the fields still clung to the uniform of gray, struck me as a fact of pathetic interest.

I was delayed in New Orleans for only one day. At the end of that time I secured passage on the steamer Panama. She was listed to sail for Aspinwall at nine o'clock the next morning, and to touch at ports along the Central American coast. While waiting for my steamer I mobilized my transport and supplies, and purchased such articles as I considered necessary for a rough campaign in a tropical climate. My purchases were extremely modest in number, but well selected. They consisted of a revolver, a money-belt, in which to carry my small fortune, which I had exchanged into gold double-eagles, a pair of field-glasses, a rubber blanket, a canteen, riding boots, and saddle-bags. I decided

that my uniform and saddle would be furnished me from the quartermaster's department of Garcia's army, for in my ignorance I supposed I was entering on a campaign conducted after the methods of European armies.

We left the levees of New Orleans early in the morning, and for the remainder of the day steamed slowly down the Mississippi River. I sat alone upon the deck watching the low, swampy banks slipping past us on either side, the gloomy cypress-trees heavy with gray moss, the abandoned cotton-gins and disused negro quarters. As I did so a feeling of homesickness and depression came upon me, and my disgraceful failure at the Point, the loss of my grandfather, and my desertion of Beatrice, for so it began to seem to me, filled me with a bitter melancholy.

The sun set the first day over great wastes of swamp, swamp-land, and pools of inky black, which stretched as far as the eye could reach; gloomy, silent, and barren of any form of life. It was a picture which held neither the freedom of the open sea nor the human element of the solid earth. It seemed to me as though the world must have looked so when darkness brooded over the face of the waters, and as I went to my berth that night I felt as though I were saying good-by forever to all that was dear to me—my country, my home, and the girl I loved.

I was awakened in the morning by a motion which I had never before experienced. I was being gently lifted and lowered and rolled to and fro as a hammock is rocked by the breeze. For some minutes I lay between sleep and waking, struggling back to consciousness, until with a sudden gasp of delight it came to me that at last I was at sea. I scrambled from my berth and pulled back the curtains of the air port. It was as though over night the ocean had crept up to my window. It stretched below me in great distances of a deep, beautiful blue. Tumbling waves were chasing each other over it, and millions of white caps glanced and flashed as they raced by me in the sun. It was my first real view of the ocean, and the restlessness of it and the freedom of it stirred me with a great happi-

ness. I drank in its beauty as eagerly as I filled my lungs with the keen salt air, and thanked God for both.

The three short days which followed were full of new and delightful surprises, some because it was all so strange and others because it was so exactly what I had hoped it would be. I had read many tales of the sea, but ships I knew only as they moved along the Hudson at the end of the towing-line. I had never felt one rise and fall beneath me, nor from the deck of one watched the sun sink into the water. I had never at night looked up at the great masts, and seen them swing, like a pendulum reversed, between me and the stars. The ship in itself fascinated and captivated me. When she dove forward, tossing the water back, I felt the same human sympathy for her as I would have felt for a swimmer driving through the waves. I wanted to shout out my encouragement.

There was so much to learn that was new and so many things to see on the waters, and in the skies, that it seemed wicked to sleep. So, during nearly the whole of every night, I stood with Captain Leeds on his bridge, or asked ignorant questions of the man at the wheel. The steward of the Panama was purser, supercargo, and barkeeper in one, and a most interesting man. He apparently never slept, but at any hour was willing to sit and chat with me. It was he who first introduced me to the wonderful mysteries of the alligator pear as a salad, and taught me to prefer, in a hot country, Jamaica rum with half a lime squeezed into the glass to all other spirits. It was a most educational trip. I saw the gorgeous gold and pink-and-pearl skies of the tropics for the first time, and flying fish, in which I had never really believed, and Portuguese men-of-war steering themselves over the highest waves as lightly as bubbles, and flashing with all the primary colors. One day we passed for hours through a school of great turtles as large as wash-tubs. They were so close to the ship's sides that I could see their blinking, hooded eyes.

I had much entertainment on board the Panama by pretending that I was her captain, and that she was sailing under my orders. Sometimes I pretended that



she was an American man-of-war, and sometimes a filibuster escaping from an American man-of-war. This may seem an absurd and childish game, but I had always wanted to hold authority, and as I had never done so, except as a drill sergeant at the Academy, it was my habit to imagine myself in whatever position of responsibility my surroundings suggested. For this purpose the Panama served me excellently, and in scanning the horizon for hostile fleets or a pirate flag I was as conscientious as was the lookout in the bow. At the Academy I had often sat in my room with maps spread out before me planning attacks on the enemy, considering my lines of communication, telegraphing wildly for reinforcements, and despatching my aides with a clearly written, comprehensive order to where my advance column was engaged. I believe this "play acting," as my roommate used to call it, helped me to think quickly, to give an intelligent command intelligently, and made me rich in resources.

For the first few days I was so enchanted with my new surroundings that the sinister purpose of my journey South lost its full value. And when, as we approached Honduras, it was recalled to me, I was surprised to find that I had heard no one on board discuss the war, nor refer to it in any way. When I considered this, I was the more surprised because Porto Cortez was one of the chief ports at which we touched, and I was annoyed to find that I had travelled so far for the sake of a cause in which those directly interested felt so little concern. I set about with great caution to discover the reason for this lack of interest. The passengers of the Panama came from widely different parts of Central America. They were coffee planters and mining engineers, concession hunters, and promoters of mining companies. I sounded each of them separately as to the condition of affairs in Honduras, and gave as my reason for inquiring the fact that I had thoughts of investing my money there. I talked rather largely of my money. But this information, instead of inducing them to speak of Honduras, only made each of them more eloquent in praising the particular republic in which his own money was invested, and each

begged me to place mine with his. In the course of one day I was offered a part ownership in four coffee plantations, a rubber forest, a machine for turning the sea-turtles into fat and shell, and the good-will and fixtures of a dentist's office.

Except that I obtained some reputation on board as a young man of property, which reputation I endeavored to maintain by treating everyone to drinks in the social hall, my inquiries led to no result. No one apparently knew, nor cared to know, of the revolution in Honduras, and passed it over as a joke. This hurt me, but lest they should grow suspicious, I did not continue my inquiries.

THE CAFÉ SANTOS,  
SAGUA LA GRANDE, HONDURAS.

WE sighted land at seven in the morning, and as the ship made in toward the shore I ran to the bow and stood alone peering over the rail. Before me lay the scene set for my coming adventures, and as the ship threaded the coral reefs, my excitement ran so high that my throat choked, and my eyes suddenly dimmed with tears. It seemed too good to be real. It seemed impossible that it could be true; that at last I should be about to act the life I had so long only rehearsed and pretended. But the pretence had changed to something living and actual. In front of me, under a flashing sun, I saw the palm-fringed harbor of my dreams, a white village of thatched mud houses, a row of ugly huts above which drooped limply the flags of foreign consuls, and, far beyond, a deep blue range of mountains, forbidding and mysterious, rising out of a steaming swamp into a burning sky, and on the harbor's only pier, in blue drill uniforms and gay red caps, a group of dark-skinned, swaggering soldiers. This hot, volcano-looking land was the one I had come to free from its fetters. These swarthy barefooted brigands were the men with whom I was to fight.

My trunk had been packed and strapped since sunrise, and before the ship reached the pier, I had said "good-by" to everyone on board and was waiting impatiently at the gang-way. I was the only passenger to leave, and no cargo was unloaded nor taken on. She was waiting

only for the agent of the company to confer with Captain Leeds, and while these men were conversing on the bridge, and the hawser was being drawn on board, the custom-house officers, much to my disquiet, began to search my trunk. I had nothing with me which was dutiable, but my grandfather's presentation sword was hidden in the trunk and its presence there and prospective use would be difficult to explain. It was accordingly with a feeling of satisfaction that I noticed on a building on the end of the pier the sign of our consulate and the American flag, and that a young man, evidently an American, was hurrying from it toward the ship. But as it turned out I had no need of his services, for I had concealed the sword so cleverly by burying each end of it in one of my long cavalry boots, that the official failed to find it.

I had locked my trunk again and was waving final farewells to those on the Panama, when the young man from the consulate began suddenly to race down the pier, shouting as he came.

The gang-way had been drawn up, and the steamer was under way, churning the water as she swung slowly seaward, but she was still within easy speaking distance of the pierhead.

The young man rushed through the crowd, jostling the native Indians and negro soldiers, and shrieked at the departing vessel.

"Stop!" he screamed, "stop! stop her!"

He recognized Captain Leeds on the bridge, and, running along the pierhead until he was just below it, waved wildly at him.

"Where's my freight?" he cried. "My freight! You haven't put off my freight."

Captain Leeds folded his arms comfortably upon the rail, and regarded the young man calmly and with an expression of amusement.

"Where are my sewing-machines?" the young man demanded. "Where are the sewing-machines invoiced me by this steamer?"

"Sewing machines, Mr. Aiken?" the Captain answered. "I left your sewing-machines in New Orleans."

"You what?" shrieked the young man. "You left them?"

"I left them sitting on the company's levee," the Captain continued, calmly. "The revenue officers have 'em by now, Mr. Aiken. Some parties said they weren't sewing-machines at all. They said you were acting for La Guerre."

The ship was slowly drawing away. The young man stretched out one arm as though to detain her, and danced frantically along the stringhead.

"How dare you!" he cried. "I'm a commission merchant. I deal in whatever I please—and I'm the American Consul!"

The Captain laughed, and with a wave of his hand in farewell backed away from the rail.

"That may be," he shouted, "but this line isn't carrying freight for General La Guerre, nor for you, neither." He returned and made a speaking trumpet of his hands. "Tell him from me," he shouted, mockingly, "that if he wants his sewing-machines he'd better go North and steal 'em. Same as he stole our Nancy Miller."

The young man shook both his fists in helpless anger.

"You damned banana trader," he shrieked, "you'll lose your license for this. I'll fix you for this. I'll dirty your card for you, you pirate!"

The Captain flung himself far over the rail. He did not need a speaking trumpet now—his voice would have carried above the tumult of a hurricane.

"You'll what?" he roared. "You'll dirty my card, you thieving filibuster? Do you know what I'll do to you? I'll have your tin sign taken away from you, before I touch this port again. You'll see—you—you—" he ended impotently for lack of epithets, but continued in eloquent pantomime to wave his arms.

With an oath the young man recognized defeat, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, you go to the devil," he shouted, and turned away. He saw me observing him, and as I was the only person present who looked as though he understood English, he grinned at me sheepishly, and nodded.

"I don't care for him," he said. "He can't frighten me."

I considered this as equivalent to an introduction.



"You are the United States Consul?" I asked. The young man nodded briskly.

"Yes; I am. Where do you come from?"

"Dobbs Ferry, near New York," I answered. "I'd—I'd like to have a talk with you, when you are not busy."

"That's all right," he said. "I'm not busy now. That bumboat pirate queered the only business I had. Where are you going to stop? There is only one place," he explained; "that's Pulido's. He'll knife you if he thinks you have five dollars in your belt, and the bar-room is half under water anyway. Or you can take a cot in my shack, if you like, and I'll board and lodge you for two pesos a day—that's one dollar in our money. And if you are going up country," he went on, "I can fit you out with mules and mozos and everything you want, from canned meats to an escort of soldiers. You're sure to be robbed anyway," he urged, pleasantly, "and you might as well give the job to a fellow-countryman. I'd hate to have one of these greasers get it."

"You're welcome to try," I said, laughing.

In spite of his manner, which was much too familiar and patronizing, the young man amused me, and I must confess moreover that at that moment I felt very far from home and was glad to meet an American, and one not so much older than myself. The fact that he was our consul struck me as a most fortunate circumstance.

He clapped his hands and directed one of the negroes to carry my trunk to the consulate, and I walked with him up the pier, the native soldiers saluting him awkwardly as he passed. He returned their salute with a flourish, and more to impress me I guessed than from any regard for them.

"That's because I'm Consul," he said, with satisfaction. "There's only eight white men in Porto Cortez," he explained, "and we're all consular agents. The Italian consular agent is a Frenchman, and an Italian, Guessippi—the Banana King, they call him—is consular agent for both Germany and England, and the only German here is consular agent for France and Holland. You see, each of 'em has to represent some other country

than his own, because his country knows why he left it." He threw back his head and laughed at this with great delight. Apparently he had already forgotten the rebuff from Captain Leeds. But it had made a deep impression upon me. I had heard Leeds virtually accuse the consul of being an agent of General La Guerre, and I suspected that the articles he had refused to deliver were more likely to be machine guns than sewing-machines. If this were true, Mr. Aiken was a person in whom I could confide with safety.

The consulate was a one-story building of corrugated iron, hot, unpainted, and unlovely. It was set on wooden logs to lift it from the reach of "sand jiggers" and the surf, which at high tide ran up the beach, under and beyond it. Inside it was rude and bare, and the heat and the smell of the harbor, and of the swamp on which the town was built, passed freely through the open doors.

Aiken proceeded to play the host in a most cordial manner. He placed my trunk in the room I was to occupy, and set out some very strong Hondurian cigars and a bottle of Jamaica rum. While he did this he began to grumble over the loss of his sewing-machines, and to swear picturesquely at Captain Leeds, bragging of the awful things he meant to do to him. But when he had tasted his drink and lighted a cigar, his good-humor returned, and he gave his attention to me.

"Now then, young one," he asked, in a tone of the utmost familiarity, "what's your trouble?"

I explained that I could not help but hear what the Captain shouted at him from the Panama, and I asked if it was contrary to the law of Honduras for one to communicate with the officer Captain Leeds had mentioned—General La Guerre.

"The old man, hey?" Aiken exclaimed and stared at me apparently with increased interest. "Well, there are some people who might prevent your getting to him," he answered, diplomatically. For a moment he sipped his rum and water, while he examined me from over the top of the cup. Then he winked and smiled.

"Come now," he said, encouragingly. "Speak up. What's the game? You can trust me. You're an agent for Col-



lins, or the Winchester Arms people, aren't you ?”

“On the contrary,” I said, with some haughtiness, “I am serving no one's interest but my own. I read in the papers of General La Guerre and his foreign legion, and I came here to join him and to fight with him. That's all. I am a soldier of fortune, I said.” I repeated this with some emphasis, for I liked the sound of it. “I am a soldier of fortune, and my name is Macklin. I hope in time to make it better known.”

“A soldier of fortune, hey ?” exclaimed Aiken, observing me with a grin. “What soldiering have you done ?”

I replied, with a little embarrassment, that as yet I had seen no active service, but that for three years I had been trained for it at West Point.

“At West Point, the deuce you have !” said Aiken. His tone was now one of respect, and he regarded me with marked interest. He was not a gentleman, but he was sharp-witted enough to recognize one in me, and my words and bearing had impressed him. Still his next remark was disconcerting.

“But if you're a West Point soldier,” he asked, “why the devil do you want to mix up in a shooting-match like this ?”

I was annoyed, but I answered, civilly : “It's in a good cause,” I said. “As I understand the situation, this President Alvarez is a tyrant. He's opposed to all progress. It's a fight for liberty.”

Aiken interrupted me with a laugh, and placed his feet on the table.

“Oh, come,” he said, in a most offensive tone. “Play fair, play fair.”

“Play fair ? What do you mean ?” I demanded.

“You don't expect me to believe,” he said, jeeringly, “that you came all the way down here, just to fight for the sacred cause of liberty.”

I may occasionally exaggerate a bit in representing myself to be a more important person than I really am, but if I were taught nothing else at the Point, I was taught to tell the truth, and when Aiken questioned my word I felt the honor of the whole army rising within me and stifening my back-bone.

“You had better believe what I tell you, sir,” I answered him, sharply. “You

may not know it, but you are impertinent !”

I have seldom seen a man so surprised as was Aiken when I made this speech. His mouth opened and remained open while he slowly removed his feet from the table and allowed the legs of his chair to touch the floor.

“Great Scott,” he said at last, “but you have got a nasty temper. I'd forgotten that folks are so particular.”

“Particular—because I object to having my word doubted,” I asked. “I must request you to send my trunk to Pulido's. I fancy you and I won't hit it off together.” I rose and started to leave the room, but he held out his hands to prevent me, and exclaimed, in consternation :

“Oh, that's no way to treat me,” he protested. “I didn't say anything for you to get on your ear about. If I did, I'm sorry.” He stepped forward, offering to shake my hand, and as I took his doubtfully, he pushed me back into my chair.

“You mustn't mind me,” he went on. “It's been so long since I've seen a man from God's country that I've forgotten how to do the polite. Here, have another drink and start even.” He was so eager and so suddenly humble that I felt ashamed of my display of offended honor, and we began again with a better understanding.

I told him once more why I had come, and this time he accepted my story as though he considered my wishing to join La Guerre the most natural thing in the world, nodding his head and muttering approvingly. When I had finished he said, “You may not think so now, but I guess you've come to the only person who can help you. If you'd gone to anyone else you'd probably have landed in jail.” He glanced over his shoulder at the open door, and then, after a mysterious wink at me, tiptoed out upon the veranda, and ran rapidly around and through the house. This precaution on his part gave me a thrill of satisfaction. I felt that at last I was a real conspirator that I was concerned in something dangerous and weighty. I sipped at my glass with an air of indifference, but as a matter of fact I was rather nervous.

"You can't be too careful," Aiken said as he reseated himself. "Of course, the whole thing is a comic opera, but if they suspect you are working against them, they're just as likely as not to make it a tragedy, with you in the star part. Now I'll explain how I got into this, and I can assure you it wasn't through any love of liberty with me. The consular agent here is a man named Quay, and he and I have been in the commission business together. About three months ago, when La Guerre was organizing his command at Bluefields, Garcia, who is the leader of the revolutionary party, sent word down here to Quay to go North for him and buy two machine guns and invoice 'em to me at the consulate. Quay left on the next steamer and appointed me acting consul, but except for his saying so I've no more real authority to act as consul than you have. The plan was that when La Guerre captured this port he would pick up the guns and carry them on to Garcia. La Guerre was at Bluefields, but couldn't get into the game for lack of a boat. So when the Nancy Miller touched there he and his crowd boarded her just like a lot of old-fashioned pirates and turned the passengers out on the wharf. Then they put a gun at the head of the engineer and ordered him to take them back to Porto Cortez. But when they reached here the guns hadn't arrived from New Orleans. And so, after a bit of a fight on landing, La Guerre pushed on without them to join Garcia. He left instructions with me to bring him word when they arrived. He's in hiding up there in the mountains, waiting to hear from me now. They ought to have come this steamer day on the Panama along with you, but, as you know, they didn't. I never thought they would. I knew the Isthmian Line people wouldn't carry 'em. They've got to beat Garcia, and until this row is over they won't even carry a mail-bag for fear he might capture it."

"Is that because General La Guerre seized one of their steamers?" I asked.

"No, it's an old fight," said Aiken, "and La Guerre's stealing the Nancy Miller was only a part of it. The fight began between Garcia and the Isthmian Line when Garcia became president. He tried to collect some money from the

Isthmian Line, and old man Fiske threw him out of the palace and made Alvarez president."

I was beginning to find the politics of the revolution into which I had precipitated myself somewhat involved, and I suppose I looked puzzled, for Aiken laughed.

"You can laugh," I said, "but it is rather confusing. Who is Fiske? Is he another revolutionist?"

"Fiske!" exclaimed Aiken. "Don't tell me you don't know who Fiske is? I mean old man Fiske, the Wall Street banker—Joseph Fiske, the one who owns the steam yacht and all the railroads."

I had of course heard of that Joseph Fiske, but his name to me was only a word meaning money. I had never thought of Joseph Fiske as a human being. At school and at the Point when we wanted to give the idea of wealth that could not be counted we used to say, "As rich as Joe Fiske." But I answered, in a tone that suggested that I knew him intimately:

"Oh, that Fiske," I said. "But what has he to do with Honduras?"

"He owns it," Aiken answered. "It's like this," he began. "You must understand that almost every republic in Central America is under the thumb of a big trading firm or a banking house or a railroad. For instance, all these revolutions you read about in the papers—it's seldom they start with the people. The *pueblo* don't often elect a president or turn one out. That's generally the work of a New York business firm that wants a concession. If the president in office won't give it a concession the company starts out to find one who will. It hunts up a rival politician or a general of the army who wants to be president, and all of them do, and makes a deal with him. It promises him if he'll start a revolution it will back him with the money and the guns. Of course, the understanding is that if the leader of the fake revolution gets in he'll give his New York backers whatever they're after. Sometimes they want a concession for a railroad, and sometimes it's a nitrate bed or a rubber forest, but you can take my word for it that there's very few revolutions down here that haven't got a money-making scheme at the bottom of them."



"Now this present revolution was started by the Isthmian Steamship Line, of which Joe Fiske is president. It runs its steamers from New Orleans to the Isthmus of Panama. In its original charter this republic gave it the monopoly of the fruit-carrying trade from all Hondurian ports. In return for this the company agreed to pay the government \$10,000 a year and ten per cent. on its annual receipts, if the receipts ever exceeded a certain amount. Well, curiously enough, although the line has been able to build seven new steamers, its receipts have never exceeded that fixed amount. And if you know these people the reason for that is very simple. The company has always given each succeeding president a lump sum for himself, on the condition that he won't ask any impertinent questions about the company's earnings. Its people tell him that it is running at a loss, and he always takes their word for it. But Garcia, when he came in, either was too honest, or they didn't pay him enough to keep quiet. I don't know which it was, but, anyway, he sent an agent to New Orleans to examine the company's books. The agent discovered the earnings have been so enormous that by rights the Isthmian Line owed the government of Honduras \$500,000. This was a great chance for Garcia, and he told them to put up the back pay or lose their charter. They refused and he got back at them by preventing their ships from taking on any cargo in Honduras, and by seizing their plant here and at Truxillo. Well, the company didn't dare to go to law about it, nor appeal to the State Department, so it started a revolution. It picked out a thief named Alvarez as a figure-head and helped him to bribe the army and capture the capital. Then he bought a decision from the local courts in favor of the company. After that there was no more talk about collecting back pay. Garcia was an exile in Nicaragua. There he met La Guerre, who is a professional soldier of fortune, and together they cooked up this present revolution. They hope to put Garcia back into power again. How he'll act if he gets in I don't know. The common people believe he's a patriot, that he'll keep all the promises he makes them—and he makes a good many—and some white

people believe in him, too. La Guerre believes in him, for instance. La Guerre told me that Garcia was a second Bolivar and Washington. But he might be both of them, and he couldn't beat the Isthmian Line. You see, while he has prevented the Isthmian Line from carrying bananas, he's cut off his own nose by shutting off his only source of supply. For these big corporations hang together at times, and on the Pacific side the Pacific Mail Company has got the word from Fiske, and they won't carry supplies, either. That's what I meant by saying that Joe Fiske owns Honduras. He's cut it off from the world, and only *his* arms and *his* friends can get into it. And the joke of it is he can't get out."

"Can't get out?" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Why, he's up there at Tegucigalpa himself," said Aiken. "Didn't you know that? He's up at the capital, visiting Alvarez. He came in through this port about two weeks ago."

"Joseph Fiske is fighting in a Hondurian revolution?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly not!" cried Aiken. "He's here on a pleasure trip; partly pleasure, partly business. He came here on his yacht. You can see her from the window, lying to the left of the buoy. Fiske has nothing to do with this row. I don't suppose he knows there's a revolution going on."

I resented this pretended lack of interest on the part of the Wall Street banker. I condemned it as a piece of absurd affectation.

"Don't you believe it!" I said. "No matter how many millions a man has, he doesn't stand to lose \$500,000 without taking an interest in it."

"Oh, but he doesn't know about *that*," said Aiken. "He doesn't know the ins and outs of the story—what I've been telling you. That's on the inside—that's café scandal. That side of it would never reach him. I suppose Joe Fiske is president of a *dozen* steamship lines, and all he does is to lend his name to this one, and preside at board meetings. The company's lawyers tell him whatever they think he ought to know. They probably say they're having trouble down here owing to one of the local revolutions,



and that Garcia is trying to blackmail them."

"Then you don't think Fiske came down here about this?" I asked.

"About this?" repeated Aiken, in a tone of such contempt that I disliked him intensely. For the last half hour Aiken had been jumping unfeelingly on all my ideals and illusions.

"No," he went on. "He came here on his yacht on a pleasure trip around the West India Islands, and he rode in from here to look over the Copan Silver Mines. Alvarez is terribly keen to get rid of him. He's afraid the revolutionists will catch him and hold him for ransom. He'd bring a good price," Aiken added, reflectively. "It's enough to make a man turn brigand. And his daughter, too. She'd bring a good price."

"His daughter!" I exclaimed.

Aiken squeezed the tips of his fingers together, and kissed them, tossing the imaginary kiss up toward the roof. Then he drank what was left of his rum and water at a gulp and lifted the empty glass high in the air. "To the daughter," he said.

It was no concern of mine, but I resented his actions exceedingly. I think I was annoyed that he should have seen the young lady while I had not. I also resented his toasting her before a stranger. I knew he could not have met her, and his pretence of enthusiasm made him appear quite ridiculous. He looked at me mournfully, shaking his head as though it were impossible for him to give me an idea of her.

"Why they say," he exclaimed, "that when she rides along the trail, the native women kneel beside it.

"She's the best looking girl I ever saw," he declared, "and she's a thoroughbred too!" he added, "or she wouldn't have stuck it out in this country when she had a clean yacht to fall back on. She's been riding around on a mule, so they tell me, along with her father and the engineering experts, and just as though she enjoyed it. The men up at the mines say she tired them all out."

I had no desire to discuss the young lady with Aiken, so I pretended not to be interested, and he ceased speaking, and we smoked in silence. But my mind was nevertheless wide awake to what he had

told me. I could not help but see the dramatic values which had been given to the situation by the presence of this young lady. The possibilities were tremendous. Here was I, fighting against her father, and here was she, beautiful and an heiress to many millions. In the short space of a few seconds I had pictured myself rescuing her from brigands, denouncing her father for not paying his honest debts to Honduras, had been shot down by his escort, Miss Fiske had bandaged my wounds, and I was returning North as her prospective husband on my prospective father-in-law's yacht. Aiken aroused me from this by rising to his feet. "Now then," he said, briskly, "if you want to go to La Guerre you can come with me. I've got to see him to explain why his guns haven't arrived, and I'll take you with me." He made a wry face and laughed. "A nice welcome he'll give me," he said. I jumped to my feet. "There's my trunk," I said; "it's ready, and so am I. When do we start?"

"As soon as it is moonlight," Aiken answered.

The remainder of the day was spent in preparing for our journey. I was first taken to the commandante and presented to him as a commercial traveller. Aiken asked him for a passport permitting me to proceed to the capital "for purposes of trade." As consular agent Aiken needed no passport for himself, but to avoid suspicion he informed the commandante that his object in visiting Tegucigalpa was to persuade Joseph Fiske, as president of the Isthmian Line, to place buoys in the harbor of Porto Cortez and give the commission for their purchase to the commandante. Aiken then and always was the most graceful liar I have ever met. His fictions were never for his own advantage, at least not obviously so. Instead, they always held out some pleasing hope for the person to whom they were addressed. His plans and promises as to what he would do were so alluring that even when I knew he was lying I liked to pretend that he was not. This particular fiction so interested the commandante that he even offered us an escort of soldiers, which honor we naturally declined.

That night when the moon had risen we started inland, each mounted on a

stout little mule, and followed by a third, on which was swung my trunk, balanced on the other side by Aiken's saddle bags. A Carib Indian whom Aiken had selected because of his sympathies for the revolution walked beside the third mule and directed its progress by the most startling shrieks and howls. To me it was a most memorable and marvellous night, and although for the greater part of it Aiken dozed in his saddle and woke only to abuse his mule, I was never more wakeful nor more happy. At the very setting forth I was pleasantly stirred when at the limit of the town a squad of soldiers halted us and demanded our passports. This was my first encounter with the government troops. They were barefooted and most slovenly looking soldiers, mere boys in age and armed with old-fashioned Remingtons. But their officer, the captain of the guard, was more smartly dressed, and I was delighted to find that my knowledge of Spanish, in which my grandfather had so persistently drilled me, enabled me to understand all that passed between him and Aiken. The captain warned us that the revolutionists were camped along the trail, and that if challenged we had best answer quickly that we were Americanos. He also told us that General La Guerre and his legion of "gringos" were in hiding in the highlands some two days' ride from the coast. Aiken expressed the greatest concern at this, and was for at once turning back. His agitation was so convincing, he was apparently so frightened, that, until he threw a quick wink at me, I confess I was completely taken in. For some time he refused to be calmed, and it was only when the captain assured him that his official position would protect him from any personal danger that he consented to ride on. Before we crossed the town limits he had made it quite evident that the officer himself was solely responsible for his continuing on his journey, and he denounced La Guerre and all his works with a picturesqueness of language and a sincerity that filled me with confusion. I even began to doubt if after all Aiken was not playing a game for both sides, and might not end my career by leading me into a trap. After we rode on I considered the possibility of this quite seriously, and I was not reassured until I

heard the *mozo*, with many chuckles and shrugs of the shoulder, congratulate Aiken on the way he had made a fool of the captain.

"That's called diplomacy, José," Aiken told him. "That's my statescraft. It's because I have so much statescraft that I am a consul. You keep your eye on this American consul, José, and you'll learn a lot of statescraft."

José showed his teeth and grinned, and after he had dropped into a line behind us we could hear him still chuckling.

"You would be a great success in secret service work, Aiken," I said, "or on the stage."

We were riding in single file, and in order to see my face in the moonlight he had to turn in his saddle.

"And yet I didn't," he laughed.

"What do you mean," I asked, "were you ever a spy or an actor?"

"I was both," he said. "I was a failure at both, too. I got put in jail for being a spy, and I ought to have been hung for my acting." I kicked my mule forward in order to hear better.

"Tell me about it," I asked, eagerly. "About when you were a spy."

But Aiken only laughed, and rode on without turning his head.

"You wouldn't understand," he said after a pause. Then he looked at me over his shoulder. "It needs a big black background of experience and hard luck to get the perspective on that story," he explained. "It wouldn't appeal to you; you're too young. They're some things they don't teach at West Point."

"They teach us," I answered, hotly, "that if we're detailed to secret service work we are to carry out our orders. It's not dishonorable to obey orders. I'm not so young as you think. Go on, tell me, in what war were you a spy?"

"It wasn't in any war," Aiken said, again turning away from me. "It was in Haskell's Private Detective Agency."

I could not prevent an exclamation, but the instant it had escaped me I could have kicked myself for having made it. "I beg your pardon," I murmured, awkwardly.

"I said you wouldn't understand," Aiken answered. Then, to show he did not wish to speak with me further, he



spurred his mule into a trot and kept a distance between us.

Our trail ran over soft, spongy ground and was shut in on either hand by a wet jungle of tangled vines and creepers. I had never imagined that there were so many kinds of plants, or that they could grow so closely knit together. They interlaced like the strands of a hammock, choking and strangling and clinging to each other in a great web. From the jungle we came to ill-smelling pools of mud and water, over which hung a white mist which rose as high as our heads. It was so heavy with moisture that our clothing dripped with it, and we were chilled until our teeth chattered. But by five o'clock in the morning we had escaped the coast swamps, and reached higher ground and the village of Sagua la Grande, and the sun was drying our clothes and taking the stiffness out of our bones.

CANAL COMPANY'S FEVER HOSPITAL,  
PANAMA.

THE nurse brought me my diary this morning. She found it in the inside pocket of my tunic. All of its back pages were scribbled over with orders of the day, countersigns, and the memoranda I made after La Guerre appointed me adjutant to the Legion. But in the first half of it was what I see I was pleased to call my "memoirs," in which I had written the last chapter the day Aiken and I halted at Sagua la Grande. When I read it over I felt that I was somehow much older than when I made that last entry. And yet it was only two months ago. It seems like two years. I don't feel much like writing about it, nor thinking of it, but I suppose, if I mean to keep my "memoirs" up to date, I shall never have more leisure in which to write them than now. For Dr. Ezequiel says it will be another two weeks before I can leave this cot. Sagua seems very unimportant now. But I must not write of it as I see it now, from this distance, but as it appealed to me then, when everything about me was new and strange and wonderful.

It was my first sight of a Honduranian town, and I thought it most charming and curious. As I learned later it was like

any other Honduranian town and indeed like every other town in Central America. They are all built around a plaza, which sometimes is a park with fountains and tessellated marble pavements and electric lights, and sometimes only an open place of dusty grass. There is always a church at one end, and the café or club, and the *alcaldé's* house, or the governor's palace, at another. In the richer plazas there must always be the statue of some Liberator, and in the poorer a great wooden cross. Sagua la Grande was bright and warm and foreign looking. It reminded me of the colored prints of Mexico which I had seen in my grandfather's library. The houses were thatched clay huts with gardens around them crowded with banana palms, and trees hung with long beans, which broke into masses of crimson flowers. The church opposite the inn was old and yellow, and at the edge of the plaza were great palms that rustled and courtesied. We led our mules straight through the one big room of the inn out into the yard behind it, and while doing it I committed the grave discourtesy of not first removing my spurs. Aiken told me about it at once, and I apologized to everyone—to the *alcaldé*, and the priest, and the village schoolmaster who had crossed the plaza to welcome us—and I asked them all to drink with me. I do not know that I ever enjoyed a breakfast more than I did the one we ate in the big cool inn with the striped awning outside, and the naked brown children watching us from the street, and the palms whispering overhead. The breakfast was good in itself, but it was my surroundings which made the meal so remarkable and the fact that I was no longer at home and responsible to someone, but that I was talking as one man to another, and in a foreign language to people who knew no other tongue. The inn-keeper was a fat little person in white drill and a red sash, in which he carried two silver-mounted pistols. He looked like a ring-master in a circus, but he cooked us a most wonderful omelette with tomatoes and onions and olives chopped up in it with oil. And an Indian woman made us tortillas, which are like our buckwheat cakes. It was fascinating to see her toss them up in the air, and slap them into shape with her



hands. Outside the sun blazed upon the white rim of huts, and the great wooden cross in the plaza threw its shadow upon the yellow façade of the church. Beside the church there was a chime of four bells swinging from a low ridge-pole. The dews and the sun had turned their copper a brilliant green, but had not hurt their music, and while we sat at breakfast a little Indian boy in crumpled vestments beat upon them with a stick, making a sweet and swinging melody. It did not seem to me a scene set for revolution, but I liked it all so much that that one breakfast alone repaid me for my long journey south. I was sure life in Sagua la Grande would always suit me, and that I would never ask for better company than the comic-opera landlord and the jolly young priest and the yellow-skinned, fever-ridden schoolmaster with his throat wrapped in a great woollen shawl. But very soon, what with having had no sleep the night before and the heat, I grew terribly drowsy and turned in on a canvas cot in the corner, where I slept until long after mid-day. For some time I could hear Aiken and the others conversing together and caught the names of La Guerre and Garcia, but I was too sleepy to try to listen, and, as I said, Sagua did not seem to me to be the place for conspiracies and revolutions. I left it with real regret, and as though I were parting with friends of long acquaintance-ship.

From the time we left Sagua the path began to ascend, and we rode in single file along the edges of deep precipices. From the depths below giant ferns sent up cool, damp odors, and we could hear the splash and ripple of running water, and at times, by looking into the valley, I could see waterfalls and broad streams filled with rocks, which churned the water into a white foam. We passed under tall trees covered with white and purple flowers, and in the branches of others were perched macaws, giant parrots of the most wonderful red and blue and yellow, and just at sunset we startled hundreds of parroquets which flew screaming and chattering about our heads, like so many balls of colored worsted.

When the moon rose, we rode out upon a table-land and passed between thick forests of enormous trees, the like of which

I had never imagined. Their branches began at a great distance from the ground and were covered thick with orchids, which I mistook for large birds roosting for the night. Each tree was bound to the next by vines like tangled ropes, some drawn as taut as the halyards of a ship, and others, as thick as one's leg, they were twisted and wrapped around the branches, so that they looked like boa-constrictors hanging ready to drop upon one's shoulders. The moonlight gave to this forest of great trees a weird, fantastic look. I felt like a knight entering an enchanted wood. But nothing disturbed our silence except the sudden awakening of a great bird or the stealthy rustle of an animal in the underbrush. Near midnight we rode into a grove of manacca palms as delicate as ferns, and each as high as a three-story house, and with fronds so long that those drooping across the trail hid it completely. To push our way through these we had to use both arms as one lifts the curtains in a doorway.

Aiken himself seemed to feel the awe and beauty of the place, and called the direction to me in a whisper. Even that murmur was enough to carry above the rustling of the palms, and startled hundreds of monkeys into wakefulness. We could hear their barks and cries echoing from every part of the forest, and as they sprang from one branch to another the palms bent like trout-rods, and then swept back into place again with a strange swishing sound, like the rush of a great fish through water.

After midnight we were too stiff and sore to ride farther, and we bivouacked on the trail beside a stream. I had no desire for further sleep, and I sat at the foot of a tree smoking and thinking. I had often "camped out" as a boy, and at West Point with the battalion, but I had never before felt so far away from civilization and my own people. For company I made a little fire and sat before it, going over in my mind what I had learned since I had set forth on my travels. I concluded that so far I had gained much and lost much. What I had experienced of the ocean while on the ship and what little I had seen of this country delighted me entirely, and I would not have parted with a single one of my new impressions. But all I had

learned of the cause for which I had come to fight disappointed and disheartened me. Of course I had left home partly to seek adventure, but not only for that. I had set out on this expedition with the idea that I was serving some good cause—that old-fashioned principles were forcing these men to fight for their independence. But I had been early undeceived. At the same time that I was enjoying my first sight of new and beautiful things I was being robbed of my illusions and my ideals. And nothing could make up to me for that. By merely travelling on around the globe I would always be sure to find some new things of interest. But what would that count if I lost my faith in men! If I ceased to believe in their unselfishness and honesty. Even though I were young and credulous, and lived in a make-believe world of my own imagining, I was happier so than in thinking that everyone worked for his own advantage, and without justice to others, or private honor. It harmed no one that I believed better of others than they deserved, but it was going to hurt me terribly if I learned that their aims were even lower than my own. I knew it was Aiken who had so discouraged me. It was he who had laughed at me for believing that La Guerre and his men were fighting for liberty. If I were going to credit him, there was not one honest man in Honduras, and no one on either side of this revolution was fighting for anything but money. He had made it all seem commercial, sordid, and underhand. I blamed him for having so shaken my faith and poisoned my mind. I scowled at his unconscious figure as he lay sleeping peacefully on his blanket, and I wished heartily that I had never set eyes on him. Then I argued that his word, after all, was not final. He made no pretence of being a saint, and it was not unnatural that a man who held no high motives should fail to credit them to others. I had partially consoled myself with this reflection, when I remembered suddenly that Beatrice herself had foretold the exact condition which Aiken had described.

"That is not war," she had said to me, "that is speculation!" She surely had said that to me, but how could she have known, or was hers only a random guess?

And if she had guessed correctly what would she wish me to do now? Would she wish me to turn back, or, if my own motives were good, would she tell me to go on? She had called me her knight-errant, and I owed it to her to do nothing of which she would disapprove. As I thought of her I felt a great loneliness and a longing to see her once again. I thought of how greatly she would have delighted in those days at sea, and how wonderful it would have been if I could have seen this hot, feverish country with her at my side. I pictured her at the inn at Sagua smiling on the priest and the fat little landlord; and their admiration of her. I imagined us riding together in the brilliant sunshine with the crimson flowers meeting overhead, and the palms bowing to her and paying her homage. I lifted the locket she had wound around my wrist, and kissed it. As I did so, my doubts and questionings seemed to fall away. I stood up confident and determined. It was not my business to worry over the motives of other men, but to look to my own. I would go ahead and fight Alvarez, whom Aiken himself declared was a thief and a tyrant. If anyone asked me my politics I would tell him I was for the side that would obtain the money the Isthmian Line had stolen, and give it to the people; that I was for Garcia and Liberty, La Guerre and the Foreign Legion. This platform of principles seemed to me so satisfactory that I stretched my feet to the fire and went to sleep.

I was awakened by the most delicious odor of coffee, and when I rolled out of my blanket I found José standing over me with a cup of it in his hand, and Aiken buckling the straps of my saddle-girth. We took a plunge in the stream, and after a breakfast of coffee and cold tortillas climbed into the saddle and again picked up the trail.

After riding for an hour Aiken warned me that at any moment we were likely to come upon either La Guerre or the soldiers of Alvarez. "So you keep your eyes and ears open," he said, "and when they challenge throw up your hands quick. The challenge is 'Halt, who lives,'" he explained. "If it is a government soldier you must answer, 'The government.' But if it's one of La Guerre's or Garcia's



pickets you must say 'The revolution lives.' 'And whatever else you do, *hold up your hands.*'"

I rehearsed this at once, challenging myself several times, and giving the appropriate answers. The performance seemed to afford Aiken much amusement.

"Isn't that right?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "but the joke is that you won't be able to tell which is the government soldier and which is the revolutionist, and you'll give the wrong answer, and we'll both get shot."

"I can tell by our uniform," I answered.

"Uniform!" exclaimed Aiken, and burst into the most uproarious laughter. "Rags and tatters," he said.

I was considerably annoyed to learn by this that the revolutionary party had no distinctive uniform. The one worn by the government troops which I had seen at the coast I had thought bad enough, but it was a great disappointment to hear that we had none at all. Ever since I had started from Dobbs Ferry I had been wondering what was the Honduranian uniform. I had promised myself to have my photograph taken in it. I had anticipated the pride I should have in sending the picture back to Beatrice. So I was considerably chagrined, until I decided to invent a uniform of my own, which I would wear whether anyone else wore it or not. This was even better than having to accept one which someone else had selected. As I had thought much on the subject of uniforms, I began at once to design a becoming one.

We had reached a most difficult pass in the mountain, where the trail stumbled over broken masses of rock and through a thick tangle of laurel. The walls of the pass were high and the trees at the top shut out the sunlight. It was damp and cold and dark.

"We're sure to strike something here," Aiken whispered over his shoulder. It did not seem at all unlikely. The place was the most excellent man-trap, but as to that, the whole length of the trail had lain through what nature had obviously arranged for a succession of ambushes.

Aiken turned in his saddle and said, in an anxious tone: "Do you know, the nearer I get to the old man, the more I think I was a fool to come. As long as

I've got nothing but bad news, I'd better have stayed away. Do you remember Pharaoh and the messengers of ill tidings?"

I nodded, but I kept my eyes busy with the rocks and motionless laurel. My mule was slipping and kicking down pebbles, and making as much noise as a gun battery. I knew, if there were any pickets about, they could hear us coming for a quarter of a mile.

"Garcia may think he's Pharaoh," Aiken went on, "and take it into his head it's my fault the guns didn't come. La Guerre may say I sold the secret to the Isthmian Line."

"Oh, he couldn't think you'd do that!" I protested.

"Well, I've known it done," Aiken said. "Quay certainly sold us out at New Orleans. And La Guerre may think I went shares with him."

I began to wonder if Aiken was not probably the very worst person I could have selected to introduce me to General La Guerre. It seemed as though it certainly would have been better had I found my way to him alone. I grew so uneasy concerning my possible reception that I said, irritably: "Doesn't the General know you well enough to trust you?"

"No, he doesn't!" Aiken snapped back, quite as irritably. "And he's dead right, too. You take it from me, that the fewer people in this country you trust, the better for you. Why, the rottenness of this country is a proverb. 'It's a place where the birds have no song, where the flowers have no odor, where the women are without virtue, and the men without honor.' That's what a gringo said of Honduras many years ago, and he knew the country and the people in it."

It was not a comforting picture, but in my discouragement I remembered La Guerre.

"General La Guerre does not belong to this country," I said, hopefully.

"No," Aiken answered, with a laugh. "He's an Irish-Frenchman and belongs to a dozen countries. He's fought for every flag that floats, and he's no better off to-day than when he began."

He turned toward me and stared with an amused and tolerant grin. "He's a bit like you," he said.

I saw he did not consider what he said



as a compliment, but I was vain enough to want to know what he did think of me, so I asked: "And in what way am I like General La Guerre?"

The idea of our similarity seemed to amuse Aiken, for he continued to grin.

"Oh, you'll see when we meet him," he said. "I can't explain it. You two are just different from other people—that's all. He's old-fashioned like you, if you know what I mean, and young——"

"Why, he's an old man," I corrected.

"He's old enough to be your grandfather," Aiken laughed, "but I say he's young—like you, the way you are."

Aiken knew that it annoyed me when he pretended I was so much younger than himself, and I had started on some angry reply, when I was abruptly interrupted.

A tall, ragged man rose suddenly from behind a rock, and presented a rifle. He was so close to Aiken that the rifle almost struck him in the face. Aiken threw up his hands, and fell back with such a jerk that he lost his balance, and would have fallen had he not pitched forward and clasped the mule around the neck. I pulled my mule to a halt, and held my hands as high as I could raise them. The man moved his rifle from side to side so as to cover each of us in turn, and cried in English, "Halt! Who goes there?"

Aiken had not told me the answer to that challenge, so I kept silent. I could hear José behind me interrupting his prayers with little sobs of fright.

Aiken scrambled back into an upright position, held up his hands, and cried: "Confound you, we are travellers, going to the capital on business. Who the devil are you?"

"Qui vive?" the man demanded over the barrel of his gun.

"What does that mean?" Aiken cried, petulantly. "Talk English, can't you, and put down that gun."

The man ceased moving the rifle between us, and settled it on Aiken.

"Cry 'Long live the government,'" he commanded, sharply.

Aiken gave a sudden start of surprise, and I saw his eyelids drop and rise again. Later when I grew to know him intimately I could always tell when he was lying, or making the winning move in some bit of

knavery, by that nervous trick of the eyelids. He knew that I knew about it, and he once confided to me that had he been able to overcome it, he would have saved himself some thousands of dollars which it had cost him at cards.

But except for this drooping of the eyelids he gave no sign.

"No, I won't cry 'Long live the government,'" he answered. "That is," he added hastily, "I won't cry long live anything. I'm the American Consul, and I'm up here on business. So's my friend."

The man did not move his gun by so much as a straw's breadth.

"You will cry 'Long live Alvarez' or I will shoot you," said the man.

I had more leisure to observe the man than had Aiken, for it is difficult to study the features of anyone when he is looking at you down a gun-barrel, and it seemed to me that the muscles of the man's mouth as he pressed it against the stock were twitching with a smile. As the side of his face toward me was the one farther from the gun, I was able to see this, but Aiken could not, and he answered, still more angrily: "I tell you, I'm the American Consul. Anyway, it's not going to do you any good to shoot me. You take me to your colonel alive, and I'll give you two hundred dollars. You shoot me and you won't get a cent."

The moment was serious enough, and I was thoroughly concerned both for Aiken and myself, but when he made this offer, my nervousness, or my sense of humor, got the upper hand of me, and I laughed.

Having laughed I made the best of it, and said:

"Offer him five hundred for the two of us. Hang the expense."

The rifle wavered in the man's hands, he steadied it, scowled at me, bit his lips, and then burst into shouts of laughter. He sank back against one of the rocks, and pointed at Aiken mockingly.

"I knew it was you all the time," he cried, "for certain I did. I knew it was you all the time."

I was greatly relieved, but naturally deeply indignant. I felt as though someone had jumped from behind a door, and shouted "Boo!" at me. I hoped in my

heart that the colonel would give the fellow eight hours' pack drill. "What a remarkable sentry," I said.

Aiken shoved his hands into his breeches pockets, and surveyed the man with an expression of the most violent disgust.

"You've got a damned queer idea of a joke," he said, finally. "I might have shot you!"

The man seemed to consider this the very acme of humor, for he fairly hooted at us. He was so much amused that it was some moments before he could control himself.

"I saw you at Porto Cortez," he said, "I knew you was the American Consul all the time. You came to our camp after the fight, and the general gave you a long talk in his tent. Don't you remember me? I was standing guard outside."

Aiken snorted indignantly.

"No, I don't remember you," he said. "But I'll remember you next time. Are you standing guard now, or just doing a little highway robbery on your own account?"

"Oh, I'm standing guard for keeps," said the sentry, earnestly. "Our camp's only two hundred yards back of me. And our captain told me to let all parties pass except the enemy, but I thought I'd have to jump you just for fun. I'm an American myself, you see, from Kansas. An' being an American I had to give the American Consul a scare. But say," he exclaimed, advancing enthusiastically on Aiken, with his hand outstretched, "you didn't scare for a cent." He shook hands violently with each of us in turn. "My name's Pete MacGraw," he added, expectantly.

"Well, now, Mr. MacGraw," said Aiken, "if you'll kindly guide us to General La Guerre we'll use our influence to have you promoted. You need more room. I imagine a soldier with your original ideas must find sentry go very dull."

MacGraw grinned appreciatively and winked.

"If I take you to my general alive, do I get that two hundred dollars," he asked. He rounded off his question with another yell of laughter.

He was such a harmless idiot that we

laughed with him. But we were silenced at once by a shout from above us, and a command to "Stop that noise." I looked up and saw a man in semi-uniform and wearing an officer's sash and sword stepping from one rock to another and breaking his way through the laurel. He greeted Aiken with a curt wave of the hand. "Glad to see you, Consul," he called. "You will dismount, please, and lead your horses this way." He looked at me suspiciously and then turned and disappeared into the undergrowth.

"The General is expecting you, Aiken," his voice called back to us. "I hope everything is all right?"

Aiken and I had started to draw the mules up the hill. Already both the officer and the trail had been completely hidden by the laurel.

"No, nothing is all right," Aiken growled.

There was the sound of an oath, the laurels parted, and the officer's face reappeared, glaring at us angrily.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"My information is for General La Guerre," Aiken answered, sulkily.

The man sprang away again muttering to himself, and we scrambled and stumbled after him, guided by the sounds of breaking branches and rolling stones.

From a glance I caught of Aiken's face I knew he was regretting now, with even more reason than before, that he had not remained at the coast, and I felt very sorry for him. Now that he was in trouble and not patronizing me and poking fun at me, I experienced a strong change of feeling toward him. He was the only friend I had in Honduras, and as between him and these strangers who had received us so oddly, I felt that, although it would be to my advantage to be friends with the greater number, my loyalty was owing to Aiken. So I scrambled up beside him and panted out with some difficulty, for the ascent was a steep one: "If there is any row, I'm with *you*, Aiken."

"Oh, there won't be any row," he growled.

"Well, if there is," I repeated, "you can count me in."

"That's all right," he said.

At that moment we reached the top of the incline, and I looked down into the hollow below. To my surprise I found that this side of the hill was quite barren of laurel or of any undergrowth, and that it sloped to a little open space carpeted with high, waving grass, and cut in half by a narrow stream. On one side of the stream a great herd of mules and horses were tethered, and on the side nearer us were many smoking camp-fires and rough shelters made from the branches of trees. Men were sleeping in the grass or sitting in the shade of the shelters, cleaning accoutrements, and some were washing clothes in the stream. At the foot of the hill was a tent, and ranged before it two Gatling guns strapped in their canvas jackets. I saw that I had at last reached my destination. This was the camp of the filibusters. These were the soldiers of La Guerre's Foreign Legion.

(To be continued.)

## EARLY MAY

By John Burroughs

THE time that hints the coming leaf,  
When buds are dropping chaff and scale,  
And, wafted from the greening vale,  
Are pungent odors, keen as grief.

Now shad bush wears a robe of white,  
And orchards hint a leafy screen ;  
While willows drop their veils of green  
Above the limpid waters bright.

New songsters come with every morn,  
And whippoorwill is overdue,  
While spice-bush gold is coined anew  
Before her tardy leaves are born.

The cowslip now with radiant face  
Makes mimic sunshine in the shade,  
Anemone is not afraid,  
Although she trembles in her place.

Now adder's tongue new gilds the mould,  
The ferns unroll their woolly coils,  
And honey bee begins her toils  
Where maple-trees their fringe unfold.

The goldfinch dons his summer coat,  
The wild bee drones her mellow bass,  
And butterflies of hardy race  
In genial sunshine bask and float.

The Artist now is sketching in  
The outlines of his broad design  
So fast to deepen line on line,  
Till June and summer days begin.

Soon will Shadow pitch her tent  
Beneath the trees in grove and field,  
And all the wounds of life be healed,  
By orchard bloom and lilac scent.



# A STORY OF THREE STATES

By Alfred Matthews

## II



It was highly characteristic of the hardy frontiersmen at Wyoming, that though they were fully aware that they were to be attacked by superior numbers and had only vague hope of the arrival of reinforcements, the idea of flight seems never to have occurred to them. Their forces numbered, all told, only about 300 men, and nearly all of these, according to the inscription on the monument erected in their honor, were "the undisciplined, the youthful, the aged." There were 230 "enrolled men"—many, in fact, minors—and the remaining seventy were all either boys or old men. They embraced six companies, and were mustered at Forty Fort, on the west side of the river, where the families of the settlers on the east side had taken refuge. Such was the situation on that memorable day, the 3d of July, 1778, when the British and Indians, having advanced deliberately down the valley, feeling sure that their victims could not escape them, were finally met in battle. They had destroyed everything in their way. Jenkins's Fort had capitulated, a score of murders had been perpetrated, and Wintermoot's (which, as was afterward learned, had been built to aid the incursions of the Tories) had at once opened its gates to the invading host.

The settlers, with a desperation of courage rarely equalled in the history of war, resolved to put suspense at an end, actually marched forth to meet the enemy that outnumbered them four to one. Some few had counselled delay, and Colonel Zebulon Butler was of that minority, but he acquiesced in the verdict of the majority and led them out, the little force of 300, in the middle of the afternoon, with drums beating, colors flying, and in true military array.

There were six companies, and the officers of the little force, under Butler, were Colonels John Durkee and Nathan

Dennison, Lieutenant-Colonel George Dorrance, Major John Garrett, Captains Samuel Ransom, Dethic Hewitt, Asaph Whittlesey, Lazarus Stewart, James Bidlack, Rezin Geer, Aholiab Buck, — Spalding, William McKarrigan, and Robert Durkee. They marched up the valley, with the river upon their right. On coming up with the enemy the column deployed to the left and formed in line of battle, with its right resting on the high bank of the river and its left extending across the plain to a swamp.

The enemy then advancing, the colonel gave the order to fire, and a volley rang out along the entire line with precision and some effect. The British flinched and actually fell back before the Yankee spartans, but it was only for a moment, and they pressed forward again. Then with quick alternations of the orders "Advance!"—"Fire!" the brave Butler performed the almost impossible feat of moving his thin line slowly forward against the overwhelming force that faced it. But this well-nigh incredible resoluteness was all in vain, for even as the line advanced the Indians slipped singly and by dozens into the brush of the swamp and flanked its left.

On the side of the invaders "Indian" Butler, his subordinate officers, the Seneca chiefs, and even Queen Esther in person directed the fight in different quarters. Butler, divested of his usual Indian finery, and with a flame-colored handkerchief bound round his head, darted among his men, shrieking in his high voice orders to rangers and redmen alike, and wildly evinced his delight as he saw the certainty of success, while his round face, red with his frantic excitement and intense activity, shone with a devilish triumph. The Wyoming men's left became confused, though the old men and boys did not retreat, and the Indians, seizing the opportunity, rushed forward with their frightful whoops and tomahawked right and left those still left

standing. Many had already fallen under the murderous fire of four times their number. Every captain commanding a company was dead. The little band melted like wax before a fire. The Indians pressed the survivors toward the river, along the bank of which wives and mothers of the brave fighters had crowded in agonized watchfulness. Some swam over and escaped. Others were pursued and tomahawked in the water or shot from the shore. A few, promised quarter, returned, only to be treacherously struck down as they climbed the bank. Several found concealment on Monocacy Island, and others sought it only to be discovered and cut to pieces in their hiding-places, or dragged forth to be tortured at the leisure of their captors. It was there that one Tory killed his own brother, and that several other almost unbelievable horrors attested the atrocious fury of the assailants of these poor patriot settlers.

Massacre began when battle left off. One hundred and sixty men had been killed, and 140 had escaped—some only to be subsequently captured. Crack marksmen among the Indians had brought down officers and conspicuous fighters by breaking their thigh-bones or otherwise incapacitating them, so that they could by no possibility escape, and thus were reserved for tortures a hundred times worse than death. Captain Bidlack was thrown alive on blazing logs, pinned down with pitchforks that happened to be at hand, and so held in spite of his powerful paroxysms until death relieved him. William Mason, a boy captain of a boy company, was similarly slain.

A debauch of blood followed for the especial delectation of Queen Esther. That seemingly insane savage ordered a score of the prisoners brought before her for torture, and her followers, springing to obey, quickly assembled them around a great boulder, known to this day as "the bloody rock." They were bound and compelled to kneel about the rock, and then this fanatic fury, who had once graced drawing-rooms and been the admiration of gentle dames, seized a heavy tomahawk, and, raising a wild song, swept swiftly around the circle and dashed out the brains of sixteen victims, while the warriors, crowded close about the scene of

butchery, leaping and yelling, expressed their fierce joy. Four escaped from sacrifice at the hands of the savage queen, but fell not far away, for they were pursued by a hundred fleet-footed Iroquois. After all was over, there were discovered near bloody Rock nine more corpses, all mutilated and scalped.

When night came on, the still insatiate savages built fires, and, stripping the remaining prisoners naked, drove them back and forth through the flames, finally thrusting them on the embers with their spears, when they fell from exhaustion, until all were despatched.

Altogether, in the battle and after, nearly 300 men were killed. Of the wretched people remaining, there were made that day in the valley 150 widows and nearly 600 orphans.

But a flight had already been begun while the massacre was in-progress; and on the next day—after the arrival of ineffectually small reinforcements, and the surrender of the detachments of militia at Pittston and Forty Fort, and when the entire valley had been given over to the pillage of the Indians (whom Butler afterward said he could not restrain)—all the survivors of the tragedy followed in the footsteps of those who had fled at first.

The Indians, dividing into small bands, passed up and down the valley, burning every building and slaughtering every man, woman, and child they found—except some children whom they carried into captivity. Finally they rendezvoused and withdrew to the northward in a swarming, savagely triumphant body, the squaws bringing up the rear on stolen horses, their bridle-reins hanging heavy with strings of sodden scalps. As often the ludicrous treads hard on the heels of tragedy, so here with garish ghastliness these furies appeared fantastically garbed in the raiment of the slain settlers' wives and daughters—which they had abandoned in taking flight—while household spoils, pans, pots, kettles, ladles, and the like, clattered on the flanks of their horses and added to the discordant din amid which the wild horde departed.

Desolation reigned supreme throughout the valley. In all directions there were only the charred ruins of cabins and the unburied dead, lying stark under the se-



rene sky and pitiless sun of that 4th of July, 1778, where had so lately been happy homes and thronging, varied, busy human life.

In the meantime the wild flight of the survivors, begun while the battle still raged, or at least before the massacre streamed through the wilderness to the Delaware and Lehigh settlements—chiefly to the safety afforded by Fort Penn, built by Colonel Jacob Stroud, where Stroudsburg now stands, near the famous Water Gap. This place of refuge was only sixty miles distant, but the way lay over mountains and through almost impenetrable swamps, in a region absolutely uninhabited—the wildest part of eighteenth-century Pennsylvania. Frantic with fright, exerting every faculty, impelled by the one intense impulse of eluding the savage, of escaping death or awful torture, and with the vivid scenes of the horror in the valley ever before them, these pitiable refugees—men, women, and children—fled onward into the blessed protection of the forest and the hiding of night. This forlorn flight led into and through the great “Dismal Swamp of the North,” or, as it was then, and is sometimes to this day called, “the Shades of Death.” This was, and is yet to-day, a marsh upon a mountain-top, the vast, wet, marshy plateau of the Pocono and Broad mountains, an area still unreclaimed, included now in three counties and surrounding the headwaters of the romantic Lehigh. Over the greater part of this singular, saturated table-land there was a dense growth of pines and a tangled, almost impenetrable undergrowth, the whole interspersed here and there with expanses of dark, murky water, often concealed by a lush growth of mosses or aquatic plants, and swarming with creeping things, even as the matted forest abounded with wild beasts. But the terrors of the “Shades of Death” were as nothing now to these poor fugitives.

Women, more than men, made up the throng. In one band upon the old “Warrior’s Path” there were nearly a hundred women and children, with but a solitary man to advise or aid them. All were without food, many scarcely clothed, but they pressed on, weak, trembling, and growing constantly worse from their unaccustomed labor through the thickets, mire and ooze. The aged sank by the side

of the rude trail. One by one the weakest gave out. Some wandered from the path and were lost, some fell from exhaustion, some from wounds incurred in the battle, but the majority maintained life in some miraculous way and pressed on. The only manna in that wilderness was the whortleberry, and this they plucked and eagerly devoured without pausing.

Children were born and children died in the fearful forced march. One babe that came into the world in this scene of terror and travail was carried alive to the settlements. At least one which died was left upon the ground, while the agonized mother went on. There was not time nor were there means to make even a shallow grave. One woman bore her dead babe in her arms for twenty miles rather than abandon its little body to the beasts. Finally the refugees reached Fort Penn and the towns of the good Moravians, where, half-famished, they were given food, and those who needed it tender care, until they could go to their old homes or find new ones.

It needed no exaggeration in the story of Wyoming to fire the hearts of the colonists with a new zeal against the enemy under whose auspices the appalling deed of that July day had been committed. But in the meantime Wyoming was silently working in the minds of men far away a vaster result.

The significance of events—the relation of cause and consequence—is seldom seen contemporaneously, and sometimes not fully recognized when time has finally unrolled the scroll on which it is written, so slow are men to read aright. But in this case it did not take long to reveal the fact that Wyoming had won the heart of the world for the struggling colonies of America, against whom the mother-country had armed and arrayed savages who could perform such atrocities as were now told. What was of vastly more practical importance, it became apparent that the massacre had struck confusion into the camp of the Tories in England, who had to endure the odium of employing the Indians in subduing the rebellion; and finally when men had got far enough from the event to see clearly its meaning, they read that what had seemed at first an unmitigated disaster was in reality a disguised victory, and that Wyoming must take rank with





*Drawn by Donnan Link.*

The Flight of the Survivors of the Wyoming Massacre Through "The Shades of Death."





A Portion of Abraham's Plains, Exeter Township, Wyoming Valley.\*

The scene of the Battle of July 3, 1778.

Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill in effect upon the long fight for freedom. The victims who fell in the valley before British muskets in Indian hands, and those slain by the tomahawks of savages who were British allies and commanded by a British officer, deserve a prouder monument than the one erected to their memory on the battle-field. They were really the marked martyrs of the Revolution, and the blood of the martyrs was the seed of independence and of the republic. These men — "the undisciplined, the youthful, the aged" — who marched out to battle against great odds, with guns poorly loaded with powder and ball made by their besieged women, in the awful deaths they died, supplied a mass of telling ammunition of fact to Edmund Burke and the Earl of Chatham which they employed against the Tory ranks in Cabinet and Parliament until the party tottered.

Another and later effect of the massacre abroad, was that for the first time an American subject engaged the pen of a British poet, and Thomas Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming" confirmed the renown of its author. It was not published until 1809, but long before that time it was given to the coterie which assembled at Holland

House, and the tragical event which inspired the production, having become universally familiar to the English, had carried with its horrors the fame of the region which was its theatre. The Wyoming Valley was the Yosemite of those days, but with the added interests of tragedy and romance, of the pastoral, and all the charms of sylvan solitude, so that it is not strange it appealed to the poetic mind and became in the imagination of Coleridge and Southey, the Lloyds and Charles Lamb, the ideal planting-ground for that projected experiment in communal life which they called Pantisocracy, and for a long time cherished. With all that was written of Wyoming it is curious that its charms were not overdrawn, but they were not; and when in later years Halleck and Drake and Bryant and scores of prose writers came to dwell upon the beauties of the spot, each in turn seems to have been surprised that more had not been said in song and story of the most romantic region in all known America.

The bodies of the murdered men of Wyoming remained where they had fallen, a prey for the wolves and for the elements, until October 22d, nearly four months, when a military guard repaired there, and collected and buried them in one huge grave.

\* This and the following illustrations are from material furnished by Oscar J. Harvey, Esq., of Wilkes-Barre.



The blood of the martyrs cried aloud for retribution, and slowly but surely preparations were making to shatter the whole system of the hostile Indian alliance in New York. The once struggling settlement of the Susquehanna Company, looking only to its own people and indirectly to Connecticut for sympathy and support, now that it was struck from physical being, had suddenly become a subject for general consideration. Washington himself was at the head of the movement for avenging its great wrong, and General John Sullivan, one of the best soldiers and most picturesque personages of the Revolution, being selected to "chastise and humble" the Six Nations, most effectually performed that duty.

Almost any other people than the Connecticut Yankees would now have abandoned Wyoming for all time, but these pioneers seemed not only to have been filled with the spirit of New England enterprise, but to have developed extra determination through long-time opposition. Many of them returned to the valley even in the autumn of the year forever made memorable by the massacre. They built a little fort and took up again their old manner of life, which was one of calm, matter-of-fact defiance of danger and death. The Indians made a notable raid in November, but the majority of the settlers never appear to have been greatly disconcerted. The tide of immigration was renewed and bore in a great throng. With the rank and file came new leaders, among them Colonel John Franklin, destined to be one of the conspicuous characters in the militant new Connecticut.

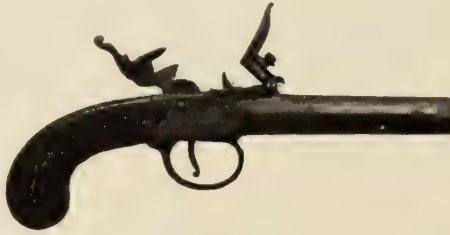
Pennsylvania, during the Revolution, had made no attempt to renew hostilities nor to repel the invasion, for the colony had been urged by Congress to remain inactive until the greater struggle was over. But as the Revolution drew to a close she prepared to resist aggression. The lands now belonged to the State instead of a private family, and there was an access of

general interest in their disposal. A greater change in the situation, however, lay in the fact that there was a new power to appeal to for settlement—the Congress of the Confederation. There was impatience to have the question of ownership decided, and only a fortnight after Cornwallis's surrender, on November 3, 1781, a petition was presented to Congress asking that the case be adjudicated by that body, under the clause of the Articles of Confederation relating to disputed boundaries. It was finally agreed that the subject of jurisdiction should be left to a board of commissioners to be selected by the delegates

from the two colonies, and those agreed upon were William Whipple, of New Hampshire; Welcome Arnold, of Rhode Island; David Brearly and William Churchill Houston, of New Jersey; Cyrus Griffin, Joseph Jones, and Thomas Nel-

son, of Virginia. On November 12, 1782, the court opened at Trenton, N. J. Distinguished counsel, including on both sides men then or afterward famous for service as soldiers, statesmen, legislators, appeared before the tribunal—Eliphalet Dyer, William Samuel Johnson, and Jesse Root for Connecticut; and William Bradford, Joseph Reed, James Wilson, and Jonathan D. Sargeant for Pennsylvania.

It is a remarkable fact that although this court held a session of forty-one judicial or working-days, heard voluminous arguments from the full array of able attorneys—of whom one spoke for four days—and delivered a momentous decision, scarcely any record exists of its deliberations, or in the century since has it transpired just what were the arguments made nor on precisely what ground was the verdict rendered. The judges had announced in advance that they would not make public the reasons which guided them to their decision, and they kept their secret inviolable. The verdict was flatly for Pennsylvania. "We are unanimously of opinion that Connecticut has no right to the lands in controversy," declared the



Pistol Found on the Wyoming Battle-field.  
In the collection of the Wyoming Historical Society.



Site (on the North Common, Wilkes-Barre) of the Redoubt Built by the Connecticut Settlers, and Used by Them in the Summer of 1771 when Besieging the Pennamites in Fort Wyoming.

judges, and they added: "We are also unanimously of opinion that the jurisdiction and pre-emption of all the territory lying within the charter of Pennsylvania, and now claimed by the State of Connecticut, do of right belong to the State of Pennsylvania."

While it is reasonable to suppose that all of the old contentions concerning the charter claims were most minutely gone over, it amounts almost to a certainty that the tedious and dangerous dispute was decided more on the matter of *intent* than on the literal rendering of the fundamental documents, and that expediency was paramount in the minds of the judges to all other considerations combined. On its face, taking everything as literal, Connecticut's "real, though impracticable claim" would doubtless, in the estimation of an unbiassed judge, have appeared better than Pennsylvania's; and yet that Connecticut should have jurisdiction over the great slice of Penn's province lying westward of her border, and so continuing westward "to the South Sea," would have been not only monstrously absurd, but dangerous to the public interest.

A new nation was entering upon the critical period of its formation, and its young life was imperilled by the conflicting claims of the very States that went to compose it. Massachusetts had a claim for millions of acres in western New York, on the same ground that Connecticut claimed a portion of Pennsylvania. Virginia and other States had similar imagi-

nary mortgages on the West. Contention and bloodshed had already ensued, and the future threatened worse results than the past had developed. Somewhere a sacrifice must be made—a sacrifice of individual interests, or even rights—for the common good. The case in hand was that of Connecticut against Pennsylvania. Why not begin here? Such, in brief, it seems sure was the most weighty argument in the minds of the judges, and dictated the Trenton Decree. The opinion of public men, in surprisingly unanimous approval of the verdict, was strong testimony to its wisdom and practical justice. It was a first, firm, forward step in nationality.

Another curious question that arises from the finding of the Trenton Court is: Did not the judges enter into a tacit and secret understanding with the Continental Congress that, in recompense for being deprived of her claim in an existent sister-State, Connecticut should be allowed a grant from the lands farther west, which would inflict loss upon no single colony, because they were the common heritage of the new nation as a whole? Again there is not an iota of legal evidence on which to reply, but an affirmative answer is, nevertheless, almost compelled by the conditions which existed. Such supposition is rational, leaves nothing to be accounted for, satisfies one's sense of justice toward a long-suffering people, and is given strong support of a negative nature in the partial secrecy of the proceedings

of Congress relating to the preliminaries of the grant to Connecticut of the Western Reserve, in Ohio.

The Wyoming men acquiesced quietly in the decree, but a new trouble arose. Jurisdiction had been securely vested in Pennsylvania, but the question of private ownership had not been touched upon, and therein lay the seed of a new contention which brought on a third "Pennamite War"—for, though the Penns were eliminated from the equation, the old name was retained. Pennsylvania, however near the right formerly, was now clearly in the wrong. Her people would not even allow the question of private ownership to be settled by a tribunal provided for in the Articles of Confederation. Thomas Jefferson sought in Congress to have such a solution of the problem resorted to, but a spirited remonstrance from the Pennsylvania Assembly put an end to the proceedings. In lieu of Jefferson's wise measure, the Pennsylvanians proposed an immediate relinquishment of half the Yankees' possessions, and an early relinquishment of all (with a slight time indulgence for the benefit of "the widows of those who had fallen by the savages"). These terms they resolved to enforce, and when the Yankees rejected the offer the matter was put for execution into the hands of that same Captain Alexander Patterson who had been conspicuous in the former contentions, and with two companies of militia he repaired to the long-troubled valley. His first act was the summary arrest of Colonel Zebulon Butler, the old hero of Wyoming, and Colonel John Franklin. A flood assisted the designs of the Pennsylvania claimants and land jobbers. It swept away many buildings and obliterated some landmarks. Patterson's men did the rest. They proceeded to lay out the lands in accordance with the Pennsylvania survey, created new civil divisions, and even replaced the cherished name of Wilkes-Barre with that of Londonderry.

In the middle of May the work of wiping Wyoming from the map was ruthlessly completed. The scenes that followed the massacre were now re-enacted. The soldiery marched out and at the point of the bayonet dispersed at least 150 families, in many instances setting fire to their dwell-

ings. Five hundred of the evicted—men, women, and children, infants in arms and old men—were literally driven from the valley, mostly on foot, poorly provided with food. They tramped through the mountainous wilderness toward the Delaware, only less miserable than the thronging refugees from the scene of the massacre six years before. Some died in the forest. Others reached the settlements only to succumb there to the rigors of their seven days' forced march—semi-starvation, exposure, and exhaustion. This was the seventh time the Connecticut people had made an enforced exodus from the valley.

The Pennsylvanians were in possession, but their high-handed method of procedure had alienated the sympathy of the right-minded of their own State. Shame and indignation led to the sending of a sheriff's *posse* to restore order, and the hasty recall of the evicted settlers. Patterson remained sufficiently in power to extend to the first who returned a warm reception, but finally, as the refugees rallied in greater force, Colonel John Franklin took command of them, and they went through the valley like a scourge, dispossessing the Pennsylvanians wherever they came upon them. Patterson, gathering his followers in a fort, stood at bay. A battle ensued in which men were killed on both sides. And so civil war again crimsoned the country. To quell this, Colonel John Armstrong—the same who was the author of the celebrated "Newburg Addresses" which had brought Washington's army to the verge of mutiny in the Revolution—was ordered with 400 militia to the scene of disturbance. It was the expectation that he would act impartially as a peace officer, but like his colleague, Patterson, he hated the Yankees, and it was those only that he disarmed; and having done so immediately declared them prisoners, manacled them in couples, and marched them to prison.

It is probable that now, but for the intervention of a peculiar Pennsylvania institution, the Council of Censors, and John Dickinson, who together created a new sympathy for the Yankee settlers and mitigated the rigors of their prosecution, the colony of Wyoming would once more have been stricken from existence. But most of Armstrong's prisoners escaping, or being re-





Bear Creek, Luzerne County, Penn.

In the mountainous region east of Wyoming Valley and contiguous to the Great Swamp or "Shades of Death," through which the Wyoming settlers fled after the massacre, and upon other occasions when driven out of the Valley by the Pennamites.

leased, they swarmed back to the valley with that indomitable persistency they had exhibited for a quarter of a century, and resumed the defence of their homes. The conflict was now carried on in a desultory but determined way for years, and many lives were lost, both through the predatory Indian methods of war, involving the scouting of sharpshooters, and in collisions of considerable forces, before the war closed.

But cessation of armed hostilities in this case did not mean any improvement in the situation. Every change in the Pennamite Wars seems to have been to something worse. And now, while there was a respite from fighting, it was only because of the withdrawal of Armstrong and Patterson's soldiery; and the Connecticut men, who had so long battled for homes in

Pennsylvania with numbers augmented by fresh arrivals and emboldened by partial success, were preparing for a *coup* which, had it been carried out, would have convulsed the country, and made its history read very differently from that we now have.

Civil war at the beginning, instead of seventy-odd years afterward, would very probably have rent the Confederation and possibly have precluded the formation of the republic itself; but civil war—and of very formidable dimensions, and over an issue well calculated to shatter faith in the success of a democratic government—was precisely what the Connecticut people now meant.

The formation of a new State—it might have been the State of Franklin or



Susquehanna—was not only contemplated, but actually commenced, and that it would have been consummated had not Pennsylvania finally accorded tardy justice is beyond doubt. Considering their experience with Pennsylvania and their long siege of complicated troubles, it is not strange that the Connecticut settlers at last conceived the idea of severing themselves from connection with the Quakers, and founding a new and independent State of which Wyoming should be the nucleus, and which they would probably have so carved as to contain all of Pennsylvania originally claimed by Connecticut; that is, all north of the forty-first parallel of latitude. By 1787 the new-State idea amounted to a furore in Wyoming, and there was an enthusiastic backing for the project in New England and New York. The plan was immediately upon its declaration to rush in a great mass of immigrants, to each of whom should be granted 200 acres of land, and maintain its existence and integrity against all assaults.

Colonel Ethan Allen, with the fresh prestige of leading the "Green Mountain Boys" to success, came out to Wyoming in the summer, and it has always been supposed was not only there to lend enthusiasm to the undertaking, but with a view to conducting a campaign of arms when the action of the long-oppressed settlers should precipitate attack. It is significant that he had been presented with several thousand acres of land by the Susquehanna Company.

Another remarkable man of the times, Colonel Timothy Pickering, also appeared, but he came as one of the Pennsylvania commissioners, and it was largely owing to his skilful and astute handling of affairs that the most serious situation that ever confronted tortured Wyoming, and in fact equally threatened Pennsylvania and the country at large, was eased by di-

plomacy combined with judiciously decisive acts. He showed here much of that ability which enabled him in later years to adorn successively the high offices of Postmaster-General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State, and to render acceptable service as Member of Congress and Senator of the United States from Massachusetts. He was originally from that State (to which he returned), and was chosen for that reason by the Pennsylvania Government, for it was believed that a New Englander could more effectively labor with the Connecticut men than could a Pennsylvanian. Pickering went among the Wyoming folk intent on making an equitable settlement of the vexed question and authorized to promise, in the name of the Government, that their lands should be confirmed to the settlers in clear title. Pennsylvania came reluctantly but of ne-

cessity to this concession, for her leading men had grown to fear that the unjust course which had been persisted in would bear bitter fruit. So it was with a mingling of the patriotic and politic in motive that the shrewd Pickering went on his mission.

He took up lands

under Connecticut title, cultivated the people, talked conciliation and concession, and almost at the outstart made an adherent of brave old Zebulon Butler.

Simultaneously with Pickering's progress, very important work of a diverse nature went on in the States of Pennsylvania and Connecticut. The former passed what became famous as "the Confirming Act of 1787," expressly to disrupt the new-State movement; and at the very time, though the Quakers did not know how far it had gone, the Connecticut schemers were actually drawing up a plan of government for the proposed new State. Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut, had written its constitution, while Major Will-



Powder-horn, Spear or Pike-head and Sword Found on the Wyoming Battle-field.

In the collection of the Wyoming Historical Society, Wilkes-Barre.



iam Judd, of the same State, had been decided upon for the first governor and Colonel John Franklin for lieutenant-governor.

Thus close had the new State come to bursting into being, when the legislative act of Pennsylvania and the diplomacy of Pickering averted the danger. But the colonel, redoubtable in peace as he had been in war, was still unable to swerve all of the Wyoming men to acceptance of his proposition. Not being able to conciliate his old companion-in-arms, Colonel Franklin, he forcibly captured him, put him in irons very promptly, and sternly hustled him off to Philadelphia, where he was clapped into prison and long languished under the charge of treason. As a sequel to this, Colonel Pickering was in June, 1788, arrested in retaliation, held as a hostage, and hurried from place to place by his Yankee captors, who for weeks eluded four companies of militia, a troop of horse, and a sheriff's *posse*.

Long before this the Connecticut settlers held a typical New England "town meeting" to discuss the question of accepting or rejecting the Compromise Act of 1787, which revealed the fact that a majority of them were in favor of accepting Pennsylvania's terms. Those opposed argued that the act confirming their titles had only been passed to stop the new-State movement, and time proved they were right, for in 1790 the Legislature repealed it as being unconstitutional. But the land-jobbing projects of the holders of Pennsylvania titles, who had brought about the repeal, gained nothing by the measure. There was in the act so much of wisdom and good policy, so much of justice to the long-suffering Connecticut men who had bought in good faith those Wyoming lands and expended their blood in defending them, that the spirit of the law actually survived and was potently active, even when the body of the act was dead and destroyed—stricken from the statutes. The settlers continued to hold their lands and were not again molested, though the legal war continued for years. The "Yankees" eventually made the State a trifling payment for the lands, and finally the last vestige of injustice toward them was wiped out by an act passed in 1807, exactly half a century from the date when Connecticut's pioneers came to Cushu-



The Wyoming Monument, Erected in 1833.

It stands near the scene of the battle and massacre of July 3, 1778.

tunk on the Delaware, and almost as long since the initial settlement at Wyoming.

What, now, were the ultimate results to Pennsylvania and rewards to Connecticut flowing from this unique invasion and unparalleled contention?

In a certain sense Pennsylvania was the chief gainer. Already having a more heterogeneous population than any State in the Union, she received still another distinct element, and the Yankee people who came among the Germans and Scotch-Irish either with, or as a result of, the Connecticut invasion were by no means the least useful and influential citizens of the so-called Quaker State, as becomes evident on reflection that among the representative men of this blood were such statesmen as David Wilmot, of "Proviso" fame (who, in 1846, became a conspicuous figure in the great Congressional campaign against slavery, in which, as we shall see, his Ohio compatriots of Connecticut origin were already engaged); Hon. Galusha A. Grow, Pennsylvania's veteran Congressman-at-Large, whose career covers half a century; Governors William F. Packer and Henry M. Hoyt; such able commanders of industry, co-



lossal philanthropists, and college founders as Asa Packer and Ario Pardee, and such a sterling city founder as Joseph H. Scranton.

Aside from the Connecticut contribution of men to Pennsylvania, thus merely indicated, perhaps the most important service that the Yankees rendered Pennsylvania lay in its initiative and example of the common-school system. They had been at Wyoming—as, indeed, wherever the New England colonies were planted—the pioneers of public schools; and when Pennsylvania came tardily to establish these institutions she was influenced by the Connecticut element and found models on the Susquehanna which had existed for more than half a century.

With these facts in view, it is apparent that there were results of far-reaching good growing out of Connecticut's contest for Wyoming, which it is gratifying to chronicle; for without these there would appear a peculiarly pathetic and irreconcilable inadequacy of outcome for all those fifty years of stubborn strife.

As for the Yankee colonists, they secured clear title eventually to what is called "the seventeen townships" or about 300,000 acres of land, including the beautiful valley they had fought for for fifty years, from which they had seven times been evicted and in which their people had twice been massacred. They had coveted and contested this ground for its agricultural worth and its picturesqueness; and curiously enough their heirs found the value of the lands doubled or dec-multiplied, and the loveliness of the land for the most part destroyed by one and the same cause—the discovery of anthracite coal therein, and the development of the most extensive mines in all America.

But the greater reward that came to the Connecticut people lay not in the country for which they had carried on their heroic, even if mistaken contest, but in the Western Reserve, which is a region a trifle larger than Connecticut, possessing a population almost equalling it at the last census, and exercising, in some respects, a power surpassing it.

In the granting to Connecticut of that huge tract—unquestionably influenced, as before explained, by the idea that some measure of mercy, if not of justice, was

due in compensation for its being deprived of possession in Pennsylvania—in its superb colonization and the consequences flowing therefrom—is to be found, historically speaking, the justification for the warfare at Wyoming.

The reward which Connecticut received in Ohio, for her otherwise profitless persistency in Pennsylvania, was a reward of victory vicariously bestowed, inasmuch as it came, for the most part, to other men than those who had toiled, in the Quaker State—and even to another generation—but it redounded to the advantage of the State; and her people as a whole improved the opportunity opened to them to the very utmost.

The Western Reserve came into existence through the thrifty forethought of Connecticut in attaching conditions to her deed of cession of Western land-claims to the United States. She had exactly the same claim to lands between latitude  $41^{\circ}$  and  $42^{\circ}$  in Ohio which she had to those of the same zone in Pennsylvania—claims based upon her charter (as stated in the first of these papers), which extended her northern and southern boundaries indefinitely westward, and gave her all between them. She had been divested of title in Pennsylvania in 1782 after a contest unparalleled in the annals of inter-colonial strife, but she resolutely hung on to the claim farther west. When she made her deed of cession to the United States, relinquishing claim to the territory northwest of the Ohio River she reserved a tract supposed to contain 3,000,000 acres (it afterward proved to be larger) lying upon the south shore of Lake Erie, and the deed of cession being accepted by Congress, May 26, 1786, Connecticut was granted the tract, for which a deed was issued to her on September 14th following.

The best evidence that the divestment of title to the Wyoming lands, which Connecticut had undergone by the Trenton Decree of 1782 (heretofore alluded to), was taken into consideration by Congress and influenced the grant, was that her tract was made to extend westward from the Pennsylvania boundary 120 miles, which was supposed to make it equal to the Susquehanna tract which had been taken from her.



*Drawn by Howard Lyie.*

The Connecticut Settlers Entering the Western Reserve.

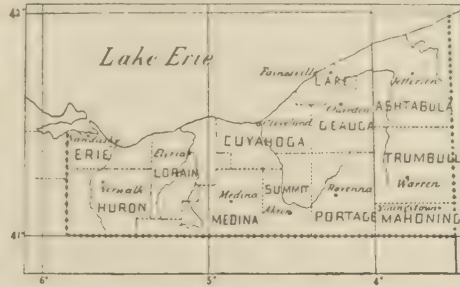




Connecticut's first act in regard to her grant was to reserve (in 1792) half a million acres from her own Reserve for the reimbursement of losses sustained by her citizens in the Revolution. These, located in the extreme western end of the tract, became known in Connecticut as "The Sufferers' Lands," and in Ohio as "the Fire Lands," because the majority of the losses they satisfied were those by fire, in the towns burned by the British, Norwalk, New London, Norwich, New Haven, and others—names all duly transplanted to Ohio. The residue of the lands the State resolved to put into the market for the benefit of her school fund, and in due time she sold them for \$1,200,000 to the Connecticut Land Company, composed of some of the leading financiers and most prominent characters of the State, with a few members from Massachusetts and New York. To tell how this company surveyed and sold its lands, and the region was filled with settlers, mostly from Connecticut, would fill a volume, but the story would consist of the dry details common to the peaceful growths in population and power of other Western regions, save that here it would exhibit a marked conservation of the characteristics of Connecticut. The surveying party, led by General Moses Cleveland, a soldier of the Revolution, came into the tract in 1796, celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the Declaration at "Port Independence," as they named Conneaut Harbor, and founded the city of Cleveland a few days later.

At first there is no question these pertinacious Yankees thought to establish a State, as they had tried to do in Pennsylvania, but this idea was soon given over; though through the persistence of a certain modified Puritanism and other traits transplanted from Connecticut, they became a peculiar power, and the Reserve soon gained the distinctive title of "a State separate from the rest of Ohio." This was largely by reason of the early, unrelenting, and exceedingly zealous advocacy of anti-slavery doctrine, which was the chief political characteristic of the people. Charles B. Storrs, the first president of Western Reserve College—which was the earliest of several colleges which sprang up among this peculiarly enlightened and

progressive people—began the propaganda which was afterward aided actively by President Finney and "Father" Keep at Oberlin, and carried into Congress by



Map Showing the Portion of Ohio Known as the Western Reserve.

the greatest of the Reserve's early contributions to the roll of national statesmen, Joshua R. Giddings and Benjamin Franklin Wade, both, like their successor, Garfield, of New England and Puritan origin. John Brown came here from Connecticut as a child of five years; and it was through the inculcation of early Western Reserve radicalism, operating excessively on a peculiar nature, that he was projected upon the country at large as a lurid figure, whatever its defects, not to fade from history. It has been chiefly through a certain stalwart moral stamina of its people, combined with a genius for politics, that the Reserve early became conspicuous, and has all along exercised a huge influence, relative to its size, upon the State and country. It has contributed six governors to the State in the time of its need, five Senators and two Presidents to the United States; educators, authors, scientists almost innumerable. The mere names of Wade and Giddings, of James A. Garfield and William McKinley, of Jay Cooke, financier of the War for the Union, of Governors Samuel Huntington, Seabury Ford, Reuben Wood, David Tod, John Brough, and Jacob D. Cox—the latter also one of the ablest generals in the Civil War, and of those other generals, Q. A. Gillmore, Opdyke, Dewey, Alger, Reilly, John Beatty and the two Paines, both major-generals, who, though entering the service elsewhere, were natives of the Reserve; of such practical scientists as Edison and Brush; of such authors as W. D. Howells, James Ford

Rhodes, Edith Thomas, George Kennan, Ambrose Bierce, Sarah Woolsey, Albion W. Tourgee, Thomas Jay Hudson, and Delia Bacon (of Bacon-Shakespeare fame), and of such educators as ex-President James Fairchild, of Oberlin, the late Thomas W. Harvey and Burke A. Hinsdale, and Professor George Trumbull Ladd (the world-famous philosopher and psychologist of Yale's faculty), are sufficient to attest that it was no people of mere mediocrity which Connecticut's remarkable colonizing movement placed in Ohio.

In material growth the Reserve has shown an advance from a mere handful of people (1,320) in 1800, and 16,000 in 1810, to almost 885,000 in 1900, of which Cleveland has 381,768, becoming the chief

city of the State, and the seventh in the United States.

This compact community, settled principally by Connecticut people—preserving to a large extent the peculiarities of Connecticut, forming the largest distinct colony to be found in the whole nation—which more than any other similar body of people west of the Alleghenies has “impressed the brain and conscience of the country,” represents the final organized outcome of that same irrepressible, almost explosively expansive, but misdirected force which made its first feeble manifestation at Cushtunk, and strove in vain to break State barriers at Wyoming. It was a force which only needed a slight favoring from fate to become enormously useful, as it finally did.

## SOME IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA

By Henry Cabot Lodge

SOMEWHAT more than a year ago Eduard Suess, the distinguished Austrian geologist, eminent alike in science and in public life, celebrated his seventieth birthday. To a gathering of his friends who had waited upon him to present their congratulations, he made an address in which he discussed the political and economic future of the nations of the earth. The theme was very appropriate to the speaker, for modern history in these latest days has been engaged in demonstrating more and more surely and clearly that the discovery, possession, and development of mineral deposits have played always a leading and often a controlling part in the rise and fall of states and empires, in the growth and decay of civilizations, and in the movements of trade and the accumulation of wealth. This phase of history was, therefore, the one naturally taken by Herr Suess for his text, and in the course of his discussion he is reported to have said that owing to their mineral resources, the future belonged to three nations—the United States, Russia, and China, but with a long interval between the first and second; and that the supremacy of the nations of western Europe and of England was over, because

their natural resources, heavily drawn upon for many centuries, and never very large, were rapidly approaching exhaustion. To the geologist a thousand years are, indeed, but as yesterday, and that which he speaks of as immediate frequently seems to the average man extremely remote. Many years, no doubt, must elapse before the mineral resources of England and western Europe actually give out or become unprofitable from difficulty in working. Yet the end is pressing sufficiently close to cause England and Europe to watch the progress of the United States with an interest hitherto unknown and which, whether it finds expression in serious discussion, in sneers, or in denunciations, is none the less real and none the less tremulous with apprehension of the rival at whom they have been wont to scoff. We, on the other hand, do not fret ourselves overmuch about the nations we are overtaking and passing in the race for trade, commerce, and economic supremacy. We observe all they do, with great care, but without anxiety. To us the great country placed next behind us by the geologist is a subject of keener interest, although no cause for present fear. It is true that owing to the superior energy of the Amer-



ican people a long interval still separates us from Russia, in the prediction of Herr Suess. But none the less Russia has the natural resources—she has, like ourselves, a large future; her natural resources are still undeveloped. The nations which have hitherto held economic supremacy, but whose natural resources have begun to contract and decline, demand, no doubt, our most watchful attention, but need not excite undue apprehension. Ultimate peril, if there is any, can only come from a nation of the future, with possibilities as yet unmeasured and unknown.

To every reflecting American, therefore, Russia is of absorbing interest, not only on account of the friendship she has frequently shown us, but because she is potentially an economic rival more formidable than any other organized nation. We know that somewhere in that vast territory which extends from the Baltic to the Pacific, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea, there is to be found every variety of soil and climate, and every kind of mineral wealth. The coal, the iron, the gold, and the copper may not be so compactly or so conveniently placed as in the United States, but they are all there. That which it concerns us to know is how far this great country and its resources are now developed, whether they can be fully and effectively developed by the Russian people, and, if so, how soon will they reach the point of dangerous and destructive rivalry. These were the questions to which I sought reply when I travelled in Russia last summer; and on the principle of seeking and finding, I received a number of very vivid impressions which seemed to furnish in some degree answers to the questions I had in mind. I shall try here to set down certain of those impressions, with the hope that they may help us to understand the present and gauge the future conditions with some accuracy, for upon our knowledge of these conditions our success in the great economic struggle, upon which we have entered so victoriously and so cheerfully, largely depends.

We came into Russia from Vienna by way of Poland, and stopped at Warsaw. Here was a large city full of business activity, curiously devoid of any sign of age more remote than the days of "Augustus, the Physically Strong," and with new quar-

ters which closely resembled Chicago. Everywhere there was bustle, life, energy; very clearly an economic people with abundant capacity for the competition of the present time. And over this large, thriving, moving, rather commonplace community lies ever the shadow of 80,000 armed men, for that is the garrison needed, apparently, to maintain the peace for which Warsaw has become proverbial. The people are Polish and Jewish, the soldiers are Russians. In other words, the economic people here are not Russians, and their obvious capacity for modern business throws no light upon Russia unless by way of contrast. But from another point of view the relative positions of the two races are full of instruction, and embody very strikingly the great truth that economic capacity is futile unless it is sustained by the nobler abilities which enable a people to rule and administer and display that social efficiency in war, peace, and government without which all else is vain. It is well worth while to pause a moment as one looks at Warsaw, and remember how great a part the Poles have played in history. They were the barrier of Europe against the Turk. Only three centuries ago they were in Moscow, pulling down and setting up Tsars. They were, and are, a gallant people, brilliant in war, versatile, clever, interesting. They were, and are, far cleverer, far more attractive, far quicker than the Russians; but they were unable to govern themselves or others, and the Russians have shown themselves able to do both. They were anarchic, weakly unable to combine and make sacrifices for a common end. The Russians were orderly, organized, concentrated. One is irresistibly reminded by Poland of Bagehot's famous proposition that in great governing races there is always a certain amount of stupidity, and that "while the Romans were prætors, the Greeks were barbers"—an illustration which he might have supplemented by one equally apt, drawn from contemporary Warsaw. But none the less, however we may explain it, and however much we may dislike the political system and methods by which Poland is controlled, the fact remains that the Russians govern Poland, which could not govern itself, as well as much other vast territory and many other hostile or alien peoples. We may object



to their way of doing it, but we must concede at the outset that the Russians have the governing capacity, without which no race and no nation can aspire to political power or hope for material success. The manner may be harsh, but the Russians can maintain order, with which failure is likely enough, but without which nothing is possible, except anarchy and chaos, hateful above all things to gods and men and Thomas Carlyle.

The railroad from Warsaw to Moscow follows almost exactly the route of Napoleon and the Grand Army. The country is still the same as in his day, except for the railroad itself; and as the dreary plain, broken only by vast stretches of monotonous birch and pine forests, slips by, hour after hour and mile after mile, the greatness of the man who crossed it with an army looms ever larger on the imagination. The military genius of Napoleon seems more marvellous than ever before, while the lone and level plain, the marshes, the woods, the chill and sluggish rivers, silent witnesses of his great march, stare back at the gazer as the train runs slowly onward. It was this same country that destroyed his army on its retreat after the ruinous and inexplicable delay at Moscow which insured a defeat that could have been so easily avoided. The victory of the desolate wind-swept plains over the only soldier of modern times worthy to rank with Cæsar, Alexander, and Hannibal suggests some interesting reflections. The Russians have expanded their borders and added to their possessions more than any people in modern times, except those who speak English. The Tsar holds sway to-day over a territory as compact as the United States and more than twice as large. Throwing out the Arctic wastes of Canadian North America, Russia in Europe and Asia has nearly as large an area as that of all the widely scattered British possessions. Yet it was not until late in the sixteenth century, less than four hundred years ago, that Russia shook herself free from Tartar dominion. Two hundred more years elapsed before her political organization became consolidated and coherent, free from the intermeddling of Poles and Swedes. Her great extension of territory has practically taken place within 200 years; that is, since the ac-

cession of Peter the Great. When it is remembered that the world movement of the English-speaking people began nearly a hundred years earlier, with the first settlement of America and the opening of the East India trade, the length and rapidity of the strides Russia has made in the acquisition of territory and the spread of her empire can be quickly appreciated. Yet a very conspicuous fact about Russian history is that she has never been a conquering nation, in the usual military sense. She has never swept, swift and conquering, over vast spaces of the earth, like the Tartar hordes which held her in bondage for 250 years, and whose scattered remnants are now her peaceful subjects. Her best known victories in war have been, as a rule, defensive victories, where country and climate were the allies of her soldiers, as when she ruined Charles, of Sweden, at Pultava, or destroyed the Grand Army of Napoleon, pursuing his retreating columns over snow and ice, more deadly and destructive than all her soldiers and artillery. She has steadily pushed back the Turks in many wars of varying success, but the empire has not been made by military conquerors of the type of Alexander or Cæsar or Napoleon. Suvaroff, alone, had large success in the offensive, outside his own country, and after his recall the Russian army was beaten by Massena at Zurich. The Russians, indeed, have not been over-successful in war. They have always fought with dogged stubbornness, but military genius seems to have been lacking. It is true that they have slowly driven back the Turks, and yet in their very last war Turkey, crippled as she was, inflicted many bloody repulses upon them and stayed the march to Constantinople. Nevertheless, with the exception of the English-speaking race, no people have acquired territory so rapidly and steadily, or held it more firmly. No matter what checks they have received, the Russian movement has gone persistently forward. They have spread to the Baltic on the north and to the Black Sea on the south. They have crossed the Urals and carried their empire to the Pacific. Even now they are grasping Manchuria and have opened their way to the Persian Gulf, despite the fact that England, if we may believe Captain Mahan, has been increasing her

prestige and improving her military strength in South Africa. They hold Poland, Finland, and the German Baltic provinces in an unwilling, but complete, subjection. They have brought the Cossacks, that wild blend of Tartar and Greek with outlawed Poles and Russians, to an entire and satisfactory loyalty, while the still wilder tribes of Central Asia accept their dominion quietly, and rest content under their rule. The people of the South and East, with a less advanced civilization, welcome Russian government, while those of the western border, more civilized and more intelligent than their masters, detest it, but both alike are held quiet and submissive in an iron grip. Here, then, is a nation which has shown two great and vital qualities of an imperial and ruling race—the ability to govern and the ability to expand and conquer, as well as to consolidate and hold its conquests.

Twenty years ago it would have been admitted unquestioningly that a nation with such attributes and such achievements in the recent past was soon to become, not only a portentous rival to all other nations, but that, except for some very unforeseen contingency, was certain to attain to supremacy, if not to absolute domination in the affairs of the world. Since that time, however, a new school of historians has arisen, of which Mr. Brooks Adams, in his "Law of Civilization and Decay," was the pioneer and first exponent, and which has set forth and sustained the theory that the rise and fall of states and civilizations, nations and races, are governed by processes of evolution as sure as those applied by Darwin to the world of nature, and less definite only because our knowledge of the highly complicated facts is inferior and our opportunities of observation more limited. This new school further holds that in these processes of evolution the controlling forces, in ancient and modern times alike, have been economic. This doctrine, if carried to extremes, may easily become as misleading as any other; for the one thing absolutely certain about human history is that, in the infinite complications of human motives and passions, no single theory and no simple truth can alone explain all the doings of mankind and all the events of the past. The economic forces have been so utterly overlooked

hitherto, and have really played such a great and, at times, controlling part in the history of mankind, that it is easy in reaction against their undeserved neglect to go too far with them. Properly understood, they give light in many places where before there was darkness; they often show continuity, where hitherto blind chance seemed to reign; they demonstrate the processes of evolution and they explain much, but taken alone they do not explain everything. A nation may produce great economic capacity, and yet fail. Even the towering genius of Hannibal could not save the Carthaginians, a race of high economic ability, from defeat by a people at that time of low economic capacity, but endowed with greater tenacity of purpose, greater ability to stand punishment, and superior quality in war. The Huns swept over Europe in conquest and disappeared, for they had neither organizing, administrative, nor economic capabilities. The nation which can only fight, no matter how brilliantly, will not endure. Like Hun and Tartar, it will go down. The nation which is purely economic, no matter how much it wins in commerce or how vast the wealth it piles up, cannot long survive; for some fighting people whom it has beaten in trade will destroy it in war. Carthage fell before the advance of Rome. A people may combine fighting and economic qualities, and yet break down because they cannot organize and govern. Poland furnishes a sad example of such a case. A nation may be able to fight, trade, and organize, and yet, if unable to expand and spread, will not endure. Spain rose to domination under her statesmen and soldiers, and was brought to the ground by Holland, grotesquely unequal as an antagonist, because Holland could not only fight desperately, but by marvellous economic talents turned the tide of wealth to Amsterdam and ruined her mighty foe, who could not make, but could only spend, money. The Dutch in turn failed to expand, and after a period of great power dropped out of the race and lost their place among the leading nations.

It is not enough, therefore, that a nation should have shown, as Russia has shown, the power to conquer territory, to fight, govern, and expand. She must also prove that she is gifted with the economic qualities, never so essential as now when the



economic forces are more relentless and controlling than ever before in history. Does she possess these qualities, or can she develop them? On the answer to these questions her future depends. To seek to make this momentous answer complete would be a life-work for one man; and when the life had been given, the task would probably remain unfinished. But indications of the right reply, foundations for just conclusions, contributions to the final settlement of the problem, these can be gathered everywhere, in the history of the past, in the facts and statistics of the present; they can even be discovered in the first vivid impressions of the passing traveller, if he will take the trouble to look at the scenes and people before him with considerate eyes, and formulate what he perceives, so that it shall be intelligible to others.

To a native of western Europe or of the United States, the first feeling which masters him in Russia is that he has come among a people whose fundamental ideas, whose theory of life, and whose controlling motives of action are utterly alien to his own. There is no common ground, no common starting-place, no common premise of thought and action. The fact that the Russians on the surface and in external things are like us, only accentuates the underlying and essential differences. In all the outward forms of social life, in the higher education, in methods of intercourse both public and private, they do not differ from us, and Peter's imitative policy has in all these things been carried to completion. That the man in the breech-clout, that the wearer of the turban or the pigtail, should be wholly alien to us is so obvious that we are not startled. But that men who in the world of society and in the cities dress like us and have our manners should be at bottom so utterly different, gives a sharp and emphatic jar to all one's preconceived ideas.

It is always difficult to state in few words the radical differences which separate one people from another in thought and habits, in the conduct and ideals of life. But here the past helps us to a definition at once broad and suggestive. We are the children of Rome, and the Russians are the children of Byzantium. Between Rome, republican or imperial, and its Greek successor at Byzantium there was

a great gulf fixed. One was Latin, the other was the Greek of decadence and subjection. One was Western, the other was Eastern. Ideas inherited from Rome permeated western Europe and were brought thence to America. From Rome comes our conception of patriotism, to take but a single example, that love of country which made Rome what she was in her great days. The patriotism of the Russian applies only to the Tsar. In Glinka's fine and most characteristic opera, "A Life for the Tsar," the old peasant who saves his sovereign has no word for Russia, but only for the Tsar. Give your life, give everything for the Tsar! is his cry; and the songs which move the audience to profound excitement are passionate appeals ending in prayer to sacrifice all for the preservation of the Tsar. That which moves an American, an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German to heroic deeds is devotion to his native land, to his fatherland, to that ideal entity which is known as "country." That which moves the Russian is devotion to a man who, next to God, commands his religious faith and stands to him for his country. The first conception is Roman, and of the Western World. The second is Oriental, and pertains to the subtle Greek intellect in its decadence. Nor is this feeling the personal loyalty of the Cavalier and the Jacobite to the Stuarts, or of the French *noblesse* to the house of Bourbon. The loyalty of the Russian is not to Alexander or to Nicholas or to the Romanoffs, a family of mixed blood, chiefly German and less than three hundred years ago of the rank of boyars. The intense Russian loyalty is to the crowned and consecrated Tsar, whoever he may be, the head of the State and the head of the Church, next to God in their prayers. Superadded to the deep religious feeling for the Tsar is that due to the fact that when Peter came to the throne commerce and industry belonged to the Tsar, like everything else, and in the words of Peter's latest biographer, Waliszewski, "The Tsar is not only master, he is, in the most absolute sense of the word, proprietor of his country and his people." Whatever changes or modifications came from the "great reformer," or have come since, have been in details. The great central idea that the Tsar not



only represents God on earth, but that he owns country and people, is still dominant and controlling. In other words, the State, in the person of the Tsar, is owner and master, and the result is a military and religious socialism which is economically a wasteful and clumsy system, utterly unable to compete against the intense individualism of other countries working through highly perfected and economical organizations. The same difference of feeling as to the relations of men may be seen in everything. The religious obeisance of the Russians, for example, with its crouching attitude and the head touching the pavement is thoroughly Oriental, and never was known in any Western Church. One feels at every step the great gulf fixed between those who inherit the ideas of Roman law, liberty, and patriotism, and those who still hold to the slavish doctrines of the Greek Empire of Byzantium.

In the famous opera of Glinka, which has just been mentioned, one catches, indeed, the keynote of the Russian system. The hero is not a prince or a boyar or a victorious general, but a simple moujik, and the other great figure is the Tsar, who never appears on the stage at all, but upon whose fate the entire play turns. The moujik is Russia, and on the moujik rests the government of the Tsar. So long as the moujik remains as he is, the Russian autocracy can neither be touched nor shaken. The outbreaks of Nihilists and students are mere froth upon the surface of society. While the moujik fills the army and believes in the Tsar, all the efforts of the discontented and the agitators are as vain and empty as the passing wind. But as the moujik is Russia, it is on him and his qualities that, not only the government, but the future of the country depends. Is he able to take a successful part in the economic competition of the time? If he is, Russia will succeed, and the most prosperous and powerful of nations may dread the rivalry. If he is not, Russia will ultimately fail. It is true that in the Finns and the Poles, in the Germans of the Baltic Provinces and the Tartars of the South—remnants of the hordes which once held the country to tribute—we have industrial and economic people capable of economic development, and even now largely in possession of the business and capital of the

empire. But these outlying races are in a hopeless minority, and, with the exception of the Tartars, they, in various degrees, detest their masters; they have no control, and never will have: in a word, they are not Russian and the spirit and soul of Russia are not in them. There is no need to waste time over them. If we would try to read, however dimly, the future of Russia, we must look to the Russian alone, and really to the Russian moujik; for the educated upper class, cultivated into an external imitation of western Europe, are not Russia, and have power and meaning only when they represent and are in close accord with the vast inert mass of the population beneath them, as was the case alike with the Russian Peter and the German Catherine, the two great rulers and builders of the empire.

What does the moujik reveal, then, to the eyes of the passing traveller? I saw him and his country first, as we slowly crossed the vast plain which lies between Warsaw and Moscow. In that long, monotonous stretch of 800 miles, one notes that there are only three cities of any size—Minsk, with 91,000 inhabitants; Brest-Litovsk, with 48,000; and Smolensk with 46,000. There are only six towns, including these three, of over 10,000 inhabitants, and only nine with more than 5,000. This is an old part of the empire, some of the cities having been important in the Middle Ages, but there has been no industrial growth, no concentration of labor and capital, no organization like that of the West. Yet the country is all occupied. The farming villages appear at intervals. They are composed of log houses huddled together, tumble-down, dirty, the chinks stuffed with clay. They closely resemble the worst cabins of the early American pioneers which gave place to the clap-boarded or brick house in a generation, so quickly, indeed, that except in the region of the negro and in remote districts they have largely disappeared from our Southern and Western country in the course of a century's advance. But the Russians have not advanced beyond the log-cabin stage in 800 years. In some of the larger villages one sees sometimes two or three houses sheathed in boards and looking like an American frame house, but these are the exceptions. It is true that Russia is a

country of wood and without building stone, but they could build frame houses, and they have abundance of brick-clay. Yet there they are in the rudest pioneer stage in this long-settled region (Moscow was nearly all wood less than 200 years ago), and there they have remained in rural districts, while the centuries have slipped by unheeded. The eager desire for improvement in material condition, so characteristic of the people who settled the United States, seems to be lacking in the Russian peasant, for even the most adverse circumstances could not account for such widespread absence of progress. Such immobility cannot arise from outside causes, but must have its roots deep down in the nature of the race.

Even more striking than the primitive character of the villages is the absence of roads, of which, in White Russia, at least, there are apparently none better than casual cart-tracks. One can hardly believe, as the watch indicates approach to the journey's end, that the train is drawing near a great capital of a million inhabitants and a thousand years old. The blank, roadless plain goes on up to the edge of Moscow, which has no suburbs; and even when one drives to a pleasure-resort only five miles from the city, that which passes for a road would be thought bad in the most remote mountain districts of the southern Alleghanies. One is also struck in this part of Russia by the absence of any improved implements of agriculture. A horse-plough is the only advance made over hand labor, the reaping, gleaning, and threshing all being done by hand and chiefly by women and girls, the men being largely away in the army or earning money in the cities as cabmen or laborers or in small and simple industries. In southern Russia, American agricultural machinery has been introduced and is extensively used; but White Russia, lying between Warsaw and Moscow, is apparently destitute of such improvements, although its inferiority of soil and vast extent of arable land render improved methods of cultivation peculiarly necessary, from the economic point of view.

Far stronger, however, than any impression received from the villages or farms as to the nature of the Russian is that conveyed by his religious attitude. Watch the people at church during some of the noble

and always imposing ceremonies, at the shrines of saints or in the holy places of the Kremlin on a feast-day, and you recognize at once that you are in the presence of a religious faith of a kind unknown to western Europe and to America, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant. Here one feels at once that he is in contact with a faith very touching and beautiful to see, which never reasons and has never recognized reason or sought even to dispute its arguments. The devotion is simple, blind, and so unquestioning that the onlooker of another creed finds no intolerance apparent anywhere, and never is disposed to think that the forms so sedulously observed are in the least perfunctory or mechanical among the mass of the people. It is the extreme faith of the Middle Ages in full life, but without the ferocity, the blind fears, or the asceticism which disfigured that period in western Europe. While the Russian people hold to their faith, the Tsar, who is part of their worship and belief, has an authority founded on a rock which nothing can shake. The hero of Glinka's opera, the scene of which is laid in the seventeenth century, wears the dress of the First Crusade; and however glaring the anachronism historically, the sentiment is true of Russia to-day and always, for the faith of the people is of the time of the crusaders, and could be stimulated even now to similar outbreaks. The question which confronts those who try to read the future, is, what effect will religious faith of this kind have ultimately in the struggle of the present day?

We know that when the darkness of the Middle Ages broke, when our ancestors again discovered themselves and the world, when they read once more in the story of ancient times what civilization had been, that the dominion of fear passed away, and the economic forces rose again out of their long twilight, and assumed their pristine influence in states and empires. We know that the nations which most thoroughly and readily adapted themselves to the changed conditions climbed most quickly to wealth and power, and those who failed in adaptation went to the wall. France, Germany, Holland, and, above all, the English-speaking people pushed to the front and strove for supremacy. The Spaniard, nearest to-day to the mediæval



man, and least able to meet the new demands, sank steadily until he lost even his great qualities of war and statecraft which had made the vast empire of Charles V., and so went down in hopeless wreck. The Spaniards were an old people, who were unable to survive as a great power in new conditions. The Russians are a new people so far as Western civilization is concerned, but the inexorable economic forces are upon them now, and they must meet them or fall back. It may be asked what practical effect the religion of the Russians has, economically speaking. Two examples will suffice. The Russian calendar is a fortnight behindhand and is a constant annoyance, disturbance, and hinderance to the conduct of commerce. The Government is anxious to bring Russian dates into harmony with facts and with the rest of the world, but does not dare to do so because popular feeling would be outraged by dropping a fortnight, which would efface in one year some saints' days and feast-days and would disarrange the rest. When Peter changed the Russian date from the year 7208 dating from the creation of the world to 1700 A.D., bold as he was he did not dare to accept the Gregorian Calendar, and among his many reforms this partial one required as much audacity as any. The same feeling which Peter thus outraged exists to-day as strongly as ever, and the Russian will not sacrifice to business convenience a sentiment about the calendar of no real moment whatever to his faith or his religion.

This feeling for the existing calendar grows from the profound popular reverence and affection for the saints' days and holy-days, and here the effect in practical affairs is much more marked. In addition to the fifty-two Sundays, Russia has about thirty-nine holidays or feast-days of the Church. They are kept as rigidly almost as a London Sunday. Business ceases, except in nooks and corners, while drunkenness, the bane of the Russian, cripples work for twenty-four or forty-eight hours after each feast. In round numbers, there are thirty days on which the Western World works while the Russian stands idle. Consider the enormous production of thirty days in the United States alone; look at the statistics, and you realize at once that in this single point

Russia labors under a well-nigh hopeless disadvantage.

But the matter of holidays is but a single concrete example of a state of mind. Far more serious and deep-rooted is the mental attitude of the men who make and who are the Russian Empire, who sustain the great military and religious socialism which that empire really is, toward the principles of business which are not merely the truisms, but the ordinary instincts of the Western nations. Two little anecdotes will illustrate my meaning.

A secretary of embassy took a house one summer outside St. Petersburg, and, driving to the station the first day, when he paid the driver his twenty-five kopecks, said: "I shall go into St. Petersburg and come out daily now for a month, and I should like to make an arrangement with you to take me back and forth from the station every day." The reply was prompt: "If I am to take you back and forth from the station every day I shall have to charge you more than twenty-five kopecks, which you paid me for a single trip this morning."

Again, a foreign minister was in the habit of having books bound two or three at a time. Just before his departure he wished to have some fifty books bound in the same way; sent for the binder and asked him at what price he would bind fifty volumes. The reply was: "If you are going to have as many as fifty bound I shall have to charge you more per volume than for two or three."

It may be said these are isolated instances, but they are none the less typical of a mental attitude among the masses of the people upon economic questions which is suggestive in the highest degree. It is safe to say that it would be impossible to find a huckster in the streets of London, Paris, or New York who would not at once, and instinctively, make a reduction in price to anyone who would buy a quantity instead of a single one of his petty wares. The same ignorance of the simplest laws of successful business runs through everything in Russia, from the use of beads strung on wires to count with in the shops and banks, to the clumsy fee system for the payment of public officials.

When one passes from the habits and customs which can be easily noted by the observant traveller, to the broad facts upon



to all who will study books, statistics, and economic development, the indications furnished in the daily life of the people receive a profound and startling confirmation. Take, for example, the railroad system, probably more vital to national success, in the conditions of the present day, than any other single element.

When George Stephenson devised the locomotive and railroads began, it was as open to Russia as to any other country to develop railways in the empire, but now, nearly three-quarters of a century after Stephenson's day, Russia, with more than 8,000,000 square miles of territory, has barely 35,000 miles of railway, while the United States, with 3,000,000 square miles of territory, excluding Alaska, has 200,000 miles.\* It would be difficult to find a stronger expression of the comparative economic energy of two great nations than is conveyed by this single and striking example. One sees constantly in the magazines articles, especially by English writers, expressing the most profound admiration at the completion of the Siberian Railway, and yet nothing could be more convincing of the very low economic force of Russia than that same railroad. That it is an important work, that it will help Russia in the East, both economically and for military purposes, cannot be questioned, and yet to wonder at the building of the Trans-Siberian Railroad is only possible if we fail to look below the surface. Russia has been occupied for more than ten years in building 6,000 miles of railway over a very easy country for the most part, and that railway is not yet completed. The turn around Lake Baikal, which involves serious difficulties, is not yet made, and will not be for some years. The Manchurian branch is not yet complete. But assume that we may call the railway completed, what do we find? It has taken Russia ten years to build 6,000 miles of railroad. The annual construction of railways in the United States has twice reached 6,000 miles. The Russian road has cost in the easiest part

\$30,000 a mile, and in Siberia it has probably cost, with the equipment, \$50,000 a mile. Yet, despite this enormous and wasteful expenditure, they have only got a single track laid with rails so light that they must relay it from one end to the other. It is as yet a complete failure commercially. It is not paying its expenses. If it was a private corporation it would have gone into bankruptcy. It has been paid for in loans which have helped to sink Russia in debt, and is maintained out of taxes imposed upon the people. In one year the people of the United States, by private enterprise, without any aid from the Government or without any taxes upon the people, have built as much as Russia has built in ten years, and most of it is profitable and has been built at a cost which would make Russian competition commercially impossible. The Trans-Siberian Railroad, when its statistics are examined, is a most startling exhibition of economic inefficiency.

There is no need here to enter into a discussion of the general economic condition of Russia. The railroads alone tell the story. They are totally inadequate to the business of the country. Most of them have been laid for a military or strategic purpose, and this has thrown many of the industrial towns of Russia out of the line of communication and has made them eccentric. This meagre railway system is also totally inadequate for distribution or transportation. Famines recur yearly in different parts of Russia, and yet the total wheat crop is more than enough to feed her whole people, but the means of transportation make intercommunication and relief impossible.

The truth is that the Russians are a primitive people, and at the same time an old people; that is, they have been long established in their present territory. It is important to remember these two facts, because it shows that they have not been able to grow out of their primitive ideas during a long period of time, which indicates that they are, as a people, incapable of the economic advancement or of the adaptation to modern conditions by which alone they can hope to survive and win ultimate success in the struggle. A primitive people is economically wasteful, and the Russian system is wasteful and in-

The Almanach de Gotha for 1912 gives the railroad mileage of Russia as follows:

Russia in Europe.....	28,042 miles
Russia in Asia.....	4,710 miles
Finland.....	1,757 miles

The "United States Railway Gazette" estimates the railway mileage of the United States at the present time as 190,000 miles.

efficient to the last degree. With a vast country and unlimited resources, the problem before Russia is that of development. Can they develop the enormous property which is theirs? Thus far they have failed to do so, except in a comparatively slight degree, and there is no present indication that they will be able to develop their country with their existing methods. It would be rash to say of any people that they cannot be turned into an economic and industrial nation, especially when they are as patient, docile, stubborn of courage, and tenacious of purpose as the Russians; but it is certain that it would take many generations to bring this about with the Russians under the most favorable conditions, and it certainly will never come to pass until individualism of effort is encouraged and personal energy rewarded. It is also true that if the Russian people should be converted into an industrial and economic organization it would be necessary to gather them into towns and cities, to concentrate their labor, and to educate them. Not more than three per cent. of the moujiks, it is said—and correctly, I believe—can now read or write. There are newspapers printed in Moscow, but I never saw one sold on the streets, nor did I see anybody reading one, and the signs on the shops which appeal for the trade of the masses are largely pictorial. To make such a people economic and industrial, they must be educated, organized, and quickened. When that is done, the docile peasant, with his depressed look, his quiet ways, and his simple faith in God and the Tsar, will have disappeared. His place will be taken by the active and energetic workingman, and the present system of autocracy will come to a speedy end. Whether this change can be wrought in the character of the Russian is doubtful, but if it can be effected it would take a long time, and no effort is now being made to bring it about. Perhaps those who control the destinies of Russia perceive that securing industrial success after the Western fashion requires a change in the character and training of the people which would involve a revolution in the forms of government; but whether they see it or not, they are making no effort to advance their people in that way. The great body of the Rus-

sians, consisting of the peasant and farmer classes, are fettered hand and foot by the communal land tenure and by the burden of payments, which they are forced to make for the lands which they formerly worked as serfs. This constitutes an absolutely insurmountable barrier at present to their advancement. They have, moreover, no outlet for their products, because there is no system of distribution sufficient to their needs, and there is no encouragement whatever to individual progress and personal effort.

Russian statesmen are not blind to the perils of the existing situation; and if they are not seeking to give opportunity to individualism, they are at least trying to secure, in their own socialistic way, industrial development for Russia. This is the controlling idea of M. de Witte, the Minister of Finance, who is to-day the strongest man and the dominating force in the public life of Russia. He sees very plainly the vital necessity of industrial development, and he is trying to secure it through the Government. To Americans the effort, powerful and well directed as it is, seems painfully hopeless. The Government undertakes to run not only the railroads and the telegraphs, but it regulates sugar production and interferes directly with all the industrial activities of the country. The banks are urged to lend money for the assistance of industries. The industries expand beyond their strength, and fail. The banks are threatened with disaster, and fall back upon the Government. The Government sustains the banks and turns to western Europe and to America for loans. If the loans fail—and sooner or later borrowing for enterprises which do not pay must come to an end—the machinery of business will stop. Such a system, no matter how energetically it is pressed, cannot sustain itself or hope to compete in the long run with the highly organized and thoroughly economical systems of other countries like France and Germany, or like England and the United States.

With patience and tenacity of purpose, with courage and much governing capacity, Russia has gone on adding one great region after another to her possessions. She has shown two leading qualities of a ruling race in her ability to expand and



govern ; but when the territory comes into her possession, no matter how rich it is, she either cannot develop it at all or at best only partially and unprofitably. Her own original territory is still undeveloped and unorganized, and what is true of European Russia is true also of her great Eastern possessions. It is useless, economically speaking, to acquire territory if nothing can be done to improve it ; if it cannot be made a benefit either to its own inhabitants or to the country which has taken possession of it. Every acre of land that Russia now adds is a weakness. Her undeveloped territory involves an immense burden of expense, and a great deal of it practically yields nothing. The point has been reached when the more she adds to her domain the essentially weaker she grows. There is but one remedy, and that is to develop the personal energy and industrial force of the people, if they possess these qualities. It will certainly be a slow process, but it is the only one which will succeed. Russia cannot use her vast resources ; cannot survive under modern conditions in the long run by any of the devices of a military socialism. While she is as she is, the better organized nations have nothing to fear from her trade competition. She can bar them out from the vast regions

under her sway, but she can win no share of the world's trade, and she cannot apparently build up a domestic trade and industry of serious importance. She has an immense domain, she is potentially a great force of the future, but all this force will rust unused unless it can be grasped by the masses of the people, who must then adapt themselves to the modern conditions, under which survival is alone possible.

The work of diplomacy, and the ability to govern in which the statesmen of Russia have shown themselves masters, a powerful army, judicious alliances, and a patient, obstinate adhesion to well-matured plans can do much, can make Russia as they have made her, formidable to all her neighbors and a great power in Europe and Asia. But farther than this she cannot go, no position less precarious than that of to-day can she occupy, until the energies of her people are called out and given full play. If these energies, once set free to hope and strive, prove to be capable of high economic development, then she can look forward to winning a position as a world-power commensurate with her vast resources and perilous, indeed, to all her rivals. Unless all the teachings of history and science are vain, there is no other way.





# TO VICTOR HUGO

1802-1902

By Henry van Dyke

HEART of France for a hundred years,  
    Passionate, sensitive, proud, and strong,  
Quick to throb with her hopes and fears,  
    Fierce to flame with her sense of wrong !  
    You, who hailed with a morning song  
Dream-light gilding a throne of old :  
You, who turned when the dream grew cold,  
Singing still, to the light that shone  
Pure from Liberty's ancient throne,  
    Over the human throng :  
You, who dared in the dark eclipse,—  
    When the pygmy heir of a giant name  
Dimmed the face of the land with shame,—  
Speak the truth with indignant lips,  
Call him little whom men called great,  
    Scoff at him, scorn him, deny him,  
Point to the blood on his robe of state, -  
    Fling back his bribes and defy him :  
You who fronted the waves of fate  
    As you faced the sea from your island home,  
Exiled, yet with a soul elate,  
    Sending songs o'er the rolling foam,  
Bidding the heart of man to wait  
    For the day when all should see  
Empire, built on the sands of lies,  
    Fall in a flood from the angry skies,  
    And France again be free :  
You, who came in the Terrible Year  
    Swiftly back to your broken land,  
Now to your heart a thousand times more dear,—  
    Prayed for her, sung to her, fought for her,  
    Patiently, fervently wrought for her,  
    Till once again,  
    After the storm of fear and pain,  
High in the heavens the star of France stood clear :  
    You, who knew that a man must take

## The Trial of the "Red-Ink Squad"

Good and ill with a steadfast soul,  
 Holding fast, while the billows roll  
 Over his head, to the things that make  
 Life worth living for great and small,—  
 Honor and pity and truth,  
 The heart and the hope of youth,  
 And the good God over all :  
 You, to whom work was rest,  
 Dauntless Toiler of the Sea,  
 Following ever the joyful quest  
 Of beauty on the shores of old Romance,  
 Bard of the poor of France,  
 And warrior-priest of world-wide charity :  
 You who loved little children best  
 Of all the poets that ever sung,  
 Great heart, golden heart,  
 Old, and yet ever young,  
 Minstrel of liberty,  
 Lover of all free, wingéd things,  
 Now at last you are free,—  
 Your soul has its wings !  
 Heart of France for a hundred years,  
 Floating far in the light that never fails you,  
 Over the turmoil of mortal hopes and fears  
 Victor, forever victor, the whole world hails you !

## THE TRIAL OF THE "RED-INK SQUAD"

By Harvey J. O'Higgins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

**W**HEN the new chief took the fire-brigade, he swept its veterans into retirement with a broom. The "probationers" crowded in to fill their places, and in three months Captain Meaghan found himself, as he said sourly, "teachin' kindergarten" in the truck-house of Hook and Ladder Company No. 6. He ruled a shabby red-brick building of three stories that stood between the knees of two downtown wholesale-houses in a warehouse district where "packing-case fires" gave the men the worst of "punishment" and the best of training. It followed that the captain's roll had more probationers

and new men on it than any other ; and because the names of the probationers are entered in red ink, these raw recruits were nicknamed, in contempt, the "red-ink squad."

They were teased and bullied by the older men. They quarrelled among themselves, disturbing the "club" quiet of the truck-house leisure, and they were despised by their captain, who demanded aggrievedly of his assistant, "Where'll we be if we run into a big blaze with a gang like that?"

His lieutenant, Gallagher, flattered him with an assurance that the chief sent

the new men to him as a good master. "There's Brodrick has the same sort of district," he said, "and he don't get them."

Captain Meaghan shook a head of dumb melancholy. "He breaks their backs."

Gallegher rubbed his chin. "They're not so bad takin' them singly," he reflected, "but they're too many of them."

And those two Guinnys was a double dose too much." He referred to two Italians; one of whom was called "Dan Jordan" by the men because his name was "Giovanni Giordano," and he was good-natured; and the other was maliciously miscalled "Spaghetti," because his name was unpronounceable and he turned black when he got the substitute.

"They'll be sendin' us Chinese next," Captain Meaghan complained.

Gallegher cast a look behind him. "They will," he said, "as soon as the Chinks begin to vote," and closed his part in the conference with that hot shot at the powers that ruled Tammany Hall.

"Well," Captain Meaghan sighed, "I wish they'd get into a scorcher, so's if they're the stuff that makes firemen I'd know it; and if they *ain't*, the chief'll know it and cut them out."

And he had his wish.

The alarm of the Torrance fire was rung in just before daybreak on a chill March morning, while the men still lay sleeping in their bunk-room under the glow-worm glimmer of a lowered gas-jet. They leaped from their cots with the simultaneous suddenness of the start in an obstacle race at the crack of the pistol, tugged on their "turn-outs" of rubber boots and trousers with a muttering of growls and imprecations, vaulted beds while still snapping the catches of suspenders, threw themselves at the brass sliding-poles in the corners, and shot down into the glare and noise and seeming disorder of the ground floor, where the horses were already tossing their great heads in their harness, and the driver was already bending forward in his seat, and the doors stood open on the darkness of the night. Captain Meaghan sprang into the light rig in which the absent battalion

chief rode to fires, and swung out into the street with a sudden clatter of hoofs on the stone sidewalk and the burst and echo of a jangling gong in the dead quiet out-of-doors. The truck followed—fifteen seconds after the alarm had sounded—with little "Spaghetti" climbing over the tail of the bed-ladders behind King, who had the "tiller" on the hind wheels.

That was a good start. But it was only a start. The driver was a new man, who was not new to driving, but who *was* new to driving a hook-and-ladder truck. He had been a coachman, and he knew all about horses; but for the seat of a five-ton truck a man needs the nerve of a *chauffeur* and the shoulders of a Roman chariot-racer; and he does not need to know a bridle from a belly-band. The new man had the nerve, but he lacked the shoulders. And before they had rounded their second corner, King, on the tiller, was braced and ready for the turn at a gallop that might be a run on the rocks for him.

It came within sight of the fire. The horses were already beyond control when the piping wail of a "steamer" screeched suddenly in their ears from a side street; the driver tugged and shouted; three white horses with a shining engine leaped out of the darkness ahead of them, and King, with a great oath, wrenched the wheel of his tiller around to send the rear of the hook-and-ladder truck swinging for a lamp-post on the curb. The crash broke the rear running-gear, and brought down the truck on the cobble-stones, ham-strung. The engine flashed past them, dropping fire.

The collision had been averted, but little "Spaghetti" had been thrown out on the stone pavement, and lay curled up on a sidewalk grating with a broken body. King crawled out from the ladders, his left arm hanging limp. The other men were unhurt. They had braced themselves against the shock by clinging to the side ladders; and, moreover, they had not received the terrific momentum of the full swing. They were on their feet about the fallen "nigh" horse when Lieutenant Gallegher called out to them to follow him on foot with such scaling-ladders, hooks, and axes as they could carry; and they stormed the truck for tools. King and



"Dan Jordan" lifted "Spaghetti" between them and carried him to a bed of life-lines covered with a coat. The crew disappeared round the corner, running heavily in their rubber boots. "Be off now," King ordered the Italian, and "Dan Jordan" followed them reluctantly, looking back at his unconscious countryman as he turned into the side street.

Now, the first truck company to arrive at a fire opens an entrance at doors and windows, and incidentally saves whatever lives are in danger; the second forces its way through an adjoining building to open smoke-vents in the roof; the third is scattered wherever its assistance is most needed, to help the engine crews in laying new lines of hose, to tear down burning woodwork, to carry ladders and wield forcible-entrance-tools in the secondary movements which are made against a fire after its position has been developed. The accident which wrecked Gallagher's truck brought up Company No. 6, the third crew to arrive where it should have been the first. And that was how the probationers came to be separated from their elders, to face their trial in a body and alone.

Captain Meaghan was already raging at the disgrace which their delay brought to him, and the danger which it brought to the first unsupported engine companies that had gone in against the fire. When he saw his men straggling in afoot, disordered, winded, and trailing their few tools, he threw his helmet at his feet and kicked it, cursing, into the gutter. The new men gathered behind Gallagher and the front line of the company's old guard, and waited like school-boys for a disciplining, with muttered asides to one another which they spoke with their eyes on their feet. Linemen shouldered through them, dragging hose. A water-tower almost ran them down. Shout answered shout around them. And when they looked up for their orders, Captain Meaghan stood bareheaded and raving before them, shaking an impotent fist at Gallagher and roaring unintelligible abuse. Gallagher picked up his helmet for him from the gutter. The Captain took it roughly and shambled off with it in his hand to report to his battalion chief.

The lieutenant was known as the mild-est-mannered man that ever "rolled" to

a fire. "Much more like this," he said, "and the old man'll blow up and bust."

Pim, who was biting a quid of tobacco from his chum Parr's plug, rolled the morsel, bulging, in his lean cheek. He had no consolation to offer, so he gave the remainder of Parr's tobacco, and Gallagher accepted it with a mute nod of thanks. The occasion was plainly past words.

The Torrance building before them was nine stories in height, a structure of granite pillars and red brick, used as a wholesale house by a chemical company on the ground floor, and as an office building in the upper stories. The fire was in the lower part of it. Already the "dead-lights" in the sidewalk had been broken in with heavy steel mauls and a cellar pipe was spouting its stream through the opening into the basement. Long lines of hose stretched from doors and hung from windows where the smoke puffed from gaping sashes and men in helmets and rubber coats appeared for a moment to shout reports into the disorder below them and vanish again in the darkness. The roof of the seven-story building adjoining was alive with men who were raising ladders to the burning structure. It did not seem to Gallagher and his company that there would be much for No. 6 to do. They waited—the inglorious reserve in a battle which they should have led—in the smoking turmoil of pulsing engines, the cry of orders and the hurry of men.

They were roused from their inaction by Captain Meaghan, who charged down on them like a dog on chickens and sent them scurrying in all directions—chased Lieutenant Gallagher, Pim, and two probationers, Sexton and Fuchs, to the ladders with a shout of orders to open smoke-vents through the upper stories—ordered three of the old men into the basement with a whack of his helmet on their shoulders and a yell at their heels, to aid the linemen who were flooding the cellar—thrust aside two others who carried axes, shouting at them, "You come after me"—sent Parr, "Dan Jordan," and a probationer named Murphy up the ladders after Gallagher's squad—and then crushed his muddled helmet down on his head and raced with the axemen for the ground floor



*Drawn by George Wright.*

The crash broke the rear running-gear.—Page 583.

where a line of hose trailed from the black smoke of the doorway.

That disposition of his men put the veterans of the company where they were most needed—in the cellar and on the first floor—to fight the fire at the fierce root of it, and it sent all the probationers aloft in charge of Lieutenant Gallegher to the less important and less dangerous duty of opening smoke-vents. It is with these "red-inkers" only that we are concerned. How the men in the cellar were driven back by the poisonous fume of burning chemicals, fighting in water that was knee-deep and in a smoke that stuck like sulphur in the lungs; how the flames got behind Captain Meaghan and the two men with him, and cut off their retreat from the burning ground floor; how they were rescued by their comrades and taken unconscious to the hospital in the waiting ambulances—all this may not be told here. These were merely the trials of a valor that had been proven many times in fires not less difficult and dangerous. With the probationers it was a different story.

While the battle below them was being fought and lost, they carried out their captain's orders to aid and relieve the engine companies manning the streams in the upper stories. They worked their way from the front to the rear of the building, and threw open the steel shutters of the back windows to let in the air and to let out the smoke. They found the pipemen fighting the vanguard of the fire that was coming up the elevator shaft. The blaze here was not dangerously large; the heat was not excessive. The only menace was the smoke; and Gallegher, with good judgment, cried on his little squad against it. Being without scaling ladders, they used the stairs; and worked with axe and hook-butt from the third floor to the sixth, crashing down doors and beating out window sashes until they had a clean chimney-flue for the smoke that had been stifling the pipemen on the floors below.

They were on the sixth story, ignorant of what had been happening on the ground floor, when an explosion of "back draught," below, alarmed them. Gallegher had thought that the fire was well under control by this time; he had not known of

the poisonous fume in the smoke. And the magnitude of the explosion indicated a greater accumulation of gas, and therefore a fiercer flame and a greater area of heat, than he had thought for.

He ran to a window and hung out of it to see linemen sliding down the ladders from the second story. A huge flame spat out from the ground floor; and he knew from the retreat and counter-rush, the scurry and confusion of the crews in the street, that the fire was carrying all below him, and that his escape would be cut off. He bawled down to warn them of his danger, and then ordered his squad to follow him by the stairs. They groped their way back through the dark passages, only to come on the deadly smoke which was pouring up stairs and elevator shaft in advance of an unchecked fire. A puff of it struck them like a hand at the throat, and they dropped to the floor to catch the low draught of cleaner air which is always to be found there. It was impossible to go forward. Gallegher led them back at a blundering run to the window.

One look below convinced him that they were trapped. It was not possible for the men in the street to put up ladders to them. They themselves, because of the accident to their truck, were without scaling ladders or other means of escape.

"We're up a tree," Gallegher said, soberly.

The new men, panting from exertion and excitement, and coughing from the irritation of the smoke in their throats, grew suddenly quiet, staring blankly at their lieutenant and at one another. They looked out at the street five stories below them, obscured in a belch of smoke. They heard the flames behind them singing a fierce undertone in the elevator shaft. And when "Dan Jordan" began to mutter, in a jabber of Italian, an appeal to all the saints to save him, which the men mistook for profanity, they relieved their feelings in oaths of bewilderment and disgust.

Pim had been too busy to remember the quid in his cheek. He chewed now thoughtfully. "If we could crawl back and go higher," he suggested, "there ought to be a crew on the roof."

"There's something in that smoke," Gallegher said. "Cellar and first floor's





*Drawn by George Wright.*

Captain Meaghan stood bareheaded and raving before them.—Page 584.

full of drugs—chemical company. They're tryin' to get out the men down there. They're too busy to do anything for us."

Fuchs, the probationer, who had been a bridge-worker, got out on the window-ledge and craned his neck.

"Too far to jump," Lieutenant Gallegher warned him.

"Sure," he said, "but here's a two-inch ledge that may reach to the next building."

Three feet below the window-sill there was a projecting ledge of ornamental stone facing that crossed the Torrance building with a stripe of gray on the red-brick front.

Pim looked down at it. "Think we're giddy sparrows," he complained.

"Dan Jordan" peeped out and fell back from the window waving an unintelligible protest.

Fuchs drew off his rubber boots. "If you'll just put a hand between my shoulders," he said to Gallegher, "I'll see how far it goes."

The lieutenant answered: "Yes. Wait a second. Knock that sash in, Parr."

Parr made a sashless gap of the window-frame with two blows of his axe. Fuchs swung over the sill with Gallegher's hand in his collar, and found the stone ledge with his toes. "All right," he said. "Now brace yourself to hold me to the wall, and let me get as far as you can."

Gallegher straddled the sill, Parr sitting on the leg which anchored him to the room, and gave Fuchs an arm's length with a great palm spread between the probationer's shoulders. Fuchs edged forward, his ear scraping the bricks, until he could be certain that the ledge led to the windows of the next building. "All right," he said, evenly; "it's a long stretch, but I guess we can do it," and came back inch by inch. "This ledge joins a sort o' cornice."

Gallegher turned to the others. "You do by each other what I do with Fuchs," he said. "Sexton'll follow me, and then Jordan, and then Murphy and Pim. Parr, you'll have to anchor us here till Fuchs reaches the other window. Get your boots off, men. You'll have to get a grip with your toes."

"I got holes in my stockings," Pim said, coyly.

The men laughed—all but "Dan Jordan." The accident to his chum "Spaghetti" had first broken his nerve; the blind groping in the darkness and the smoke through an endless succession of bewildering passageways and offices, with a fire that seemed to him to be stalking them into the dangerous upper regions of the burning building, had added a child's fear to this weakness; the attempt to escape through the choking smoke, and the sudden realization of all his worst fears when that attempt failed, had put him in a panic terror; and now, when he saw Gallegher's preparations to climb out on a ledge that no man could cling to, he lost his last control of himself, ran to the other window of the room, and screamed wildly out of it, "Hel-l-lp-ah! Hel-l-lp-ah!" His voice cut through the uproar in the street with the shrill sharpness of a steam-whistle. The workers there looked up at him in postures of dumb amazement. He began to yell a frightened gibberish at them in a voice of crazy fear.

Parr's hand closed suddenly on his throat, choked him from behind, and threw him back from the window to fall in a hysteric grovel on the floor. "There's a blamed fine mess," Parr said to Gallegher.

The lieutenant was thinking of the effect of it on the other new men. He prodded Jordan with his toe. "Get up," he said, sternly.

The Italian covered his head with his hands and wailed in his jargon. Gallegher kicked him in the side. "Get up," he ordered. "Get up out of that."

Jordan rolled away from him in a paroxysm of terror. The lieutenant bent down, caught his hand in the probationer's collar, and, raising him to his knees, shook and strangled him till he gasped for breath. "Get up," he said, easing his hold on him.

The Italian sprang to his feet, broke from the lieutenant, and ran toward the window, screaming. Parr grappled with him. He fought like a madman, with wild blows that fell on Parr's face and blinded him so that he loosed his hold to defend himself; and the Italian, slipping through his arms, jumped to the sill of the window. He crouched there a moment huddled up with fear, and then—whether



*Drawn by George Wright.*

The chain now stretched itself inch by inch across the wall.—Page 590.



it was that he lost his balance, or that he had been really driven out of his mind by this "fire fright"—just as Parr caught at his legs, he uttered a last frantic cry and dived headlong into the street.

They saw him fall, spread like a bat. Gallegher, with a roar of "Get back there!" drove the probationers from the window before they saw the rest.

He faced them. Sexton's lips were trembling. Murphy was laughing weakly. Parr wiped his forehead with a grimy hand. The lieutenant said, in a low voice: "That's what happens when a man loses his head."

The hubbub from the street grew in their silence until Fuchs, on the ledge outside the window, said, reflectively: "That's like Mullen did on the old cantilever."

Gallegher knew from his manner that he could depend on one of the probationers at least. He tried to encourage the others. "And there was no need for it," he said. "There's no danger about gettin' out of here—not a bit. The same thing's been done before. There was Rush did it—for the matter of that—at the Manhattan Bank fire. . . . Get your wind, now. There's no hurry."

"No; what's the use of hurryin'?" Pim said, grimly. "Jordan's beat us down already."

Sexton shuddered. He felt sick and weak; he flushed hot and went cold in waves; and his knees melted into tremblings. He leaned against the wall. Murphy laughed brokenly at Pim.

"Pull yourselves together now," Gallegher said, and the probationer's laugh choked in a catch of breath that was somewhere between a gulp and a sob.

The lieutenant summed them up in a glance. "Just do what I tell you," he instructed them, "and don't think of what *might* happen. Keep your eyes off *that*. See?"

A puff of smoke warned him of approaching danger. He turned to the window and climbed out on the sill. "We've got our hands full," he said to Fuchs. "And if either of those men goes dizzy we'll all go down."

The lieutenant lowered himself to a place on the narrow ledge. Fuchs, then, with Gallegher's arm to support him, edged out against the wall. The lieutenant

made room on the ledge for the next comer. "Sexton," he said.

Sexton came trembling over the sill with his teeth shut on his nervousness. "Put your hand between my shoulders," Gallegher ordered, ignoring the man's condition, "and let me and Fuchs go forward as far as you can."

Sexton said, "Yes, sir," gratefully.

The two leaders edged forward. "Pim's next," Gallegher said.

With Pim in position, the chain now stretched itself inch by inch across the wall. The noises from the street beat up at them like the sound of surf at the foot of a cliff to which they were clinging.

"A few feet more'll do it," Fuchs reported.

Gallegher knew that he could not depend on Murphy. Sexton was frightened, but his pride tried to conceal it, whereas Murphy had laughed at his own weakness. And Gallegher knew enough of the psychology of fear to rate this last hysteria near the break-down. "Parr next," he ordered.

"Parr next," Sexton repeated, huskily. "You're next," Pim said, in the cheerful voice of a barber to his customer. "Billy, if you loves me, hold me close."

Parr spat on his hands and lowered himself to the ledge. The men moved forward—Murphy, in the window, holding Parr; Parr supporting Pim; Pim holding Sexton to the wall with an arm of iron; Sexton crushing Gallegher's broad shoulders with a pressure that spoke of over-tense nerves; Gallegher steadying Fuchs, and waiting quietly for the first signs of collapse in the man behind him. The smoke stung in their nostrils. The bricks scratched their perspiring faces. Their heels stood on nothing, and the cords of their insteps ached with the strain of their weight. "My knees are getting weak," Sexton said, hoarsely.

No one answered him. Fuchs was still going forward, and Gallegher's hand slid heavily across the little bridge-worker's back as they stretched their link of the chain to the breaking point. The lieutenant felt his fingers pass from the hollow of the probationer's shoulders to the ridge of his shoulder-blade—felt that drawn slowly under his palm—felt the ball of his thumb slipping over the shoulder.

There was a crash of broken glass. "Got my hold," Fuchs reported.

He passed beyond Gallegher's reach, and they could hear him beating in the glass of the window with his hatchet. He came back to put a hand behind Gallegher. The lieutenant changed the strain to his other arm. "All right now," he said to Sexton. "Fuchs's got me. You hold up Pim. Tell Murphy to get out on the ledge."

"I can't do it," Murphy said to Parr.

"Stay there and burn, then," Parr answered, moving away.

"Hold on," he pleaded. He clambered out, white and weak. "Oh, if I ever get out of this," he said, "it's the last the fire brigade'll ever see of me."

Fortunately he was on the end of the line, and Parr held him up. The men worked their way along with a painful cautiousness. "I feel like a blamed planked shad," Pim said. He was answered only by the hoarse breathing of Sexton.

Fuchs was already over the window-sill. Now Gallegher followed him. Sexton caught the sill and clung to it. "I can't," he panted. "I can't lift my leg. It's par-rar-alyzed."

Gallegher said, cheerily: "Come along, then, far enough—so's we can get Pim."

Sexton's teeth were chattering when Fuchs put a hand in his collar and held him while Pim came grinning to the window-sash. They dragged Sexton into the window, and he collapsed on the floor. "I can't stand up," he confessed, shamefacedly. "I got wabbles in the legs."

They lifted Murphy in and stood around him and Sexton, drawing deep breaths. "How are you, Murphy?" Gallegher asked.

"Oh, I'm out of this game," Murphy said. "There's easier ways of earning a living than this."

They did not answer him. Pim and Parr put an arm each about Sexton and raised him to his feet. "I suppose we'll have to carry you down," Pim said. He added, at thought of his unprotected feet: "It'll just be my luck if this place's a tack factory."

Sexton staggered away from their support. "I'm all right," he said. "It was just in my legs, an' that scared me because I thought I'd bring you all down if I went. . . . Lord! How Jordan yelled."

They straggled along in silence to the stairs, and were met there by the basement squad of their own company who had been sent to the roof to lower ropes to them, and had looked down to see them, through the drift of the smoke, clinging miraculously to the flat wall at the sixth story. A triumphal procession escorted them to the street.

And that was the end of the Torrance fire so far as the "red-ink squad" was concerned. Of the five probationers who had answered the alarm, only Fuchs and Sexton stood with Company No. 6 when the basement squad lined up with Gallegher's shoeless following at a neighboring bar to drink the health of the crew. "Spaghetti" was in the hospital. Murphy had taken himself off to his home without handing in any formal resignation. "Dan Jordan"—a ring of whispering men gathered around Lieutenant Gallegher with their glasses in their hands and heard of the end of him. The saloon-keeper came to listen to them across the bar. Gallegher saw him. "To the 'red-ink squad'!" he called.

They put their glasses to white teeth that flashed like negroes' in the blackness of their smoke-begrimed faces.

"And to the fire that made them black!" Pim added.

And that, as the sequel showed, was at once a pun and a prophecy.



*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.*

"No man has a right to marry beneath him."—Page 600.



# THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

## CHAPTER XVI

### FIVE COALS FROM MISS CLENDENNING'S WOOD FIRE

ONE absorbing thought now filled Oliver's mind—to reach Kennedy Square on the wings of the wind and there to pour into the ears of his mother and Miss Lavinia, and of anyone else who would listen, the whys and wherefores of his love for Margaret, with such additional description of her personal charms, qualities, and talents as would bring about, in the shortest possible time, the most amicable of relations between Kennedy Square and Brookfield Farm. He was determined that his mother should know her at once. He knew how strong her prejudices were and what her traditions would cause her to think of a woman who led the life that Margaret did, but these things did not deter him. A new love now filled his heart—another and a different kind of love from the one he bore his mother. One that belonged to him: one that was his own and affected his life and soul and career. He was prepared to fight even harder for the desire of his heart than for his art.

There being no air-ships available for immediate charter, nor big balloons waiting for passengers, with sand-bags ready for instant unloading, nor any underground pneumatic tubes into which he could be pumped and with a puff landed on his own doorstep in Kennedy Square, the impatient lover was obliged to content himself with the back seat of the country stage and a night ride in the train down the valley.

Then came a delay of a week in New York waiting for the return of Mr. Slade to the city—"whom you must by all means see before coming home," so his mother's letter ran. This delay was made bearable by Waller Bowdoin and old Professor Cummings who went into spasms of delight over the boys' sketches. Waller

especially predicted a sure future for him if he would have the grit to throw overboard every other thing he was doing and "stick it out and starve it out until he pulled through" and became famous.

Mr. Slade, while welcoming him with both hands, was not so cheering. The financial and political situations were no better, he said. They had really become more alarming every day. The repudiation of Northern accounts by Southern merchants had ceased—at least some of Morton, Slade & Co.'s customers had redeemed their obligations and had forwarded them their overdue remittances, tiding them over for a time—but no one could say what was in store for any firm whose business lay largely in the Southern States. He would, however, make his word good. Oliver's situation was still open, and he could again occupy his desk as soon as he returned from Kennedy Square. The length of his service depended entirely on whether the country would go to war or whether its difficulties could be satisfactorily settled in the next Congress.

But none of these things—none of the more depressing ones—dulled for an instant the purpose or chilled the enthusiasm of our young lover. Wars, pestilence, financial panics and even social tidal-waves might overwhelm the land and yet not one drop of the topmost edge of the flood could wet the tips of his high stepping toes: Margaret was his; he trod an enchanted world.

An enthusiasm of equal intensity, but of quite a different kind, had taken possession of the Horn mansion.

Any one happening to be inside its hospitable walls after the receipt of Oliver's letter saying he was on his way home would have noticed that something out of the common was about to happen. There was an unusual restlessness in Malachi totally at variance with his grave and dignified demeanor. He could not keep out of

the hall. Richard had to speak to him twice and Mrs. Horn lifted her head in astonishment when that hitherto attentive darky handed her Richard's spectacles instead of her own. He would start to enter the dining-room, his hands laden with plates, or the library, his arms filled with logs to replenish the fire, and then stop suddenly and listen with one foot raised, standing like an old dog locating a partridge. So nervous did he become as the twilight deepened, and he began to set the table for supper, that he dropped a cup, smashing it into atoms, a thing that had not happened to him before in twenty years—one of the blue Spodes, too—priceless heirlooms in the family, and only used when a distinguished guest was expected. At another time he would have dropped the whole tray with everything upon it, had not Aunt Hannah saved it in time. How she came to be in the pantry with her two eyes on the front door, when her place was in the kitchen with both of them on the pots and kettles, no one could tell. Everything seemed to be at sixes and sevens in the old house that night.

And the other members of the household inside the drawing-room seemed just as restless. Richard got up from his easy-chair half a dozen times and roamed aimlessly about the room, stopping to pick up a book, reading a line and laying it down again. Mrs. Horn dropped so many stitches that she gave up in despair, and said she believed she would not knit.

Malachi heard him first.

"Dat's him—dat's Marse Ollie," he cried. "I know dat knock. Here he is, Mistis. Here he is!" He sprang forward, threw wide the door and had him by the hand before the others could reach him.

"Fo' Gawd, Marse Ollie, ain't ol' Malachi glad ter git his han's on yer once mo'!"

It was unseemly and absurd how the old man behaved!

And the others were not far behind.

"My boy," exclaimed Mrs. Horn, as she held him close to her breast. There are few words spoken in times like this.

Richard waited behind her until that imperceptible moment of silence had passed—the moment after a mother gets her arms around the son she loves. Then

when the sigh of restful relief that always follows had spent itself, and she had kissed him with his cheek held fast to hers, Oliver loosened his hold and threw his arms about his father's neck, patting him between his shoulder-blades as he kissed him.

"Dear old dad! Oh, but it's good to get home! And Aunt Hannah, you there?" and he extended his hand while his other arm was still around his father's neck.

"Yas, Marse Ollie, dat's me; dat's ol' Hannah," and she stepped closer and grasped his outstretched hand. "Lord, Marse Ollie, but ain't you filled out? You is de probable son, sho', honey, come home to yo' people."

But Oliver was not through with Malachi. He must take both of his hands this time and look into his eyes. It was all he could do to keep from hugging him. It would not have been the first time.

"Been well, Mallie?"

Of course, he had been; he saw it in his face. It was only to say something to which the old darky could reply to—to keep in touch with him—to know that he was speaking to this same old Malachi whom he had always loved.

"Middlin' po'ly, yas—middlin' po'ly, suh."

Malachi had not the slightest idea what he was talking about. He had not been sick a minute since Oliver left. His heart was too near bursting with pride at his appearance and joy over his return for his mind to work intelligently.

"Dem Yankees ain't spi'led ye; no, dey ain't. Gor-a-mighty, ain't Malachi glad." Tears were standing in his eyes now. There was no one but Richard he loved better than Oliver.

No fatted calf was spitted and roasted this night on Aunt Hannah's swinging crane for this "probable son," but there was corn-pone in plenty and a chafing dish of terrapin—Malachi would not let Aunt Hannah touch it; he knew just how much Madeira to put in; Hannah always "drowned" it, he would say. And there was sally-lunn and Maryland biscuit; here, at last, Aunt Hannah was supreme—her elbows told the story. And last of all there was a great dish of escal-

loped oysters cooked in fossil scallop shells thousands of years old, that Malachi had himself dug out of the marl-banks at Yorktown when he was a boy, and which had been used in the Horn family almost as many times as they were years old. Oh, for a revival of this extinct conchological comfort! But no! It is just as well not to recall even the memories of this toothsome dish. There are no more fossils, neither at Yorktown nor anywhere else, and no substitute in china, tin, or copper will be of the slightest use.

Supper served and over with, Oliver jumping up half a dozen times to kiss his mother and plumping himself down again to begin on another relay of pone or terrapin or oysters, much to Malachi's delight—"He do eat," he reported to Aunt Hannah. "I tell ye. He's bearin' very heavy on dem scallop shells. Dat's de third shell—"). The doors were opened with a flourish, and the three, preceded by Malachi, entered the drawing-room in time to welcome the neighbors.

Nathan, who was already inside sitting by the fire, his long, thin legs stretched out, his bunchy white hair, parted in the middle, falling to his collar's edge, sprang up and shook Oliver's hand heartily. He had charged Malachi, when he admitted him, to keep his presence secret. He wanted them to have Oliver all to themselves.

Miss Clendenning entered a moment later with both hands held out. She would not stop in the hall to unwind her nubia or take off her little fur boots, but motioned Oliver to her knees after she had kissed him joyously on both cheeks, and held out those two absurd little feet for his ministrations, while Mrs. Horn removed her nubia and cloak.

The rat-a-tat-tat at the door was now constant. Judge Bowman and old Dr. Wallace and four or five of the young men, with the young girls, entered, all with expressions of delight at Oliver's return home, and later, with the air of a Lord High Mayor, Colonel John Clayton, of Pongateague, with Sue on his arm. Clayton was always a picture when he entered a room. He stood six feet and an inch, his gray hair brushed straight back, his goatree curling like a fish-hook at its end. "Handsome Jack Clayton" was still handsome at sixty.

After the Colonel had grasped Oliver's hand in his warmest manner, Sue laid all of her ten fingers in his. It was as good as a play to watch the little witch's face as she stood for a moment and looked Oliver over. She had not written to him for months. She had had half a dozen beaux since his departure, but she still claimed him all the same as part of her spoils. His slight mustache seemed to amuse her immensely.

"Are you glad to see me, Ollie?" she asked, looking archly at him from under her lashes.

"Why, Sue!"

Of course, he was glad—for a minute not much longer. How young she is, he thought, how provincial. As she rattled on he noticed the mass of ringlets about her face and the way her head was set on her shoulders. Her neck, he saw, was much shorter than Margaret's, and a little out of drawing. Nor was there anything of that fearless look or toss of the head like a surprised deer, which made Margaret so distinguished. Oliver had arrived at that stage in his affection when he compared all women to one.

All this time Sue was reading his mind. Trust a young girl for that when she is searching a former lover's eyes for what lies behind them. She was evidently nettled at what she found and had begun by saying "she supposed the Yankee girls had quite captured his heart," when the Colonel interrupted her by asking Oliver whether the Northern men really thought they could coerce the South into giving up their most treasured possessions.

He had been nursing his wrath all day over a fresh attack made on the South by some Northern paper, and Oliver was just the person to vent it upon—not that he did not love the lad, but because he was fresh from the despised district.

"I don't think they want to, sir. They are opposed to slavery and so are a good many of us. You have a wrong idea of the life at the North, Colonel. You have never been North, I believe?"

"No, my dear Oliver, and I never intend to. If ever I go it will be with a musket. They have had it all their own way lately with their Harriet Stowes, William Lloyd Garrisons, and John Browns; it is our turn now."



"Who do you want to run through the body, Clayton?" asked Richard, joining the group and laying his hands affectionately on the Colonel's shoulders.

"Anybody and everybody, Richard, who says we are not free people to do as we please."

"And is anybody really saying so?"

"Yes; you see it every day in every Northern editorial—another to-day—a most villainous attack which you must read. These Puritans have been at it for years. This psalm-singing crew have always hated us. Now, while they are preaching meekness and lowliness and the rights of our fellow-men—black ones they mean—they are getting ready to wad their guns with their hymn-books. It's all a piece of their infernal hypocrisy!"

"But why should they hate us, Clayton?" asked Richard in a half-humorous tone. He had no spirit of contention in him to-night, not with Oliver beside him.

"Because we Cavaliers are made of different stuff; that's why! All this talk about slavery is nonsense. These Nutmeg fellows approved of slavery as long as they could make a dollar out of the traffic, and then, as soon as they found out that they had given us a commercial club with which to beat out their brains, and that we were really dominating the nation, they raised this hue and cry about the down-trodden negro and American freedom and the Stars and Stripes and a lot of such tomfoolery. Do you know any gentleman who beats his negroes? Do you beat Malachi? Do I beat my Sam, whom I have brought up from a boy and who would lay down his life any day for me? I tell you, Richard, it is nothing but a fight for financial and political mastery. They're afraid of us; they've been so for years. They cried 'Wolf' when the fugitive slave law was passed and they've kept it up ever since."

"No, I don't believe it," exclaimed Richard, with a positive tone in his voice, "and neither do you, Clayton. It's largely a question of sentiment. They don't believe one man should hold another in bondage."

"That's where you're wrong. They don't care a fippenny bit about the negro. If they ever succeed in their infernal purpose and abolish slavery, and set the ne-

gro adrift, mark my words, they won't live with him, and they won't let him come North and work alongside of their own people. They'll throw him back on us after they have made a beggar and a criminal of him. Only a Southern man understands the negro, and only a Southern man can care for him. See what we have done for them! Every slave that landed on our shores we have changed from a savage into a man. They forget this."

Judge Bowman joined in the discussion—so did Doctor Wallace. The Judge, in his usual ponderous way, laid down the law, both State and National—the Doctor, who always took the opposite side in any argument, asking him rather pointed questions as to the rights of the Government to control the several States as a unit.

Richard held his peace. He felt that this was not the night of all others to discuss politics, and he was at a loss to understand the Colonel's want of self-restraint. He could not agree with men like Clayton. He felt that the utterance of such inflammatory speeches only added fuel to the smouldering flame. If the ugly jets of threatening smoke that were creeping out everywhere because of the friction between the two sections were in danger of bursting into flame, the first duty of a patriot, according to his creed, was to stand by with pails of water, not with kegs of gunpowder. So, while Clayton's outspoken tirade still filled the room, he with his usual tact did all he could to soften the effect of his words. Most of all, he did not want Oliver's feelings hurt.

Malachi's entrance with his tray, just as the subject was getting beyond control, put a stop to the discussion. The learned group of disputants with the other guests quickly separated into little coteries, the older men taking their seats about an opened card-table, on which Malachi had previously deposited several thin glasses and a pair of decanters, the ladies sitting together, and the younger people laughing away in a corner, where Oliver joined them.

Richard and Nathan, now that the danger was averted (they were both natural born peace-makers), stepped across the room to assist in entertaining Miss Clendenning. The little lady had not moved from the chair in which she sat when Oliver relieved her of her fur boots. She

rarely did move when once she was seated in a drawing-room. She was the kind of woman who could sit in one place and still be surrounded—by half-moons of adorers if she sat against the wall, by full moons if she sat in the open. She had learned the art when a girl.

"If Clayton would go among these people, my dear Lavinia," said Richard, in a deprecating tone, drawing up a chair and seating himself beside her, "he would find them very different from what he thinks. Some of the most delightful men I have ever met have come from the States north of us. You know that to be so."

"That depends, Richard, on how far North you go," Miss Clendenning answered, spreading her fan as she spoke, looking in between the sticks as if searching for specimens. "In Philadelphia I find some very delightful houses, quite like our own. In New York—well, I rarely go to New York. The journey is a tiresome one and the hotels abominable. They are too busy there to be comfortable, and I do not like noisy, restless people. They give me a headache."

"Oliver has met some charming people, he tells me," said Richard. "Mr. Slade took him into his own home and treated him quite like a son."

"Of course he did; why not?" Miss Clendenning was erect now, her eyes snapping with roguish indignation. "Anybody would be glad to take Oliver into their home, especially when they have two marriageable daughters. Oliver's bow as he enters a room is a passport to any society in the world, my dear Richard. My Lord Chesterfield Clayton has no better manners nor any sweeter smile than our own Lorenzo. Watch Oliver now as he talks to those girls."

Richard had been watching him; he had hardly taken his eyes from him. Every time he looked at him his heart swelled the more with pride.

"And you think, Lavinia, Mr. Slade invited him because of his manners?" He was sure of it. He only wanted her to confirm it.

"Of course. What else?" and she cut her eye at him knowingly. "How many of the other clerks did he invite? Not one. I wanted to find out and I made Ollie write me. They are queer people,

these Northerners. They affect to despise good blood and good breeding and good manners. That's all fol-de-rol—they love it. They are eternally talking of equality—equality; one man as good as another. When they say that one man is as *good* as another, Richard, they mean that *they* are as good, never the other poor fellow."

"Now, my dear Lavinia, stop a moment," laughed the inventor in protest. "You really do not mean to say there are really no gentlemen north of us?"

"Plenty of gentlemen, Richard, but few thoroughbreds. There is a distinction, you know."

"Which do you value most?"

"Oh, the thoroughbred. A gentleman might some time offend you by telling you the truth about yourself or your friends. The thoroughbred, never," and she lifted her hands in mock horror.

"And he could be a rogue and yet his manners would save him?"

"Quite true, dear Richard, quite true. The most charming man I ever met except yourself"—and she bent her body forward and lowered her voice as if what she was about to tell was in the strictest confidence—"was a shrivelled-up old prince who once called on my father and myself in Vienna. He was as ugly as a crab, and walked with a limp. There had been some words over a card-table, he told me, and the other man fired first. I was a young girl then, but I have never forgotten him to this day. Indeed, my dear Nathan," and she turned to the old musician and laid her wee hand confidently on his knee, "but for the fact that the princess was a most estimable woman and still alive, I might have been—well, I really forget what I might have been, for I do not remember his name, but it was something most fascinating in five or six syllables. Now all that man ever did to make that unaccountable impression upon me was just to pick up my handkerchief. Oh, Nathan, it really gives me a little quiver to this day! I never watch Oliver bow but I think of my prince. Now I have never found that kind of quality, grace, bearing, presence—whatever you may choose to call it—in the Puritan. He has not time to learn it. He despises such subtle courtesies. They smack of the cavalier and the



court to him. He is content with a nod of the head and a hurried handshake. So are his neighbors. They would grow suspicious of each other's honesty if they did more. Tut, tut, my dear Richard! My prince's grooms greeted each other in that way."

Richard and Nathan laughed heartily. "And you only find the manners of the ante-chamber and the throne-room South?" asked the inventor.

"Um—not always. It used to be so in my day and yours, but we are retrograding. It is unpardonable in our case because we have known better. But up there" (and she pointed in the direction of the North Star) "they never did know better; that's some excuse for them."

"Ah, you incorrigible woman, you must not talk so. You have not seen them all. Many of the men who do me the honor to come to my workroom are most delightful persons. Only last week there came one of the most interesting scientists that I have met for——"

"Of course, of course, I have not a doubt of it, my dear Richard, but I am talking of *men*, my friend, not *mummies*."

Again Richard laughed. One of his greatest pleasures was to draw Miss Clendenning out on topics of this class. He knew she did not believe one-half that she said. It was the way she parried his thrusts that delighted him.

"Well, then, take Mr. Winthrop Pierce Lawrence. No more charming gentleman ever entered my house. You were in London at the time or you would certainly have dined with him here. Mr. Lawrence is not only distinguished as a statesman and a brilliant scholar, but his manners are perfect."

Miss Clendenning turned her head and looked at Richard under her eyelashes. "Where did you say he was from?"

"Boston."

"Boston?" A rippling, gurgling laugh floated through the room.

"Yes, Boston. Why do you laugh?"

"Bostonians, my dear Richard, have habits and customs, never *manners*. It is impossible that they should. They are seldom underbred, mind you, they are always overbred, and, strange to say, without the slightest sense of humor, for they

are all brought up on serious isms and solemn fads. The excitement we have gone through over this outrageous book of this Mrs. Stowe's and all this woman movement is but a part of their training. How is it possible for people who believe in such dreadful persons as this Miss Susan Anthony and that Miss Lilly something-or-other—I forget her other name—to know what the word 'home' really means and what graces should adorn it? They could never understand my ugly prince, and he?—well, he would be too polite to tell them what he thought of them. No, my dear Richard, they don't know; they never will know, and they never will be any better."

Oliver had crossed the room and had reached her chair.

"Who will never be any better, you dear Midget?" he cried.

"You, you dear boy, because you could not. Come and sit by me where I can get my hand on you. If I had my way you would never be out of reach of my five fingers."

Oliver brought up a stool and sat at her feet.

"Your Aunt Lavinia, Ollie," said Richard, rising to his feet (this relationship was of the same character as that of Uncle Nathan Gill), "seems to think our manners are retrograding."

"Not yours?" protested Oliver, with a laugh, as he turned quickly toward Miss Clendenning.

"No, you sweetheart, nor yours," answered Miss Clendenning, with a sudden burst of affection. "Come, now, you have lived nearly two years among these dreadful Yankees—what do you think of them?"

"What could I think of people who have been so kind to me? Fred Stone has been like a brother, and so has everybody else."

Mrs. Horn had joined the group and sat listening.

"But their manners, my son," she asked. "Do you see no difference between them and—and—and your father's, for instance?" and she motioned toward Richard who had now moved across the room to speak to other guests.

"Dad is himself and you are yourself and I am myself," replied Oliver with some



positiveness. When people are kind I never stop to think how they do it."

"Lovely," Miss Clendenning whispered to Nathan. "Spoken like a thoroughbred. Yes, he is *better* than my ugly prince. He would always have remembered how they did it."

"And you see no difference either in the ladies?" continued Mrs. Horn, with increasing interest in her tones. "Are the young girls as sweet and engaging?" She had seen Margaret's name rather often in his letters and wondered what impression she had made upon him. Oliver's eyes flashed and the color mounted to his cheeks. Miss Clendenning saw it and bent forward a little closer to get his answer.

"Well, you see, mother, I do not know a great many, I am so shut up. Miss Grant, whom I wrote you about, is—well, you must see her. She is not the kind of girl that you can describe very well—she really is not the kind of girl you can describe at all. We have been together all summer, and I stopped at her father's house for a few days when I came down from the mountains. They live in the most beautiful valley you ever saw."

Miss Clendenning was watching him closely. She caught a look that his mother had missed.

"Is she pretty, Ollie?" asked Miss Lavinia.

"She is better than pretty. You would not say the Milo was pretty, would you? There is too much in her for prettiness."

"And are the others like her?" The little body was only feeling about, trying to put her finger on the pulse of his heart.

"No; there is nobody like her. Nobody I have ever met."

Miss Clendenning was sure now.

Malachi's second entrance—this time with the great china bowl held above his head—stopped further talk in this direction.

Since the memory of man no such apple-toddy had ever been brewed!

Even Colonel Clayton, when he tasted it, looked over his glass and nodded approvingly at its creator—a recognition of genius which that happy darky acknowledged by a slight bend of his back, anything else being out of the question by

reason of the size of the bowl he was carrying and the presence of his master and of his master's guests.

This deposited on a side table, another bowl filled with *Olio*—a most surprising and never-to-be-forgotten salad of chicken and celery and any number of other toothsome things—was placed beside it, together with a plate of moonshines and one of Maryland biscuits.

Then came some music, in which Oliver sang and Miss Clendenning played his accompaniments; and next the "wrappings up" in the hall, the host and hostess and the whole party moving out of the drawing-room in a body. Here Nathan, with great gallantry, insisted on getting down on his stiff marrow-bones to put on Miss Clendenning's boots, while the young men and Oliver tied on the girls' hoods, amid "good-byes" and "so glads" that he could come home if only for a day, and that he had not forgotten them. Oliver's last words were whispered in Miss Clendenning's ear informing her that he would come over in the morning and see her about a matter of the *greatest importance*. And so the door was shut on the last guest.

When the hall was empty Oliver kissed his father good-night, and, slipping his arm around his mother's waist, as he had always done when a boy, the two went slowly upstairs to his little room. He could not wait a minute longer. He must unburden his heart about Margaret. This is what he had come for. If his mother had only seen her it would be so much easier, he said to himself as he pushed open his bedroom door.

"You are greatly improved, my son," she said, with a tone of pride in her voice. "I see the change already." She had lighted the candle and the two were seated on the bed, his arm still around her.

"How, mother?"

"Oh, in everything. The boy is gone out of you. You are more reposeful; more self-reliant. I like your modesty too." She could tell him of his faults, she could also tell him of his virtues.

"And the summer has done you good," she continued. "I felt sure it would. Mr. Slade has been a steadfast friend of yours from the beginning. Tell me now about your new friends. This Miss Grant

—is she not the same girl you wrote me about, some months ago—the one who drew with you at the art school? Do you like her people?” This thought was uppermost in her mind—had been in fact ever since she first saw Margaret’s name in his letters.

“Her mother is lovely and she has got a brother—a Dartmouth man—who is a fine fellow. I liked him from the first moment I saw him.” Oliver answered simply, wondering how he would begin.

“Is her father living?”

“Yes.”

“What kind of a man is he?”

“Well—of course, he is not like our people. He is—a—well—he always says just what he thinks, you know. But he is a man of character and position.” He was speaking for Margaret now. “They have more family portraits than we have.” This was said in a tone that was meant to carry weight.

“And people of education?”

“Oh, I should certainly say so. It is nothing but books all over the house. Really, he has more books than Dad.” This statement was to strengthen the one regarding the family ancestors—both telling arguments about Kennedy Square.

“And this girl—is she a lady?”

The question somehow put to flight all his mental manœuvres. “She is more than a lady, mother. She is the dearest—” He stopped, hesitated for an instant, and slipping his arm around her neck drew her close to him. Then, in a torrent of words—his cheeks against hers—the whole story came out. He was a boy again now; that quality in him that would last all his life. She listened with her eyes on the floor, her heart torn with varying emotions. She was disturbed, but not alarmed. One phase of the situation stood out clearly in her practical mind—his poverty and the impossibility of any immediate marriage. Before that obstacle could be removed she felt sure his natural vacillation regarding women would save him. He would forget her as he had Sue.

“And you say her brother works in the fields and that her father and mother permitted this girl to leave home and sit night after night with you young men with no other protection than that of an old Irishwoman?” There was a tone of

censure now in her voice that roused a slight antagonism in Oliver.

“Why not? What could harm her? There was no other place for her to go where she could learn anything.”

Mrs. Horn kept still for a moment, looking on the floor. Oliver sat watching her face.

“And your family, my son,” she protested with a certain patient disapproval in her tones. “Do they count for nothing? I, of course, would love anybody you would make your wife, but you have others about you. No man has a right to marry beneath him. Do not be in a hurry over this matter. Come home for your wife when you are ready to marry. Give yourself time to compare this girl, who seems to have fascinated you, with—Sue, for instance, or any of the others you have been brought up with.”

Oliver shrugged his shoulders at the mention of Sue’s name. He *had* compared her.

“You would not talk this way, dearie, if you could see her,” he replied in a hopeless way as if the futility of making his mother understand was now becoming apparent to him. “She is different from anyone you ever met—she is so strong, so fine—such a woman in all that the word means. Not something you fondle and make love to, remember, but a woman more like a Madonna that you worship, or a Greek goddess that you might fear. As to the family part of it, I am getting tired of it all, mother. What good is Grandfather Horn or anybody else to me? I have got to dig my way out just as they did. Just as dear old Dad is doing. If he succeeds in his work who will help him but himself? There have been times when I used to love to remember him sitting by his reading-lamp or with his violin tucked under his chin, and I was proud to think he was my father. Do you know what sets my blood on fire now? It is when I think of him standing over his forge and blowing his bellows, his hands black with coal. I understand many things, dearie, that I knew nothing about when I left home. You used to tell me yourself that everybody had to work, and you sent me away to do it. I looked upon it then as a degradation. I see it differently now. I have worked with all my



might all summer, and I have brought back a whole lot of sketches that the boys like. Now I am going to work again with Mr. Slade. I do not like his work, and I do love mine, but I am going to stick to his all the same. I have got something to work for now," and his face brightened. "I am going to win!"

She did not interrupt him. It was better he should unburden his heart. She was satisfied with his record; if he went wrong she only was to blame. But he was not going wrong; nor was there anything to worry about—not even his art—not so long as he kept his place with Mr. Slade and only took it up as a relaxation from more weighty cares. It was only the girl that caused her a moment's thought.

She saw too, through all his outburst, a certain independence and a fearlessness and a certain fixedness of purpose that sent an exultant thrill through her even when her heart was burdened with the thought of this new danger that threatened him. She had sent him away for the fault of instability, and he had overcome it. Should she not now hold fast, as she had before, and save him the second time from this girl who was beneath him in station and who would drag him down to her level, and so perhaps ruin him?

"We will not talk any more about it to-night, my son," she said, in tender tones, leaning forward and kissing him on the cheek—it was through his affections that she controlled him, never by opposing him. "You should be tired out with your day's journey and ought to rest. Take my advice—do not ask her to be your wife yet. Think about it a little and see some other women before you make up your mind."

A delicious tremor passed through Oliver. He *had* asked her, and she *had* promised! He remembered just the very day, the hour, the minute. That was the bliss of it all! But this he did not tell his mother. He would not hurt her any further now. Some other day he would tell her: when she could see Madge and judge for herself. No, not to-night, and so with the secret untold he kissed her and led her to her room.

And yet strange to say it was the one only thing in all his life that he had kept from her.

Ah! these mothers! who make lovers of their only sons, dominating their lives! How bitter must be the hours when they realize that another's arms are opening for them!

And these boys—what misgivings come; what doubts. How the old walls, impregnable from childhood, begin to crumble! How little now the dear mother knows—she so wise but a few moons since. How this new love steps in front of the old love and claims every part of the boy as its very own.

Faithful to her promise, Miss Clendenning waited for Oliver before a wood fire in her little boudoir that opened out of the library. She wore a morning gown of soft white flannel belted in at the waist. Covering her head and wound loosely about her throat was a fluff of transparent silk, half-concealing the two nests of little gray and brown knots impaled on hair-pins. These were the chrysalides of those gay butterfly side-curls which framed her sweet face at night and to which she never gave wing until after luncheon, no matter who called. The silk scarf that covered them this morning was in recognition of Oliver's sex.

A bright fire blazed and crackled, sending its beams dancing over the room and lighting up the red curtains that hung behind her writing-desk, its top covered with opened letters—her morning's mail. Many bore foreign postmarks, and not a few were emblazoned with rampant crests sunk in little dabs of colored wax.

She had finished her breakfast and was leaning forward in her rocking chair, her elbows on her knees, her tiny feet resting on the fender. She was watching the fire-fairies at work building up their wonderful palaces of molten gold studded with opals and rubies. The little lady must have been in deep thought, for she did not know Oliver had entered until she felt his arm on her shoulder.

"Ah, you dear fellow. No, not there; sit right here on this cricket by my side. Stop, do not say a word. I have been studying it all out in these coals. I know all about it—it is about the mountain girl, this—what do you call her?"

"Miss Grant."

"Nonsense! What do *you* call her?"

"Madge."



"Ah, that's something like it. And you love her?"

"Yes." (Pianissimo.)

"And she loves you?"

"Yes." (Forte.)

"And you have told her so?"

"YES!" (Fortissimo.)

"Whew!" Miss Clendenning caught her breath and gave a little gasp. "Well, upon my word! You don't seem to have lost any time, my young Romeo. What does her father say?"

"He doesn't know anything about it."

"Does anybody except you two babes in the wood?"

"Yes, her mother."

"And yours? You told her last night. I knew you would."

"Mother is all upset."

"Of course she is. So am I. Now tell me—is she a lady?"

"She is the dearest, sweetest girl you——"

"Come now, come now, answer me. They are all the dearest and sweetest things in the world. What I want to know is, is she a *lady*?"

"Yes."

"True now, Ollie—honest?"

"Yes, in every sense of the word. A woman you would love and be proud of the moment you saw her."

Miss Clendenning took his face in her hands and looked down into his eyes. "I believe you. Now what do you want me to do?"

"I want her to come down here so everybody can see her. If I had a sister she could invite her, and it would be all right, and maybe then her mother would let her come."

"And you want me to play the sister and have her come here?"

Oliver's fingers closed tight over Miss Clendenning's hand. "Oh, if you only would, that would fix everything. Mother would understand then why I love her, and Madge could go back and tell her people about us. Her father is very bitter against everybody at the South. They would feel differently if Madge could stay a week with us."

"Why won't her father bring her?"

"He never leaves home. He would

not even take her to the mountains, fifteen miles away. She could never paint as she does if she had relied upon him. Mother and Mr. Grant are both alike in their hatred of art as a fitting profession for anybody, and I tell you that they are both wrong."

Miss Clendenning looked up in surprise. She had never seen the boy take a stand of this kind against his mother. Oliver saw the expression on the little lady's face and kept on, his cheeks flushed and a set look about his eyes.

"Yes, wrong. I have never believed mother could be wrong in anything before, and when she wanted me to give up painting I did so because I thought she knew best. But I know she's not right about Madge, and if she is wrong about her, how do I know she was not wrong about my working with Mr. Crocker?"

Margaret's words that day in the bark slant were now ringing in his ears. He had never forgotten them—"Your mother cannot coddle you up forever."

Miss Clendenning held her peace. She was not astonished at the revolt in the boy's mind. She had seen for months past in his letters that Oliver's individuality was asserting itself. It was the new girl whom he was defending—the woman he loved. She knew something of that feeling herself, and she knew what blind obedience had done for her. With a half-smothered sigh, she reached over Oliver's head, dipped a quill pen in her inkstand, and at Oliver's dictation, wrote Margaret's address.

"I will invite her at once," she said.

Long after Oliver had gone Miss Clendenning sat looking into the fire. The palaces of rose and amber that the busy fingers of the fire fairies had built up in the white heat of their enthusiasm were in ruins. The light had gone out. Only gray ashes remained, with here and there a dead cinder.

Miss Clendenning rose from her chair, stood a moment in deep thought, and said, aloud:

"If she loves him, she shall have him. There shall be no more desolate firesides if I can help it."

# THE MAN AND THE CAT

By James Robb Church



HE cat sat on the rude window-ledge in the cone of light that flared out from the lamp on the table inside, and in desperation patted sharply on the glass with his cold, pink toes, and the man within heard the faint little raps, and, looking out through the rain-blurred panes, saw the shivering little mass of fur, and the pink mouth as it gaped in a plaintive cat-cry for warmth and shelter.

He opened the window, and the cat came in with a gust of rain and wind, and, marching across the table to the man, left on the dry boards the prints of its little wet feet.

He arched his back and lifted a little stump of a tail, and, treading water with his front feet, looked up at the man and said, "I am hungry."

The friendship began there between a lonely man and a forsaken tabby cat, and each was glad of the other's presence and company.

The log-cabin was in the woods, eighteen miles from a neighbor, in the valley of the East Fork of the Skokomish, shut in by tall peaks and presided over by giant firs.

The man was much alone, for he was working with a purpose, and a man with a purpose is not very good company.

The cat liked him, purpose and all, and made himself very much at home. He followed him about the clearing, and even to the hole up among the crags, where the man dug out senseless rocks and made loud and startling noises that shook things and scared away the squirrels that the cat hunted.

At night, after supper, he stuck his finger-nails in the man's trousers, climbed up his leg to the table, and, folding his arms over the white star on his chest, shut his eyes to lazy slits and rattled out a drowsy, contented song, entirely unconcerned by the smoke the man blew in his face. And when the light was out, and the man in bed, he would jump down, pit-pat across

to the cot, and, walking up and down on the blanket, ask the man politely to let him in; and, if he did not, he would smite him gently on the face with his closed fist, just to show him how disagreeable he might be if he wanted to.

The cat did not altogether understand the man: he did so many foolish things. Where was the sense in digging that black hole in the hills? It was much better fun hunting squirrels. And what was the use of those silly letters the man made so much of once each month? They were always from the same person, as the cat knew from what the man said, and very long and tedious, at least to the cat. But then the man was always pleased with them, and he used to read and re-read them, and go away and work and sing in his hole in the hill.

So they lived for nearly a year, and the man had his letters, and his work in the hill, but he told the cat he was losing heart, and that perhaps the squirrels were of as much account as the long, black tunnel. And then one evening the man came back from his work, and the cat knew that something had happened, because he was forced to join in a dance around the cabin on his hind legs, and that is not good for cats, as anyone knows: it addles their brains, and makes them dizzy. And such a senseless reason, too: a lot of little yellow rocks, that gleamed dull in the lamplight, and were not good to eat, and too heavy to play with. But the man was pleased, and, therefore, the cat rejoiced with him, and looked as interested as he could at the dull-shining stones.

Time went by, and as the weight of yellow metal in the canvas bag grew, the man became more cheerful, and confided many plans to the cat. He learned that they were soon to leave it all; the cabin, with its meagre comforts, the wondrous singing firs, forever glorifying their Maker with uplifted arms, the green, sliding river, where lived the fish the cat could not catch, and the mysterious black hole in the hills.

It all had some bearing on the blue letters ; but just what, the cat could not quite make out.

Finally they were ready—only waiting for the last blue letter. And then that came, and the cat never understood the rest. It was as fat and crinkly as all the others—no difference that he could see—but there must have been, for the man opened it, singing, read the first page, and stopped so still and stiff that the cat thought he must be hunting, and looked with his green-gray eyes for the game. But there was none, and then fear and pain came in the man's eyes and dwelt there, and he cried out, and the cat was afraid and crawled under the stove and was very quiet.

All day the man sat there, numb and alone in his agony, and the cat watched him as he turned the blue paper with stupid fingers and read and re-read the marks thereon. The light from the window crept across the floor, turning from golden yellow to golden red, to the blue haze of twilight and the gray of early night, and the cat came and cried for his supper, and the man lifted a white, drawn face from his arms on the table and patted the arched furry back and smoothed the round head from which looked the eyes that tried to tell their sympathy.

The cat had his supper, and from his post on the table under the lamp watched the man as he moved over the rough floor, apathetically putting away again the things he had packed to take with him.

At last he sat down with all the blue

letters in his lap and read them one by one and burned them in the stove.

It took a long time, for there were many, but at last it was over, and then he mixed himself a drink in the glass, as he did every evening, and sat down at the table in front of the cat to smoke.

The night wore on, and the great north wind came moaning down the gulch, shaking the firs and whining in through the chinks of the ill-built cabin.

The snow came with it and hissed softly on the stovepipe and beat with faint white, ghostly hands on the black, shining glass of the window. The noises of the night came blurred and staggering through the storm : the groan of the fir-boughs as they ground together ; the soft rush as some limb cast off the white load that oppressed it, to send it whirling and thudding to the ground ; the weird, whining scream of the cougar, the cat's big brother, as he tramped outside in the snow.

And inside, as the tin clock ticked out the hours with uncertain step, the man's eyes blinked and closed, and his head nodded and sank until it rested on the worn, patched blue sleeve that covered the arm on the table, and the yellow hair and the gray fur mingled and they slept together—the man and the cat. The lamp flickered, and wheezed, and died down, and the cat stretched himself and changed his position, but the man with his arms outstretched to the East, with palms open, as though summoning something gone, asking for something lost, slept on—quiet, rigid, immovable.

## EAST AND WEST

By Marguerite Merington

EASTWARD over the billowing prairie's sea ;

On-speeding eastward down to the rising sun—

But you in the west are heart of east to me—

Wake-song of a world in joy for life begun ;

And I, tho' east, forever your west shall be—

Love's even-song when the work of day is done !



# THE THIRD AND A HALF GENERATION

BY NELSON LLOYD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT LEVERING



GENERATIONS come in waves in Six Stars, and Willie Calker had not arrived in the natural course of events, but had moved in from the neighboring valley with his mother. The third generation had been but recently married off, and the fourth was rolling over the rag-carpetts of the village. His was the third and a half. So he was alone in his boyhood. And in truth he had become the oldest man for a lad of his age Six Stars had ever seen, for worldly wisdom he had acquired as he sat unnoticed, unheeded, squeezed between the worthies of the store porch; and a higher knowledge he had attained as day after day he wandered along the creek, watching the fish sporting there, or followed the tinkle of the cow-bells through the hemlock woods, with his dog Jimmy at his heels. Through the long summer afternoons, as he sat by the mill-dam, idly twirling pebbles into the placid water, he had explored his own brain; he had travelled far beyond the mountains and the ridges that formed the valley; he had wandered the world over, always keeping in sight of the old stone mill, and in sound of the splashing water-wheel. Thus he had conceived an inward contempt for the three generations that spent so much of their time on the store bench, but he sat at their feet and absorbed such stray bits of wisdom as they let fall. He borrowed their county paper, and heard the faint echoes of the great world without.

For a long time the store underestimated Willie. In fact, it never even troubled it-

self estimating him at all. He was nothing but a boy, the only one in the village, whose loneliness entitled him to a place on the bench as long as he did not become intrusive with his childlike opinions or embarrassing questions. The store even tolerated him to the extent of allowing him to make a guess on the weight of Moses Pole's famed Chester White hog. It was here that the trouble began. This was the Black Friday in the history of Six Stars.

Just two days before that particular Friday, Willie Calker celebrated his twelfth birthday, and from some place off there in the blue, a mysterious place called Kansas, a place no more distant and no more unreal than Heaven itself, there had come to him a bright silver quarter. It was the gift of the grandmother he had never seen, and had it been brought to him in the bill of a raven, instead of in the semi-weekly mail, he could not have been more astounded. It took him two days to recover his astonishment, and then he began to cast about for something to do with it. It was the enormousness of the sum that overwhelmed him. To many lads of his age it would have represented no more than a jarful of those beautiful yellow lemon-sticks that adorned the shelf in the store. To Willie Calker, lemon-sticks were things to be measured in pennies; quarters were the measure of the rolling hills.

He had been lifted above the candy-shelf. He was a man of means. As became a man of means, he must stroll to the store—not with an idea of purchasing mere sweets, but possibly with an eye on the building itself.

The Six Stars store is a fine bit of property, standing where the ridge road and the turnpike meet, commanding a view of the mill-dam, and beyond that of the scrub country that slopes away to the southward, getting higher and higher until it breaks down into the great valley, where the farms are rich and the barns all white and green. The boy paused on the steps and looked away to where a line of tree-tops fringed into the sky. He thought of that valley beyond. He had had glimpses of it as he stood there at the head of the ridge that jutted into it. It was so different from this, his own land of rough woods, and choppings, and clearings, and stone-covered farms, that calling the Elysium to mind sufficed to alter any intention he had of making his friend Smith an offer for his "General Emporium." But he stepped within, anyway, just to see what was doing.

In spite of his wealth and his grand plans Willie Calker could not but halt before the counter and give a wistful glance at the yellow lemon-sticks, wishing, perhaps that he was a boy again with a solitary penny to spend as his mouth willed and not a man with a quarter and a mind. He grasped his fortune a bit tighter in his hand, and, as if to prove his mastery over self, gazed defiantly at the alluring jar.

Behind him sounded the rasping cackle of Martin Holmes, the sole surviving representative of the first generation. "Well, sonny, it looks like you'll take a guess, eh?"

The old man made a demonstration with his cane, threw back his head, stuck out his white beard and performed a short series of facial gymnastics, the usual evidences of his merry mood. His gibe was followed by a chorus of guffaws from the bench and from the counter, from the nail-keg in the corner, from the empty egg-crate behind the stove.

Willie flushed. His eyes moved from the jar to the cigar-box on the shelf below it, from which arose this placard:

Hog gessin contest on Moses  
Poles Chester White 25 cents  
a gess Butcherin next wensday.

The lad wheeled about and faced the generations above him.

"Mebbe you'd like two guesses, or mebbe four, Willie," said Martin in his most insinuating tones. Then he clapped a hand so hard on the knee of Lucien Spade, who sat next him, that the bark-peeler gave vent to a cry of pain that sent the store into paroxysms of laughter again.

Willie's fighting blood was up. Dreams of vast possessions faded away before the stern realities of the moment.

"How many is comin' in, Martin?" he asked in the deepest tone he could command, with his chest cramped as it was in a three-year-old jacket, and his throat hampered by an enormous woollen muffler.

The old man's reply was drowned in a general burst of laughter.

"How many is comin' in?" demanded the lad again. But this time he drew from his pocket a bright silver coin and twirled it carelessly about in his hand.

The effect was instantaneous. Martin seized his beard and pulled at it reflectively as he stared at the boy.

Ned Smith, leaning over the counter, broke the silence:

"Sence you are showin' the color o' your money, Willie, they is ten in already—still."

"Ten," said Willie, meditatively. "That means two-fifty if I win."

"If you wins?" cried the venerable Holmes. "Well, I'll swan!"

He pointed a quivering finger at the diminutive, the easy figure there before him. Martin was unrivalled at guessing the weight of a hog. So expert was he that it was an established rule that he should pay an additional dime for the privilege of competing. No one knew this better than Willie Calker. And now the picture of this chit defying, not the store, but him, Martin Holmes, brewed a storm of emotion, mingled anger and meriment, beneath the old man's coat. He could only shake his finger and sputter.

"It ain't right, Ned," broke in Moses



"Well, sonny, it looks like you'll take a guess, eh?" Page 606.

Pole. "It ain't right fer you uns to let him resk his money on no hog guessin'."

"It ain't, it ain't," chimed in Martin Holmes, just recovering his power of speech. "An' you knows it Ned Smith, an' you Lush Spade, an' you Moses Pole. Do you s'pose I want to tech his money."

"Ned," said Willie, standing with his fists in his pockets, looking up into the storekeeper's face, ignoring the mingled cries of approval and disapproval behind him. "Be Moses's Chester White you

uns mean the one that had his ear tore off in the barb-wire fence."

"Personal friend o' yours, Willie?" old Holmes put in cheerfully.

"Personal friend?" returned the boy, coolly. "I should say he was, Martin. Why, I've know'd that old Chester White fer years, an' such bein' the case, I'll take one guess."

With that he laid his fortune on the counter.

The question had its moral side and, to do the store justice, it revolted at the



picture of the unsophisticated boy staking his money on a guess. He would not be gambling, of course. Gambling was a vice, a sin, a crime. The preachers had always put particular stress on that idea when they pounded the pulpits and hurled forth their warnings against the dangers of horse-racing, the wine-cup and other such pleasant sins that the valley, by reason of its remoteness and poverty, had heard of but could never enjoy. Gambling was associated with cards. Its evils were presented pictorially in tracts, showing shirt-sleeved young men sitting around tables burdened with bottles and money. The store had never seen these same abandoned creatures represented as staking fortunes on the weight of a hog. Hence it placed its loved sport without the ban.

So had Willie Calker faltered as he laid his money on the counter, the store would have arisen in one grand protest. But he was so firm, so quick, so self-possessed, that he seemed to take on for the moment the proportions of a man. The store was awed. It watched him in silence as he picked up a pencil and thoughtfully, but with studied care, eyed the point. Then, on a slip of paper, he scrawled his name and the few figures that gave his estimate of the weight of Moses Pole's Chester White.

Willie Calker won the guessing. He was within a pound and a half of the actual weight of his corpulent four-footed friend, and Martin Holmes, the peerless, lost by a pound. His gibe on that Black Friday had cost him dear, for now, with the enormous sum of two dollars and a half at his command, the boy was a capitalist, and when the name of Aaron Jones appeared above the

cigar-box, he ventured two guesses on the blacksmith's wonderful Jersey Red, and one was within three pounds of the actual weight. Martin Holmes was short by ten. This was in itself most remarkable, for in years he had not put in figures so far wrong. In fact, he had had the game down to so fine a point as to disdain to call it guessing at all. He always referred to it as "estymaytin'." The result on the Chester White unnerved him. That on the Jersey Red routed him. When the sign was hoisted for McMitt's Berkshire, Martin boldly demanded the abrogation of the rule that he pay an extra dime to enter the contest. This was a great humiliation for the poor man. It was as though he were turning over the crown and sceptre before his time. It was an admission of defeat, a succumbing to the forces of decay. He, the first generation, was broken, and in his place was rising not the second, as in the natural course of events, nor even the third, but the third and a half—that mere sprig of a boy who had never done anything but moon around the dam and the woods. The old man tried to pass it by as a "good un" on him, but the store saw through his forced jollity as he paid the

regular quarter for the first time in years and handed in his "estymaye" on the Berkshire.

Willie Calker had taken four guesses, and again he won. Martin knew that he would. And so did Moses Pole. For three days preceding the butchering, the pair had sat together on the bench gloomily watching the box and declaring that it wasn't any use. Moses was inclined to think that the boy was not playing fair, but was using a



He paid the regular quarter for the first time in years.



"Of course it's gamblin'. Gamblin's a wice."—Page 611.

charm. In this theory he had no support. Martin declared that there was nothing in superstition anyway, excepting as far as it affected rheumatism. But the store now felt that for the preservation of the sport something should be done. The grumbling became more general and open when the boy took six guesses on Solomon Harker's black runt and won. When he bought eight chances on the Pintons' Poland China and with one came within nine ounces of the actual weight, the store arose in revolt. This

lad had no family to support, and there was no limit to his ability to guess. The welfare of the nation demanded prompt action, for not only the money of the valley, but of the county and the country was draining into this mere child's pockets.

The store did act. This was when Emerson Tumbell set the date for the killing of his wonderful hog that for two months had hardly been able to stagger about under its burden of rolling fat. Twice had Willie slipped up to Emerson's farm to inspect the beast, so his disap-

pointment was keen when he went to deposit his guesses and saw added to the usual notice above the cigar-box the words, "Barrin' Willie Calker."

"Barrin' me," he repeated, slowly. Then, turning to Martin Holmes, he asked: "What does that mean?"

"It means, sonny," said the old man, with much gravity, "that Emerson butchers a Monday, an' that guesses will be received as usual, barrin' Willie Calker. Willie is too young, sonny. It ain't right fer us old folks to let a boy o' his tender years resk his money."

"Is that true, Ned?" asked the lad, appealing to the storekeeper who was leaning over the counter, an amused smile on his face. Ned nodded in the affirmative and smiled the more.

Without another word Willie Calker strode to the door and down the road. At the mill-dam he paused a moment to send a flat stone hurtling along the water. Then he crossed on the foot-log to his favorite retreat behind the mill, where, in seclusion, soothed by the swishing of the

water over the wheel and the rumble of the grinding stones, he could think it all over. But hardly had he seated himself on a log when the venerable Holmes confronted him.

"Willie," said the old man, soothingly.

"Well," returned the boy in frigid tones.

"Ye ain't mad, are ye?" the other asked, softly.

"Course I ain't. But you did it, you know you did," snapped the lad.

"Now, sonny, don't be hard on me. It was fer your good, really," pleaded Martin, seating himself on the log. "But say, Willie, you might jest tell me somethin'."

"Tell you what?" snapped the boy.

"What does you allow that there Berkshire of Emerson Tumbell's weighs?"

"Martin, you shut me out, you know you did, didn't ye?"

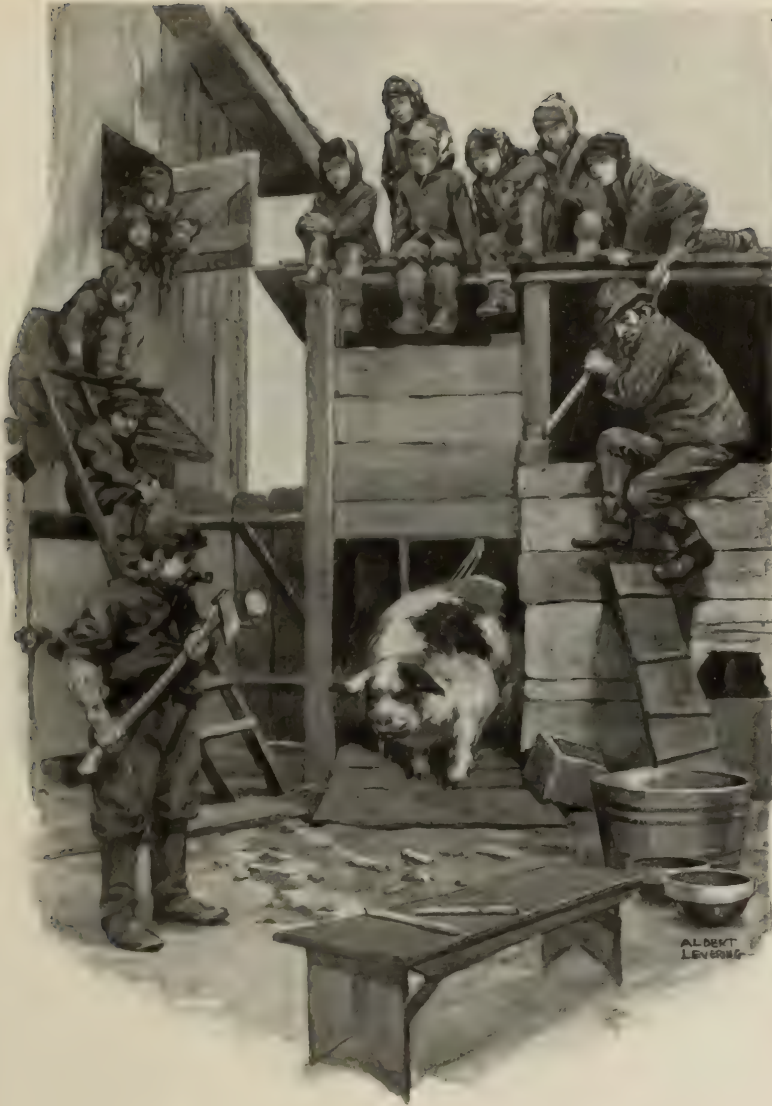
"I didn't, sonny, really I didn't," answered he of the first generation. "I had a voice in the matter, I admit, but whatever I done was fer your sake, Willie. Gamblin' is a terrible vice."

"Gamblin'," retorted Willie. "This



The blacksmith had chuckled to himself and winked at the ceiling.—Page 613.





It was a cold day when Emerson Tumbell butchered.— Page 612.

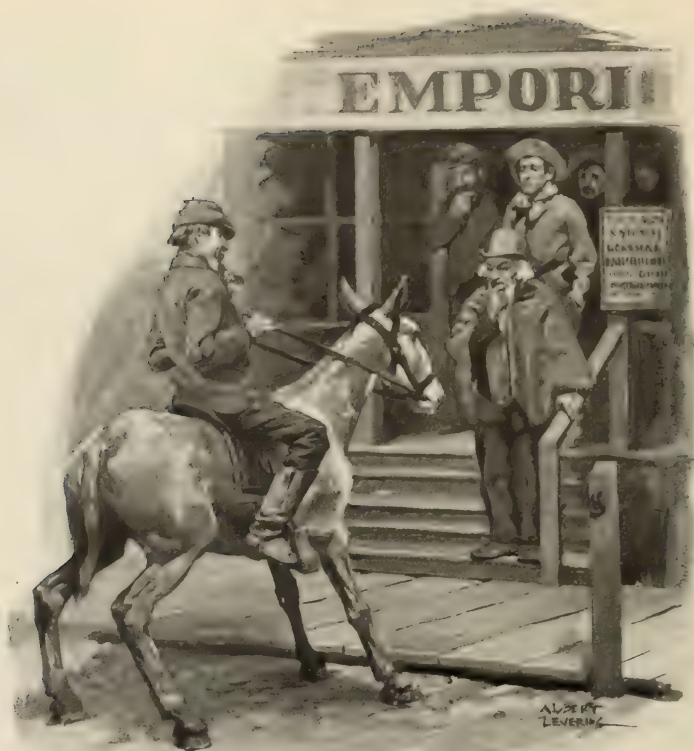
ain't gamblin', Martin. This is only hog guessin'. Why, I've heard you say a hundred times that they was different."

The old man raised a finger in warning. "Ssh!" He smiled knowingly. "You know, Willie, what I meant. You an' me understands one another, don't we? Of course it's gamblin'. Gamblin's a vice. Them fellers at the store don't know it, an' I ain't the boy to spile their fun. You knows that—hey, sonny—you knows that. Now what does you cal'late that hog o' Emerson——"

"But Martin, if it is a vice, as you says, why should I tell you how many pound that animal weighs. Ain't that encouragin' you to do wrong?"

"There you go agin," said the old man, laying a horny hand on the small knee that was knocking against his own boots. "It's this 'ay, Willie. Gamblin' is a vice. It biteth like an adder; it stingeth like a serpent. Oncet it gits its grip on you, it don't let go. It ruins your life. An', Willie, it——"

"But Martin——"



"Ye can't beat me, boys," he gasped. "I'm within seven ounces."—Page 613.

"Wait a bit, an' hear me out. It ruins your life. It sappeth at the blood, an' you are young yet, my boy, an' I couldn't see the wice gittin' its deadly holt on you. Fer me it ain't so bad, fer my summer-time has gone. I've only a few year left to spile. Now what does you guess—" Martin stopped abruptly and drew a quarter from his pocket. He looked at it steadfastly for a minute. Then he smiled at Willie.

"Now what does you guess will be the weight o' Emerson's killin'?" he asked again.

The boy closed his eyes and held out a hand.

"I guess—I guess—I guess," he repeated, slowly. His fingers tightened on the coin. "I guess five hundred an' eleven pound an' seven ounces," he said, quickly.

He opened his eyes and looked rather

wistfully at the old man. Martin says now that he winked at him.

It was a cold day when Emerson Tumbell butchered. His place is full three miles above the store, on the cross-road that leaves the pike just beyond the covered bridge. Every farm in his neighborhood sent a delegation to witness the execution of the ponderous Berkshire, but Six Stars contented itself with a single emissary. Aaron Jones volunteered to ride up there on his white mule about noon, though it was a gray, melancholy morning, with a promise of snow in the clouds overhead, and the average man would have preferred the warmth of the store stove. Aaron was always accommodating. The boys were anxious to get the news, and he was anxious to please the boys. But besides this he had an interest in the cigar-box. He had even boasted

his confidence that the entire contents would find their way into his pockets. He had dreamed a dream, and in his sleep the actual weight of Emerson Tumbell's Berkshire had been revealed to him. Then the blacksmith had chuckled to himself and winked at the ceiling.

The group on the store porch watched the white mule and its rider until they were lost to sight in the gloom of the bridge; then they moved inside, and in silence watched the clock. When the hands pointed the noon hour, the whole company shuffled out to the old point of vantage, and strained their eyes up the pike. It was not long until the white mule hove into view again. He was really not going at break-neck speed, but he did trot, so Aaron was bumping violently up and down, a rein in each hand, his elbows flapping like wings. The store lined up to receive him as he drew up and turned half around in the saddle and faced them. There was an expectant silence, in which the courier laid one hand on his chest and caught his lost breath. Then he smiled.

"Ye can't beat me, boys," he gasped. "I'm within seven ounces."

Ten faces fell. Ten hands went to ten chins to stroke them sadly.

"I told you I drumt it true," cried Aaron, his voice now ringing clear and triumphant. "You uns laughed at my dream, but I got within seven ounces."

"What's the—eh—weight?" ventured Martin Holmes, after a moment of silence in the company.

"Five hundred an' eleven pound even," cried Aaron. He was half out of the saddle, and waved one long, booted leg in the face of the store. It was defiance he expressed thus, for as he reached the ground he shouted: "I guessed five hundred an' eleven pound, seven ounces. You uns can't beat it."

"I allow we can't, Aaron," Martin Holmes exclaimed, with a sudden, cheery ring in his voice. "But I think we'll have to dewide, me an' you, fer I guessed five hundred an' eleven pound, seven ounces, too."

"Well, I'll swan!" broke in Moses Pole. "So did I. That was my estymayte—five hundred an' eleven pound, seven ounces."

"See here, Moses, you stop your joshin'," cried Martin, angrily. "This is no

time fer joshin'." The old man saw that several others wanted to speak, but he silenced them by raising a warning hand. "It ain't regular," he exclaimed. "Open the box, an' then we'll see how much we dewide."

So he led the company into the store.

"It's be fur the best estymaytin' I ever done," he said, as Smith was unfolding the paper slips on the counter. "It's wonderful guessin', an' I don't propose havin' the laurels drug offen me brow be no jolliers like Aaron or Moses there."

"Nor me," spoke up Lucien Spade from the outskirts of the crowd. "I guessed five hundred an' eleven pound, seven——"

Martin laughed.

"Boys—boys, no joshin'. It ain't regular," he cried, with a genial wave of his arms.

"But I did guess five hundred an' eleven pound, seven ounces," shouted McMitt, the miller.

"Hol' on—hol' on," protested Martin, still more genially. "I don't mind a joke, Aleck, but wait till Smith gits th'oo openin' the guesses. Then we'll see who it's on."

It did not take long to find this out. When the storekeeper had transposed the figures to a long slip of paper, he eyed them quizzically for what seemed an age to the men before him.

"It's re-markable," he said at last.

"It was most a mighty good estymayte—only seven ounces off," chuckled old Holmes.

"Emerson's hog weighs five hundred an' eleven pound," said the storekeeper, rapping for order.

There was a strained silence.

"There are thirteen guesses, an' every man estymaytes the weight at five hundred an' eleven pound, seven ounces. Sech bein' the case, we all git a quarter apiece."

"But that's all we paid in," Moses Pole protested.

Some one cried: "Willie Calker—where's Willie Calker?"

It was a reckless thing to do. There was a sudden hush over the company. The men looked from one to the other, and not one said a word.

A moment passed, and Martin Holmes forced his way through the crowd that pressed about him, and went out on the





porch, slamming the door behind him as a sign that he wished to be alone. For a long time he was alone, leaning against a pillar, watching the lazy ripples on the mill-dam. Had it been a bright day, the old man might have at least grinned a bit over his defeat and the defeat of the whole store company. But he could hear the splash of the water over the mill-wheel, and it was cold and cheerless music. All around him the dry bones of the year were rattling—in the limbs that crackled under the brisk wind, in the leaves that bowled along the hard road, in the whirr of the few songless birds that shot to and fro. A half-score

of sheep were huddled in the protection of the blacksmith shop, baaing to keep warm. The valley was in no mood to cheer him up.

Suddenly a sharp report rang down the slope from the woods. He looked up quickly. Again he heard it, and still again.

"Who's a-shootin' up there on the ridge, Earl?" he called to one of the fourth generation who chanced to be passing in pursuit of a flock of geese.

The lad halted and pulled his muffler down from his mouth.

"Willie Calker," he cried. "He has got a new revolver."

"Mighty souls!" said Martin Holmes.

## PLEASANT INCIDENTS OF AN ACADEMIC LIFE

By Daniel C. Gilman



HE life within college walls," of which the songsters sing, is, in general, free from excitements, at least from any excitements that are of interest to the non-participants. I am not speaking of undergraduates, who have athletics, fraternities and politics, but of the teachers and advanced students whose days are monotonous, passed in quiet, hidden, often solitary devotion to study. New books, instruments, and periodicals give flavor to their pursuits and evoke new ideas. This is the excitement that the

scholar loves. To the public his occupations are not only forbidding—they seem dry and fruitless, certainly imbued with incomprehensible dullness; for while the world welcomes the results, it cares no more for the processes of study and investigation than children care for the receipts of the pastry-cook. When a scholar interprets the history of the Chaldean Deluge, written upon a tablet of clay and long buried in Mesopotamia, a new chapter is opened to the reader of the Book of Genesis—but it is more than probable that he knows little of the century of cuneiform scholarship from Grote-

fend to Haupt, by which this extraordinary story has been made intelligible. It is just the same in every branch of study: conclusions are welcomed, especially in the form of benefits; processes are forgotten. Yet dull as the life of a scholar appears to the outside world, it is often varied by incidents that are entertaining and inspiring. Some such occurrences I propose to narrate.

Of late years, international comity has led to academic celebrations of an international character. They are ostensibly intercollegiate, but they are in reality of broader scope. Within the last five-and-twenty years Bologna, Padua, Heidelberg, Glasgow, Cracow, Montpellier, Edinburgh, and Dublin, among European universities; Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Williams, St. John's, Chapel Hill, Bowdoin, and Union, among American institutions, have invited the world of science and letters to be represented at celebrations, centennial, sesquicentennial, bicentennial, tercentennial, and even quinquennial and sextennial. The ceremonies on these occasions are among the most pleasant as well as the most brilliant events in academic life. Faculties and students, with the dignitaries of civil and ecclesiastical stations, take part in jubilees prolonged through several days. Ordinary commencements, commemorations, and convocations are cast into the shade.

The latest, and to me, for many reasons, the most memorable of the academic festivals that I have attended, is that which commemorated the 200th anniversary of the foundation of Yale College, when the President of the United States, the Chief Justice, the Secretary of State, two foreign ambassadors, a representative of the King of Sweden, the Premier of Japan, an eminent jurist from St. Petersburg, a renowned surgeon from Berlin, a Roman Catholic archbishop, a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, scores of college presidents and professors, dozens of men of letters and representatives of science, with other dignitaries not a few, came together to offer their congratulations and praises to the Puritan college. A thoughtful observer, in the midst of all this splendid array, might have said that the vestiges of Puritanism were passing

away, twenty-six decades after John Dav- enport preached his first sermon in the wilderness near the spot where we were assembled. Were we in fact proclaiming the passing of Puritanism?

The culmination of these brilliant festivities came on the last day, when an original Greek ode was sung to original music, and the President of the United States, having received the hood of a Doctor of Laws, stepped forward on the platform to congratulate the university and its guests. There were two other remarkable incidents. One evening the graduates and undergraduates, thousands of them, marched under the elms, with torches, banners, mottoes, and music—a most impressive throng; and another evening, in the open air, beneath a brilliant star-lit sky, in the presence of several thousands of men and women, memorable events in the history of Yale were presented in dramatic tableaux, and in the interludes the welkin rang with college songs.

I have seen nothing abroad that was finer in the way of academic rejoicings than these Yalensian, but it must be admitted that there are fewer black gowns, more bright-colored robes, in the European gatherings than in ours; so the foreign shows are more striking. At Montpellier, I was startled to find that the American delegation, following alphabetical precedence, came to the front of the procession, just after Allemagne, represented by Helmholtz, and the plain black clothes that I wore seemed out of place. I ought to have worn a gown and I ought to have carried a diploma.

In Dublin, as a speaker for the United States, I made an explicit and pointed reference to the great philosopher from Trinity College, who gave away land and books for the benefit of American colleges, and who died the Bishop of Cloyne, not far from Cork. These were the delegate's words: "One alumnus of Trinity College is beloved beyond all others by Americans. I need not even pronounce his name. Some of us have been at his see in Cloyne; we have looked upon his ideal form cut in marble, so full of life and beauty, that we felt his presence, and uttered face to face our words of gratitude and honor."



"Name him," cried the undergraduates, in a distant gallery, chaffing the speaker. "Who was he? who was he?" was their vociferous shout. "It would not be necessary," said the speaker, when they paused, "in any American college, under conditions like these, to pronounce the name of that eminent graduate of Dublin, George Berkeley." The jeers became cheers, and the boys gave generous applause to the name of the illustrious bishop whom they did not recognize as a benefactor of Yale and Harvard. I recall another incident. After Henry Irving had received an honorary degree and the company was leaving the *aula*, the students, neglecting the other famous men, took the actor upon their shoulders and bore him to a neighboring portico, where he made a graceful acknowledgment of their rude but hearty and well-meant courtesies. It was a striking illustration of the readiness of human nature to applaud those who have given us pleasure and to pass unnoticed those who have given us knowledge.

In Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland, there was a noble commemoration of Polish education, literature, science, and art. The city was brilliant with colors, the procession was dignified, and the reception of delegates by the noble rector, Count Tarnowski, in the church, from which the sacred paraphernalia had been removed, was most impressive. The representative of American colleges did not fail to mention Kosciuszko, the friend of Washington, the upholder of American independence, whose lofty cairn looks down upon the city of Cracow, and the allusion was well received; but when the speaker proceeded to speak of Sienkiewicz, the great writer, whose works were read and admired in lands across the seas, the house burst forth in applause which brought to his feet the illustrious author of "Pan Michel" and "Quo Vadis," who had been sitting just in front of the platform. On another day, a statue of the illustrious Copernicus was unveiled in the middle of the beautiful quadrangle which he trod as an undergraduate 400 years before. Remembered as a student for four centuries!

Such entertainments produce a strong impression on those who take part in them, and on other intelligent observers,

for in a very striking manner these gatherings show the brotherhood of man and the co-operation of scholars in the advancement of knowledge. That intercourse by epistles, of which we have voluminous records in the correspondence of Erasmus, of Leibnitz, and many others; that careful making notes of personalities, such as we see in the diary of Dr. Stiles, recently printed, have given way to the well-edited periodicals which nowadays embody the notes of progress in every branch of learning. Modern ingenuity and necessities have also devised innumerable societies, associations, and academies which hold frequent meetings for those engaged in similar pursuits, but these are usually restricted to the citizens of one country, and to those who are bound by the ties of specialization. In order to bring together scholars of many lands and of all departments, literary and scientific, the representatives of law, medicine, theology and philosophy, great ceremonies are requisite, and the universities have naturally become the places for them. Everyone who has participated in the jubilee of a venerable seat of learning will surely carry with him, as long as he lives, the memory of the faces, the speeches, the greetings of those whom he met, nor will he fail to remember the unity of knowledge, its boundless extent, the importance of combined efforts for its advancement, and likewise the inanity of rivalry, the pettiness of jealousy, and the joyfulness of association for the good of mankind.

There are lesser festivals which also leave delightful memories; and some which I recall stand out in the vista of the past like beacons on a quiet sea-shore. For example, long after the first sorrow that is felt when a man of mark has departed, a commemorative meeting has become a time of rejoicing that such a man has lived and that we have been permitted to come under his inspiring influence. Fifty years after the birth of Robert Louis Stevenson we commemorated, in Baltimore, his life and works. Special students of English literature wrote short and appreciative essays; portraits and letters, and examples of his "copy" were brought to us by one of his friends; various editions of his books were exhibited,



and a select company of his readers, who met for this commemoration, felt as if they had been personally introduced to the great romancer from the land of Scott. Another commemoration brought Professor Francis J. Child to mind.

But the most noteworthy of such events was one that attracted many people from a distance and elicited from others who could not come, their words of appreciation. Sidney Lanier, like a brilliant comet, appeared on our horizon in centennial year, when his ode, written for the opening of the Philadelphia Exhibition drew forth the cool criticisms of widely scattered readers (who did not appreciate his purpose in the composition), and almost simultaneously, enthusiastic plaudits from thousands of auditors who heard the rendering of the words to the stirring music of Dudley Buck. Lanier was then living in Baltimore, known to many as a player upon the flute in the concerts of the Peabody Conservatory, and, to a few of the most cultivated, as a writer of verse, as a student of English literature, and as a gifted critic. It was natural that he should be invited to lecture before the university, and an invitation to do so he gladly accepted. The summons reached him in a period of great despondency and physical distress. He was exhilarated by the opportunity and did his best—and his best was very good—to inspire and instruct those who came within the sound of his voice.

In the second of the two courses it was obvious that the hand of Death had touched his shoulder, and the unwelcome presence of the inevitable was perceptible as the lecturer tottered up to his desk and delivered his message, with cheer, sitting resolute and buoyant as if he were to drink "a stirrup cup." When he died, we paid to his memory the tributes of grief and affection, but it was not the time for an appreciation of his poetry. That came later.

Seven years after his death a company of his friends came together in another mood—less mournful because there had been time to review his life and writings, to trace his influence upon those whom he had taught, and to estimate his rank among American poets. We could now be assured that though the pen had fallen

from his hand and the flute no longer responded to his inspiration, yet the melody of his voice was still resonant, and the memory of his brave life was beginning to "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

The immediate occasion for such an assembly was the gift of a bronze bust of Lanier, modelled, late in his life, by a sculptor of Baltimore, Ephraim Keyser. It is a striking portrait which arrests the attention of every passer-by, by its union of reality and ideality. One day as we stood beside the pedestal I said to a German pathologist who had never heard of Lanier, "He was a poet greatly beloved and greatly mourned by us." "Hm," was his response, "tuberculosis." I called the attention of another visitor, who knew something of Lanier, to the same portrait. "Yes," he said, "Christ-like."

To our memorial meeting Lowell wrote of Lanier as a man of genius with a rare gift for the happy word; Stedman said of him that he had "conceived of a method, and of compositions, which could only be achieved by the effort of a life extended to man's full term of years; the little that he was able to do belonged to the very outset of a large synthetic work"; Gilder spoke of the recent deaths of Emma Lazarus, Sill, and Helen Jackson, followed by Lanier's premature departure, and added: "Every now and then there crystallized in his intense and musical mind a lyric of such diamond-like strength and lustre that it can no more be lost from the diadem of English song than can the lyrics of Sidney or of Herbert"; Father Tabb, kindred spirit, friend tried in adversity, read a memorial sonnet; other verses came from Mrs. Turnbull, and from Burton and Cummings, who had been Lanier's pupils; and Miss Edith M. Thomas, thinking of a line of Lanier's, "On the Paradise Side of the River of Death," wrote these lines which I copy from her autograph, a greatly valued memento:

The River flows, how softly flows  
(The one bank green, the other sere),  
How sweet the wind that hither blows.

Its breath is from the blightless rose,  
Its voice, from lips of leal and dear—  
The River flows, how softly flows.

Beyond, in dreams the spirit goes,  
And finds each lost and lovely peer—  
How sweet the wind that hither blows.

Brief while the bleaming vista shows  
A singing throng withdraws from here—  
The River flows, how softly flows.

There mounts the wingèd song, there glows  
The ardor white, of rare Lanier—  
How sweet the wind that hither blows.

His voice rang fearless to the close,  
He sang Death's Cup with cordial cheer—  
The River flows, how softly flows;  
How sweet the wind that hither blows.

It is delightful to observe the growing reputation of the gifted Lanier, and the increasing demand for all that he has written. Few men of letters in our land have left a more pathetic or a more inspiring record. Nothing could quench the poetic fire that burned within him. The *res angusta domi*, war, confinement in a military prison, continued ill-health, the necessity of providing support for a large family, the removal of his home from place to place, difficulty after difficulty, never broke him down.

His soul was like a star and dwelt apart.

Always cheerful, always gallant, always trustful—his presence in any company was quickening and inspiring. Let him enter a horse-car, and everyone was conscious that there was a man of mark; let him come upon the stage in a concert-room, a buzz would go through the audience; let him lecture, it was clear that he was one who would uphold the loftiest ideals. It is but slight praise to add that his name is cherished in Baltimore as a priceless heritage.

Sacred memories and sad will always linger in the principal hall of our physical laboratory, for there we commemorated Rowland after we had placed his ashes (according to his request) in a vault at the side of the famous dividing engine, to which he gave so much of his time and thought. Nor is this our only mournful association with that place. Here it was that Phillips Brooks, a short time before he died, met the students one October afternoon and made one of the last, one of the best, one of the most effective of his religious discourses. As he spoke, animated by an audience that he had never met before, made up exclusively of stu-

dents and their teachers, not a few of the listeners were impressed by the almost unearthly looks and tone with which his uplifting message was delivered. Not long afterward his voice was silenced forever, and then the fragmentary notes of this discourse, taken down at the moment, or recalled to memory, were transcribed and printed.

Three great international jurists have been commemorated in Baltimore—Bluntschli of Heidelberg, Lieber of New York, and Laboulaye of Paris. In view of their intimate relations and close concord, somebody called them an "international clover-leaf." This might pass as a metaphor, but when photographs of the three faces were pasted upon a huge trifolium the metaphor vanished and the reality was more amusing than artistic. Professor Adams had been the pupil of Bluntschli, and on the death of his master was eager to secure his library. The German citizens of Baltimore responded instantly to his wish, and contributed the purchase-money, and when the books came we had a Bluntschli celebration. With his books came his manuscripts; and this led Mrs. Lieber to send to us those of her husband; and, later, the sons of Laboulaye sent us interesting examples of his handwriting. The portraits of these three men look down upon the cabinet which contains their works, exerting a silent and unconscious influence upon the students of public law.

One day as I was walking down our thoroughfare, North Charles Street, I met Mr. Innes Randolph, of local distinction as a man of versatile talents. "See here," said he, taking the wrapper off of a number of marble fragments, "this is an original bust of Chief Justice Marshall. I am going to put the pieces together and take a plaster cast of them. If I succeed, you shall have a copy." Not long afterward he brought me a fine cast of this admirable likeness of the great jurist. The original was the work of Houdon, and the copy preserved the exquisite chiselling and the fine expression of the marble. I showed the cast to the American sculptor Mr. William W. Story when he was about to make his statue of Marshall for Washington. He was delighted and told me that he had seen no likeness of the jurist



so satisfactory as this. The gift of Mr. Randolph suggested that we should have a commemoration of Marshall, so we invited his successor in office, Chief Justice Waite, to come and make a presentation address, which he kindly consented to do. A plaster cast at best is fragile, but by the generosity of a lady we have been so fortunate as to have this one reproduced in bronze, by an artist in Paris, and a copy of it is awarded every year to a graduate student who shall have produced some noteworthy and meritorious contribution to historical and political science. Copies of the replica have often been asked for, but none can be obtained except in the regular way by which Woodrow Wilson, Albert Shaw, and others have gained the prize.

Certainly the rarest, perhaps the most remarkable testimonial ever given to a college president in modern times was given to me. It was a unique diploma, and these are the circumstances under which it came.

I met my colleague, Professor Paul

Ana asāridi rabi  
Dāni 'ili mār Gilmāni  
arduka Pa'ūlu mār Xa 'upti.

Lū šulmu ana belī 'a adanniš adanniš!  
Ina ūmi mitgari ša ultu XXV šanāti  
tannamiru atta  
ana asāridūti ša bīt mummu rabi  
bīt sūdi u šulmudi  
šubat Bel nīmeqi  
ša ina āl ʿalmāni uktinūni

šulmu tazqup  
eli ʿalmāni kālišunu  
ša āl ʿalmāni  
melamme šumika ana balāt ūme rūqūti taltákan.

Šaṭir ina eli rukūbe xitmuṭūti  
ša sulli barzilli  
ina berit āl Narām-axūti u āl ʿalmāni

ina ūm XXX ša arax XII šatti Belini  
MDCCCXCIX.

I shall never forget a certain illustration of the narrow margin between the sublime and the ridiculous. Professor Royce, of Harvard College, came to repeat in Baltimore a very serious philosophical essay which he had read at Harvard, and which was strongly commended to us by Dr. Andrew P. Peabody. I will not state his exact line of thought, but after he had been speaking

Haupt, casually at the Murray Hill Hotel, in New York, and mentioned that it was twenty-five years that very day, December 30, 1899, since I was called from California to Baltimore. We parted and took different trains for home. Early the next day there was left at my door a letter in cuneiform script, which Dr. Haupt had composed upon the way home, and lest I should be rusty in the language of Nineveh and Babylon a translation came, too. A little later I received a copy of the same letter, cut in wedge-shaped characters upon a red clay tablet and baked, so that its aspect was exactly that of the letters exhumed in recent years on the sites of ancient Assyrian cities. The language has not a little of the hyperbole which is common in the flowery phrases of the orientals, so I shall not venture to quote from it more than the opening and closing lines. In a parallel column the reader may read, if he chooses, a transliteration, in Roman characters, of the wedge-shaped characters of the original letter:

To the great chief,  
Dāni 'ilu the son of Gilmānu  
thy servant Pa'ūlu the son of Ha'uptu:

A hearty, hearty greeting to my lord!  
On the auspicious day when 25 years ago  
thou wast chosen  
to the Presidency of the great school;  
the house of teaching and instruction,  
the seat of the Lord of Inscrutable Wisdom,  
established in the Monumental City—

Thou hast erected a monument above all monuments of the Monumental City.  
The splendor of thy name is established forever.

Written upon the swift cars  
of the road of iron,  
between the City of Brotherly Love and the  
Monumental City,  
on the 30th day of the 12th month of the year of  
our Lord 1899.

for nearly half an hour in a room that was crowded and, I must add, not well ventilated, he paused, having left a solemn impression on the minds of his audience respecting a fundamental truth. As we were sitting there silent, thoughtful, and expectant, a voice came from the middle of the hall, and one of the auditors said, with emphasis: "Let us hear the other side of that question." We looked



around to discover the speaker, and those of us who were in front recognized a distinguished judge of the Federal Court. None of us could tell what he meant by this abrupt and judicial utterance. The interruption was brief and the lecture went on as it began. I had hardly reached home when a note came to me from the judge to this effect: "I must apologize for that extraordinary interruption. The truth is that the room was warm, I had just dined, the lecture was serious, and I dropped asleep. When he ceased to speak, I suddenly awoke, and, thinking I was on the bench, called out, 'Let us hear the other side of that question.'"

When the Johns Hopkins University began its work all the members were lonesome. The faculty was small, the students few, the graduates none. A good many squibs were fired at us in the newspapers. We came from distant parts of the country and from abroad, we were educated by different methods, we were not quite sure of one another. We were to be welded into a compact body. But welding requires heat, and, after the novelty wore off, our enthusiasm was chilled, and we began to long for the warmth of sympathy. To promote good-fellowship a suggestion was made that all college graduates living in Baltimore should be invited to meet together and dine. The idea found favor, and on Washington's Birthday a large company of educated men, having listened to the public exercises of the morning, assembled for a social hour around a well-spread table in the Academy of Music. By common consent Mr. Teackle Wallis, most brilliant among the leaders of the bar, a man of wit and eloquence, of fire and grace, was invited to preside, and he did so with spirit and tact. Presently he proposed the sentiment, "The Universities of Great Britain," and he called upon Professor Sylvester to respond. The famous mathematician rose, uttered a few half-audible commonplaces, halted, searched his vest-pocket in vain for notes, and sat down, saying, as he did so: "I ought to have prepared myself for this occasion, but instead I went to the opera last evening, for I could not miss the opportunity of hearing Gerster; so I beg

to be excused." It is needless to say that the audience, who expected from him something unusual, did not expect this sort of a surprise. Quick as a flash, the presiding officer, Mr. Wallis, was on his feet, smiling at the discomfited professor and saying, "I hope that will always be the motto of the Johns Hopkins University—*Opera non Verba*."

I have heard travellers say that the pleasantest part of travel is the coming home. I have sometimes thought so, and I have also thought that the pleasantest part of life is its closing chapter, when memories take the place of hopes, cares are lessened, opportunities are enlarged, and friendships multiplied and intensified. If I were to follow the example of Lecky, and draw the "Map of Life" with such cartographical knowledge as has come to me, I should mark the age of seventy as the Cape of Good Hope, and for the cheer of those who are doubling this cape I should show that it leads to a Pacific sea within whose bounds lie the Fortunate Isles.

It is certainly a great delight to look far back upon undergraduate days, to follow the careers of classmates and friends, to recall the preferment of colleagues and associates, and it is beyond all other academic pleasures to see how large a proportion of former pupils have risen to distinction and usefulness in the various walks of life. When I go back to New Haven and find that "old Yale," if that means the row of buildings, has completely changed from brick to stone; and if "old Yale" means the faculty, that all my teachers lie in the Campo Santo while their successors are turning gray, a moment's sadness comes over me, but it soon gives way to grateful remembrance, and the regrets that are inevitable lead up to the satisfaction that though the body has perished, the spirit of "old Yale" is still alive and present. How it is possible for anyone to be a pessimist when such progress is obvious, I cannot understand.

California, in a different way from that of Connecticut, affords striking examples of the educational advances of the last few years. The men who crossed the isthmus and went around the cape when gold was discovered, have lived to see the day when two strong universities, the one fostered by the State, and the other

endowed by private munificence, are attended by thousands of students, who have access to the very best books and instruments, and are taught by teachers whose reputation for learning and talents is everywhere acknowledged.

I went back to Berkeley, twenty-five years after I had seen the infant university transferred from Oakland to its new and permanent home, directly in face of the Golden Gate. On a bright afternoon in autumn, thousands of people were assembled upon the campus in the open air to welcome Dr. Benjamin I. Wheeler, just entering upon his career as president of the University of California, and to hear his inaugural address. Dr. Jordan, already wonted to the cares of the Stanford University, was there to give a right hand of fellowship, and I had been brought from the East to show the connection between the present and the past. Around us were a score of academic buildings. Pleasant houses lined the streets, which bore the names of Dwight and Bushnell and other Eastern worthies. In the distance we could look out of the Golden Gate to the Pacific Ocean.

I will not endeavor to show how much history was here brought to mind, from the days when Sir Francis Drake sailed along this coast, to the time when Alaska was bought, the Sandwich Islands annexed, and the more distant Philippines brought under our sway. But the nearer lessons were likewise vivid. It was hardly sixty years since a Yale geologist, exploring the coast, had descried the signs of gold; it was half a century since the *auri sacra fames* had brought to the Pacific Slope the strong men of the Eastern States, ready to supplant the institutions of Spain with those of the United States. Among them were those who were determined that, like Massachusetts and Connecticut, California should begin its new era with a college crowning the system of education. Some of these pioneers were still living. In the middle of the campus we stood upon the rock where the name of Berkeley was proposed as the name of the university site, a rock upon which have been cut the prophetic words, "Westward the course of empire takes its way." Yet the best sight of all was the throng of well-educated men and women here as-

sembled, imbued with the love of knowledge, trained for the highest service of the church and state, by agencies introduced only fifty years ago. The scene was a tableau displaying the growth of an idea. The knowledge of such progress should be assuring to those in our Southern States who are now beginning new movements for the advancement of public education.

As I look back over the last few years, the most remarkable change, among all that occur to me, in the domain of education, is the recognition of the university as an entity distinct from the college. This is not an American discovery, nor is it a triumph of the nineteenth century. Colleges and universities have not been confounded in Europe. Nor did our forefathers lose the perception of a difference. So far back as 1777, the famous President Stiles drew up a plan of a university for New Haven, which is mentioned in his diary, lately published by Professor Dexter. The word was used much earlier in Harvard. Nevertheless, it is true that the American college grew to be so important and so well adapted to the needs of the community, that it obscured the university idea. Even so recently as the middle of the last century, universities were commonly regarded as groups of schools and establishments for superior education. So are they still. This is as it should be. But the scope of universities has broadened, as the progress of society has demanded facilities for study in many branches of knowledge, superior to what can be provided for undergraduates. Science has demanded laboratories; letters have demanded libraries, and with them seminaries for the handling of books. Thus the distinction between *gymnasias*, where discipline and training are received, and the race-courses, where the runners are striving for a prize, has been defined. The words "college" and "university" are still confined by the fetters of usage and nomenclature, but the difference between enlarged university methods, adapted to matured minds, and the restricted methods essential to youthful discipline are generally admitted. For want of a better term, "graduate studies" is the term that has come into vogue for higher work. Yale, Princeton, and Columbia have changed their corporate



names so as to emphasize their changing conditions. Scores of institutions now offer, at least in their catalogues, "graduate" instruction—although it is often of an unsatisfactory and rudimentary character, and there is a serious danger that the country will soon have a superfluity of feeble universities, as it has had a superfluity of poorly endowed colleges. Reaction has begun. The stronger foundations have combined in an informal federation; and colleges of the highest character are saying, "We claim to be colleges, and make no pretence that we are anything else."

The effect of this movement has been seen in the professional schools, which were formerly open to persons who had shown no preparation for the work they were called upon to undertake. Now in the best schools of medicine, law, and theology the presentation of a diploma or the passing of a prescribed examination is requisite. If they have not yet become schools for graduates, the tendency is in that direction. Coincidentally, the colleges are offering greater freedom in the choice of courses. Special preparation for certain future callings may be secured by undergraduates, by means of the group system in some one of its modifications, or by absolute election. In no one of the professions is preliminary training more important than it is in medicine. The physician should indeed be a man of liberal culture, but he must also be a man of technical skill, and that technical skill can only be acquired by habits of close observation, by a knowledge of the physical and chemical laws of nature, by familiarity with the forms and functions of plants and the lower animals. Probably the most remarkable advances in higher education within the last twenty-five years are to be found in medicine. Still greater advances are already in sight.

These reminiscences were in type when two incidents occurred, among the pleasantest and most remarkable in a long experience of academic life. I gave up the presidential chair in the Johns Hopkins University, not because I was tired of it, not because I was conscious of bodily infirmity, but out of deference to the widespread usage of this country,

which suggests that, at a certain age, seniors should make way for juniors. The unanimous choice of a successor, President Remsen; generous additions to our resources, especially the new site offered by Baltimore friends; and the enthusiasm of our graduates when they assembled to celebrate our twenty-fifth anniversary, have given abundant evidence that the time for a change of administration was felicitous.

I was looking forward to a period of comparative leisure, when an interview with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the evangelist of beneficence (as I venture to call him), who has preached and practised "the gospel of wealth," completely altered the outlook. Near the end of November last I called upon him, by invitation, at his library in New York, where he was sitting surrounded with books and pictures and by innumerable testimonials of affection and gratitude. On the walls were mottoes that seem to have been the guides of his life. One other person was present.

I cannot repeat the conversation of that morning, although the principal remarks of Mr. Carnegie are impressed upon my memory. He was in a very thoughtful mood, inclined to ask searching questions, and quite able to keep his own counsel. At length he said: "I am willing to give ten millions for an institution the purpose of which shall be the advancement of knowledge." This was not all that he said, but it is all that I tell. It is quite enough, for in that single phrase is the germ of the extraordinary plans that have since been developed. People who have never made large gifts think it an easy matter to organize "an institution." Those who have tried it find it difficult. With several such persons I have had confidential relations, and I have seen that (to use the Quaker phrase) they have had "concerns." One "concern" is whom to trust, the other "concern" is what to confide. It was by no means a simple or an easy task to organize the Carnegie Institution. Precedents were wanting.

Mr. Carnegie raised many hard questions: How is it that knowledge is increased? How can rare intellects be discovered in the undeveloped stages? Where is the exceptional man to be



found? Would a new institution be regarded as an injury to Johns Hopkins, or to Harvard, Yale, Columbia, or any other university? What should the term "knowledge" comprise? Who should be the managers of the institution? How broad or how restricted should be the terms of the gift?

These are only examples of the perplexing problems which presented themselves to one who was not anxious for fame, not devoted to a hobby; not inclined to impose limitations, but who had an eye single to the good of his adopted country, and through our country to the good of the world.

It will not do for me to tell at this time who were his chosen counsellors in the incipient stages of his plan, but they were many in number, including some whose names have not been publicly mentioned. Gradually the idea, which was seen at first in broad outlines only, took definite shape, as, under the sculptor's hands, an image becomes shapely, comely, and life-like.

It was the original purpose of Mr. Carnegie to make the gift directly to the nation, and for that reason he communicated an outline of his plan to the President of the United States, by whom it was received with the most generous appreciation. Reflection led to a change. On the whole, it was thought best to organize an independent corporation, or body of trustees, and charge them with carrying out the project. Upon such a board the President of the United States, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House consented to serve, *ex officio*.

The secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Mr. Langley, and the president of the National Academy of Sciences, Mr. Agassiz, were also officially designated members of the Board.

Three members of the Cabinet were added by name, a justice of the Supreme Court, two other distinguished judges, several business men of the highest standing, a lawyer and diplomatist of international fame, heads of two governmental bureaus, the chief of the New York Public Library, a distinguished physician, a Senator, and two men who had been prominent in the promotion of higher education. They represented every part

of the country—from Boston to San Francisco, from Chicago to New Orleans. I do not know that anyone could state the political or ecclesiastical ties of the Board. Every one of the trustees has been long in public service or wonted to the administration of important trusts.\* Then came another incident more memorable than the interview I have described and, perhaps, more important. By invitation of Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, the trustees assembled for the first time on January 29th, in the diplomatic room of the State Department. It is truly a state apartment—spacious and handsomely furnished, the walls covered by portraits of the distinguished predecessors of Mr. Hay. Just above the chair of the presiding officer were the likenesses of Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton, as if the old country and the new were alike cognizant of the proceeding. The formal articles of incorporation having been read, and temporary officers chosen, the princely giver rose and read his deed of gift. It was brief, in legal form, bestowing the sum of \$10,000,000 on the Carnegie Institution for the Advancement of Knowledge. The restrictions were very simple and very wise. Mr. Carnegie then added a few remarks. I am not sure whether he read them or spoke them—but the substance of what he said has been placed on record, and it will always be regarded as the spontaneous utterance of a full mind at a very critical moment.

In these three papers it is made clear that the Carnegie Institution is not, as it has been called, a "university" or a place for the systematic education of youth, in advanced or professional departments of knowledge. Nor is it a memorial to George Washington. Mr. Carnegie disclaimed any intention of associating his

\* Trustees elected by the incorporators at the request of the founder. *Ex-officio*: The President of the United States; the President of the Senate; the Speaker of the House of Representatives; the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; the president of the National Academy of Sciences.—Grover Cleveland, New Jersey; John S. Billings, New York; William E. Dodge, William N. Frew, Pennsylvania; Lyman P. Gage, Illinois; Daniel C. Gilman, Maryland; John Hay, District of Columbia; Abram S. Hewitt, New Jersey; Henry L. Higginson, Massachusetts; Henry Hitchcock, Missouri; Charles H. Hutchinson, Illinois; William Lindsay, Kentucky; Seth Low, New York; Wayne MacVeagh, Pennsylvania; D. O. Mills, New York; S. Weir Mitchell, Pennsylvania; William W. Morrow, California; Elihu Root, New York; John C. Spooner, Wisconsin; Andrew D. White, New York; Edward D. White, Louisiana; Charles D. Walcott, District of Columbia; Carroll D. Wright, District of Columbia.

name with that of one who stands alone. Its chief function is the encouragement of research. This may be done by stipends to individuals or to institutions, by the provision of costly apparatus, by the payment of assistants, or by the publication of memoirs. No branch of knowledge is excluded from the scope of the trustees. No fetters are imposed upon their action. They are expected to see what the suggestions of the wisest men in the land will bring forth.

It is clear that in the development of this plan, the advice of the ablest men must be sought. Accordingly, it is the purpose of the Executive Committee, acting in the name of the Trustees, to ask the counsel of the wisest of our countrymen. They will not all be famous men. Some are known only in very limited circles—they are the quiet men who are working out great problems, free from the observation of all except those whose studies are kindred. Others are known throughout this country and in Europe. Some may be found abroad. Already many valuable suggestions have been made; more are coming in. It will not be long before a group of astronomers are asked their advice in astronomy; of biologists in biology; of chemists in chemistry; of economists in economics—so on through the alphabet of the sciences. After this preliminary reconnaissance, a report and a plan will be prepared, and the conclusions made public. This will take time, months, certainly. But the opportunity is one that requires the most careful consideration, for everyone knows that institutions which are plastic in their incipency soon harden like cement.

It is obvious that at present, certainly, there is no need of a stately building, like that of the Smithsonian; no occasion to establish a *Reichsanstalt*, like that of Charlottenburg, for the Government has its efficient bureau of standards; no reason for adding one to the libraries and laboratories of Washington before some special need is manifest. Avoid duplication; help that which is good, and will be better with some assistance; seek out untrodden but promising fields of inquiry; utilize existing faculties instead of building up a new academic body. Look out for minds of unusual capacity and promise.

These are the purposes of the Institute as stated by the wise and munificent founder:

1. To promote original research, paying great attention thereto as one of the most important of all departments.
2. To discover the exceptional man in every department of study whenever and wherever found, inside or outside of schools, and enable him to make the work for which he seems specially designed his life-work.
3. To increase facilities for higher education.
4. To increase the efficiency of the universities and other institutions of learning throughout the country, by utilizing and adding to their existing facilities and aiding teachers in the various institutions for experimental and other work, in these institutions as far as advisable.
5. To enable such students as may find Washington the best point for their special studies, to enjoy the advantages of the museums, libraries, laboratories, observatory, meteorological, piscicultural, and forestry schools, and kindred institutions of the several departments of the Government.
6. To insure the prompt publication and distribution of the results of scientific investigation, a field considered highly important.

In one comprehensive phrase he stated his aim as follows:

It is proposed to found in the city of Washington an institution which with the co-operation of institutions now or hereafter established, there or elsewhere, shall in the broadest and most liberal manner encourage investigation, research, and discovery; show the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind; provide such buildings, laboratories, books, and apparatus as may be needed; and afford instruction of an advanced character to students properly qualified to profit thereby.

Is not this conception of a plan and its inception unique in the history of civilization? I know of nothing to compare with it.

When I began this series of reminiscences, I could not have forecast this last development. Perhaps I have dwelt too long upon it. If so, my apology is the profound interest which has been shown in Mr. Carnegie's plans, and the opportunity that I have to speak of a few points "not generally known." The public may rest assured that the trustees are all of them alive to their responsibilities, and are seeking, before the full initiation of the work intrusted to them, to secure the light that many men of many minds will throw upon the problem. They will endeavor to follow the wise example of the founder, and seek only to promote the progress of knowledge and the good of mankind.



## " INDIAN-GIFT "

By Cornelia Atwood Pratt



THIS story has the misfortune to be true. If it were not, it would be quite incredible; being true, I fear that it will prove scarcely less so. Yet, as it is a device of Destiny, I do not choose to palm it off upon you as one of my own limping inventions. If you ask me to explain it, I am helpless. I do not know why such irrational things should happen to anyone, and as for explaining why they came to Haidee and Edward Parry, it is quite impossible.

I am an artist—a mediocre one. In summer I sketch in the Devon lanes, because I love England as senselessly as I love my life. In winter I have a studio on the Continent, sometimes in Florence, for no reason except that I am happy where the shadow of Giotto's bell-tower falls; but more often in Paris, for the practical reason that I get more orders there. In my studio I make bass-relief portraits of indiscriminating friends, and little statuettes of their children. I do not greatly rejoice in this work, for my love of beauty is greater than my ability to create it.

One November morning, some four years ago, I found this letter in my mail, and read it as I prepared my morning coffee. It was dated from a quiet London square much frequented by Americans.

MY DEAR SARAH:

I am here. And as I am coming to Paris for the winter, I hope to see you soon. Can you recommend to me a suitable *pension*? You see, Edward has given me a vacation. His sister will keep house for him while I am abroad, and I am to stay as long as I please. Now that I am once over here, it seems to me that I shall please forever! I am looking forward to seeing Paris with your eyes. I cannot see enough beauty with my own to satisfy my soul, and yet, even in this brown London, in November, my eyes are filled daily. But I have such an insatiable craving for fresh sensations, for stimulus, for joy, that I think it will take all eternity to satisfy it. And, so, my dear Sarah, good-by. Please do not forget to give me some addresses.

As always,

Your friend,

HAIDEE PARRY.

I stared at the letter reflectively. "Now, I wonder," I said to myself, "if Haidee and her husband do not get on together?"

Haidee was one of my girlhood's friends in the New England village where we both were born. She married Edward Parry, who was a serious-minded youth as we used to call them; reticent, forceful, quiet. He went West and became a banker in a smallish town in Iowa. I had understood, through common friends, that he had grown wealthy; that Haidee did not like the West, and that they had no children. From Haidee herself I heard at intervals, but nothing that bore on her real life.

I dare say that I am too keenly interested in other people's matters and too much given to drawing unfounded conclusions. Those who live very much alone become unduly imaginative over their friends' affairs.

"Probably she thinks she doesn't love her husband," I reflected. "Really, I have no patience with such women! When people live in smallish towns they have too much leisure for the good of their souls. If Haidee had a dozen clubs, and pictures, and theatre and opera, and was put on her mettle to preserve her social supremacy, she would never have found out that she wasn't contented and that she needed stimulus. But people in smallish towns have so much time for poetry and novels that I dare say she has discovered she and Edward are not kindred souls, and esteems it a much greater misfortune than it is. For my part, I wonder what the poets and novelists are about, to exaggerate into the greatest of life's tragedies that commonplace woe. I have seen too much of life to think that a woman married to a good man, who is not more selfish than the average, has any right to call herself unhappy. What nonsense! Discontent isn't agony. A human being must be pretty well out of the clutches of real misery before he or she has time and strength to devote to sentimental griefs."

While my thoughts ran scolding on after this virtuous fashion, I neglected my cof-



fee-pot, and it boiled over angrily, giving a sudden turn to my reflection.

"But perhaps it isn't sentimental unhappiness after all. It may be only nervous prostration," I reflected, as I opened a fresh jar of *confiture*.

I suppose it is quite obvious that I was prepared to find fault with my old friend because I suspected her of not appreciating her blessings. And yet, when she came walking into my studio one golden morning three weeks later, carrying herself regally, but looking at me over an armful of pink chrysanthemums, with the pathetic eyes of a grieved child, I was disarmed, and with a sudden stir of compassion I realized that if I were Dame Fortune I should certainly give this woman whatever she wanted in life.

She dropped the flowers upon the floor while we exchanged greetings, then picked them up again and began to arrange them in an old cooking-pot of polished Spanish copper.

"That *pension* is so amusing!" she announced, "and the streets are so clean. As for this studio, it is simply heavenly. Is that Cordovan leather? And what is the date of your tapestries? In my last letter from Edward he sent you his warmest regards and told you to take good care of me. O Sarah, I am so glad not to be in Kokamosa, and I am going to be so happy in Paris!"

Haidee is a tall, white-lily of a woman, slender and graceful, with dark hair, the complexion of a magnolia flower, big, childlike eyes and a firm chin. At forty, I found her still very beautiful, and possessed of all the helpless, appealing grace of manner that had been counted her chief charm twenty years before.

I looked her up and down as she knelt over the chrysanthemums. She was a fine creature and, for all her pathetic ways, finished and proud. I did not believe, now that I saw her, that her woes were an affair of nerves and too much leisure, and I perceived, as clearly as I saw the color of her eyes, that she would never talk of her domestic affairs. I approved of this, and locked, with a final snap, the mental cupboards where my stores of good advice are kept. They would not be wanted here.

She was in and out of my studio from

that time on. I forget how long after her arrival it was before the thing happened which to this day bewilders me.

I was at work that morning after my usual fashion. Haidee had come in with flowers, as was her daily wont, and, after she had arranged them she sat and watched me, very quietly, as she had done once or twice before. Her way of doing this was so unobtrusive that I never found myself disturbed.

After perhaps an hour she suddenly stirred and sighed.

"Do you know, I believe I could do that!" she said.

"Perhaps it would amuse you to try?" I suggested, and, as the idea seemed to please her, I told my model to rest, and I brought a modelling-stand, fresh clay, and some tools. I briefly explained the uses of these, but recommended her to work chiefly with her fingers.

Then I referred her to my casts to find a model, suggesting that she begin with a hand or a foot, and went back to my work. It was more than ordinarily absorbing, and I quite forgot Haidee's presence and paid no attention to the passage of time. I do not know how long an interval passed silently in this way before she suddenly laughed out, a happy, unconscious little laugh that made me think of a baby crooning in the sun.

"You see with your finger-tips," she announced, "and your finger-tips *know* when you have it right. Isn't it droll?"

This was such an intelligent thing for a novice to say that it caught my ear. I crossed the room and looked down at her work in wonder.

She had been daring enough to choose the mask of Voltaire to copy, and the swiftness with which she worked was only equalled by her accuracy. *She knew how*. No other phrase expresses it. Not only were outline and feature good, but she had caught and reproduced the very spirit of the sneering face. The faithfulness of her copy was nothing short of marvellous. It seemed to strike me dumb. I opened my lips, then closed them again. Words would not come. I found myself looking at her fingers to see if there was anything uncanny in their aspect, so incredible did the whole performance seem.

"Do you know," she observed at last,

looking at her own work, critically. "I don't believe that is so very bad. Is it?"

"Haidee Parry, did you never touch modelling-clay before?"

She shook her head. "Never. I haven't done anything in this line since I used to make mud-pies."

"Were your mud-pies especially interesting? Did people use to tell you so?"

"Not that I can remember. They were just—mud-pies. Why, Sarah? What makes you ask? Is there anything interesting about this?"

"It is so good I simply don't know what to make of it. It takes away my breath."

"Do you mean it?" she cried, turning on me like a flash of flame, her eyes alight, her cheeks suddenly stained a vivid red. "Is it really good? Have I a talent? Are you sure? Can I—can I do things with it? Can I make things like yours?"

I am afraid my smile was a little bitter. "This is a straight miracle, no less," I said, "and I see no reason why you should not perform others. If you can turn off miracles as easily as this, in time you will—do even as well as I."

Not unnaturally, my irony was lost. She looked down at her strong, slender hands and smiled.

"I," she said, softly, "I, with a talent? It is too wonderful. It cannot possibly be true!"

I shall seem to exaggerate if I convey exactly the impression she made upon me then. It was as if ten years and the weight of them had dropped from off her in a breath. In her delight she grew vigorous and radiant. The very lines of her figure were more alert as she bent over her handiwork in open adoration. As I stared at her I thought involuntarily of my Browning:

Such a starved bank of moss,  
Till, one May morn,  
Blue ran the flash across,  
Violets were born!

"I can do things!" she repeated almost childishly. Then she turned upon me with questioning eyes. "If it is really good, how came it to be good?" she demanded. "How did I happen to stumble upon such a taste—now, when I need it so?"

It was the first allusion I had ever heard her make to an inner poverty. I offered some lame suggestion about an undeveloped talent which was not convincing, even to myself. She shook her head thoughtfully, touching, meanwhile, with light caressing, the unlovely mask, her model.

"If it was a latent talent, why did it never stir, nor give a sign? I am forty years old. Do talents lie hidden forty years? I—I have a better idea than that, though, of course, you will laugh at me."

"What is the idea, Haidee?"

"It is hard to put into words," she said, slowly, in a voice that brought the tears to my eyes, though I did not know why, "and, of course, it sounds audacious and irreverent and everything. But it is just this. *We* are generous, you know. We would do great things for people, if we could. And surely the Maker of Talents is more magnanimous than we. Why shouldn't He have an impulse of splendid generosity—and yield to it? Why shouldn't He give a thing like this, right out of hand, to somebody who needed it—like me? I have been so unhappy and I have hated my life for years! It would be such magnificent giving, to let me have a thing like this. And if I don't deserve anything at all, that only makes it all the more wonderful and beautiful. If all the treasures of the earth are His, why shouldn't He sometimes give a beggar alms like this?"

Something—either the thing she said or the way she said it—took me off my feet.

"O, I think *He might*!" I tremulously concurred. And then we looked, frightened, deep into each other's eyes.

There came, of course, other hours when I thought of this as folly, and still others when it seemed again inspired wisdom, but this much is certain—whatever the source, the talent remained and grew.

If you go to the studios of Paris to-day you will hear fabulous accounts of Haidee's progress in the art that chose her for its servant. I think they will still be telling the tale a dozen years from now, for they like a pretty story in the studios, and will not see one spoiled for the lack of a touch or two.

If her talent was remarkable, her diligence was no less so. Early and late, she



worked with passion and could never do enough. There was no miracle in the rapidity of her progress unless endurance and devotion are miracles. She did the work of five years in two, but even to her this would hardly have been possible if it had not happened that she met one of the greatest magicians of us all, and by some chance words turned a key in the master-workman's heart. It was condescension unspeakable, but he asked her to bring him something she had done, and when she did so, trembling, he criticised it kindly, that is to say, mercilessly, and, thereafter, gave her an hour a week of his precious time. The studios stood aghast, for among them that man's hours are counted not as fragments of time but as parts of eternity. Nevertheless, kindly, mercilessly, unwearyingly, he told her where she failed, because he thought her work was worth it, until at the end of the second winter he dismissed her with, "Now you are fit to stand alone. Go, work."

She came to me. All this had drawn us closer together. We shared a studio and talked endlessly about the tricks of our craft and our fellow-workmen. She had grown in other ways than in art. Some women blossom late, like the chrysanthemum, and such an autumnal flowering seemed to be the law of Haidee's nature.

"Edward is coming over in the spring," she said, casually, one day during her third winter in Paris. "I am going to do a head of him for the town of Kokamosa. He has just given them a library, and they want it adorned with his bust, the work of my hands. Don't you think it is rather a pretty notion? Edward hasn't had a real vacation for years. It will do him no end of good."

By this time I had accepted the fact that Edward chiefly figured in her life as a friendly correspondent. Their relation to each other seemed a formal affair laden with small, punctilious courtesies. Vaguely I apprehended that this condition had its bitter root in the far-away and long-ago. Whatever it was that had happened, it had left them an extravagant politeness in trifles to take the place of mutual helpfulness.

"If I were your husband, Haidee Parry, I would not come abroad to have you do that head. You should be packed up,

you and your talent and all your other possessions, and shipped back to adorn Kokamosa, Iowa, where you belong."

"I suppose," she said, slowly, "if Edward were the type of man who packed people here and there in that fashion, I might never have come away."

"You mean he is too considerate ever to receive consideration?"

She pondered. "Something like that, perhaps."

I shut my lips tight. After all, what is the use of telling people what you think of them?

In the early spring Edward Parry came. The two seemed cordially glad to see each other, and my perplexity was quite pitiable. I prefer situations that I can clearly understand. With almost my first glance I abandoned the tentative theory that Haidee's husband had grown too weak or too indolent to manage her as a spoiled woman needs to be managed. Edward Parry was a squarely built man, with fair hair streaked with gray; his forehead was benign, his jaw determined, his nostrils sensitive, and his deep blue eyes reserved, but not cold. His features were beautifully modelled, and he gave an effect of delicacy combined with immense reserve power. But perhaps the strongest impression one received from him was that of silent pride.

Haidee began upon the task of modelling the head almost at once. She spent the mornings at work, and the afternoons in showing her husband Paris as she had learned to know it during the months of her domicile; not the Paris of the tourist only, but that dear, intimate, picturesque city which those who live and work there learn to love.

Spring sunshine in Paris is a powerful solvent. Perhaps it had something to do with melting Edward Parry's reserve, though its texture seemed to be a matter of iron rather than of ice. At all events, he spoke at last, words that his wife could not fail to understand, however much she had misunderstood before. Of course I had no right to hear such words and yet—I did. My ears burn with them still.

Haidee was working over the portrait-bust with increasing interest and enthusiasm. She had never had occasion before to regard her husband from the plastic standpoint, and as a subject he was won-



derfully fine. She betrayed her growing appreciation of this fact in a hundred pretty ways.

One morning I was behind the big screen at the back of the studio washing out a lot of brushes in which the colors had been drying since my summer sketches were made. Both Haidee and her husband must have known perfectly that I was there. They had seen me depart with my sheaf of brushes, and might have heard me groan over my task. Perhaps they forgot; perhaps they did not care. At least I do not blame myself for hearing what followed. I ask you if you would have interrupted such a conversation as this, even though you felt it sacrilege to hear it?

After ten or fifteen minutes of absorbed silence, I heard Haidee move back, as if to get a better view of her work. "I almost believe it is good," she said with satisfaction. "Edward, you are a magnificent model. Do you know that you are beautiful?"

"No, I never thought of it. It has been enough for me to know that you were," he answered, and his tone gave me a sudden vision of the look, half tender and wholly ironic, that I knew crossed his face.

"Do you know," said Haidee, slowly, "you never told me before that I was beautiful."

"What?"

She repeated the statement. "If you had—I wish you had—" she began, then stopped abruptly.

There was a silence that even I, in the background, felt to be incredulous.

"You will tell me next," he said, in a voice made hard by sudden feeling, "that I never said I loved you."

"Edward! *You never did!*"

There was a sudden abrupt movement in the room. Haidee's model left his chair (which fell over with a violent crash) and went toward her swiftly.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, harshly. "Is this a woman's trick to break me down? Hasn't my pride been sufficiently humbled all these years? You know what I felt when I married you. You know how soon you began to be bored by adoration. You know how little of my affection you returned and you

know how I have kept it out of your sight—as if loving my wife were a thing to be ashamed of! Isn't it enough that you have been as indifferent to me as to the chairs and tables, when, if you had eyes, you must have seen what I suffered. . . . What are you trying to do? What did you mean by speaking as you did just now? Did you think it would amuse you to have a flirtation with your husband? Good Lord! Can't you leave me my self-respect?"

His voice was hoarse and shaking. It seemed impossible that those violent words could have been uttered by that quiet, self-contained man. I stood fixed to the floor, not knowing what to do. As for Haidee, she drew one shuddering, unbelieving breath, and then began to sob.

"I—I—was proud, too," she cried between her helpless gasps. "I thought you cared about that Falconer person at first, and then, when I found you didn't, you seemed so cruel and indifferent that I thought you were too hard to care for anyone. And I meant . . . I meant to show you I could stand it without flinching. Once I heard you say . . . say women *whined*. I—I meant not to whine—ever—that was all."

"Good Heaven! Do you mean . . . do you *dare* to tell me we have lived such a bare, squalid, starved, *frozen* life all these years—for nothing?"

Haidee sobbed on, without speech, as if her heart would break.

Just then I caught sight of the key of the back door of the studio, hanging upon its peg, and I moved toward it silently. My agony of eavesdropping was over. This door behind the screen opened into the garden of an old mansion now used as a *pension*, and, by the payment of a small sum we had obtained the right to walk there. By crossing the grass and going out through the court and thence around the corner of the block, I could take refuge with our own concierge in her lair at the front of the building until such time as I judged it wise to return to the studio again. Slipping the key softly in the lock, I opened the door and fled.

I spent two hours of martyrdom in the bad air of Julie's quarters. When I returned at last by way of the front of the studio, Haidee and her husband showed

no surprise at seeing me come in, bare-headed and blue-aproned, from the street. They would have been as indifferent to wings and an angel's robe. They were beyond being surprised at anything except themselves. And I did not protest unduly when Haidee told me that Edward had persuaded her she wanted to see Russia and Hungary during the summer, and return in the autumn to open a studio in Kokamosa, Iowa.

But it was the end of the story that surprised me most, and still seems to my calmer judgment its quite incredible part.

I am afraid I cannot call by any higher term than curiosity the motive that led me to return to America for the summer months of the following year.

I was, of course, invited to Kokamosa. They received me with that prodigious Western hospitality which makes a guest the centre of the universe for the hour. There were so many things to be said and done that I did not immediately find the occasion to ask Haidee about the progress of her work, and when I alluded to it, it seemed to me that she put me off. We had coffee in the studio the first evening after dinner, and I noticed then that it was somewhat too luxuriously fitted up for a real work-room.

The next morning after breakfast, Haidee drove me about the town. Kokamosa is wrapped about with cornfields as with a glittering green mantle, and steeped in that warm, languorous air of material prosperity which is the atmosphere of prairie towns in summer days. It has the beauty that comes from human comfort. Not poor, over-worked, excitable, like our New England hill-towns, but calm, rich and contented, it seemed to me. I praised it for its restfulness, and when we came at last to the new Parry Library, my praise became enthusiasm. It was a thing of beauty, an architectural treasure, and so cleverly designed that its beauty seemed not an alien importation but a natural flowering of that warm, mellow soil.

In the entrance-hall was the portrait-bust she had modelled, done into bronze. I stopped before it.

"How strong and fine it is," I said, half enviously.

"Yes, it was the best thing I did, and the last," said Haidee, quietly.

"How do you mean—the last? Can't you work here?"

She looked down at her fingers and the color mounted her cheeks slowly. "Look at it!" she said, holding out her hand to me with an abrupt gesture. "It looks the same hand, doesn't it? and yet—I cannot do things with it any more. I don't know how. I have lost the power."

I stared at her stupidly, with wide eyes.

"You—you are mistaken, discouraged. There is no atmosphere here, no incentive. That's all it means."

She shook her head. "No, it isn't that. My talent went as softly as it came. Simply, I do not own it any more. You remember I liked to think it was a—a gift?"

"Yes, I remember that."

"A splendid gift that came to fill my vacant hours because I was unhappy and needed it. Well—don't you see—I am not unhappy now. I don't need it any more."

"But—such a talent! To let you have it for two years, and then—" My lips refused to frame the phrase. I stumbled helplessly among the words, groping for her meaning. "Then—what—what you think is that He took it back again?"

Her eyes went from her outstretched hand to the noble presentment of Edward Parry's face. She lifted her head proudly and for the moment her face was aglow with such light of love as I never saw in a girl's face yet. For she was young no longer. And it is in the middle years that love is sweetest, ripest, earth-side and heaven-side both.

"Yes!" she answered me fervently, exultantly. "And I thank God daily that He took it back again!"

# HOW IT ENDS WITH FRIENDS

By Charles Warren

Friends—old friends—  
So it breaks, so it ends.  
There let it rest.  
It has fought and won,  
And is still the best  
That either has done.  
Each as he stands  
The work of its hands.  
What is it ends  
With friends?

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY



ANOTHER wave, black and towering, surged on toward them. "This time certainly," thought the Man, "it will sweep us off;" and he tried in desperation to press his knees tighter against the smooth copper. The capsized sloop, however, rose slowly and clumsily. The wave passed on, only its ragged crest shattering against the men who clung, blinded and strangled, on the slippery keel. Then there came a lull. Twenty feet away, great curling bulks of water ascended, shut out the horizon, and crashed over in seething foam; but immediately around them the sea had flattened out. They even noticed a boot floating calmly near the boat. They had taken off most of their clothing in a mad hope that they might be able to swim. When the sloop had first gone over, they had believed its air-tight compartments would keep it afloat indefinitely. Now, however, that hope also was dim; for the hull was sinking gradually, and the sea was coming up nearer and nearer. They had shifted their seats so that they pressed each other closely. If one were washed off, the other might possibly drag him back—unless they both should go together. The cold of the water seemed impossible for a summer afternoon. The limited portion of the sky that the waves allowed them to see was thick and dirty with the storm; and the approaching night was darkening the sea every minute and shutting out the possibility of rescue.

Once more a black wall rose high and hurled itself toward the sloop.

"John, old man, I guess this is the last one," shouted the Man. Close as they were, he could not hear the reply above the clamor. The wave struck the side of the hull and lifted it over. The Man's leg was washed from its hold, and he clinched wildly with his finger-nails. The sloop heaved back, and plunged straight through the middle of the wave. It seemed to the men as if the water would never pass away from over them. Then, with a frightful roll, the sloop floundered out into the air again. When he could open his eyes the Man saw that the hull had sunk nearly a foot more. Their knees were now submerged. It was merely a question of minutes. He had often heard it said that in the short interval just before death one's whole past life flashed by. Curious! He could only think now of last night—of the Girl, of her face, of her words. Somehow death wasn't so terrible now as it would have been twenty-four hours ago. He had loved her for three years, almost from that afternoon when he had first seen her, as she rode back from the hunt with her fair hair loosened by the wind. Then had come that wonderful day when he had caught a look in those brown eyes which had never before been allowed to shine out of them. Then these last twelve months of perfect happiness! Twelve—or was it eleven? He could perceive now—at least since last night—that during the past month there had been an indefinable change. A little flaw had start-



ed somewhere. The joy of their meeting had not always rung as clear as before. Looking back now, since last night, he could see that this change all dated from the day of his friend's arrival.

The Other Man who was clinging soaked and blinded to the keel was also thinking of last night—and of his life and of the Man's before then. What friends they had been for years—before the Girl had come into the Man's life! They had played and worked and fought together at boarding-school, in college, and in their profession. They had shot and fished and sailed; they had travelled and gamed and dined and read and loafed—and always together. They had never liked the same book, the same play, or the same tailor. They had quarrelled over the points of each other's horses and dogs. They had considered each other's taste in girls deplorable. Each had voted consistently against the party candidate of the other. And yet what friends they had been! And when one had called the other a "damned fool," as he often had done, it was with the knowledge all the while in his heart that for the sake of that same "fool" he would gladly give up anything in this life.

And so it was that, when at last the Girl had said that one precious word, the Man had found more difficulty in telling the Other Man about it than he even had in asking the Girl. The Other Man had taken the news bravely, and had smiled with a well-dissimulated hopefulness when the Man said, "Of course, old man, this won't make any difference between us." The Other Man knew he was lying; but he had replied: "Of course everything will be just the same, you old fool. Now, tell me, how and when did you do the act?"

Then there had been that cosey dinner for two with a number of glorious bumpers, a few evenings later, when the Man had laid bare his soul—and the Other Man had painfully but cheerfully concealed his own real thoughts. And that had been the last one until the ushers' dinner; there were so many things to think of and to do, and the Girl's demands on his time were so incessant that there seemed to be no convenient occa-

sion for another dinner for two. The Other Man had made his conventional engagement calls, had heaped flowers into the Girl's drawing-room, had noticed the small tokens of extreme jealousy of his friendship that unconsciously cropped out in the Girl's talk and actions. Then he had decided that he would take that long-talked-of trip abroad. They had always planned taking that trip together; but now of course such a thing would be impossible. So the Other Man had gone, and had left the two to their happiness. A month ago he had returned and with reluctance had accepted an invitation from the Man to accompany him to Tanaquid Harbor where the Girl was spending the summer. There, in the freer life of the August days, the Girl and he had grown to know each other better—then even well—then too well—and then——

The Other Man shivered as he thought of last night. It might only have been the salt cold, drenching through his bared body. He was recalling that stroll along the bluff in the quiet pines, the thrilling touch of the Girl's light sleeve as it brushed against his arm, their pause to sit and watch the gently restless sea, shimmering and darkling alternately as the silver-scaled clouds flitted swiftly across the moon; the odor of the warm pine-needles, the delicious, utter loneliness of the moment when they two seemed apart from the whole world; the unintended remark of his which had disclosed to the quick-witted girl the trouble of his heart; the faltering response which had so startled him, the stinging realization of his unconscious treachery toward his friend; the one brief second of utter abandonment of all, except the telling of his love; the swift recovery to the demands of honor; the pitiful acknowledgment on the Girl's part that the Man whom she had thought she loved, whom she still did love, was no longer the one who possessed her whole heart utterly, supremely. Then he recalled proudly the pain of the moment when he had shown her—and she had silently acquiesced—that their happiness could never arise out of the destruction of his friend's; that bitter as a parting would be they should part, and that this new love must be thrust away from them; then the long

silence: the shivering touch of her hand as she roused him to take up their walk back to the cottage; the sudden looming of the Man through the dark pines; the solemnity of his voice: the wordless return of the three: the uncertainty as to how much the Man had overheard.

Another wave crashed down upon them as if dropped from the sky. The staggered hull seemed to fall out from under them. The keel was now even with the surface and their bodies were swung this way and back by each rush of the sea.

The Man shivered also. He was thinking of the exquisite agony of that moment when on his stroll through the pines last night the soft tones of a dear voice had been carried to him through the silence—those terrible words which had told him that she was no longer his alone in heart. He had had no blame for his friend—no thought of the word “treachery.” He well knew how worthy the Other Man was of the love of any woman. The one idea possessing him had been of the stupendousness of his loss. All through the night he had paced his room thinking hard what was best to be done. If there had been a mistake She must not suffer. She must be made to feel that her happiness alone was what he desired, that she was to be free to act as her heart and her love directed her. But first he must talk things over, just as he had done in the old days, with the Other Man. This was a time above all others when there must be no concealment. It had been with this in his mind that he had asked the Other Man this afternoon to go out to sail in his sloop. There had been no sign of a storm in the sky when they had started two hours and a half ago. He had waited until the right moment should come before speaking of last evening. Then suddenly the white squall had driven down upon them before they could reef. The furious storm had followed close behind the squall. And now it made no difference whether he spoke or not!

The Man looked pitifully at his friend and found the Other Man’s eyes straining into his. It was no use. He could not die with this silent lie on his lips. They must

speak openly to each other in death as they always had spoken in life.

“John,” he said, hoarsely, “I want to tell you, I heard what she said last night.”

The Other Man groaned: “What a scoundrel you must think me!”

“Don’t blame yourself, old fellow,” the Man said; “I don’t wonder she loves you.”

“If I’d only known, I’d have gone away,” the Other Man groaned again.

“God knows, I wish you had! But don’t think that I believe you meant to take her from me. You and I know each other too well for that.”

The Other Man put out an unsteady hand and grasped his friend’s. “God bless you, old man, for those words. When you get back to land she’ll love you just as she did before—before I came. She shall not see me again.”

The Man gazed out over the frothing tangle of waves. “We’ll neither of us get back to land, John. This is the end.”

“You *must* live, you must. It will kill her if you don’t.”

The Man looked happy for a moment; then the light flickered out of his eyes. “After last night,” he said, “could she ever be really happy with me? Or could I ever be happy without her? No, if either of us is to be saved, you are the man who must live for her happiness.”

“You’re wrong,” the Other Man replied. “You’re horribly wrong. If I go out of her life, she’ll forget last night and that half hour of madness. She’ll forget all, except your love.”

There came a curious gurgling sound underneath them. The keel pitched violently downward toward the sunken bowsprit. They both knew what it meant. The air was exhausted.

“John,” shouted the Man, “save yourself, for God’s sake. Don’t get sucked down with the—”

There was a swirling drag of the waters, and for a second a hole opened in the sea. When it closed again there was no sign of the hull. Two figures were struggling desperately in the white foam toward a floating piece of wood. A long, stout oar had become disengaged as the sloop had sunk. One of the two men finally reached it and hung over it with one arm. With the other he dragged his exhausted companion tow-

ard it. The oar sank far down beneath their combined weight and slipped out from under them. Then it rose to the surface of the sea several feet away. Again they gained it and clung desperately. It began to sink again.

"It's no use," one of the men gasped. "It's no use. It will only hold one of us." He started to loose his hold. He was grasped by a strong hand.

"No. No."

"It's no use. One of us must go. For her sake. Good-by, old man."

The oar gave a sudden bound as it was thrown back by the released weight. A wave swept over it. When the wave passed, but one figure was hanging to the oar. There was nothing else but a wild waste of sea.

The owner of the steam-yacht Apache was regretting that he had not imitated all the coasting schooners which he had passed and laid his course for the nearest harbor after the white squall had broken. He had been anxious, however, to catch a morning train from Tanaquid Harbor, and so he had kept his yacht straining and pitching straight on the course in the teeth of the storm. The sea was running high and there was a nasty cross-rip. His guests had retired below in an unhappy frame of mind. He himself was on watch with his crew anxiously peering through the murky darkness for the two eyes of Screech Owl Light. The yacht's speed had been slowed down; for this was a dangerous point off the coast, and if the light was missed, it might be picked up again too near the rocks. Suddenly above the thumping of the waves on the bow and the dull, continuous roar of the storm, the starboard lookout thought he

heard a shrill cry from below. At the same time the owner of the Apache heard it. "Turn on that searchlight," he called out. "There's someone drowning here."

The white light streamed out over the sea. As it circled toward starboard it disclosed a tossing piece of wood with something black hanging over it. With extreme difficulty the yacht was manoeuvred so that a boat could be launched; and a man nearly drowned was pulled into it.

An hour later the Apache dropped anchor behind the breakwater in Tanaquid Harbor. A desolate man landed at the wharf with the owner and his friends. An anxious girl was waiting there, surrounded by a number of other cottagers fearful to ask for news of the two men who had sailed in the sloop just before the squall. A glance at the desolate man answered their unuttered question. He came up to the girl. She was white as the foam of the surf and her face was set.

"He died for you and me," he said, simply.

The next day the desolate man left Tanaquid Harbor.

The Girl remained.

Many years after, the Girl told this story to a man to whom she had promised what was left of her heart, and who loved her as two other men had loved her years before. She told it without revealing any names. It was some time after she had finished that it suddenly occurred to the man who loved her that she had not told him which of the two men had been drowned.





# THE POINT OF VIEW

JACOX is known among his friends as a fastidious man. His coats, his shirts, his boots are specially constructed for him after anxious deliberations with his tailor, his publisher, and bootmaker concerning quality, styles—no detail being too unimportant before the final order. Yet Jacox, who could not conceive of himself wearing ready-made clothes, is wholly content with ready-made opinions and slopsop views. These he buys for two or three cents on the street and wears them unblushingly. In matters engaging public attention there is no man with stronger convictions, or more prompt to assert them. While the newspaper is still damp, he has run down the editorials, had a shy at the headlines, and is stocked up for the day. To people who regard with some anxiety the apparel of their minds it is discouraging to find Jacox thus early and easily equipped. That he is ignorant of everything that goes to the support of his opinions is of no more consequence to him than to know where the wool was grown for his trousers. The intimation that his views are not in fact his own, that he is palming off the opinions of another, would convey no reproach to a mind steeped in sloth, ungroomed at loose ends, though his speech may be fairly rampant in its vigor.

If there were but one Jacox! But his name is legion. It is not necessary for most men to say what newspaper they habitually read. Their opinions declare it. There is a devilish cunning in the larger type of editorials and the selection of headlines. These form the opinions of nine-tenths of readers, while the facts, the material out of which opinions are to be formed, are compressed into small, black, and uninspiring type. Newspapers are rarely judicial. The policy of the paper, a pregnant phrase, makes it a partisan. "Editorials" are based on an array of the facts that contribute to the view the paper desires to enforce. This has been known to be determined by no loftier motive than that a rival journal has taken an opposing course, or that a leading factor is a friend of the Chief, or the publisher, or came from the same State or section of the country. This is only to say that editors are men, but men with an unusual opportunity for mentally manipulating Jacoxes.

What we know as public opinion is one of the dearest possessions of any people. Clumsily it makes for rightness and justice. But men do not value sufficiently the sacredness of their individual contributions to it. The formation of correct views on all subjects of public interest is a civic duty. This is to be performed only by getting at the evidence, securing the facts. These the newspapers are pretty apt to give exhaustively, such is the value of trade rivalry. Apart from this duty which citizenship should oblige, brewing opinions is an engaging occupation for the mind. There is a certain connoisseurship in events, which is a distinct accomplishment. No ungainliness is more offensive than that of awkward minds handling public affairs. But connoisseurship here is only to be achieved as is connoisseurship in other directions. That process of selection which comes from dealing familiarly with the objects considered is purely an individual achievement, and not to be acquired at second hand. To feed to the mind the raw material in the shape of the facts, and watch an opinion crystallizing in the residuum, is as pretty a pastime as any alchemist's dream. After all, this is but the modern scientific method, and may be applied equally well to anything engaging public attention—a popular murder, a national investigation, or questions of imperial statesmanship.

THE fact that the will of a prominent New Yorker, not associated with any unusual piety, begins with the once familiar words, "In the Name of God, Amen," really emphasizes their unfamiliarity in modern use. This introductory phrase may, perhaps, still be found, as it always was until recently, on the printed forms of will blanks furnished by New York law station-

Modern Will-  
Phrasing.

ers, doubtless accounting for it in this particular case. It is a phrase that has gone out in England; curious, then, that it should occasionally survive in this newer, less traditional country, for the London *Spectator* says of it: "Such magnificent exordiums are unknown now, and the engrosser has to employ his finer flourishes over the far inferior beginning, 'This is the last will and testament.'" Even this strictly business

"exordium" may be omitted from the latest type of "up-to-date" will, one containing just fourteen words, exclusive of the testator's signature and the signatures of his witnesses, written on a scrap of paper and probated in Chicago—a will which read: "Half my fortune to Ann Rigby Fowler, of Leeds, Yorkshire; half to my wife."

In contrast with this typical example of the extreme short-cut to testamentary disposition may be cited, from the *Spectator*, the stately, old-fashioned conclusion of the will of the late Sir Henry Acland, the eminent physician and scientist: "And now with a deep sense of the mercy and goodness of God to me and mine through parents, children, and friends, and by the saintly life of my wife, gone before, I commit my soul to my Heavenly Father in the faith and love of Christ, and hope for forgiveness of my shortcomings in my holy profession; and I pray that the faithful study of all nature may, in Oxford and elsewhere, lead men to the knowledge and love of God, to faith and to charity, and to the further prevention and relief of the bodily and mental sufferings of all races of mankind." In this will speaks a testator who had something else to bequeath besides "property" to relatives—the thoughts, conclusions, and hopes which came crowding in upon him. They were to him a testimony of which he must make deliverance on taking solemn leave of life and committing his soul to his Maker—an act of supererogation, so far as one can determine from its customary omission by the modern will-maker.

How far is the current set away from solemnity of phrase in will-making simply the mark of the passing of a tradition, and how far a change in attitude toward the importance of the act of dying? how far is it merely a concession to the business way of doing a business thing, how far a sign of popular intolerance of what may seem pretence and cant, and how far a recognition of some agnosticism in the air? These are interesting questions of speculation without possibility of answer. For it is all too easy to attach over-importance to the decline of familiar forms, especially when, as in the case of a will, the phrasing is left so largely to the professional and technical expert. Then the form changes just as it once originated. The pious phraseology of wills, for example, is easily to be traced back to the days when wills were

drawn by priests. They naturally took the ultra-religious view of the act, and, as naturally, emphasized it for the close connection that then existed between will-making and the number of masses for the testator to be said and paid for. When later the lawyer superseded the priest, there still remained a motive for retaining ancient phrases and encouraging the habit of testamentary loquacity, for the lawyer was paid according to the length of the will. If, however, as is averred, the pious phrases began to drop out of wills at the time of the French Revolution, the fact is something more than an iconoclastic coincidence.

Incidentally it is worth noting that the hortatory and explanatory features of will-writing, once so amusing in their occasional disclosures of human nature in a final effort, are also largely curtailed these days in the interest of business brevity. Seldom do we find the modern husband "cutting off" his wife "with a shilling"—if, perchance, the legal opportunity is still left to him—as did doughty John George of Lambeth for the reason, as he declared, that "the strength of Samson, the knowledge of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the cunning of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the subtlety of Hannibal, and the watchfulness of Hermogenes could not have sufficed to subdue her." Nor, again, does the will-maker of to-day indulge that spirit of "ill-timed levity" in which David Hume added a codicil for the benefit of his friend, John Home, with whom he often disputed on the proper spelling of their common name and on the merits of port. The codicil left ten dozen claret and a bottle of port to Home, adding: "I also leave him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his own hand, signed John 'Hume,' that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us regarding temporal affairs."

Human nature, we are told, is a constant under all climes and conditions, and the will of to-day is doubtless the product of as much painful thought and the cause of as great heart-burning as before it was pruned of superfluous solemnity of phrase, reformed of bitter rebuke, or robbed of gentle raillery. But, as in the case of disappearance of the elaborate epitaph from the tombstone, the loss to mortuary literature is irreparable.

# THE FIELD OF ART

GALLAND, BAUDRY, AND PUVIS DE  
CHAVANNES—A COMPARISON

## I

THE notable revival of mural-painting in the latter half of the nineteenth century is largely due to three men: one a trained decorator, the two others painters who deserted their easel-pictures for the broader field of decoration. Outside of the circle whose profession and interests are centered on architecture and mural-painting, Pierre Victor Galland is hardly known, while Paul Baudry and, to a larger degree, Pierre Puvis de Chavannes are names which are everywhere honored.

It is interesting, therefore, to seek the reasons which, apparently, make painstaking preparation, high capacity, and assiduous labor of small avail in the creation of a master-decorator when weighed against the spark of personal temperament which more liberally endowed Baudry and Puvis de Chavannes.

Logically, the task of the mural-painter in these latter days is more complex than that of his predecessor in the time when all painting was decorative; intended for a given place, conceived and executed in harmony with its surrounding. For these men there was virtually but one style: that in which the architect of his time worked. Architecture, like a language subject to change and amplification as the idiomatic necessities arose, was a *living* language, while now our architects, in the Babel of their art, speak confusing tongues. And here, logically, the modern decorator should follow them.

## II

SUCH must have been at least the intuitive decision of Pierre Victor Galland when in 1838, at the age of sixteen, he entered the atelier of Henri Labrousse, the architect to whom, with Duban, is due the building of the École des Beaux-Arts and who has left a profound impression on the official architecture of France. Here he remained two years,

early attracting the attention of his master, and, toward the end of this term, aiding him in his work. His studies here, however, being but a means to an end, in 1840 Galland became a pupil of Drolling, a painter of repute, under whose direction he remained for three years, adding upon the foundation of his architectural study, accurate drawing and painting of the human figure.

In 1845 he was welcomed as a valuable assistant in the studio of Ciceri, a decorator in vogue at the epoch. Ciceri, then a comparatively old man, had a vast studio in which decorative work of varying character was carried out under his direction. It was not unlike the *bottegas* of the earlier Italian and Flemish painters, where a corps of assistants, each allotted the portion of a work in which he was the most expert, executed decorative painting under the eye and with the assistance of the master. Theatrical scenery, which was earlier of artistic quality in France than in other countries, was the chief production of the studio, but interior decoration of public or private buildings also formed a part; and, as a heritage from the time of the First Empire, the decoration of the public streets and squares on ceremonial occasions was entrusted to the atelier Ciceri. This latter function Galland exercised until the end of the Second Empire, since which period public festivals have lost much of their elaborate character.

In the atelier Ciceri young Galland soon became the leading spirit, and for five years the most varied tasks of decoration gave him a practical knowledge which, it is not too much to say, has not been exceeded by that of any decorator, ancient or modern. It is not my purpose to follow the career of Galland, nor enumerate the many and competent works which he executed during his long life, which ended in 1892. I prefer to send those interested to the valuable work by Henry Havard, "*L'Œuvre de P. V. Galland*," published in Paris by the Librairies-Imprimeurs Réunies, 1895, from which I extract these details.

I wish, however, to emphasize the fact that



this modest master-workman at the outset of his independent career—he left Ciceri in 1849—had behind him ten years of study embodying all the elements likely to present their problems to a modern decorator. Certainly no man of the earlier days had a tithe of Galland's preparation, and no one of modern times has labored so long and faithfully to acquire a knowledge of styles of all diversity fitting him to undertake work of such varied character.

### III

IN this, curiously enough, in his greatest force lies his greatest weakness in the measure of esteem which the world allots him in comparison with Baudry and Puvion de Chavannes. For much of his work passes unnoticed and unperceived, so thoroughly has Galland realized the kind of decoration which the architect has so long demanded—and of which he has received so little. It is, in fact, the common complaint of the architect that the work of the decorator too often brings a disturbing element into the harmony for which he has striven and which the too-insistent painted panel destroys. An ideal decorative painting from this architectural point of view would be one which formed so integral a part of the building that it would attract no more notice than an egg-and-dart moulding or the repeated capitals of the columns. How little such painting has been done is evident if we recall the number of buildings in the Old World which exist almost as shells containing a rich kernel of decorative painting, as an empty theatrical stage becomes living and eloquent through the presence of actors. This from the standpoint of a painter let me hasten to say; but can anyone enter the Ducal Palace in Venice without feeling that Veronese and Tintoretto, two masters of loudly insistent decorative painting, are the peers of him who designed the building, and that without the life-giving quality of their work the vast interior would be but an empty shell?

A better and more modern instance—better because it is purer decoration—is the work of Puvion de Chavannes in the Panthéon in Paris. Meissonier said, "he alone holds; for the other painters it would be necessary to gild the wall"; and, of course, the decorations in the Ducal Palace need the huge picture-frames by which they are surrounded—no

mean decoration in themselves by the way—but Chavannes's work is not of the insistent order, though it, and it alone, relieves the monotony and barrenness of the wall on which it is placed. If all the work therein was of equal merit Soufflot might well come from the grave and own that the painter had given a soul to the stately but inchoate edifice of his erection.

But to Galland, suckled at the breast of the Mother of Arts, language like this would have seemed iconoclastic and the architects of his time found him not only an instrument fashioned to their hands—and, to their credit be it said, one which they constantly employed—but in his practice, and teaching at the Gobelins and later at the École des Beaux-Arts, a faithful exponent of their ideas. To this subservency and deliberate repression of his art, is due to a large degree a lack of accent in his work; he is of the company, but too often hesitates to avail himself of his undoubted gifts to take a prominent place therein. But within these limits, he is technically the superior of the two better known men as a decorator *per se*. For him the introduction of architecture in his work held no secrets nor claimed a stranger's aid; no form or style of ornament but in which he was past-master, and no epoch or style in the varied buildings where he was called to work but found him able to force his pliable talent into the mould of the required style or epoch.

### IV

To what degree one of the other two men, Baudry, would have been able to do this must remain to some degree a mystery. Among his very early decorative works were some panels, executed, if I remember rightly, as models for Gobelin tapestry, where if all the ornament was the work of his hand he showed himself familiar with the traditional Louis XV. work. His major work, the decoration of the Paris Opera House, was done under the domination of Raphael and Michelangelo and, though crushed into comparative insignificance by the outrageously heavy mouldings in which Garnier enclosed them, no one who saw them, as I was so fortunate as to be able to do, in the École des Beaux-Arts before they were put in place, or who to-day will study the cartoons or the photographs from them, but must acknowledge that they

are great works for all time. It can be urged that as a decorator he should, knowing how they were to be placed, have overcome the ponderous framing of Garnier's device. But, as the ceiling is cut up in its many irregular forms, the spaces left for decoration are comparatively small in contrast with the weight of the mouldings, and no painter, not even insistent and robust Veronese, could with pigment overcome their salience. The unknown quantity of Baudry's ability to work in differing styles (which, as I have said at the outset, is a logical requirement of the modern decorator) might but for his too-early death have been solved by his panels depicting the coronation of Jeanne d'Arc in the Panthéon. All indications would go to prove that Baudry, shown by his full-sized copies of Michelangelo and the miniature reproduction of the Hampton Court cartoons by Raphael to be the most submissive of students, was at the time of his death thoroughly his own master. Two of his last works at Chantilly demonstrate this—the ceiling of Mercury and Psyche, delightfully modern with a reminiscence of that Italian school which by transplantation by François First became indigenously French; and the panel of St. Hubert, which, thoroughly French, might have been painted by a modern Clouet cognizant of the last triumphs of *plein-air*.

But much of this is supposition and the fact remains that during his life Baudry was, like his fellow-painters, forced to fall back on the architect, *ornementiste*, and *perspecteur* for certain adjuncts of his work which Galland possessed at his finger-ends.

## V

WITH Puvis de Chavannes, the most highly esteemed of the three in a popularly artistic sense even in sapient France, there can be no doubt. There is with him but one style—the style of Puvis de Chavannes.

To a decorative painter it is a matter of pleasant speculation to imagine what the master would have done had he been obliged to enrich a Louis XV. boudoir or paint a Tiepolo ceiling? I have alluded to Baudry and to Puvis as originally easel-painters, and while no one would dispute the attribution to the former, I imagine that in popular estimation at least the latter is never so qualified.

But if we look back upon his first works

and consider that he brought back from Italy on his early and only visit there no trace of his later manner, but, on the contrary, an allegiance to late and decadent painters, it seems but fair to consider the War and Peace at Amiens as great Salon pictures rather than decorations.

Despite the over-modelling of the figures and the heavy landscape, so unlike his later work, I am willing to own that they are admirably fitted for the place they now occupy. Many Salon pictures, however, have enough of the decorative element—if we accept what all the world accepts, even though the architects rage—to be fixed upon a wall with excellent effect. I have often wished to see Couture's *Romains de la Décadence* so treated, and the Rubens which for a century or more have masqueraded as easel-pictures in the long gallery of the Louvre are now seen to be admirably decorative in their dignified setting in the new Salle Rubens.

There is, therefore, a certain amount of accident in the early service of Puvis de Chavannes in the cause of decoration, more even than in the case of Baudry, from whose published letters we can glean a sense of appreciation of the decorative works of the Cinque Cento in the days of his early sojourn in Italy as Prix de Rome, and it seems quite possible that the nineteenth century might have lost its greatest decorator if governmental and private patronage had kept him at his easel as it kept Cabanel, Robert Fleury, Bouguereau, and so many other contemporaries of Puvis.

## VI

GALLAND, on the contrary, is clearly of the family of LeBrun, Coypel, Nattier, de Troy, Raoux or Hubert Robert, a decorator born and bred. And in France, even to-day, decoration is considered, despite administrative effort to uphold its rank, an inferior form of art. Only recently we find Jules Breton, in "*Nos Peintres du Siècle*," deploring the achievement by Baudry's own hand of the decoration of the Opera at the sacrifice of his easel-pictures.

Galland found also, to his cost, that the aristocracy of the easel-painters drew the line sharply so as to exclude the decorator when his class in decorative art was established at the *École des Beaux-Arts*.

The painters and sculptors at the head of

the long-established ateliers of the school discouraged not only the active presence of their pupils in Galland's class, but used the weight of their influence to have his teaching discontinued, holding, apparently, that an alliance of the arts was a danger. And in the minor allied arts their recognition by the progressive Champ de Mars Salon seemed in official circles a revolutionary action.

When the decoration of the Panthéon was undertaken the disparity between the works of the different artists who had been honored by invitations to participate in so noble an effort was found shockingly destructive of harmony. It was proposed to force them into some sort of relation to each other by the use of a decorative border and, by its repetition around each separate panel, bring order out of chaos. No one of these great historical painters, not even Puvis de Chavannes, was found competent to design this simple ornament. Recourse was had to Galland, to whom it was as child's play to devise the very satisfactory border now used.

Thinking to compliment the humble decorator, M. de Chennevières, the director of the work, said: "We have found no figure-painter who could design this border," and Galland, modest and ignored, found courage to reply, "You forget, sir, that I also paint the figure."

Perhaps as a result of this reply the painter was allotted one of the smaller spaces, a single panel, at the entrance-door of the Panthéon. Badly lit and too crowded in composition (as though by placing sixty figures in a single panel Galland had wished to prove that he too was a figure-painter), it is, with the single exception of Puvis de Chavannes's work, the most harmonious panel of them all. A gallery in the Hôtel de Ville, comprising thirteen small cupolas, is where we see Galland at his best with a comprehensive scheme of ornament of a character which he had made his own and a series of small panels representing divers crafts, where the figures have a charm and personality which is indeed inherent to all his work. The balance here is kept, however, more fortunately than in some other instances, and the ornament, though rich, does not overpower the figure compositions.

## VII

IN all his work, however, the pictorial counts but little, and the contrary is true

with Baudry and Puvis de Chavannes. The latter was almost always fortunate in having allotted him simple wall-spaces where he could paint what he was used to call his vision untrammelled by arbitrary and irregular spaces. Upon great rectangular spaces, occasionally, as in the Sorbonne hemicycle, elongated to the proportion of a frieze, the master worked in harmony with the general tone, color, and light of the room, but otherwise unhampered even by variety of contour. All his compositions which I know fit into rectangular spaces with the exception of the arched tops of his panels in the Boston Public Library and certain pendentives in the stairway of the Hôtel de Ville in Paris. In these last he has not in any peculiarly fortunate way composed his figures to fit the space, and when it came to the ceiling of the same staircase he resolved the problem as the historical painters of the time of Louis Philippe solved it in their ceilings in the Louvre, by painting a vertical composition and placing it flat upon the ceiling. It was a natural solution, for him who said: "Ceilings? I would rather sweep the streets than paint ceilings!"

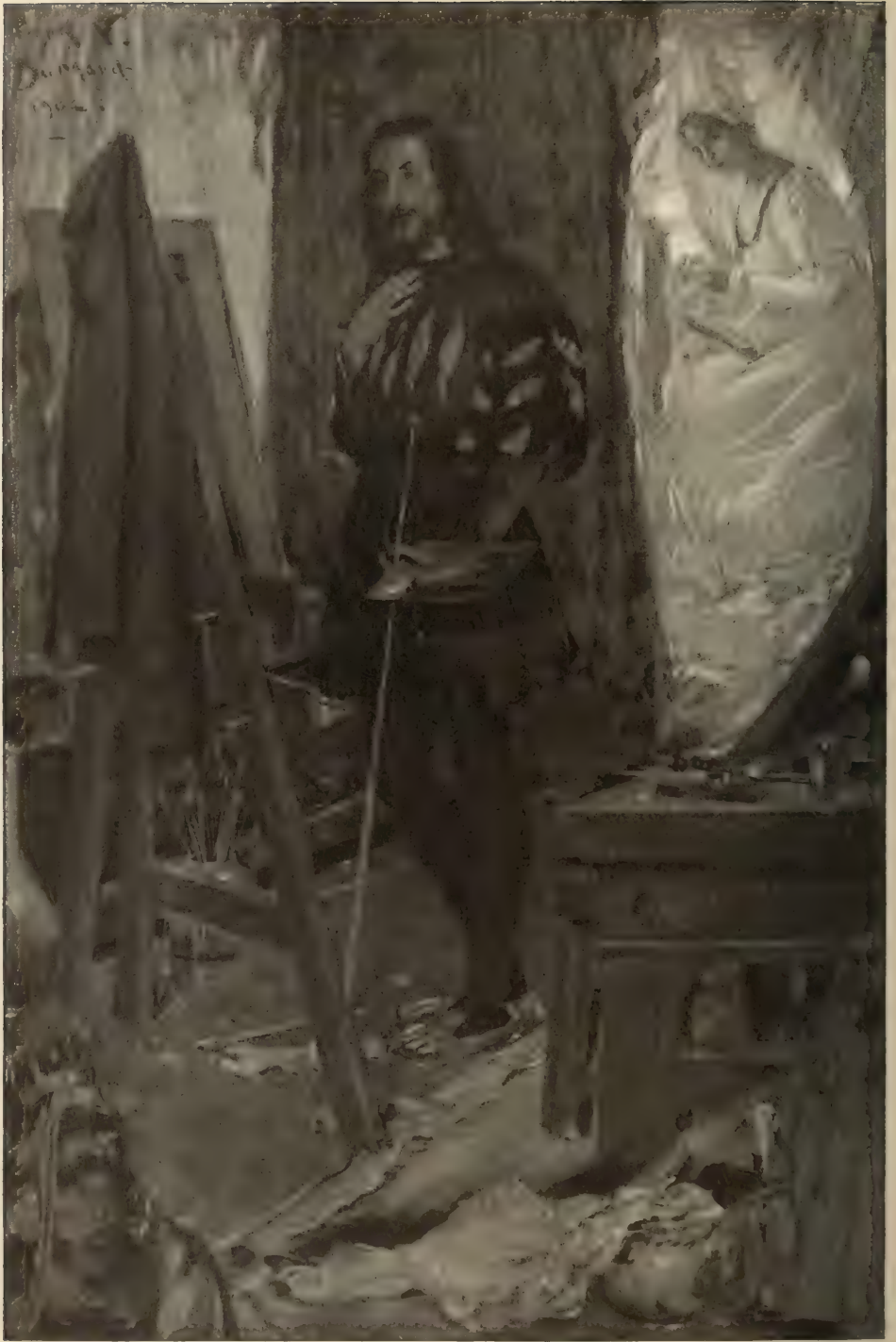
Greatly favored by circumstance, having fair and unencumbered wall-space in almost every instance, this great decorator painted *pictures*, ignoring to an even greater degree than Baudry the conventions of decorative composition, happily saved from the pictorial excess of some of his contemporaries in their decorative efforts by a sense of color which gave his work a tapestry-like effect and kept it flat and as it were a portion of the wall on which it was placed.

With a message of more spiritual interest to the people of our time than Baudry, and with little or no preoccupation with the preeminence of architecture which Galland professed, with less technical training than Baudry, and a very neophyte in knowledge of the variety of style in decoration if compared with Galland, Puvis de Chavannes will nevertheless remain as the highest expression of art in the nineteenth century. As a model for the future decorator, like many other great men, his influence is too personal to serve as guide, but we can turn to Pierre Victor Galland and learn our trade at least, and then, if we have aught to say, we can thank this modest master decorator for our means of expression.

WILL H. LOW.







*Drawn by F. F. DuMond.*

A LOOK OF DEEP HAPPINESS FILLED HIS ABSORBED FACE.

—"The Day Shall Declare It," page 700.

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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## THE NEW AGRICULTURE

REMARKABLE RESULTS FROM EXPERIMENT STATION WORK

By W. S. Harwood

IT is quite like turning the pages of a book of magic to look over the work in progress by the Experiment Stations of the United States, so remarkable are the achievements of these powerful adjuncts of modern agriculture. The word station ill fits them; they are not stations, but powerful institutions, exerting an important influence upon state, indeed, upon national, life.

Nearly a thousand trained men, scientifically practical men, command these stations. Most of them are men who have won their degrees by dint of insistent and sane study; and all of them are picked men. The national government so values these institutions that it gives nearly a million dollars each year for their maintenance. They are of large economic importance, and are in immediate and constant touch with the sources and the developing of our national wealth. In direct increase of this wealth, they show marked results; indirectly, their influence is still more significant.

For convenience the stations are mainly attached to, or connected with, the agricultural colleges of the States. There are fifty-six stations, embracing all the States and Territories, Hawaii and Alaska. The national congress in 1887 passed an act authorizing their establishment, and, in 1890, another act was passed, appropriating fifteen thousand dollars annually to aid in their maintenance. As one definite return for maintenance, the stations are required to issue a certain number of bul-

letins each year, for free distribution, embracing descriptions of the more important work under way or accomplished, and discussion of the results attained. Several hundred bulletins are issued each year and more than five hundred thousand names are on the mailing lists, mainly, of course, American farmers. While the stations, in a sense, are wholly independent of the national government, each one following out the line of research best suited to the needs of its particular constituency, yet they articulate closely with the government, particularly with the Department of Agriculture in Washington. Much co-operative work is carried on between the department and the stations.

These stations are not for the prosecution of study in the academic sense. Many interesting features are developed, discoveries and investigations are made, of honor to any post-graduate searcher, to any specialist in science, but, primarily, the entire work of these stations is for the benefit of the people. The results which are annually becoming more important, not only from the stand-point of science, but in actual, and enormous, increase in national wealth, are the property of the public.

To select from the activities of these institutions that which shall adequately set forth their power and scope is a perplexing task; indeed, so wide is the field, it may not unlikely be, in the limitations of this paper, that points have been omitted from extended consideration fully as im-



portant as those which have been selected for larger notice.

In the prosecution of the work of each station one question is always before the director and his staff, insistent, vital, paramount, ever answered and yet never answered:

How may we most help the state?

The answering of this question may

feeding of man and animal, so that economy is conserved and health sustained—the lines reach far and deep into the heart of life.

It is, indeed, a matter of question whether any department of state or national life has taken a part so remarkable, so marvellous, in the development and the conservation of our national resources.



A Lesson in Winter Pruning Given at the New York (Cornell University) Station in Extension in Agriculture Work.  
In the peach orchard.

lead forward through many avenues. It may be by the training of an ear of corn to grow for a particular purpose—to be food of man or food of beast at will, by the lengthening of a blade of grass, by the creation of a new wheat, promising magnificently to strengthen the harvests of the world; it may be the line will lead to the enlightenment of an oyster grower, or the protection of a farmer from fraud, or the development of the fragrance of a flower, or the enrichment of a fruit, or the curing of a disease in plant or animal; it may mean the installation of a new grass or fruit from a foreign land, destined to supplant native varieties, or the reclamation of vast stretches of arid land, or the betterment of a strain of cattle, or the restoration of an exhausted soil, or the revolution of the methods of handling a dairy product, or the solution of intricate problems and the establishment of vital laws for the

Naturally, there are many common lines which cross and recross each other. There are certain experiments, as, for example (to select but one of many instances which might be cited), the testing of soils and their needs, their adaptation to certain crops and fruits and their unfriendliness to others, which proceed upon certain well-defined lines; though, even in such a case, so enormous and so varied is the arable stretch of our country, and so diverse its products, the chemists in soils meet widely differing problems. Such work as this, however, is immensely valuable to the state, as is the proving, or disproving, of certain scientific assertions of home or foreign make which are compelled to run the searching gauntlet of the American stations. But most interesting and valuable of all is the original investigation, the first-hand solution of problems in which the people are directly interested.

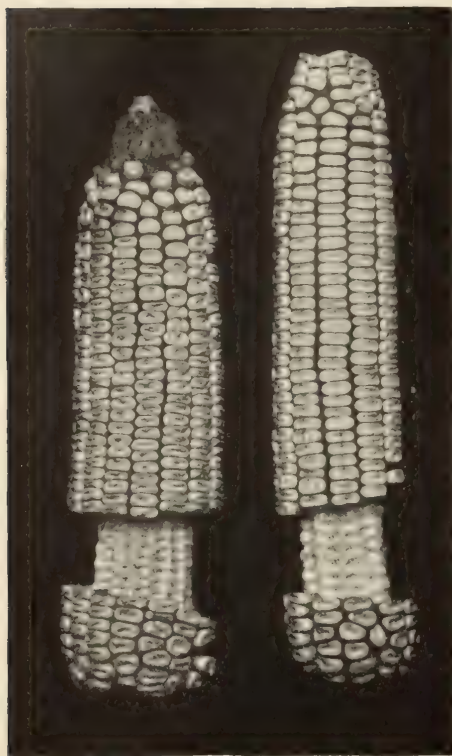


A Peach-tree (Ohio Station) Attacked by the Leaf-curl Fungus which Ruins the Tree for Fruit and Foliage.



A Peach-tree (Ohio Station) Directly Adjoining the One Shown in the Accompanying Photograph.

This tree has been sprayed under the direction of the station, demonstrating the efficacy of the treatment.



The corn to the left (Illinois Station) contains 14.02 per cent. of protein; to the right, 7.76 per cent. The same corn is shown in accompanying picture illustrating kernels.



Corn and Corn Kernels (from Illinois Station).

The corn to the left, with two cross sections above, contained 14.02 per cent. of protein, strength giving material; the one to the right, 7.76 per cent. By selecting kernels of the higher per cent. progeny of like character are secured.

For more than twenty years the California station, a department of the university of that State, has been at work upon a problem of national, indeed, of international, importance—the reclamation of arid lands. The subject was particularly vital in the far western portion of the United States, where great stretches of waste lands have abounded since the beginnings of agriculture, a disheartening bar to development. The solving of the problem was immensely difficult. The situation was full of perplexities. But the work was searching and consistent and the one main object was not lost sight of for an hour: to prove that these arid soils might be made fertile. Within the last two years the value of all the experimental work of the two decades has become apparent. Millions of acres of land, once believed to be desert, will now be compelled to yield richly. It has been proven at this station that regions which have been shunned for a century as among the barrenest spots on the globe are marvellously rich and amenable to agriculture. Many hundreds of samples of soils from the barren lands were analyzed, coming under the keenest scrutiny of the microscopist and the chemist.

Broadly speaking, the investigations demonstrated that the salts of the soil of the alkali lands, injurious to grains, grasses, fruits, and forests, bear no relation to the salt of the sea, the alkali land being wholly different from coast marsh lands deriving their salt from the ocean waters; that the salts of the alkali lands are native to the soil, their presence being largely due to the absence of rainfall (the salts staying in the soil because they are not leached out and carried away by the rain); that the salts rise to the surface after heavy rainfalls, as Professor E.W. Hilgard, of the station, puts it, as oil rises in the wick of a lamp; that when the land is flooded with water by some sudden rainfall or by over-irrigation, so that the salts rise to the surface and destroy vegetation, it is only necessary to resort to under-drainage, a reversal of the usual process; that the salts in the soil have a way of running up and down in the upper four or five feet of soil, following the movement of moisture.

It was proven, also, that the evil in the soil called black alkali—stretches of dark,





Operators in the Field Creating New Types of Wheat (Minnesota Station).

barren regions unfit for agriculture—may be neutralized by spreading over the black earth a coating of gypsum. And then, curiously enough, as a result of investigations, a mine of the gypsum was found within the limits of the State.

But all these demonstrations, interesting and valuable as they were, would have been valueless to the public but for the further demonstration that the soil of the alkali lands is very rich when once made amenable to culture.

The value of these investigations one may not estimate or measure in current figures. I cannot forbear a quotation from one of the volumes\* issued by the national government on the work of this station in this line. It says:

Its studies of soils, particularly those containing alkali, have given results of very great prac-

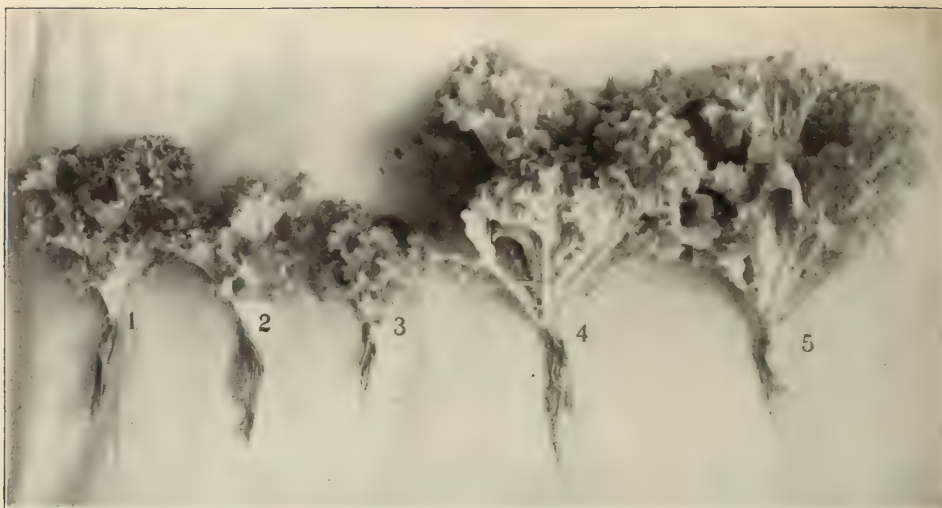
\* Bulletin 80. Office of Experiment Stations.



Taking the Pollen from One Wheat Flower to be Placed upon the Stigma of Another to Create a Wholly New Wheat (Minnesota Station).

tical value, not only in California, but also in many regions where similar conditions exist. The information published (in bulletins) as the result of its researches in this direction has led to the reclamation of great tracts of land formerly considered worthless, has shown how the ruin of land by improper irrigation may be prevented, and has given timely warning to many immigrants to avoid settling on lands until they had determined their actual availability for agricultural purposes.

The result of this work not only provides a distinct addition to national wealth, both in lands and crops, amounting to millions of dollars in value, but it serves to set still farther ahead among the cycles of the



Lettuce Heads Grown at the Indiana Station in Tests of Fertilizers—Each an Average Plant.  
No. 1, without fertilizer ; 2, with potash ; 3, with potash and nitrogen ; 4, with potash and phosphoric acid ; 5, with potash, nitrogen, and phosphoric acid.



The Famous Blue Grass of Kentucky.

theorists that date when the earth shall have reached its maximum of productiveness.

As an illustration of the curiously diversified character of the work of these stations, it is of interest to note that the California station has been for over ten years experimenting in fig culture, sixty different varieties having been tested in that period. It has been connected indirectly with the national government in the study of the Smyrna fig. It has been demonstrated that this fig, to reach its highest form, must be fertilized by a tiny insect which, in the Old-World fig regions, goes on its enriching journey from the wild caprifig flower to the domestic fig-tree bearing the pollen which gives to the ripened fig its peculiar richness and flavor. The promise now is that, through the introduction of the insect, the choicest European figs are to be raised with profit in California.

Even in this era of imposing figures, when the immensity of fortunes and the tremendous extent of native resources are coming more and more into view, it is not a matter idly to be set down that the value of the dairy products of the United States is upward of a half billion dollars per year. It seems still more worthy of attention that much of this vast sum has been made available by means of a discovery, allied to an invention, which was made twelve years ago at the experiment station of the State of Wisconsin. It was demonstrated that the amount of butter fat in a given quan-

tity of milk could be absolutely and invariably determined. In all the years since butter-making began, the farmer's chief method of determining the richness of his milk was by removing the cream after a certain period. By the process discovered at this station, he is enabled to tell swiftly and accurately how much cream, or, what is the same thing, how much butter, there is in the milk, no matter if it be fresh from the cow. On this basis he now sells his milk to the maker of butter. Before, much of the richness of the milk was lost; now it is all saved. It is largely because of this test that the associated, or coöperative, dairying of the United States has reached its present commanding position. In the single State of Wisconsin, nearly a million dollars per year is saved to the farmers by means of this process, while the aggregate saving in the United States, and the world at large, amounts to many millions.

The process, known as the Babcock test, named for its discoverer, Dr.

Babcock, chemist of the Wisconsin station, consists, briefly, in taking samples of the milk, placing them in specially prepared small bottles, and adding to the milk in the bottles a certain quantity of sulphuric acid. The acid has the power of dissolving, or mixing, all the ingredients of the milk but the fat. The bottles are placed in a receptacle and rapidly whirled. All the fat is separated from the rest of the milk and measured, showing how rich the milk is from which the samples were taken. The farmer now sells the butter in his milk—he cannot be deceived by the buyer; the buyer cannot be deceived by the farmer;

the test is infallible. More than sixty thousand bulletins have been issued from the Wisconsin station to answer the demand for descriptions of the invention, the requests coming from the entire butter-making world. It is now in use throughout the world.

One significant sentence in the preliminary bulletin, issued immediately after the discovery, is worthy of especial notice.

It reads: "This test is not patented." This is the keynote of the success of these institutions: there is no patent, there is no private gain, there is no monopoly—it is all absolutely free to the world.

A hitherto unknown element in milk, a new ferment, has been discovered at this station, called galactose, which is proving of value in the ripening of cheese. The properties of this ferment are similar to the secretion of the pancreatic organ in the human body. Old cheese is a pre-digested food, and the digestion is wrought by the galactose. It was found that the ga-

lactose would go on working at very low temperatures, temperatures at which bacteria were practically inert. Cheese was put into refrigerators and kept frozen for months. Other cheese was kept just above the freezing-point. It was found that the finest cheese is cured at from 40° to 45° F. Practical cheese manufacturers had maintained that 50° was the lowest temperature at which cheese could be worked without becoming bitter and worthless. The new discovery will, it is believed, revolutionize cheese manufacture, doing away with all curing-rooms, the cheese being sent directly to the re-



Section of an Apple-tree Affected by Knot Disease.

A, first appearing knot; B, an older knot; C, a knot when it has ruptured the bark. Described by the Kentucky Station, and information sent out by it to fruit growers as to the cure of the disease.



frigerator. An illustration of the wide reach of these stations and the diversity of their accomplishment is seen in the fact that this station has increased greatly the value of the barley crop of the United States, merely through the introduction of a new variety, called Mansury, seeds of which were brought to Canada by a traveller from the mountains of Manchuria. After being thoroughly tested at the station, it was grown in small quantities, and then in larger ones, until enough was available to give out to the farmers of the barley regions for wider tests; and then began the increase, which has now reached enormous proportions.

Perhaps in no State has the work of the stations been more diversified than in the station connected with Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y. This station has been prominent in many lines of direct value to the state; the culture of potatoes, studies in forage crops, the prevention of the vast loss in the natural fertilizers of the barns of the farms—the results of the experiments in this line having been quoted throughout the world—these suggest some of the many lines followed. But there is one department of the work of this station of peculiar interest and importance to the public which admirably illustrates the elasticity of these institutions. It is known as Extension Work in Agriculture. The object is not to carry fine-spun theories to the

farmers, not to interest them in technicalities, not to disturb them with speculations; but to give them a practical, elemental education in agriculture, by means of literature, lectures, and home courses of study—in a word, to bring the men upon the

farm into intimate and sympathetic touch with essential parts of that immense store of scientifically practical information which is the glory of modern agriculture.

A home-study nature course, by means of which the farmers and their households are helped to a simple and direct understanding of nature, is one of the important features. A reading course for farmers and farmers' wives, requiring no entrance examination and no fees, is open to all. The literature in this course illuminates the underlying principles of farm life—the formation of the soil, growth of plants, maintenance of fertility, the principles of animal nutrition, fruit growing, and the like. Quiz sheets are sent out to be answered and sent back to the station. Having thus interested and

instructed the farmers an effort is made to induce them simultaneously to investigate for themselves. Simple co-operative experiments are planned and one or more persons spend much time during the summer in visiting from farm to farm, discussing the experiments and advising in regard to the work. Incidentally many questions that are troubling the farmer are

Bill of a Goose.

From a photograph made at the Rhode Island Station, in order to show the serrated edges of lips which enable it to graze as does any ruminant.



Star-fish Eating an Oyster.

Photograph from Rhode Island Station, where much study has been made of this foe of the oyster, and much information disseminated for overcoming its ravages.

discussed, often very much to his benefit. By these means many of the lessons are put to a practical test. At the station proper a winter course in agriculture is attended by farmers from all portions of the State. It embraces a course in dairying and one in general agriculture. The scope of the course and its practical value are seen in the topics of the lectures given by the professors of the staff—animal industry, dairy husbandry, horticulture, the chemistry of the farm, economic entomology, applied botany, the care of poultry, and diseases of farm animals. In so far as possible, the lectures are stripped of all scientific terminology. The object is to help the farmer to help himself, to put him in right ways of thinking, to bring him up abreast with the progress of modern agriculture, to help him to earn more money.

Other stations throughout the country are now engaged in a similar work. Its value to the farmers of the United States, very many of whom have had scant educational advantages, is not to be measured in figures. It is one of the broadening forces of our times.

The fear which was quite recently expressed in scientific circles in Great Britain that the end of our capacity to raise the greatest of all cereals, wheat, was already in sight, had in it much to disturb. The spectre of ultimate starvation for a very large number of the race, however, seems to have been laid for all time by the investigations which have been carried on for the past decade at one of the stations in the great wheat region of the Northwest. This station, a department of the School of Agriculture in connection with the University of Minnesota, has been at work testing old varieties of wheat and creating new ones. Wheat, a self-fertilizing grain,

goes on reproducing itself through any number of centuries. The grain of pre-Adamic periods would, if planted through all the centuries, produce precisely the same wheat grown in that far time. So, to produce a new wheat, man must come to the aid of Nature.

To create a new wheat, pollen from one wheat flower is placed on the stigma of another wheat flower in the dawn of a summer morning; the fertilized wheat is

encased in a mask of tissue paper to keep away the birds and insects, and, in due season, that which Nature alone could not accomplish has been done—a new wheat has been added to the plant life of the world. Hundreds of new wheats have thus been created at this station. Hundreds also have been found wanting when tested, lacking in some one essential, or in many; but out of the hundreds a few, less than a dozen all told, have been found to be superior

to those from which they were bred—better in yielding power, stronger to resist disease, as rich in food qualities. Selection, too, has been an important feature of the work, the choosing of the choicest types for seed and breeding.

Enough has been demonstrated at this station, and upon the farms of the State in actual farm handling, to show that the wheat crop of the world is now to be splendidly strengthened; that the theorists who have predicted ultimate starvation through impairment of the world's dietary are driven to other speculations; that it is quite possible, indeed that it is now an established fact, to produce wheats superior to the best the world has had. By the use of the new wheats the crop of the hard wheat region of the Northwest may be increased by from three to five bushels



Mushroom, Kentucky Station.

A, showing the tilt of the cap. B, an old example, showing the surface of the cap concave and the gills drawn upward and inward; C, the gills seen from beneath.





Cutting Hemp on the Kentucky Station Farm.

per acre ; which, reduced to a practical basis, assures an increase in the wealth of three States of from twenty-five to forty millions of dollars annually.

Similar results may be attained in the winter wheat regions. In fact, much work has already been done in this direction, and in one room on the estate of the Vilmorins, near Paris, where wheat-breeding has long been followed, I have seen cases containing upward of three thousand winter wheats which have been under test. At the station in Tennessee extensive investigations are now under way in increasing the yield of winter wheat in that State, which has been for some time at low ebb. The average of the wheat raised upon station plots during 1900 and 1901 at this station are more than double the average yield of the State.

It is quite beyond one's power of imagination to foresee what such work as this means to the race, what it means in influence upon the world's markets, upon its flour manufacturing, upon its food production.

In a very intimate and vital way the investigations carried on at the Storrs station, in the State of Connecticut, have come into touch with the sources of human strength. For more than ten years this

station has been making investigations in a line of surpassing interest, the determination of the energy of human foods, their definite, actual, nutritive force, the waste and repair in the daily destruction, the daily reconstruction of the material of the human body. Two prime objects were in view :

1. To prove that the law of the conservation of energy holds good in animal life ; that no particle of energy or force is lost in the human body any more than in inanimate objects ; and

2. To apply this law, in the words of the director, Professor W. O. Atwater, in the gaining of more definite knowledge of the ways in which the body is nourished, and of the value and use of foods.

I think it is not too much to say that the first object has practically been gained, the first commanding demonstration of this vital principle or law that the energy latent in no ounce of food taken into the body is in any possible sense increased, diminished, or annihilated, but merely changed ; while, at the same time, it has been proved that the nutrients of the food and those which are found in the human body, are the sole and only source of heat and muscular power in the body.

The second object has been gained,





Irrigation Plats on the Grounds of the Montana Station, Showing what may be Accomplished by the Distribution Flume.

and more, for, as a result of these investigations, the nation has been stimulated to a study of its dietary, while enormous good has already been accomplished in preparing a more sensible and a more enriching ration for man. The work has been carried on with the co-operation of the United States Government and of Wesleyan University. In some ways the most important feature of the work done has been the devising of the respiration calorimeter by Professor Atwater, and Professor Rosa, of Wesleyan. It is a copper chamber seven feet long, four feet wide, six feet four inches high, in which a man is placed and in which he stays for a period of from five to eight days. He is given opportunity for exercise, unless it is to be a rest test, and he lives, so far as possible, precisely as he would live in the outside world. The object is to determine what proportion of the food he eats is accepted by the body for use, what part is rejected. By means of the calorimeter apparatus—the heat-measuring apparatus conveys the thought perhaps clearer—it is possible to tell precisely how much energy or heat is developed by the man while in the cage. Every unit, or particle, of heat is measured as it passes out of the chamber, and so absolutely accurate is the apparatus that he may not rise from his chair without the extra energy thus generated being record-

ed. Each particle of food eaten is measured and tested with the utmost exactitude, and every particle of waste is registered with absolute accuracy in order that the precise amount of material utilized by the body may be determined.

Without going further into the details of this fascinating service to the world, it may be said that the apparatus is being copied for similar work in scientific institutions on both sides of the ocean, while the results of the investigations carried on by the director of this station are being made the basis for the determination of the dietary of many public institutions. These results are daily being applied in the feeding of the army and navy of the United States. Further research on the same line is being carried on in co-operation with the national government at the stations of Maine, Vermont, Il-



Original Apparatus Designed at the Wisconsin Station for the Babcock Milk Test, which has Resulted in the Saving of Millions of Dollars to Dairymen.



Date Palm Growing upon the Grounds of the California Station where Much Important Work has been Done in the Cultivation of Dates, Figs, and Other Fruits.



Date Palm-tree Growing in Front of the Arizona Station at Tucson.

It is six and one-half years old, grown from a sucker, bearing its third crop of fruit, about one hundred pounds.

linois, California, Tennessee, and Minnesota. At the last-named station Professor Harry Snyder has done a remarkable work, the results of which were recently brought to public notice through a bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. He has demon-

strated, in carrying on feeding tests with men, that the food value of bread made from the best type of white or patent flour is greater than that of the bread made from whole wheat or graham flour.

While the work carried on at the Storrs station has been largely scientific in character, it has yet had a powerful practical influence. Perhaps the most important feature of it all is the impetus it has aroused in a world-wide study of human foods—to help the world to discard its worthless foods, retain its enriching ones, and reinforce with those hitherto ignored or despised.

The national government is now co-operating with the Pennsylvania station in work along the same line, but with animals instead of men. Under the supervision of Professor Armsby, director of the station, a respiration calorimeter of large size has been built, in which domestic animals replace men. Exhaustive tests are now under way in the feeding of animals while kept inside the calorimeter, in order accurately to test precise food values. This is the first animal respiration calorimeter in the world, as the one at Storrs was the first ever made for men.

The work of the experiment stations has been confined to no one section of the country. In the far South, for example,

the stations have proved forceful adjuncts of agriculture. They have not only kept in close touch with the immediate needs of the farmers and plantation operators, but they have steadily worked into the future. In the State of Georgia, for instance, the strikingly practical nature of the service done the State is shown. The law under

oids of rotation of crops, preparation and culture, judicious fertilization, and renovation of the soil; and the more complete conservation and utilization of all the resources of the farm and of the crops in detail. Purely scientific investigations have by no means been neglected, but instead of searching after abstract scientific facts and results, the aim has been to work out problems that are intimately and immediately related to present conditions.



Root System of an Australian Salt-bush Plant.

Grown at California station (Tulare sub-station). These salt-bush plants have been tested at the station and found valuable for introduction upon alkali lands, an important addition to the food of stock, and thriving where many other plants would starve. Some of these plants in the arid lands will, in search for moisture, bore down through the arid soil and through the very hard-pan itself, which is penetrated only by some of the hardest oaks and certain trees. The plant roots often go down more than five feet.

which the station operates provides that eleven of the fourteen members of the governing board shall not only be practical farmers, but successful farmers. One is selected from each congressional district in the State, so that the varied interests of the State may be best represented.

To illustrate the scope of this station, and, at the same time, show something of the controlling spirit in all the stations, a few sentences may be quoted from the director of the Georgia station, Professor R. J. Redding, in a letter to the writer. He says :

The fundamental guiding rule of this station has been to endeavor to confer immediate benefits upon the farmers, by taking up illustrative and demonstrative lines of work. The primary effort has been to help the farmers improve their meth-

Among the definite results reached at this station are the discovery of a method of planting the oats crop which secures exemption from winter-killing, the solving of the problem of commercial fertilizers of lands by providing formulæ for the farmers so that they may buy their own raw material and compound their own mixtures at large saving, the demonstration of the fact that as good cheese and butter can be made in this region as anywhere else in the United States, and as profitably, and the dissemination of pure-bred strains of cattle and swine.

Other Southern States have been fully as active and can be very briefly noted :

In Florida.—The development of fruit-growing and truck farming, increasing the value of the sugar-cane crop, the intro-





Connecticut Station Tobacco Culture, Showing Eight-acre Plot of Ground Under Cover.



Connecticut Station Tobacco Culture, Half-grown Plants Under Cover.

cotton soil, important investigations in the cultivation, chemistry, botany, diseases, and entomology of the cotton plant, breeding of better types of cotton, and the determination of the nutritive values of various native and forage plants in the feeding of cattle.

In Tennessee.—The development of animal husbandry, an exhaustive study of the grasses of the State, the mixing of grasses and clovers adapted to the middle South,

duction of new roots for animal feeding, the discovery of a parasite which destroys the dreaded San José scale, the parasite being susceptible of cultivation for distribution as an enemy of the scale.

In Arkansas.—Vegetable manuring for restoring worn lands and maintaining fertility, tests of the feeding value of different foods for the economic production of pork, investigations resulting in valuable information for the prevention of Southern cattle fever, hog cholera, and tuberculosis in cattle, the determination of the best varieties of grasses and clovers for the State, the elimination of worthless varieties of plants in all the lines of agriculture.

In Alabama.—The restoration of the

the improvement of the winter wheat crop of the State, elsewhere referred to.

In Kentucky.—Experiments in stock-feeding and the handling of dairy products, the treatment of plant diseases, tests of forage plants, inspection of human foods and feed of animals, experiments in growing hemp and tobacco, studies of the habits and transformations of injurious insects, the inspection of nurseries, provided for by special State legislation, the culture and nature of ginseng, in such enormous demand in China, studies in poisonous and edible mushrooms.

In Louisiana.—Exhaustive and profitable investigation into the composition of cane-sugar juices, the sterilization of

sirups, developing new methods of sugar manufacture, introduction of new varieties of sugar-cane, the development of tobacco growing, and dairying.

In Maryland.—The proper utilization of the corn plant, especially the fodder, feeding experiments with stock, much pioneer

the study of the diseases of potatoes, the maladies affecting the tops of the plants being clearly differentiated first at this station. In New Hampshire much valuable work has been done in the improvement of roads and in the utilization of greenhouses for the summer growing of



The Respiration Calorimeter at the Storrs Station.

The respiration chamber in which the man lives while undergoing the test is the square box to the left of the chair; he remains in this box from five to eight days.

work in the study of soils and their restoration.

In Texas.—Tests in the feeding of cattle, this State producing more cattle than any other in the nation, elaborate studies in the causes and prevention of diseases in cattle, stimulation of interest in a diversified agriculture.

Stations in other parts of the country have been engaged in work of large practical importance. In Illinois, the study of the chemistry of the corn kernel, resulting in some remarkable demonstrations as to the changes which may be made in the kernel suitable to various uses, elaborate plans for cold storage buildings for fruits, and the management of orchards have been important features. Vermont has been engaged for years in

tropical plants. The growing of green corn under glass has been a leading feature, also. Stock-feeding, horticulture, and gardening have been among the prominent subjects investigated at the North Dakota station, while the work of this station in the study of the smuts of wheats, oats, and barley has been of large scientific and practical value, and has brought the station into much prominence. The Michigan station carries on a work widely diversified. It originated the Ignatum tomato, practically in universal use for years, and the station has investigated at length the sugar beet, finding it a crop admirably suited to the State. Thirteen factories for the manufacture of sugar have been established in the State. Sugar beets have also been under consideration at many of the other stations, notably in Washington,





Scene in a Western Beet-sugar

This industry now rapidly developing has been largely due to the

where, after four thousand analyses, it was proved that the climate of that State was especially adapted to the sugar beet, and the per cent. of sugar is said to be greater than elsewhere in the United States. Wheats and grasses have also been studied with satisfactory results. Ohio has done a splendid work in the maintenance of the fertility of the soils and in the study of plant diseases. The work in variety testing, both of cereals and fruits, has also been of value to the State. Irrigation, the study of alkali soils, the growing and feeding of beef cattle, have been under consideration in Montana with good results. The results at the Indiana station include the discovery of a remedy for scab in potatoes, now in general use and of large economic value, the determination of the influence of plant foods upon certain plants grown in the greenhouses; and much important information has been developed in sugar-beet culture and sub-irrigation in greenhouse culture.

The wealth of Kansas has been much increased by the introduction through the Kansas station of the kaffir corn, which will produce more beef, pork, and milk

than maize, the ordinary corn. More than 600,000 acres of land in the State are now planted in the kaffir corn. In New Jersey the work has been varied, embracing inspection and analysis of chemical fertilizers (this being the first station to advocate the home-mixing of fertilizers) the study of fruit pests and diseases, and elaborate and valuable researches into the principles that underlie successful oyster culture. Some exceedingly interesting facts have been presented by the Idaho station in the study of edible and poisonous mushrooms, while vigorous work has been done in the extermination of pests of grains and fruits. The invention of an electrical apparatus to warn the farmer of the approach of frost is an interesting feature of the work of this station. The introduction of the date-palm at the Arizona station promises to add an important factor to the fruit-growing industry of the nation. The Wyoming station, which is located upon a high, arid plateau, 7,200 feet above the level of the sea, the highest station in America, has paid much attention, and with excellent results, to irrigation and allied subjects. The reclamation of the exhausted range is





Field at the Harvest Time.

investigations and subsequent reports of the experiment stations.

now one of the chief features under consideration. Massachusetts has been active in many ways—the revolution of the use of fertilizers through formulæ for each of the common crops, the discovery of a remedy for the worm affecting tomatoes and cucumbers under glass, the first experimenting in America with the sugar-beet, the study of concentrated cattle foods, and important conclusions therefrom, and the work of Professor Fernald, as entomologist to the gypsy moth commission, in organizing for the repression of this pest.

The Iowa station has paid much attention to the diseases attacking forage plants and grasses. The feeding experiments with animals for the increased production of milk and meat have been carried on extensively, and have been of large benefit to the stock interests of the State. Much original work in the dairy industry has also been done, together with the introduction and improvement of new crops. At the Rhode Island station extensive experiments have been carried on in the cross-breeding of geese, now an important source of wealth in that State, while the investigations into the disappearance of oysters and

clams in one of the great salt ponds of the State have resulted in the discovery of the cause and its removal. The Connecticut station, the first to be established in the United States, has been engaged in many lines of important work, especially the culture of tobacco. The quality of the Connecticut wrapper leaf tobacco has been essentially improved, so that it commands higher prices than any other domestic wrapper leaf. Valuable work has also been done at this station in the study of fungus diseases. The true nature of the destructive potato scab was discovered by the botanist of this station.

One of the important features of the work of the stations is the protection of farmers from frauds. In many of the States the stations are given legal authority to inspect materials of many kinds which are in steady demand by the farmers and which are liable to adulteration. This systematic supervision is carried out by twenty-nine of the stations. Much precautionary work is done, by means of which the people are warned against the approach of injurious insects or other pests. In certain stations dis-



Shelter Hedge of Golden Russian Willow, Five Years Old, North Dakota Station.

eases inimical to certain plagues or pests are artificially cultivated and spread among the healthy pests, resulting in heavy mortality and saving of crops.

Among the valuable influences of these stations is their help in moulding the lives of the thousands of students who attend the agricultural colleges. The students come closely into touch with the practical work of the stations and carry back to the farms very much that tends to make the farm not only a desirable, but a preferred, place for the farmer's sons and daughters.

The progress in agriculture in the last generation has been greater than in all the generations that have preceded. At

the source of this progress has been a deeper knowledge. This knowledge has been made very largely possible through agricultural education, and the stations have taken a commanding place in this education. It would be quite impossible to estimate the number of millions of dollars which are accruing to the national wealth each year as a direct and indirect result of the work of these stations, and it would be far beyond the limits of conjecture to say what they hold in store. They stand among the colossal factors that made for the progress of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and their day has but just dawned.



# ARTEMIS TO ACTÆON

By Edith Wharton



THOU couldst not look on me and live : so runs  
The mortal legend—thou that couldst not live  
Nor look on me (so the divine decree) !  
That sawst me in the cloud, the wave, the bough,  
The clod commoved with April, and the shapes  
Lurking 'twixt lid and eye-ball in the dark.  
Mocked I thee not in every guise of life,  
Hid in girls' eyes, a naiad in her well,  
Woody through their laughter, and like echo fled,  
Luring thee down the primal silences  
Where the heart hushes and the flesh is dumb ?  
Nay, was not I the tide that drew thee out  
Relentlessly from the detaining shore,  
Forth from the home-lights and the hailing voices,  
Forth from the last faint headland's failing line,  
Till I enveloped thee from verge to verge  
And hid thee in the hollow of my being ?  
And still, because between us hung the veil,  
The myriad-tinted veil of sense, thy feet  
Refused their rest, thy hands the gifts of life,  
Thy heart its losses, lest some lesser face  
Should blur mine image in thine upturned soul  
Ere death had stamped it there. This was thy thought.  
And mine ?

The gods, they say, have all : not so !  
This have they—flocks on every hill, the blue  
Spirals of incense and the amber drip  
Of lucid honey-comb on sylvan shrines,  
First-chosen weanlings, doves immaculate,  
Twin-cooing in the osier-plaited cage,  
And ivy-garlands glaucous with the dew :  
Man's wealth, man's servitude, but not himself !  
And so they pale, for lack of warmth they wane,  
Freeze to the marble of their images,  
And, pinnacled on man's subserviency,  
Through the thick sacrificial haze discern  
Unheeding lives and loves, as some cold peak  
Through icy mists may enviously descry  
Warm vales unzoned to the all-fruitful sun.  
So they along an immortality  
Of endless-vistaed homage strain their gaze,  
If haply some rash votary, empty-urned,  
But light of foot, with all-adventuring hand,  
Break rank, fling past the people and the priest,  
Up the last step, on to the inmost shrine,  
And there, the sacred curtain in his clutch,  
Drop dead of seeing—while the others prayed !  
Yea, this we wait for, this renews us, this



Incarnates us, pale people of your dreams,  
 Who are but what you make us, wood or stone,  
 Or cold chryselephantine hung with gems,  
 Or else the beating purpose of your life,  
 Your sword, your clay, the note your pipe pursues,  
 The face that haunts your pillow, or the light  
 Scarce visible over leagues of laboring sea!  
*O thus through use to reign again, to drink  
 The cup of peradventure to the lees,  
 For one dear instant disimmortalized  
 In giving immortality!*  
 So dream the gods upon their listless thrones.  
 Yet sometimes, when the votary appears,  
 With death-affronting forehead and glad eyes,  
*Too young, they rather muse, too frail thou art,  
 And shall we rob some girl of saffron veil  
 And nuptial garland for so slight a thing?*  
 And so to their incurious loves return.

Not so with thee; for some indeed there are  
 Who would behold the truth and then return  
 To pine among the semblances—but I  
 Divined in thee the questing foot that never  
 Revisits the cold hearth of yesterday  
 Or calls achievement home. I from afar  
 Beheld thee fashioned for one hour's high use,  
 Nor meant to slake oblivion drop by drop.  
 Long, long hadst thou inhabited my dreams,  
 Surprising me as harts surprise a pool,  
 Stealing to drink at midnight; I divined  
 Thee rash to reach the heart of life, and lie  
 Bosom to bosom in occasion's arms,  
 And said: *Because I love thee thou shalt die!*

For immortality is not to range  
 Unlimited through vast Olympian days,  
 Or sit in dull dominion over time;  
 But this—to drink fate's utmost at a draught,  
 Nor feel the wine grow stale upon the lip,  
 To scale the summit of some soaring moment,  
 Nor know the dulness of the long descent,  
 To snatch the crown of life and seal it up  
 Secure forever in the vaults of death!

And this was thine: to lose thyself in me,  
 Relive in my renewal, and become  
 The light of other lives, a quenchless torch  
 Passed on from hand to hand, till men are dust  
 And the last garland withers from my shrine.

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# ON A BALTIC SEA SLOOP

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. J. BURNS



TWO hours in an express going north from Berlin brings one to Stettin, and three hours down the Oder River on a steamer not over-fast brings one to the port of Swinemünde, from which we were to make light incursions to observe the ways of German fishermen in the Baltic Sea.

Some fifty or sixty sloop-rigged craft made up the fishing-fleet of Swinemünde, which, so far as this one side of its maritime life goes, may be rated a typical fishing-port of Germany, in which country are no large ports given over almost exclusively to fishing—nothing to compare with Gloucester in the United States, with Grimsby in England, or Svolvær, to mention one of several in Norway.

For the careless wanderer, who may see in fishing life merely one form of many in the way of diversion, Swinemünde affords other recreation; and it is to enjoy this recreation that many people regularly come from Berlin, from Hanover, and from even more distant cities when the warm weather is at hand. It is rather a resort of well-to-do people, this little port on the Baltic. Here is good bathing and all that goes with a well-regulated beach-life in summer; there is good yachting along the neighboring coast, with safe anchorage up the river, and on both sides of the harbor are extensive fortifications with their attendant garrisons.

Where the dark water of the Oder mingles with the white surf of the beach of Swinemünde, there is located on the west side a small, picturesque light-house, and on the east side a prominent stone pier-head. On summer evenings people walk the beach to the light-house, look across, shout "How goes it?" to anybody they may recognize over on the pier, turn about, and sedately walk the beach back again. Nobody seems ever to

think of making a ferry of it and extending the conversation beyond the words of greeting.

It was down this River Oder, between the little light-house and the broad pier-head, that we came sailing one beautiful summer morn at sun-up, in one of the "flounder fleet," which were, at this season, the busiest lot, possibly, that we had run across in our Baltic sojournings. Up the river, when we had been making ready to depart, they were blowing reveille at the garrison, and ten minutes later, while we were yet quite a little distance from the river's outlet, we passed soldier torsos just above the jetties on the east bank, squads of soldiers with long loaves of bread hugged to their sides, and on the other bank, swinging heavily but happily down the tree-shaded road that edged the jetty, a whole platoon in column of fours, these last giving voice lustily to one of those soulful things that were indubitably written to be sung only by a body of moving men, by soldiers more particularly, and by German soldiers yet more particularly, for it is they that have the proper guttural tones and the meal-time enthusiasm. The first lot, the scattered squads, were coming, as we understood it, from drawing rations; and the second lot, the solid platoon, had drawn and eaten rations, and were on their way to relieve the guard.

The night before, from the high-walled brick fortifications on one side to the lower earthen defences on the other side, and back again, there had been a great cannonading that puzzled us not a little. Not being able to account for it off-hand, we set it down as some kind of a sham-battle to mark the visit of some commanding general, or some sort of a routine thing to keep the troops up to the mark and at the same time to burn up a lot of black powder that otherwise might cake beyond usefulness. That was what we thought the night before, but now, by

the rising light, we saw a flag at half-mast flying from the light-house—not the little light-house down by the beach, but the tall, magnificent light-house up the river, up at Ost-Haven—the finest light-house in all Germany. The tall light-house swayed, and the flag fluttered and drooped for the Empress Dowager, who was dead, it seemed. We had to inquire to learn this, for the fact appeared to cause no agitation in our fishermen. “She was a good old lady,” they said, and so dismissed the dissolution of the widow of an emperor.

We had just cleared a clanking dredge off the beach when there came scooting by us a handsome schooner-yacht that we could swear had been tied fast to her mooring, with her crew fast asleep, when we cast loose. Her model reminded us of nothing so much as Sandy Hook and Massachusetts Bay. She had a varnished hull of ultramarine blue, and her sides were polished until they took on the dull glow of enamel. With her low rail, new yellow spars, and spotless white sails, we had to admit that she looked handsome enough, even though in the exhibition of these beautiful equipments she walked into our wind and across our bow with laughable ease.

Our own sloop would hardly be picked out for a sailer anywhere, even though it were known that she had won first place in the last annual regatta of the Swinemünde fishing fleet. She carried mainsail, topsail, stem staysail (or foresail), and jib, all of which sails were tanned a dull, gold-brown. Tar, porpoise-oil, tallow and red paint, accurately proportioned as per instructions, had brought about the golden-brown. Standing under the sails of one's own craft, a man might not have cried out impulsively that they were beautiful; but looking at those of our consorts in the distance as the sun shone on them in the early morning, one had to admit that they were good to look at.

For the hull of our craft, she showed, by the power of that ancient law “like unto like,” the proper lines for a flounder fisherman, for she was akin to a flounder in shape, broad and shoal, and with shoulders that flared. Forward were the two berths of the crew, with sitting-room and a stove on the floor between, and all clean

as could be. Aft, and entirely under deck, was the galley, with a midget stove, room for two or three to sit on the lockers, and closets for stores or extra clothes. A narrow hatch, three feet by eighteen inches or so, led into the galley. In this hatch, the helmsman, hidden to the hips, had to stand to steer the sloop. On to her deck they had slapped a coat of the same mixture in which they had soaked the sails, and with the same result—golden-brown was the deck, an unusual color for a vessel's deck, though certainly clean and inviting. The Minna was not only wide and humpy, with fourteen feet of beam to her thirty-six feet of length, but to add to the loginess that must almost inevitably come out of such proportions, there was her entire midship section made into a well, wherein the fish, when caught, were to be placed and kept alive until sold. This well, decked to the water-line, made a great swashing cock-pit of the middle of her. Like trap-doors to this well, were flush, hinged hatches, through the joints of which the sea came spludging whenever the ship rolled; for outside, and of course below the water-line, to be of use, the Minna's planks were bored full of auger-holes. This arrangement could not but suggest a lobster-trap.

It was rather a leisurely progress to the fishing-grounds. For an hour or so we made along by the coast to the west, and then wore off-shore for another hour or two through the fleet, of which it may be said that never at any time did they hurry. We took the topsail off the Minna long before we reached the grounds; and with that down, and a luff every now and again, we managed to keep our consort, the Friedrich, in hail. It should be explained here, perhaps, that if there was nothing faster than the Minna in the Swinemünde fleet, there was also probably nothing slower than the old Friedrich, and as the vessels work in pairs in this kind of fishing, it was of no advantage for the Minna to get far ahead of her mate.

Our skipper, Charlie, who spoke quite intelligible English as a result of many trips to England and a few to America when he was a boy in the fore-castle, accepted the Friedrich's slowness with what struck an observer as great patience. But, as he explained it, they were to make





The Flounder Fleet standing out to the Fishing Grounds.

only three hauls in any event ; and so that they got their three hauls, what mattered it that they were an hour later than some others? An hour added to the end of the day—who cared? Charlie? No. Old Fred? Not Old Fred. They were old friends ; that is, Old Fred and Charlie's father were long-time friends—long, long-time friends, who had always got along very well together, and Old Fred had come to young Charlie as a heritage.

This young skipper and owner of the *Minna* was a smart seaman. He showed it in every move aboard ship. He had been mate of the fastest racing craft of her class in all North Europe for two summers. Of his record, and the record of the racing-yacht on which he had been mate, we had heard something even before we saw him at all, and we knew, too, that he could have had a quicker-moving sloop than the logy old *Friedrich* for the *Minna's* working mate, and a much more active man than Old Fred for his own partner, but that view of it seemed not to have impressed him.

Despite the lubberly looks of these boats they worked very well, we could see, when the time came for action. The net with which they were to drag the bottom

was on the *Friedrich*, and the *Minna* had to sail up and take one end of it. Our skipper laid his boat alongside the other, took his end of the net, made it fast to his end of the drag-line, and was off, with only a few seconds spent in the transfer. He did it almost flying, with the *Minna* acting beautifully throughout.

We wore apart then, with our line, 100 fathoms in length, being paid over the quarter, and the *Friedrich's* line, of an equal length, going likewise over her quarter. When all was taut we were sailing by the wind on parallel courses, 100 yards apart, perhaps, with the net between us, astern and sunk from sight, but its position shown by a flagged, white-painted buoy.

The scheme of our fishermen was to scrape the bottom at a slow pace. The net was a good sixty feet in length, a sort of twine fence that rose to a height of thirty feet or so at the middle part and tapered to six or seven feet at the ends, which were each bound with a stout piece of wood and bridled on to the drag-lines that led to the sloops. On these drag-lines were short wooden slats, of about the stoutness of fence palings, placed from six to eight feet apart. Twisting and



The Mooring of the Fishing Fleet of Swinemünde in the Oder River.

Ost Haven light can be seen on the other bank of the river.

twirling and ever moving forward, these slats were calculated to create a panic among any flounders that might be out-lying, and scare them toward the centre of the line of advance.

The flounder is a slow swimmer, and it is a sedately moving arrangement, indeed, that does not overtake him. He is not only a slow fish, but also one of placid ways, and when overtaken by the advancing line of netting it is his habit to seek a quiet spot. The quietest spots that he can find in a hurried search are the inviting pockets that open out left and right on the net. These pockets were sufficiently wide and hospitable to enwrap a wine-cask at the entrance, but at the inner end, so rapidly do they taper, it would take no infantile arm to wedge in a workingman's dinner-pail.

The crew of a flounder-sloop are two in number ; sometimes it is two grown men, sometimes a man and a well-grown boy. In this case, Charlie, the Minna's skipper, was a fair-haired fellow of twenty-six or -eight, compact, muscular, and active. The boy, August, sixteen years of age, was a short and stocky boy, rather slow to grasp an idea, but a safe executive once he understood what it was that his captain ordered.

During this dragging operation, with the vessel sailing always across and sometimes almost into the wind, the crews take things comfortably. Everything was working nicely by eight o'clock, and then our two skippers had an easy time of it to watch each other and sail their parallel courses ; and with dragging lines taut and with the net in the right place, with everything working properly, it became the boy's business to boil the coffee for breakfast.

August, after some labor below, brought the coffee up, and there, on the after-deck, under the inspiration of a balmy summer breeze and a fine deep-blue sky, we drank it, with a long loaf of rye-bread by way of something to eat. August was no *chef*, and the coffee, very likely, was not the finest thing in the world—even with ingredients of exquisite quality it is not at all likely that August would have produced any astonishing results, but under the conditions that saw it served, that sea and sky, that gently fanning breeze as we sailed, surely the gods were good to us on that tranquil August morning in the Baltic.

Certainly this was a change from trawling on the American banks in winter days, with decks running brine and gurry ; from long-lining in the choppy North Sea in



The Minna.

smacks that smelt altogether of tar and bilge-water; from codfishing off Norway's Arctic coast in open boats that carried stones loose in the bottom for ballast and half a foot of water slushing around in their bottoms—certainly, after that, this flounder-fishing in the Baltic struck the passenger as a sort of summer picnic.

After we had our coffee, and August had cleaned the mugs (by rinsing them over the side), the skipper let the lad have the tiller while he himself should smoke a pipe in comfort. The management of the tiller was so arranged that it became the easiest kind of work. There was what might be called a "tiller-board," that extended across the sloop's stern. From this board iron pegs protruded at intervals of three inches or so, space sufficient to allow of the tiller-handle being set in the pegs. In these spaces August would drop the tiller-handle when he desired to take his ease in steering the Minna. After this fashion August could steer in comfort with his feet down the galley hatchway and his eyes roving lazily from the sails of the Minna to the sails of her consort and the fifty or sixty others of the fleet. If the Minna seemed to be falling-off or coming-to a trifle, August would shift the tiller a peg or two, the sails would shiver or fill, she

would come up or bow off as need be, and all would be well again. The soft breeze and the soft sky, with its suggestion of tiny floating clouds, the lolling on deck, the lazy work of the sloop—it was all like Sunday yachting.

Under such influence it seemed only to be fitting that the dragging should proceed leisurely. So the skipper with his pipe stretched himself out on the dry, clean deck to port, and took things comfortably, and the passenger, also to be good to himself, lay full length on the brown planks to starboard and contemplated such life as a man may see when lying flat on his back on a vessel's deck.

Under these conditions it is really a pity to have to bother with anything that savors of labor, and the next remark of the captain seemed brimful of wisdom.

"To catch flounders," said the skipper—he came out of a deep reverie to say it—"to catch flounders it is not well to be too quick, the boat should not sail too fast." That accounted for the reef in the mainsail, and later, when the summer breeze freshened a trifle, the hauling of the jib to windward; and that slow remark of the skipper's did him for another hour. Certainly one must not hurry the placid flounder, and it was not until we had put



in three hours of this thoughtful dragging that the skipper began to consider whether it were not almost time to see what there might be in the net.

It was for us on the *Minna* to haul the net aboard. So she was put about and sailed back toward the buoy, we taking in the slack of the drag-line as she worked down. It was a simple matter, this hauling the drag-line. We had only to heave back with all our weight and power, taking care to hold down what we had so that it should not slip away while we were swinging back to heave again. Toward the last of it the strain became heavy, and a foot or so was all we could get in a single heave. "Sand," says the skipper, "sand from the bottom;" and we had to kneel by the rail after each heave and pin down every bit of gain with our knees before we braced for the next heave.

In order that the weight of the sloop may not act against us, August was sent forward to drop over the anchor. Then we heaved away again, laboriously working the net off bottom and holding it while the sand filters through the meshes. After we came to anchor the net gradually lightened, and finally we have our end in-board. Then came our consort shooting alongside to haul up her end of the net—she had unhitched her drag-line from it—to pass it to us, and to stand clear of us again. We had now both ends of the net over the *Minna's* rail, and it was only necessary to work down to the pockets to get at the fish.

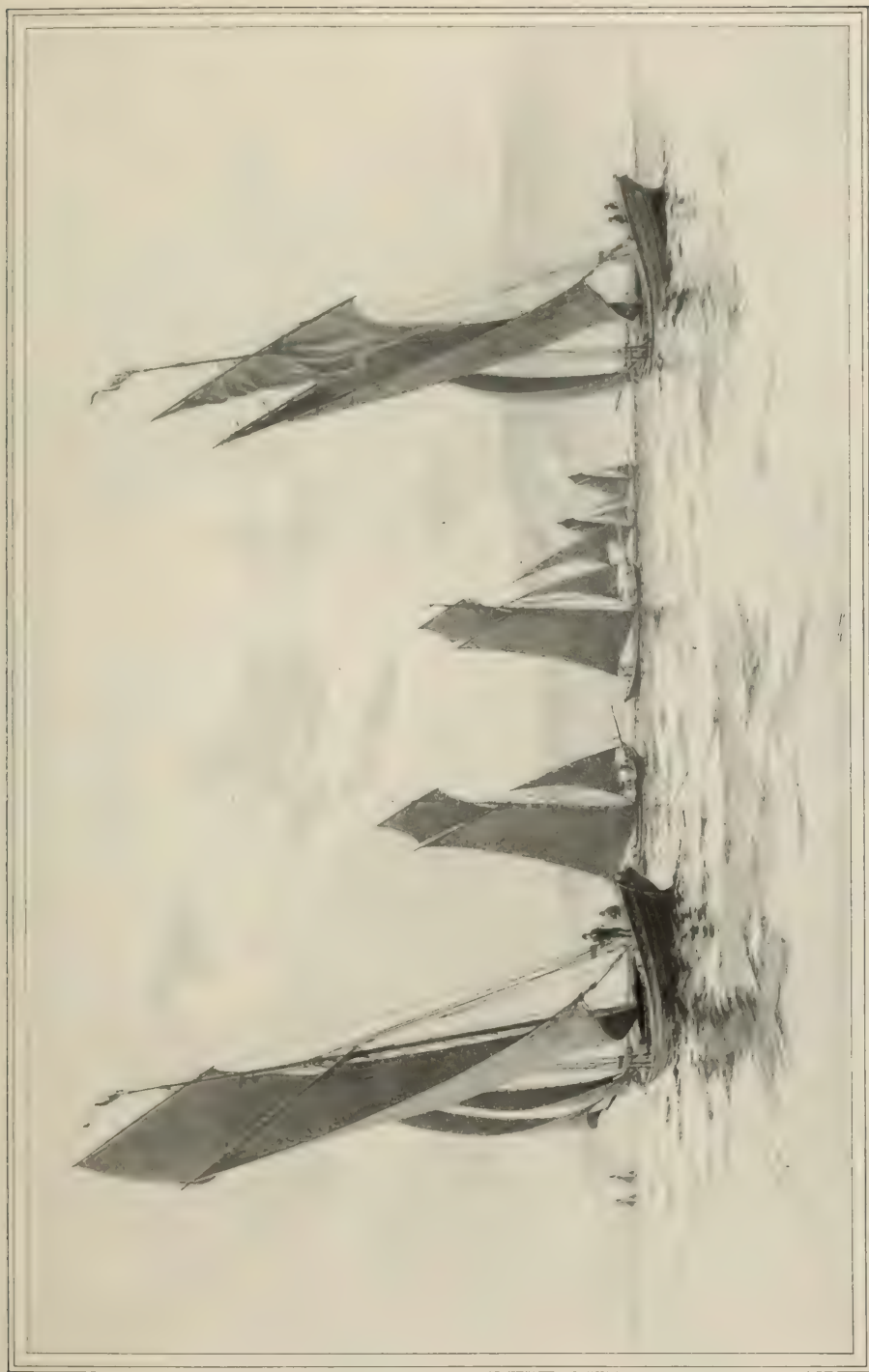
At length we see them, the serene flounders, reposing in the small end of the pockets. It is hard to imagine more impassive fish in all the seas than these flounders—hardly a squirm or a flash out of them as they are bailed over the rail and dumped into the well. They did swim around like happy creatures once they found themselves in the well, in what must have seemed free water to them again—but that only showed again what foolish fish they were, as even August noted. A fat cod or a haddock, a whiting or even a heavy-witted halibut will kick and struggle when caught, with seemingly a presentiment of the fate that awaits him; but these flat flounders—not a really vigorous kick or wiggle from the entire bunch.

Eleven tubs of forty pounds each came out of this haul. That was very good, though they were of small size as such things are measured in more generous seas, these averaging not larger than a man's hand, with many not larger than a man's palm, not to speak of little fellows that seemed no bigger than a silver dollar (the last-named not salable and to be rejected later), but it would be a profitable haul, and Old Fred's expression was one of immense approval as he looked over and noted how Charlie was dipping them in.

At this point we saw how it was that this kind of fishing allowed of such clean decks. The fish were not dressed at all, but transferred from the net to the well in whole condition. There was no intermediate dumping of the catch on deck as with American and British fishermen. The end of the net was hauled over the rail, but the pocket was yet out-board while the dipper was dropped in. The deck was wet only at the gangway amidships by the drippings from the dipper while the fish were being transferred from the net to the well, and that little bit of deck quickly dried. No wonder we could lounge about fore and aft of her and imagine we were yachting.

With our catch in the well, we began on another drag. We had only to up anchor, make sail again, throw over drag-line and our end of the net, pass the other end of the net to our consort as she came alongside, wait for her to throw over her end of the net with drag-line and work clear, and we were off on parallel courses again, with the soothing outlook of another three hours during which to take our ease.

The skipper had saved a score of the largest and fattest of the flounders from the haul. Half of these he had cast aboard the *Friedrich* when she last came alongside, and the other half he was now dressing, while the boy went into the galley and warmed up the stove. By and by these flounders, fried a warm brown, were passed up on deck. With them came bread and butter, and sausages of the kind that hang outside the grocers' shops on sunny days in German cities. There were also potatoes on the side, coffee, and a high bottle of some yellow German wine. Two marks a litre that wine cost, and well worth



*Drawn by M. J. Burns.*

Work in pairs on parallel courses. — Page 665.



Skipper Charlie and Boy August, at Dinner.

it, said the skipper, pouring it, as he spoke, into coffee-mugs. The skipper, in his way, was as reckless as any other way.

It was all very good, our dinner, but the seasoning was the real part of it. The balmy, caressing breeze, the placid, lulling sea, the far-away, unflecked sky, the golden-brown sails, the hazy horizon, the splashing life on the beach, and the movement and music conjured by the fancy on the promenade beyond—that was the best part of it; and all this taken with a full-length stretch on the clean deck, an after-pipe if you smoked, and the skipper detailing the adventures of his more romantic days.

If one could but listen long enough to the skipper, he would be pretty certain to absorb something of the unhurried philosophy of the German. "One time," said the skipper—he spoke in jumps, but without ever hurrying himself, slow and easy jumps, between pleasant puffs from his pipe, "one time I was a great racing man. I was the one German on this racing-boat—the others English, English all. I was mate. We win at Kiel ten races, at Copenhagen seven races, at Christiania—(you know Christiania in Norway?—yes?) three races in Christiania, five races in Stockholm. We win races in all places. I get—for prize-money—500 marks one

week, 500 marks another week, 400 marks, 200 marks, and like that—always something. Ach, we haf such a time when we go ashore. Eferywhere we go we haf such a time—a hellufa time you say in New York and New O'leans—yes. I come to Hamburg in September to go home. Racing is ofer for year. I say I will haf good time in Hamburg for one day and then go home to my fader and my mudder. But not only one night, but one week, I stay in Hamburg. I haf 2,300 marks when I come to Hamburg. I haf 300 when I go. Very lucky to haf 300, yes. I go home and say to my fader where I was and how I haf behafe. He say, 'Gif up racing—not good for you. Go fishing, safe money, buy boat, get married, and stay here.' I say, 'Fader, who vill I marry?' He say, 'Nefer mind, there is plenty good girl—plenty.' I say, 'Fader, in England I know one girl. She was the man that keep the dock-ship's daughter. I was up top of the mast, and she look out window and say, "Hello, young sailormans." I say, "Hello, English girl." Fader, I like that girl. She write me. I haf letter here from that girl.' My fader say: 'Nefer mind that English girl. She forgits you next month, next year.' I say, 'No, fader.' He say, 'Charlie, yes.' Next month afterward, when I go to my





Dragging for eels and mending nets.—Page 672.

brudder's wedding, I meet my brudder's wife's sister, and we are married.

"This boat you see, the Minna?—my wife's name is Minna—I own this boat. I pay the boy—that is August—fifteen marks a month and what he eat. He is better at fifteen marks than other boys at twenty, and next year I shall gif him twenty. It is not well to gif him all at one time. I buy what he eat, and he sleeps aboard here all the nights. He haf no expenses, no expenses, except his sea-boots. In sea-boots he iss extravagant—fourteen marks for those he haf on. You would not think so. No—but they are good boots. Show the gentleman those boots, August. Very fine? Yes, beautiful boots—no boy in Swinemünde haf such boots.

"Myself, I make some weeks 200 marks, some weeks 100 marks, some weeks nothing—less than nothing sometimes when I go up in the Oder River and pay for prifilege and catch but little. We do not fish in bad weather here, and so do not loose many men. It iss not often that we loose a man in Swinemünde. This year already we haf lost one fisherman. He fall oferboard. But he had just come from a wedding. Stepping from the plank to the boat he aim not far enough out and he step oferboard and

until he iss drowned we know it not. After weddings one must watch out.

"In the whole year I do fery well. As well as by racing? Oh, yes, altogether, but not so quick. But it iss bad—racing. One comes not to his home sometimes. She is a good woman, my wife. But you should see my boy—ach, yes. My wife she stays on my fader's farm in Usedom. These potatoes—they are from my fader's farm. Yes, they are good potatoes. Efery Saturday night I go home to my wife and baby. Sometime, if you stay here, you shall go home and see that baby, and maybe you will take his likeness for me and send him to me after a time. You shall stay as long as you please on the farm and you shall like it. I know you shall—such a beautiful place—who could not like it? Trees and cows, pigs and horses—six horses, yes—and one great large barn that is even now stuffed full with hay. Ach, such a place for the baby! You should see him roll in the hay! Efery Saturday night I go home to see him. Ach, the baby. He see me coming—he stay up for me Saturday night—he run and say, 'Fader, fader, I see you.' And I picks him up. 'Fader,' he says, 'what you got for me?' And I say, 'What you tink I got for you?' And he close his eyes tight and he tink. 'You got leetle



Our Skipper ranged alongside and passed over our end of the net.

horse for me ?'—ginger-bread horse he mean. I say, 'No, no leetle horse.' And he say, 'Fly balloon ?' And I say, 'No, no fly balloon.' And he say, 'A leetle cow ?' And I say, 'No, no leetle cow.' And he say, 'Pig, candy pig mit leetle round tail ?' And I say, 'No.' 'Wagon ?' 'No.' 'Boat ?' 'No-o.' And he say, 'Well, fader, what haf you got ?' And I look sick and I say, 'Mein leetle boy, the store was closed up when I come, and I got no horse, no cow, no pig, no nothings.' And he make a nose like he going to cry and say, 'Oh, fa-a-ader.' And then I say: 'But in the road down under the trees I meet leetle man with a bag on his back and he stop me and say, "Good efening, Sharlie, you got at home one leetle boy Otto ?"' And I say, "Yes, I got leetle boy Otto." "A good leetle boy ?" he say. And I say, "The best leetle boy that efer was." And he say: "Ha, his mudder tell me that, too, and his grand-fader. That iss goot. Here, Sharlie, here is cake of shocolate for that leetle boy," and here it is, Otto,' and I gif it to him. Ach, then to see that boy—he hug me and kiss me and yump up and down in mein arms and he say, 'Fader, fader!' Ach, my little Otto. August, O August, you will go now and pull that sheet in. I will take the tiller—that is it, yes." We had

been forging ahead of our consort, the Friedrich, and this putting the jib-sheet into the wind deadened our way so that she held us level.

When three hours were up, the crew of the Friedrich began to haul in the net. At the proper moment she came to anchor, and our skipper ranged alongside with the Minna and passed over our end of the net, after clearing it of its drag-line. Then, while they on the Friedrich gathered in the bunt of the net and bailed in the catch, we stood off and on in the waiting.

This time the haul was not good. Only four tubs resulted, and mostly small fish at that. It being then only three o'clock the two skippers decided for a short, quick drag farther inshore for eels. The rest of the fleet seemed to be bent on the same thing, and it turned out that there was quite a squadron of golden-brown sails and broad-beamed hulls reaching to the southeast at the same time.

Dragging for eels calls for a little more speed in sailing than when one is after flounders. The eel is reckoned more lively by the fishermen. He is certainly more strategic ; it is believed that he has not such a fear of the clappers on the drag-line, and he has been suspected of dodging by the clappers, of taking them flying

with a dive between two of them—making gains through the line, as it were.

So we shook out the reef in our mainsail, put the yard topsail onto her, and went after eels. In about an hour and a half we hauled in the nets. There was not a solitary eel there and not more than half a tub of flounders, and those mostly poor specimens.

"Fished out," said the skipper, shaking his head. "Fished out. Soon we shall haf to go far away or go to farming. It is well that there is a farm for me if go I must." Further consideration and the sight of a big cartridge in the net impelled him to say that it might have been the cannonading of the previous night that had scared the fish.

"See now," he exclaimed, as the cartridge appeared, "see now. It did not come last night—no, but another time, and that is often the way. Lift him now—all—all, lift him."

It was almost too much for us, and we were forced to let it sag back two or three times before we finally got it in, an interesting but worthless prize. Four or five yards of good netting came away with it.

"Twelve centimetres at least, is it not? That is the soldiers and their shooting exercises. Up in the river under the wall of the fort—did you see it?—there is an old,

old ship, with leetle wooden house and shapes of men looking from out the windows on her deck. Did you see them? And on the roofs and in the tops of the masts—you saw them? So. Leetle ways off the soldiers shoot at the figures with their leetle hand-guns. A great way off they shoot at the houses and the old ship himself with their great cannons, like that one we just haul in. The officers, when they tink it good for soldiers to practise some shooting, anchor their ship out here on our fishing-grounds, and all day they shoot at it. We must not pass out on that day, and no steamer must pass out on that day. We stay all up the river and do nothing. That is our army. You do not haf something like that in your country?—no. It is good for the soldiers—oh, yes—but for the fishermen? Next day or next week or six months, maybe, sometime—whenever it is—we come along and catch in the net what you see there. Such fish do not pay. To-night August there will not go to the beach. He will put on those beautiful sea-boots to-night—yes—but he will put them on to mend nets. You do not like that, August? No—but remember it when you are a soldier of the army."

We sailed her back in the early evening, past the white froth of the beach and



Transferring the fish from the net to the well.—Page 668.





The Drag-line.

into the dark scum of the river, past the little light-house, the stone pier-head, and so on up between the jetties. We passed again the brick walls of the fort, the half-masted flag on the tall swaying light-house, the merry-go-round just beyond and so on to the little plank foot-bridge that led up from the jetty out to where was our mooring. There we made all fast.

We dipped out a tub of the flounders for the inspection of the fish-buyers—one a man who produced a long bottle of black whiskey from which Charlie and Fred took a good pull, and the other a good-humored and shrewd-looking woman, who offered a smile and a joke in lieu of the schnapps of her competitor.

The bidding was not over-keen. The man said three marks and fifty pfennigs, the woman three marks seventy-five, and the man four marks. Charlie, a gallant man, looked at the woman, but she shook her head. She cared little whether she got them or not, she said. She had a load already. So the flounders went to the man with the schnapps for four marks, and they took another drink all around on it.

August and Old Fred's boy put the

flounders into baskets and carried them up the shaking foot-bridge to the road beside the jetty, where the purchaser dumped them into his wagon and sorted them out according to size. There were fourteen tubs at four marks. Twenty-eight marks—\$7—was the share to each of the two skippers. That was a good day, indeed.

They spread the net across the decks of the Minna and the Friedrich, and the four of them—Charlie, Old Fred, August, and Fred's boy—worked away at the breach made by the cartridge. The cartridge itself went into her hold for good ballast.

Across the way the merry-go-round with its music-box was whirling merrily, under the trees the soldiers were breathing the free air unrestrainedly, along the road young couples were promenading light-heartedly, and up and down the river the excursion steamers were plying gayly—everywhere was enticement for our fishermen, but they worked on in the slowly waning light of a summer evening. August and the other young lad would look up wistfully now and then, but Old Fred and Charlie held to their tasks like stoics. They kept at it until long after

one thought they could not see to do anything; and it was late and dark, with soldiers in barracks, the merry-go-round silent, the river steamers stopped, and the promenaders flitting away, departed, ere they had done.

Old Fred was the first to express a sense of relief. "Ho," said he, stretching his arms and yawning, "ready again, Charlie."

"Yes," said Charlie, massaging the

kinks out of his neck and loosening his shoulders. "Yes, Old Fred, once more we are ready. Go to bed, you young people, go to bed, and be ready for early in the morning once more. But first we shall hoist this net to the mast-head up. August, ho, August—Au-u-gust!"

"He is asleep—and my boy, too," said Old Fred.

"Asleep—already?—Well, let them sleep, poor boys—they must be tired."

## A WINDOW DRAMA

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATION BY C. ALLAN GILBERT

### I

"MONDAY's child is fair of face," said a voice under the window. She leaned her elbows on the sill and smiled down.

"What are you doing in my garden at this hour?" she demanded.

"Why, I am on my way to work, as fast as I can go!"

"Oh! And my garden is on the way, is it?"

"On the way? Dear lady, it is a short cut!" There was not a flicker in the clear, frank gaze, though she searched it sternly. She shook her head.

"And to think that two hundred innocent little children are under your influence every day! I think we shall have to withdraw Dorothy from the school. I will speak to mother about it."

He came nearer: "Let me explain it to your mother. I think I could make her understand."

She frowned. "You mustn't walk on the beds. You are spoiling my mignonette."

"I'm not touching your old mignonette." He rested his arms on the window-ledge. "Let me see what you are doing. I know—that's a centrepiece. And you'll embroider a lot of little

round ones to go with it. Are you always at work so early in the morning?"

"When I have a special order to fill. I shall have to slave on this."

He fingered the skeins of colored silks that lay in the sill with a dissatisfied frown. "Why do you do it?"

"To earn money. What a foolish question!"

"But what do you want of money?"

"Well," she glanced thoughtfully down at herself, "to buy blue linen gowns with, for one thing."

"I like the blue linen gowns," he conceded. "And I like that little white jacket you wore yesterday—well, blouse, then. How should a single man know all these intricate names?"

"Oh, he does know them, really. But he knows it is funny and endearing to blunder—that a woman adores to have him refer to her polonaise or her waterfall, and get tangled up in gores and biases. It's his little game."

"How brutally cynical! My word of honor, I don't know a bias from a lap-dog. If you find that endearing——"

"You will be late for school," she warned him.

"True! Well, may I come again?"

"Oh—since it's on your way!"



*Dragon by C. Allan Gilbert.*

"Oh! And my garden is on the way, is it?"—Page 675.



## II

"WHAT *are* you doing?" she demanded, thrusting her head out of the window. He went on cutting Papagontier roses from the low trellis without a glance up. He did not even lift his hat. Presently he dropped his knife back into his pocket, rearranged his bouquet, then looked up with a sudden smile of pleased surprise, catching his hat from his head.

"Oh, good-morning! I brought you a few roses," he said, laying them on the window-sill. "'Tuesday's child is full of grace'—they made me think of you this morning, so I ran out before breakfast and gathered them. I knew you had mignonette in your garden, but I thought perhaps Papagontier roses were more of a rarity."

"Yes, indeed. I don't believe we have one—left—in the garden," she said. Then she picked them up with a little silent laugh. "I must see about withdrawing Dorothy at once," she murmured.

"Oh, don't you worry! Dorothy is quite capable of teaching me wickedness, in some ways. She whispers!"

"And you mean to say you can't control your scholars?"

"Well, I think she presumes on the fact that she looks a little like you. She is a very intelligent child."

"She is. She said she was going to wait about at the gate after this and see if you didn't ask her to walk to school with you."

"She did?"

"Yes."

"Well—a——"

"Yes."

They both laughed. "I hope she realizes that I come this way merely because it is a short cut," he said, a trifle anxiously.

"Undoubtedly. Dorothy is, as you say, intelligent." She lifted her embroidery frame to her face, ostensibly to bite off an end of pink floss. Her eyes met his for an instant over its edge. An odor of crushed mignonette came suddenly from the bed below like a delicate wail. He put his hands on the sill, as though to mount. She leaned back in her chair and made a French knot. "She is waiting

for you under the pepper-tree," she added, casually. "You can see her white apron if you look. I am afraid she is getting impatient."

He dropped his hands and murmured something.

"Yes; as you say, it is a pleasant morning," she assented, holding her embroidery frame at arm's length to judge the effect.

## III

"'WEDNESDAY's child is merry and glad,'" said a resentful voice. The singing stopped abruptly.

"Why, I thought you must have gone by the long way round this morning," she said. "Dorothy and I quite gave you up."

"So that is why you were singing and dancing up there?"

"I wasn't dancing. And some persons would say I wasn't singing."

"Well, it was intended for singing: anyone could tell that." Clearly he was not in a good-humor this morning.

"Then you don't care about my voice?" she asked, with deceptive gentleness.

"I like everything about you but that everlasting embroidery. Come and walk to the corner with me!"

"Indeed, no. I am too busy."

"To the gate, then."

"No."

"You wouldn't do anything for me, would you?"

"When Dorothy acts like this, we tell her she is altogether too big for that sort of thing now."

He sighed sharply and kicked at the loose brown earth under his feet.

"You are so aloof and high and super-human up there! Please come out for one minute, so that I can look down on you properly. Seeing you from this angle is all wrong. I am losing my self-respect. The man should be the head of the——"

"Listen!" She held up her hand as the clock struck.

"Oh, I know. I lead a dog's life, and you don't care in the least. You will go on singing the moment you are rid of me."

"Or what is intended for singing?" she said, mildly, after him. He wheeled abruptly; but the window was closed.

## IV

THE warm wind swelled and swayed the curtains and fluttered the colored silks on the window-sill. The embroidery lay on a chair, as though it had just been dropped. But still she did not come. He leaned against the sill and hummed softly to himself, smiling as he studied her little gold thimble. Presently he looked at his watch and frowned. A glance about the garden and up at the other windows revealed nothing. The frown deepened as the minutes passed and he stabbed impatiently at the woodwork with her scissors. At length he closed his watch with a final snap, tore a leaf from his notebook, and, writing a note across it, pinned it savagely to the window-sill with the scissors, then strode away. Stealing in as soon as he had passed the pepper-tree, she found it there :

*"Thursday's child is sour and sad."*

There was an irrepressible laugh, but he was out of earshot.

## V

"'FRIDAY'S child is loving and giving,'" he suggested, holding out his hand.

"'And forgiving,' I suppose you mean," she said, severely.

"I am the one who is forgiving. You spoiled my whole day yesterday. Why weren't you here?"

"Oh, I had other things to do."

"So had I; but that did not keep me away. I knew I had been disagreeable the day before, and I came on purpose to show you how pleasant I could be."

"Yes—I received your note."

"Well, I wasn't going to be pleasant all alone! It was a hateful day. I called Dorothy up and made her cry—you have no idea what a satisfaction it was. She really looks a good deal like you."

"Poor little Dot—how horrid of you."

"Oh, she deserved it on her own account as well as on yours."

"What had she done?"

"I shall not tell on her. It lies between Dorothy and myself."

"I know you simply took it out on her because you were cross. Oh, I wouldn't be under your authority for anything."

"But I am as kind as possible when people are good."

"So is anybody. I should want someone who was kind when I was not good!"

His folded arms were on the window-ledge and he rested his chin on them, looking at her gravely.

"No: even you must not be spoiled," he said. "You would take to it—oh, as a duck to water. But you are too sweet, too valuable. You must remember that no matter how I—how any passing acquaintance sees you, you are—" he broke off with a laugh and put his hand over hers for a second—"human and faulty, after all. You must be good, my dear," he ended, lightly. "*Au revoir*. I must go and preach elsewhere."

He went away humming, and she bent over her work, diligently shading a buttercup with salmon pink.

## VI

THE Papagontier rose had put out her new buds, and even a frail red blossom. Bees droned over the mignonette beneath the window. At any chance sound from the garden, or the distant click of the gate, she went zealously at her embroidery; but at intervals her hands fell on her lap and she turned her face to the warm breath of the garden, smiling with absent eyes. Her gown was very white and fresh, with little crimped frills about it. Once she pulled a white rose from the vine by the window and put it in her hair; but at a step on the gravel she caught it out again and dropped it behind the curtain. The step proved to be Dorothy's.

The morning drifted on, hour by hour. Gradually her eyes became more alert, her movements more businesslike. She bent severely over her work. When she discovered the pink shading on the yellow buttercup, she ripped it out with a sharp frown. A whole garland was finished by luncheon-time, and with her lips reduced to a straight line, and eyebrows slightly raised, she went to her room and changed the fresh white gown for the blue

linen, which she had worn several times. In the afternoon a boy brought a note: would she go to drive at four? Her eyebrows went a shade higher, and she scribbled back a single line:

*"Saturday's child must work for her living."*

Then she smiled, for the first time in several hours.

## VII

THE colored silks were put away, and she was leaning out of the window when he came across the lawn. She had on the white gown again.

The child that is born on the Sabbath-day  
Is blithe and bonnie and good and gay,"

he chanted. Then he held up both hands to her. "Come down! I want you down here!"

"I will get my hat and meet you at the front door," she said, primly; but she did not draw her hands away and her mouth was uncertain at the corners.

"No, this way. I don't dare let you go! Something might happen between here and the front door."

"Well, then—you come in this way and go out with me."

He drew himself up to the sill and paused, looking into her eyes.

"In that case, something is bound to happen between here and the front door," he said, deliberately. She drew back with a little catch in her laugh; but he swung himself in, and the curtains fell behind him.

# THE CAMERA IN A COUNTRY LANE

By Sidney Allan

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR.

He who wanders widest lifts  
No more of beauty's jealous veils  
Than he who from his doorway sees  
The miracle of flowers and trees.

—Whittier.



O watch the sunrise from some Alpine hut, to spend a moonlit night in the shadow of the Sphinx, or to walk the Garden of the Gods undoubtedly satisfies our never-to-be-stifled nomadic instinct best; but the true lover of nature is aware that hoards of beauty lie hidden everywhere, and that, with open eyes and ears and a receptive soul, a ramble across the fields or a saunter through the woods may afford equal enjoyments. The acquaintance of an old country lane, such as may be found everywhere even in the suburban districts of a large city, has in recent years brought me into closer contact with nature and filled me more with "reverential wonder"

than any previous tramps along the Rhine and the dunes of dyke-bound Holland.

This country lane, leading straight to a lily pond in the wood—half an hour's saunter at the utmost—is mine, really mine. I have conquered this little tract of land with my legs and am its real landlord by the right of friendship. It is lined by an old fence of gray chestnut rails, splintered and full of holes, and here and there dabbled green with moss and lichens, behind which meadows and fields of wild flowers extend to the delicate drabs and thin blues of distant hills and vegetation. The other side of the road, with its stone wall and cultivated farm land, has only a passing interest for me. I generally make my way in the small irregular paths wind-



ing themselves along the fence—here and there broken by a horse or cow track leading to the meadows—consciously observant of the copious shrubs and weeds that grow among the stones scattered at the fence bases. How well we have learned to understand each other. And that bit of creek, tracing its silvery course through some out-of-the-way corner of the field—how I love it.

But the immediate foreground has always had my fullest sympathy. Stooping to examine some flower-leaves, or to pluck a blade of grass, I suddenly realized that the humble vegetation at my feet was an entire world in itself, a new realm, entirely unexplored by the careless passerby.

I discovered in the most common plants by the roadside, in every confused cluster of stems and leaves, not only alleys, avenues, cross-roads, public squares, but entire cities peopled with countless insects. I observed how the shoots of the previous spring were decaying sadly, and how the new slender stalks were growing up, stretching out, bending into a multitude of forms, and constructing frail colonnades, porticoes, domes, and temples, whose architecture changed with every motion of the air. I began to grasp Whitman's idea of giving to his cosmic poems the simple name of "Leaves of Grass," and wondered why these foreground studies had been so sorely neglected by the landscape painters.

Only the ideal figure painter has at times taken pity upon the wild flowers and used them for some decorative background, and the impressionist, ambitious to paint sunshine or to solve some problem of color, has now and then led us into a kitchen garden or some poppy field.

It was left to the camera to reveal the constructive beauty of these simple fragments of nature, and to bring near to us and to make common property of what heretofore only attracted the attention of the botanist and the wild-flower enthusiast.

As much as I may desire after a long winter to get out into the open air again, I seldom venture forth in April, when Nature, in the earth and the roots and its starting insects, is busy with the preparation of spring, when the dark brown earth of the field lies upturned in long strips, and the woods with their rotting

leaves begin to smell of sulphureted hydrogen. There has always been something muddy and murky to me about this time of the year, something unpleasant with which I cannot bring myself into perfect sympathy. If the country is smiling, it is because it is beginning the everlasting task of regeneration again. The gracious smile is but the gayety of labor. The sap is welling out of the ground, the leaves sigh, the buds of flowers are in a hurry, all grows without pause, all the plants, all the herbs are quarrelling as to which shall spring up the quickest; and the running water, the creeks and rivers come to assist in the common labor. The earth is a vast workshop at all seasons, but one feels the mechanism of evolution more in this season than any other.

I rather wait till May, when the woods are full again of swarming, singing, mating birds, when the bumblebees fill the long lane by thousands with their incessant musical drone; when the dull, white cymes of the dogwood reappear and the old gnarled apple-trees have once more put on their blush of youth; when the pale sun stands like a great silver lamp in heaven, and casts a shower of bright rays on the wheat-fields turning already a clear, bright emerald hue. That is the time to begin one's foreground studies in all earnestness.

An unusual melodiousness surrounds us on all sides. All sorts of birds dart about, hop along the fence, or are perched in the trees. I hear the clear, flageolet notes of a quail, the notes of a plover somewhere high in air, but I am too little versed in this natural vocal concert to place the different sounds. Flora, with fleet footstep, has hurried along the lane and emptied her horn of plenty with lavish hands. There is a general *veillee* of nature. Across the stone wall I see glimpses of white cherry and peach blows. The blackberry bushes from their prickly recesses thrust out their little cluster of white blossoms; the low-seated violets, their blue eyes drooping earthward, salute my feet and the strawberry plants, which climb along some mossy stone, show already little berries, slightly tinged on one side, hardly as large as a pea. Near by, in the sand, a solitary *Myrica cerifera*, exhales its sharp, resinous odor, once the



*The Lane.*



*Daisies.*

delight of all saving housewives, of those of New Amsterdam as well as the ladies of Southern plantations, who used the bayberry to prepare their home-made candles. But I imagine everybody has a hobby liking for certain expression of plant life in every month. Mine in May is for the endless profusion of dandelions and the cedar apples, those curious catkin-like growths that appear on the cedar bushes, when the rainfall during spring has been heavy.

The golden dandelions spot the ground everywhere. To me the plant itself, its nest of juicy green leaves, the smooth stem, and the bright flower-star, compared by Lowell to the precious metal which tempted the "Spanish Prow" across the seas, possess an intrinsic beauty of their own. It is a flower that grows wherever it is allowed to grow, and even where the gardener is bent on its destruction, it often escapes its bitterest enemy, the lawn-mower, by growing flat to the ground. I love it for this harmless tenacity, for the lavishness of its golden bloom, and above all else for the sake

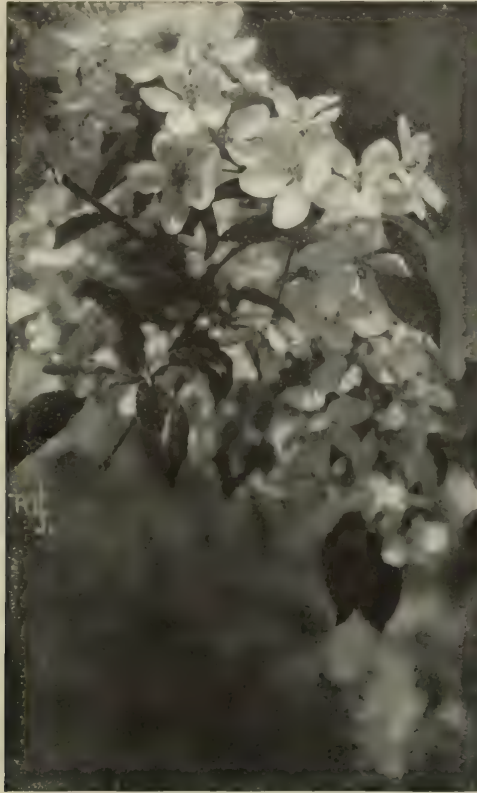
of childhood associations. For did we not all make rings and chains out of the hollow stems, and later on, when the tender ball of plumed seeds appeared, ready to catch any puff of wind and to be carried through the air, use it as an oracle?

What a homely, novel beauty is revealed by the "cedar apples," with their bronze-colored beards dangling in the breeze against the dark green background of tufted leaves. There are many people who have never seen a cedar apple, for, although a parasite, it is very rare in some seasons; during the spring months of the last two years, however, it appeared in spots in great profusion. It is a fungus that chooses the cedar branches as a field of operation, and its coral-like clusters of silky yarns, emanating from little knobs ingrafted in the bark, seem more beautiful to me than the catkins of any willow, birch, or alder tree. I can well understand the interest that Lamartine, entertained for these flossy shreds, and which he so lovingly mentions in his rhapsodies about the cedars of Lebanon.



Nature in all its series of continuous change and progress marches in procession, in sections, like the corps of any army. The yellow gold of the dandelions

and if the artistic photographer finds it necessary to rearrange them, it is only because we, used to certain stereotype laws of beauty, do not dare to copy the



*Apple Blossoms.*

is relieved in June by the brilliant white of the daisies and the purplish red of the clover. All along the fence row, from every patch of verdure, large, high-stalked daisies, "white as milk and yellow as gold," greet our eye. What an effective border for that primitive path! What linear beauty in each thicket, formed by a cluster of its graceful stems! Nature composes its pictures with marvellous precision. Every branch and leaf has its value,

wild, uncultivated style which nature herself dictates.

The clover plant is also a great favorite of mine. I like it for its slight frame, its unpretentious appearance and a certain delicacy in its character, for despite its ability for enduring all sorts of hardship, few meadow flowers droop their foliage and decline their bloom under the sun's fervor as rapidly as the clover. What a strange luxuriance there is about a clover



*Heavy Morning Dew.*

field ! A delicious perfume, a faint honey scent, pervades the air, in delicacy not to be compared with that which the clover-hay exhales a few weeks later, and the myriads of butterflies, skimming along the surface, lend a curious animation to the scene. The hive-bees, too, with loud and steady humming, are busy extracting the sweet juice from the blossoms. But strange they only alight on the brilliant

crimson clover. They disdain the common red kind. This puzzled me for a long time, until I accidentally discovered that the tube of the latter is too long to be sucked by the bee, and that the second crop, after the grass has been mown, is decidedly smaller and accessible to these little fellows in their jaunty, yellow jackets. Many people are of the opinion that their appreciation of the beauty of a flower is



*Dew-covered Cobwebs.*

lessened by the knowledge of its physical features, while it is really heightened, as our admiration should surely be intensified by the thought that each detail of structure has its definite purpose and utility.

June is also the month of morning mists, and some day, when we venture forth earlier than usual, we hardly trust our eyes. The most familiar spots seem to have been transformed into some en-

chanted fairyland. It has been cold during the night, and now, a warm breeze having started up, the whole distance has draped itself in mist, not one of those fogs to which we have grown accustomed in large cities, formed out of the impurities which offend our nostrils and lie heavily on our chest, but a mist made out of the moisture of pure country air.

And what a poetic background this





*Dogwood Bloom.*

wall of shifting vapor forms to the scene that lies before our immediate vision. Everything seems weird and mystic at such moments. How the dew sparkles in the tangled meadow grass, each blade seems to be covered with countless diamonds. And in the adjoining pasture, where the grass has already been cut, a few silvery patches attract our attention. They are cobwebs delicately spanned over a tuft of grass, like a tent, under which Oberon and Titania might have held their revels. And even in broad daylight we should not wonder if gnomes and pixies should pop out from these fragile coverlets. There is so much in Nature to remind one of those tender fairy beings which people Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Does not the inch-long yarn of the cedar-cones remind one involuntarily of a "shock of wild hair on some elfin pate," and might not the plumed seeds of the dandelion serve as a parachute for some fairy bent on an aeronautic expedition?

As we are once in the field let us saunter down to the meadow, where the fleur-de-lis are in full bloom. The mists curl upward, a sure sign that no rain is coming, and true enough, before we have reached those dainty, high-stalked flowers that

furnished the symbol for the royalty of France for so many centuries, the sun has dispersed the grayish veil that hovered over the distance, and a dome of wonderfully clear blue rises over the lonesome landscape. How the sun drinks in the dew!

I have felt something like giddiness at seeing this scene, so gentle and so beautiful. I have never seen it look so gay: the dappling glimpses of the water, the quiver of the long sword-like leaves in the fresh wind, crossing each other like warp and woof, forming strange ornamental labyrinths, in which the black-birds have built their fragile nests; the free, open form of the flowers with their spreading petals, and the sun in the broad, clear sky.

A slate-colored dragon-fly dances in the air, and a lonesome hornet rises from some flowery recluse. Everywhere insect life and brown water-beetles running over the marshy ground. Without these little busy-bodies these fleur-de-lis might not be in blossom, for the insects belong to the countless laborers on Nature's great farm, of which this field of wild flowers forms an humble part.

Man grows for himself and his livestock a few vegetables—about 250 spe-



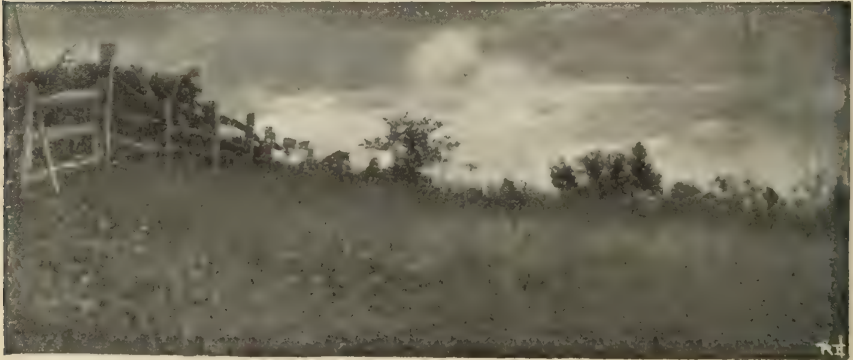
*Fleur-de-Lis.*

cies. But in the great natural farm things are done on a much grander scale. Here the species of crops grow not much less than 140,000 in number. Nature's laborers, the worm and others, are zealous and trusty husbandmen, effecting work even where the steel plough proves useless.

The army of birds in turn fight with the slugs, snails, and grubs, and all those marauders that have a special fondness for seedlings, a war in which the farmer often finds himself worsted. The great natural harrow, the frost, breaks up and crumbles the soil, grain by grain, more effectively than any implement of man, for he conquers the deserts and produces, with the help of the wind car-

rying seeds from land to land, fertile soil even on the bare rocks.

All the elements and many a workman from the ranks of the animal kingdom had to combine to produce this proud field of fleur-de-lis, running in waves as the wind comes and goes, with its large leaves twinkling in the sun as if the dew were still on them. Even we, who nonchalantly make our way through the tall meadow-grass, may be active in the evolution of this part of Nature's farm, by carrying some seed that has nestled in our clothes, from one place to another; and so we shall have involuntarily worked with the spring, preparing the way for a summer richer in flowers and a more bountiful fall.



*The Old Rail Fence.*



# THE GULF STREAM MYTH AND THE ANTI-CYCLONE

By Harvey Maitland Watts



THE transformation of the Desert of Sahara into an inland sea, and the diversion of the Gulf Stream by means of a tide-level canal at the Isthmus of Panama, or its damming at the Straits of Florida, were two fantastic projects that afforded a certain class of thinkers a chance for a deal of idle speculation a generation or so ago. The possible cataclysm, the menace to the very balance of the globe itself, that was supposedly inherent in the first proposition, if only the Atlas Mountains could be pierced by De Lesseps, was set off against the Arctic possibilities involved for the helpless British Isles in the second if either plan of suppressing the Gulf Stream were found feasible. But, fortunately for the rule of common-sense, all that the imagination—akin to that which has given the world “A Journey to the Centre of the Earth”—had conjectured as to the Saharan scheme came to nothing when physiographic research laid bare the amusing fact—it really had been settled in the 50’s by Barth—that, save in the case of two insignificant pot-holes, the Sahara is, on the whole, a hilly, mountainous, elevated plateau region, considerably above the level of the sea, and not at all a depression in the earth’s surface. And so with the second project. Though Captain Silas Bent impressed the St. Louis Historical Society, and caused a shiver of apprehension to pass over Great Britain some thirty years ago, when he described the gelid effects that would follow his proposed diversion of the Gulf Stream, modern meteorology is complacently at ease when such a suggestion is mooted to-day, since it knows that the Gulf Stream as an ocean current has no more effect on the climate of western Europe than the weather-vane has on the winds that turn it. The Gulf Stream, in fact, might be engulfed at Colon or dammed at Key West, without anyone

from the Scillys to the Hebrides being any the wiser.

That the belief that the Gulf Stream is the sole cause of the mild oceanic climate of western Europe is still held by millions to-day, that it is still taught in the public schools in England and in the United States, and that, although it is absolutely without any foundation whatsoever, it should have come to have all the sacredness of a gospel truth—is a tribute to its attractive statement by one man and to the hypnotic influence of one book. Only be earnest in conviction and picturesque in diction, and your opinion is assured of a safe-conduct for several generations. In consequence, the “Gulf Stream myth,” fathered by Maury, persists, while the broader, grander, and more reassuring facts as to climate and weather causation are viewed with suspicion, and make slight headway against the universal acceptance of a theory that gained its whole value from the way it was stated by a strong man in a transition period in the development of an inexact science. The essential facts are that the Gulf Stream as an ocean current ceases to exist, that is, to differ in set and temperature from the rest of the ocean east of the longitude of Cape Race, Newfoundland. It cannot, therefore, convey, does not convey, warm water to the shores of western Europe, there to modify the climate and give the British Isles the breezes of the “unvexed Bermudas,” and Sweden and Norway the warmth of the Carolinas. But, above all, climatic causation is not a function of ocean currents, but of aerial currents, and the mild oceanic climate of western Europe is due to the distribution by the permanent aerial circulation in the whole Atlantic basin of the moderating, mitigating effects of the ocean as a whole. This permanent circulation takes the form of a great cyclone in high latitudes and of an enormous anti-cyclonic eddy in mid-latitudes, and to the mid-

Atlantic anti-cyclone the credit that has been held by the Gulf Stream these many years must be transferred ; for, were this aërial eddy to continue as it is now, and the general atmospheric drift from west to east in the northern hemisphere to remain the same, the complete disappearance of the Gulf Stream and all the ocean currents in the Atlantic would be without the slightest effect on the weather and climate of Europe. Any shifting of the anti-cyclone, however—and this means its consequent interaction with the permanent cyclone that determines the circulation in the Atlantic north of the latitude of Cape Race, and also with the travelling cyclones and anti-cyclones that move eastward in the middle latitudes — produces a decided change in the weather, and a variation in climatic effects. And yet here again the myth obtrudes, and the most significant, cosmical, and far-reaching phenomena are glibly attributed to the “shifting of the Gulf Stream” ; which very shifting itself is due on most occasions to the action of the wind currents of the anti-cyclone !

Poor, overworked Stream ! Having borne the unequal burden of climate causation for half a century, it is about time modern science was heard, and what may be called the warming-pan, hot-water-bottle theory of Maury and the *post*-Maury period given its quietus. Its glamour has distorted climatic facts all too long, and exaggerated personalities, so that for the clearer view of to-day we must not only give up the Gulf Stream for the anti-cyclone, but, looking past Maury, hark back to Dr. Benjamin Franklin to get the true perspective of the development of the Gulf Stream theory and its domination of the imagination of civilized people.

#### THE FATHER OF THE GULF STREAM

IN April, 1775, on board the packet *Pennsylvania*, Captain Osborne, bound from London to Philadelphia, a man of nigh threescore years and ten could have been seen taking the temperature of the air, and then, dipping his thermometer into the ocean, eagerly scanning its rise or fall as it gave the temperatures of the water. He had left London outraged in all his feelings at the insolence of those who governed England ; and in a letter to the

Earl of Dartmouth (never delivered, since Franklin's friend, Thomas Walpole, did not think it discreet) he had threatened the Government with the dire consequences of their attitude toward the American colonies and colonists. A few weeks later he was on the high seas with ample time for cooling off ; for a journey to and from London and Philadelphia in those days took any time from six to eight weeks. As the boat drew near to western longitudes the statesman was lost in the physicist who began making these historic temperature records, since they were the first practical demonstration that the thermometer afforded the shipmaster a certain means of determining one's approach to and position in the Gulf Stream, and consequently one's longitude, which was often more guessed at than accurately known in those days. One can easily imagine what satisfaction beamed on Dr. Franklin's face as he noted on April 26th, after he had been taking temperatures for a fortnight, a sudden jump in the water temperatures, when he was in latitude  $37^{\circ} 39'$  and longitude  $60^{\circ} 38'$ , and on May 1st a sudden decrease when in latitude  $38^{\circ}$  and longitude  $72^{\circ}$ , for it proved his contention, that not only could navigation make the Gulf Stream its hand-maiden by sailing with its current going east and avoiding it coming west, but that, this side of Newfoundland, the thermometer could tell him where he was, so that he could govern himself accordingly. This was not Franklin's first interest in the Gulf Stream, since five years before he had had the first chart of the Stream ever made engraved for the benefit of navigators, as he reported to the American Philosophical Society in 1786, but the British navigators would have none of it, and, whatever energy Franklin would have used to secure its use was modified by the signal fact that when the packet *Pennsylvania* landed at Philadelphia on May 5, 1775, Franklin found that his prescience of what a free people would do when exasperated beyond limit had come true. The battle of Lexington had been fought on April 19th, while he was calmly working on his temperature charts at sea ; and though “the shot heard round the world” had not gotten beyond the Atlantic seaboard, the physicist found work at hand for the states-





Chart No. 1.

Franklin's Chart of the Gulf Stream published with his report to the American Philosophical Society, read December 2, 1785. The small sub-chart in the upper left-hand corner was inserted by Franklin to explain his theory as to the migration of fish in the Atlantic. This chart, while inaccurate, is not as misleading as many Post-Mauryan charts.

man to do, and the Gulf Stream studies for the nonce went by the board.

Franklin, in order not to aid the enemy, suppressed his navigation charts as far as was possible; so that it was not until the revolution was a thing accomplished and the Government of the United States nearly in being that he took up the thread of his investigations again, as his report to the Philosophical Society shows. It was not, however, until after his death, in 1790, that navigators, who are slow to take up and slow to let go any idea, generally adopted his plans, with the result that passages from England to the northern ports of the United States were made in half the time they formerly were when the master stupidly struggled against the Gulf Stream. From that day until steam made navigators indifferent to its drift, the primacy of the Gulf Stream was assured as one of the great marvels of nature, and its causation became one of the pet subjects of speculation, which, unfortunately,

was not always along the line of Franklin's common-sense method of study, but was too often chimerical. Franklin laid it down that the permanent winds of the "trades" were the initial cause of the Gulf Stream. Though wrong in part, he was correct in this, that the permanent aerial circulation in the North Atlantic is an important factor in determining the aqueous surface drift; and if future investigation had followed his lead, science would not find itself at the beginning of the twentieth century still helpless before the almost universal acceptance of an erroneous theory of the Gulf Stream which was developed half a century and more after Franklin had passed away.

What Franklin wrote about the causal relation between the winds and the Gulf Stream in his report to the Philosophical Society, which contained a copy of the first chart of the Gulf Stream, was as follows: "This stream is probably generated by the great accumulation of water on the





taine Maury's justly famous "Physical Geography of the Sea," first published in 1855. Translated into all the European languages, the book had an amazing effect on popular imagination as well as on professional beliefs. For his service to navigation in his admirable wind and current charts Maury was given due homage and honors by learned societies and by most of the States of Europe, and his theories had such a vogue that they assumed the aspect of hydrographic orthodoxy. This served further to give his views as to the Gulf Stream as a causal climatic factor a potency which is felt until to-day; for by means of a series of physical geographies, which were imitated on all sides, and repeated his views, he carried his opinion into every nook and cranny of the civilized world. Until recently, in fact, most physical geographies merely repeated Maury's views, or, if they modified them at all, weakly diluted them by saying the subject was a profound mystery, few, however, resisting the temptation

to make the generalization that, were it not "for the warmth of the Gulf Stream, Great Britain would have the climate of Labrador, and Norway that of Greenland."

Maury, as it were, gave the Gulf Stream its earthly apotheosis, and made it an argument for the proof of design in the physical world. He not only devoted the first two chapters of his book to the current, but, by the force of his rhetoric and the simplicity of his analogies, drove home and fixed his views to such an extent that popular imagination was fired to absolute conviction. It was Maury who believed "winds had little to do with aqueous currents," who set his face against the Franklin idea that the trade-winds were in any sense the cause of the Gulf Stream; who referred to the current as "a jet of warm water, said to be more than three thousand times greater in volume than the Mississippi River," sent "entirely across the Atlantic Ocean"; who likened its effect on the climate of

the British Isles to the heating of a house in winter by means of hot water; and who wrote: "One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico, where otherwise it would become excessive, and to dispense it in regions beyond the Atlantic, for the amelioration of the climate of the British Isles and of all western Europe." His



Chart No. 3.

Theoretical normal aerial circulation in the North Atlantic for July, the barometric pressures (represented by continuous lines) according to the Pilot Chart of the United States Hydrographic Office. In January the pressures in the Atlantic anti-cyclone are less than those of July, and the centre of wind dispersion shifts to the southeast of the Bermudas. How the northeast and southeast trades and the general circulation of the anti-cyclone conspire to form the Gulf Stream drift is clearly shown.

view as to the attraction the Gulf Stream had for storms, his chart of it which gives it a width and extent and character not according to careful observation, and his general attitude of wonderment at its marvels had their fullest effect, naturally, in an age that wanted its science well sugar-coated and believed scientific truth was never so acceptable as when supported by an apt quotation from the Scriptures. The "myth" lost nothing in its restating by Maury's followers, and the orthodox *post*-Maury view of the enormous extent of the Gulf Stream is shown in Chart No. 2, taken from a modern "physical geography," which as a contribution to hydrographic fact is quite in error, though it exemplifies the "Gulf Stream myth" in all its glory. Moreover, one of the latest reductions to an absurdity in connecting climate and water-currents came in 1900 when it was gravely suggested that the little trickle of lake water flowing into the Chicago Drainage Canal had permanently modified the summer heats of Chi-



cago! It is this persistence and exaggeration of Maury's views and their expansion by the careless and ill-informed to-day that compel attention, for, otherwise, his views would have no more interest than any one of the abandoned hypotheses that strew the path of science. But, as it happens in his case, his teachings represent the liveliest "abandoned hypothesis" the world of science has ever known.

#### THE GREAT ANTI-CYCLONE

WHAT Maury missed in his day was a complete grasp of the general bearing of "cyclonic" and "anti-cyclonic" circulation in the matter of weather and climate causation. Above all, the determining importance of the anti-cyclonic circulation over the oceans was unknown to him. There is, however, nothing mysterious about an anti-cyclone. Though in sound formidable, owing to popular confusion of "cyclone" with "tornado," and "anti-cyclone" with some opposition meteor equally terrifying, in fact the anti-cyclone is one of the most beneficent climatic agencies the globe knows, and its causation is another evidence of the essential simplicity of all natural forces. It is simply one of the two great eddies into which the general circulation of the atmosphere is thrown in the attempted aerial interchange and compensation between the cold polar and warm equatorial regions. This interchange has resulted from time immemorial in giving the atmospheric circulation certain definite relations, which, despite all seeming caprice, are fixed and unalterable. The two eddies that are the resultant of this interchange as affected by the dynamic influence of the rotary motion of the earth are, on the one hand, an up-draught eddy, the centre of low barometric pressures into which and about which the winds circulate spirally, the focus of storm phenomena, and called, in consequence of the inward motion of its winds, the cyclone; on the other hand, a down-draught eddy, the centre of high barometric pressures, from out of which and about which the winds move spirally, the focus of clear-weather phenomena, and called, in contradistinction to the cyclonic eddy, the anti-cyclone. When it is remembered that by reason of cosmical

causes the permanent relations of the atmospheric circulation arrange themselves more or less in the form of a belt of anti-cyclones lying over the oceans on or near the tropics, a belt of cyclones near the poles, and in the middle latitudes an eastward drift of migratory cyclones and anti-cyclones, changing in latitude and intensity with the seasons, some idea of the mechanism of the circulation that produces weather and conditions climate is given. All the usual pother and problem and mystery about "oceanic" and "continental" climates, moreover, are resolved when one notes that since the atmospheric drift in the temperate zones is from west to east, this means that all coasts and countries that lie east of oceans have transferred to them oceanic ameliorations, while the eastern parts of continents naturally receive the atmospheric drift as affected by the land masses over which it has travelled. And this is all there is in this much bogged-over subject.

The general atmospheric drift, as has been said, is broken up into two eddies. Of those that have a certain permanency as contrasted with their migratory brethren that move from the Pacific to the Lakes, the Lakes to the Atlantic, the Atlantic to Europe, Europe to Asia, and Asia to the Pacific again, one of the most remarkable is the great mid-Atlantic anti-cyclone, shown in its mean normal condition for July on Chart No. 3. This anti-cyclone practically fills the mid-Atlantic basin with its characteristic circulation. Were a synoptic chart of the mid-Atlantic made on any July day, it would not reveal the exact condition noted in the chart, perhaps, but might approximate to it very nearly. Shifting slightly from north to south with the seasons the anti-cyclone increases in pressure in the summer-time and decreases in the winter-time. Under its vortex lie the "calms of Cancer;" its southern system of winds are the famous "northeast trades," and its great aerial swirl maps out very accurately the swirl of the waters in the mid-Atlantic basin that encompasses the Sargasso Sea. There is a sweep north-east from the Bahamas, then east, south-east, south, southwest, west, and so on around. As can be seen from chart No. 3, the southerly edge of the anticyclonic system of winds, assisted by the



northerly edge of its sister anti-cyclone that lies in the northern part of the South Atlantic, conspires to start a water circulation toward the west. This surface-drift, owing to the very favorable configuration of the continents, means a tremendous sweep of water into the Caribbean. And it is this movement that brings about that rise of the level of the waters in the Caribbean and the Gulf that in turn causes, in conjunction with the dynamic effect of the rotation of the earth on moving fluids, the issuance of a mighty deep-sea current, the Gulf Stream, at the Straits of Florida. The eternal wind-swirl also carries the Bahama current drift up and around toward Newfoundland, which stream plays its part as an ocean current, and also, in its local effect on the winds, in climatic changes as well. But both the width and northeastward extent of the Gulf Stream, as can be seen in Chart No. 3, is insignificant in the presence of the anti-cyclone, and its water area is small as compared with the area of the mid-Atlantic basin as a whole, whose influence is carried by the aerial circulation of the anti-cyclone over toward the British Isles and the Continent of Europe. And it is this aerial circulation here depicted that gives the westerly coastal regions of Europe their oceanic climate, the anti-cyclone playing its part in connection with the permanent cyclone that lies between Iceland and Greenland, and in conjunction with the migratory cyclones that travel eastward, southeastward, and northeastward along the parallels of  $40^{\circ}$ ,  $45^{\circ}$ , and  $50^{\circ}$  N.

That Franklin had no conception of the aerial anti-cyclone or its climatic effects, that he did not know his "trade-winds" were but one manifestation of it, was of course to be expected, but it is rather surprising that so brilliant a writer as Maury failed to see the new light which came

from the researches of Redfield, Piddington, Reid, Espy, and Loomis in the 40's and 50's, to say nothing of the work of a Pennsylvanian, William Ferrel, who, when

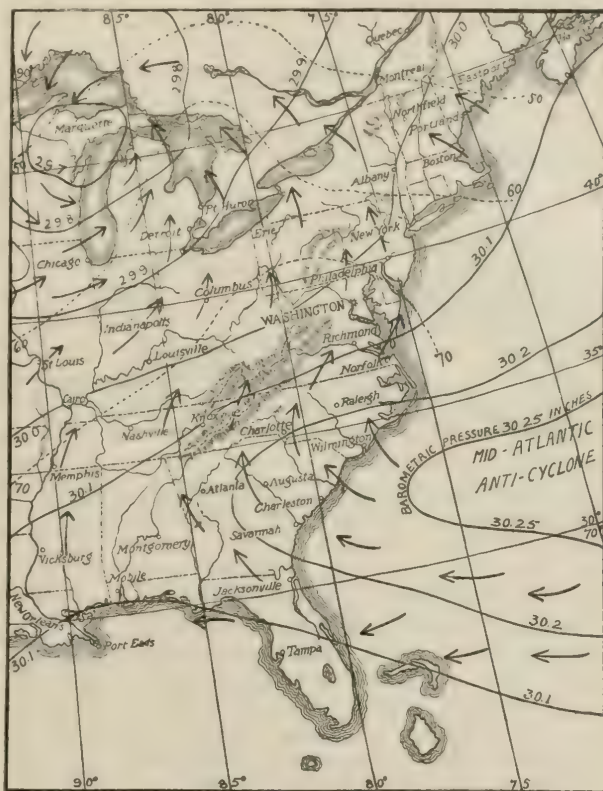


Chart No. 4.

Ideal weather map, quite typical of an October day, showing the Atlantic anti-cyclone supposititiously impinging on the coast of the United States and keeping up a tropical south-to-north circulation. This type of circulation is the cause of mild spells in winter, warm waves in spring, and hot waves in summer for the coastal States, and "Indian summer" in the autumn. The continuous lines represent the barometric pressures, the dotted lines the temperatures. The wind circulation is spirally out of the "high" (anti-cyclone) into the "low" (cyclone) over the lakes.

a humble school-teacher in Tennessee, published in 1856 an epoch-making essay on "The Winds and Currents of the Ocean," in the *Nashville Journal of Medicine*. At this time Maury's fame was growing by leaps and bounds; all the world was enamoured of his theories; few read Ferrel, so that the great about-face in meteorology which set in about this time is just now being slowly, very slowly, recognized by the public that grew up on Maury. Though the word "cyclone" was first used by Piddington in 1848,\* it was not until

\* The first use of this word, about which has crystallized a new epoch in meteorology, is found on page 8 of "The Sailor's Horn Book for the Law of Storms, being a Practical Exposition of the Theory of the Law of Storms and Its

1862 that the opposite term, "anti-cyclone," came into use, although by that time the importance of the clear-weather eddy was being recognized by meteorologists who had kept their eyes fixed on storm phenomena a little too long. But with the

wind circulation in the mid-Atlantic as compared with the Gulf Stream has never been better stated than by Professor Cleveland Abbe, of the United States Weather Bureau. Himself a contemporary of Ferrel, a pioneer in developing the modern theories of weather and climatic causation, a savant whose name is known to meteorology the world over, he sums up the modern belief, which is grounded in Ferrel's splendid work, as follows:

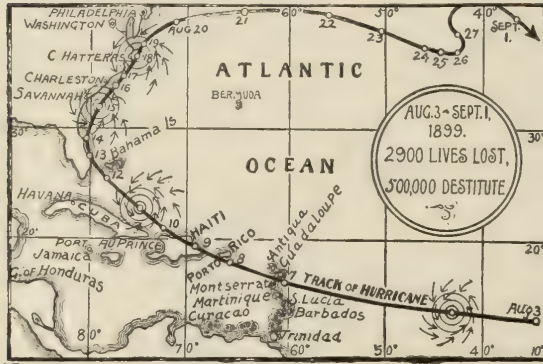


Chart No. 5.

Path of the Porto Rican hurricane of August 3 to September 1, 1899, according to the United States Hydrographic Office. The track of this great cyclone shows how it originated on and skirted the periphery of the Atlantic anti-cyclone, it being held to this path also by reason of the anti-cyclones overlying the continent.

period of synoptic weather-charts well under way in the 60's an adequate study of the behavior of both eddies became possible. And if one were to sum up the advance of modern meteorology in one sentence it would be no exaggeration to say it centred about the increasing realization of the determining importance of the anti-cyclonic eddy in its terrestrial relation as a weather factor and climate-maker. Today it is recognized that dynamically the anti-cyclonic eddy is "the eddy;" and the modern position as to the climatic and hydrographic importance of the anti-cyclonic

1. The circulation of air in the north-eastern part of the Atlantic Ocean determines the mild climate of western Europe by distributing the moisture and warmth of the Atlantic Ocean surface as a whole, and not that of the Gulf Stream, since there is no apparent Gulf Stream in these latitudes.

2. The warmth of the southwest winds of Europe is due to the moisture they contain, which gives up its latent heat when it becomes cloud and rain. The winds take up this moisture from the surface of the ocean, when the latter is warmed up by the sunshine, and they would do the same if there were no Gulf Stream in the Straits of Florida.

3. The effect of the transfer of warm water to the shores of western Europe by the Gulf Stream is inappreciable as compared with the transfer of moisture, cloud, and warmth by the wind; in fact, observations fail to show that there is any warm water transferred to Europe by the Gulf Stream.

4. The Gulf Stream is the result of the interchange of water between the cold northern and the warm equatorial portion of the Atlantic Ocean; but as modified by the rotation of the earth on its axis and the effect of the winds, the solid stream flowing past Florida is a deep-sea current inappreciably affected by the opposing northeast wind at the surface.

#### THE GLAMOUR OF THE MYTH

In the light of science to-day the Gulf Stream as a determining factor in climate-forming loses all of its old-time glamour. Moreover, what is true of its relative insignificance in this respect is also true, *a fortiori*, of the Kuro Siwo, or Japan Current. This current, a very much feebler stream than the Gulf Stream, owing to the enormous size of the mid-Pacific basin and the unfavorable configuration of the Asian continent, has few of the dramatic characteristics of the Gulf Stream, and yet the Mauryan myth has endowed it also with the virtues supposedly belonging to its Atlantic congener, and it is but recently that

Uses to Mariners of All Classes in all Parts of the World, shown by Transparent Storm Cards and Useful Lessons, by Henry Piddington, President of the Marine Courts of Enquiry, Calcutta (London, 1848)." In view of the popular confusion of the cyclone (which is a general atmospheric eddy often a thousand miles in diameter) with the tornado (which is a local rotary disturbance often only a few hundred feet in diameter) the exact purpose Piddington had in view in inventing the term is worth noting. He was discussing the great rotary storms of the tropic seas—"typhoons" in the East Indies, "hurricanes" in the West Indies—and wanted a convenient word to describe these storms as a whole. He therefore writes:

"I am not altogether averse to new names, but I well know how sailors, and indeed many landmen, dislike them; I suggest, however, that we might perhaps, for all this last class of circular or highly curved winds, adopt the term 'cyclone,' from the Greek *κυκλος* (which signifies, amongst other things, the coil of a snake), as neither affirming the circle to be a true one, though the circuit may be complete, yet expressing sufficiently the tendency to circular motion in these meteors. We should by the use of it be able to speak without confounding names which may express either straight or circular winds with those which are more frequently used to designate merely their strength."



the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco was passing resolutions about it, since they believed that, if its shiftings could be studied, California weather might be foreseen long in advance. In this they were confusing effect with cause, and were on the wrong track. Had they passed resolutions about the shifting of the great Pacific anti-cyclone, they would have hit the nail on the head, since it is the variation in its pressures and in its position that makes for climatic and weather changes on the Pacific coast, and also causes any shifting in the drift of ocean currents. And the same is true of the Atlantic basin—the Gulf Stream shifting with the winds and the general barometric stresses; which shifting, far from being the cause of any weather vagary, is an indication of the secondary relation of the ocean current to the primary cause of weather changes, the shifting of the aerial currents; in fine, the anti-cyclone itself. We who live in the Atlantic seaboard States of the United States notice the effect of the shifting of the anti-cyclone less than Europe, perhaps, since for the most part weather in the East is not brewed in the ocean, because the aerial drift moves from west to east, and carries the oceanic influences eastward, or away from our shores. But occasionally the Atlantic anti-cyclone obtrudes on our southern coasts with very remarkable results; at times apparently reversing the seasons by setting up a south to north (southeast to northwest, southwest to northeast) circulation that is the primary cause of the spells of halcyonic\* weather that have been variously christened "Indian summer" in October or November, "Green Christmases" in December, "January thaws" in January, "anticipations of spring" in February and March, "unseasonable" warm spells in April and May, and, finally, the "hot waves" of summertime. The mechanism of this circulation is shown on Chart No. 4; and if it should

happen that in any year there is a tendency for this shift to remain more or less of a permanent feature, the result is a mild winter or a hot summer, as the case may be.

Naturally, all these varied phenomena have been attributed to the "shifting of the Gulf Stream," though in the case of "Indian summer" in the pre-Maury period, before the Gulf Stream was overburdened with work, other fantastic theories were advanced to account for it. Mrs. Trollope, for instance, in her famous book on the "Domestic Manners and Customs of the Americans," explains that the accepted view of the "Indian summer" is that it is due to the heat arising from the decaying vegetation.† Though this view is absurd, it is no more absurd than most of the post-Maury beliefs as to caloric effects of a shift in the Gulf Stream nor any more ridiculous than the declaration that "the climate is changing," that we never have "any more good old-fashioned winters," whenever a mild winter is developed under conditions similar to that shown in Chart No. 4. These conditions are just as old-fashioned as the most rigorous Arctic effects, for the climate has not changed a whit in historic times; and that such a circulation as that in Chart No. 4 from time to time is established is due to general causes that interact the world around and are above the local effects of the "increasing areas of cultivated lands in the West," as has been recently asserted as a cause of our mild winters on the

† Of this matter Mrs. Trollope writes as follows:

"The first autumn I passed in America I was surprised to find a great and very oppressive return of heat, accompanied with a heavy mistiness in the air, long after the summer heats were over; when this state of the atmosphere comes on they say, 'We have got to the Indian summer.' On desiring to have this phrase explained, I was told that the phenomenon described as the 'Indian summer' was occasioned by the Indians setting fire to the woods, which spread heat and smoke to a great distance; but I afterward met with the following explanation which appears to me much more reasonable. The Indian summer is so called because, at the particular period of the year in which it obtains, the Indians break up their village communities, and go to the interior to prepare for their winter hunting. This season seems to mark a dividing line between the heat of summer and the cold of winter, and is, from its mildness, suited to these migrations. The cause of this heat is the slow combustion of the leaves and other vegetable matter of the boundless and interminable forests. Those who at this season of the year penetrated these forests, know all about it. To the feet the heat is quite sensible, whilst the ascending vapor warms everything it embraces, and, spreading out into the wide atmosphere, fills the circuit of the heavens with its peculiar heat and smokiness.

"This unnatural heat sufficiently accounts for the sickness of the American autumn. The effect of it is extremely distressing to the nerves, even when the general health continues good: to me it was infinitely more disagreeable than the glowing heat of the dog-days."

\* Halcyonic weather, in the Greek legend, was the kind of calm, mild weather that was supposed to prevail during the fortnight that centred about the Winter Solstice, December 22d, when the mythical halcyon birds floated on the waters and brought forth their young. It is very clear that this legend grew up in an attempt to explain the return of summer-like conditions over Greece and the adjacent oceans, which return was due, and is due to-day, to an anti-cyclonic circulation over the eastern Mediterranean. It may also be worth noting that the later European legends as to the mild weather centred about October 13th ("St. Luke's summer"), November 11th ("St. Martin's summer"), December 22d ("St. John's summer"), refer to effects also due to anti-cyclonic conditions.



one hand, or any shift in the Gulf Stream on the other.

It is a fact somewhat diverting that though the hard-headed business men of the New Jersey coast view the Gulf Stream as one of their resources, they have never accentuated another Maury belief, that the Gulf Stream attracts storms, particularly the great tropical cyclones or hurricanes which vex the Atlantic and Gulf seaboard and are such a marked feature of our autumn weather. There is, of course, nothing in this belief, any more than in the even more ridiculous idea that these great cyclones are caused by the sun crossing the equator on September 21-22—the autumnal equinox. In a causal sense there is no such thing as an “equinoctial storm,” any more than there is a storm caused by the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, Easter, or a college commencement. Nor is the path of these great cyclones, which have their maximum frequency in August and September, determined by the Gulf Stream. Here again the great Atlantic anti-cyclone has been robbed of one of its most amazing effects, for the tropical hurricanes originate in the eastern Atlantic in low latitudes as pocket-whirls (cyclonic) on the southern edge of the anti-cyclone. They are born of it and belong to it. As these whirls gain force they move westward in the anti-cyclonic wind-drift, and, if the aerial conditions over the North American continent allow, tend to follow its periphery all the way around as they move from the tropics into the circulation of the north temperate zone. A striking example of how the cyclone skirts the anti-cyclone is shown in the record of the track of the terrible Porto Rican hurricane of August 3-September 1, 1899. As will be seen, the path of this most destructive rotary storm maps out very nearly the position of the permanent anti-cyclone normal to this season of the year. Far from being attracted by the Gulf Stream, a study of hundreds of paths of hurricanes reveals that all question as to their point of recurve and their northward or northeastward movement after recurve is purely a matter of the interaction of the mid-Atlantic anti-cyclone with the anti-cyclones that lie over the mainland.

Examples of the complete inconse-

quence of the Gulf Stream as a dynamic climatic factor might easily be multiplied. Take Newfoundland, for instance, which from the Maury view-point ought to show marked effects of any shift of the Gulf Stream. This bleak island has an “open” or an Arctic winter, not by reason of any vagaries of the Gulf Stream or the much-exaggerated Labrador Current, but in exact relation to the movement of the travelling cyclones and anti-cyclones and the position of the mid-Atlantic anti-cyclone. If the cyclones move along tracks to the north of Newfoundland, the wind circulation is from the anti-cyclone into the cyclone; in other words, there is a drift of air from the south out of the ocean, over the island, and it experiences an “open” winter. If the conditions be reversed and the cyclones take a southern track, the circulation over the island moves from the north and northwest, and gives it a winter of polar rigor, with the Gulf Stream helpless to mitigate its severity. And the same is true of the British Isles. If the successors of Captain Bent could only persuade the Atlantic anti-cyclone to keep far to the south, and if they could also keep the travelling cyclones moving eternally along a track south of the British Isles, a circulation from the Arctic regions would be established which would give England the climate of Iceland and Spitzbergen. In fact, the occasional historic cold snaps of polar severity which the British Isles experience are due to the setting up of just such a circulation.\* On the contrary, if the mid-Atlantic anti-cyclone

\* Those interested in studying the variations in the wind and water currents in the North Atlantic should consult the reports of the Deutsche Seewarte of Hamburg, which is the German Bureau given over to hydrography and marine climatology, also the British Hydrographic Office whose charts have dealt the “Gulf Stream myth” some powerful blows, while the most recent and most interesting study (which had come out since this article was written but before it was put in type) is a paper by H. N. Dickson, lecturer in physical geography in the University of Oxford, on “The Circulation of the Surface Waters of the North Atlantic Ocean.” The paper was read on May 17, 1900, before the Royal Society of London, but was not published until 1901. Mr. Dickson’s studies are still going on, but, as was to be expected, his paper leaves the Mauryan myth nothing to stand on. While he expects to work out the climatic factors in detail later on, in his present report he notes in conclusion that, in the issue of currents, “the key to the position seems to be the Atlantic anti-cyclone, which controls the low pressure areas (cyclonic), both directly and indirectly, by its far-reaching effect on the oceanic circulation; and it seems scarcely likely that the causes modifying this system are confined to the Atlantic, even if they are to be found at the surface at all.” In saying this Mr. Dickson is quite in harmony with modern meteorology: for as meteorologists view it, the changes in the cyclonic and anti-cyclonic systems from year to year, or, period to period, are not due to local, but to great cosmical causes.

could be transferred permanently north of the Azores, and the travelling cyclones forced eternally to move along a path north of Ireland, the English winter would be persistently Bermuda-like, no matter what the Gulf Stream was brewing or doing.

If over-accentuation seems to have been given to the North Atlantic anti-cyclone, if its wonderful potentialities so far as the climate of Europe and the eastern coast of the United States is concerned, seem to have been written with too fond a hand, it is not because the merits of its fellow-anti-cyclones elsewhere are unappreciated. The great North Pacific anti-cyclone is worthy of an article by itself, while when one remembers that on the variations of the anti-cyclone of the Indian Ocean depends the rainfall of East Africa from the Nile Basin to Cape Colony, and, more than that, the very life and death of teeming millions in India, some idea of what these great permanent eddies mean is faintly suggested. For what is the mysterious southwest monsoon of India, whose failure means famine, whose favor-

able advent brings hope and plenty, but the extension of the Indian Ocean anti-cyclone northward across the equator into the Arabian Sea! There its circulation reverses itself according to inevitable law, and the movement that caused the southeast trades in the southern latitudes transforms itself into the southwesterly system of winds that sweeps the equatorial moisture to the very ramparts of the Himalayas and makes the Deccan to blossom with the rose and yield abundantly.

In the presence of these great aerial movements acting, not in caprice, but according to law, how petty the old ideas of climatic causes and effects! how the Gulf Stream of Maury dwindles, and what a new reading is given to Franklin's insight, and what a new meaning to the gigantic aerial eddy whose halcyonic breath suppires in our Indian summer, whose trade-winds are still the blessing of the mariner, and whose cyclonic vortices are the most terrible besom of destruction on sea and land that man dares defy in his contest for world supremacy!

## THE DAY SHALL DECLARE IT

By Jennette Lee

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. V. DU MOND



THE woman seated in the light of the low, arched window was absorbed in the piece of linen stretched on a frame before her. As her fingers hovered over the brilliant surface, her eyes glowed with a look of satisfaction and lighted the face, making it almost handsome. It was a round, smooth face, untouched by wrinkles, with light-blue eyes—very near the surface—and thin, curved lips.

She leaned back in her chair to survey her work, and her lips took on a deeper curve. Then they parted slightly, and her face, with a look of listening, moved toward the door.

The young man who entered nodded carelessly as he threw back the blue-gray

cloak that hung about his shoulders and advanced into the room.

She regarded the action coldly. "I have been waiting, Albrecht," She spoke the words slowly. "Where have you been?"

"I see." He untied the silken strings of the cloak and tossed it from him. "I met Pirkheimer—we got to talking."

The thin lips closed significantly. She made no comment.

The young man crossed the room and knelt before a stack of canvases by the wall, turning them one by one to the light. His full lips puckered in a half-whistle, and his eyes had a dreamy look.

The woman had returned to her work, drawing in the threads with swift touch.

As the man rose to his feet her eyes



flashed a look at the canvas in his hand. They fell again on her work, and her face ignored him.

He placed the canvas on an easel and stood back to survey it. His lips whistled softly. He rummaged again for brushes and palette, and mixed one or two colors on the edge of the palette. A look of deep happiness filled his absorbed face.

She lifted a pair of scissors and snipped a thread with decisive click. "Are you going on with the portrait?" she asked. The tone was clear and even, and held no trace of resentment.

He looked up absently. "Not to-day," he said. "Not to-day." His gaze returned to the easel.

The thin lips drew to a line. They did not speak. She took off her thimble and laid it in its velvet sheath. She gathered up the scattered skeins of linen and silk, straightening each with a little pull, and laid them in the case. She stabbed a needle into the tiny cushion and dropped the scissors into their pocket. Then she rose deliberately, her chair scraping the polished boards as she pushed it back from the frame.

He looked up, a half-frown between the unseeing eyes.

She lifted the embroidery-frame from its rest and turned toward the door. "I have other work to do if I am not to pose for you," she said, quietly.

He made no reply.

Half way to the door she paused, looking back. "Herr Mündler was here while you were out. We owe him twenty-five guildens. It was due the fifth." She spoke the words crisply. Her face gave no sign of emotion.

He nodded indifferently. "I know. I shall see him." The soft whistle was resumed.

"There is a note from the Rath, refusing you the pension again." She drew a paper from the work-box in her hand and held it toward him.

He turned half about in his chair. "Don't worry, Agnes," he said. The tone was pleading. He did not look at the paper or offer to take it. His eyes returned to the easel. A gentle light filled them.

She dropped the paper into the box, a smile on her lips, and moved toward the easel. She stood for a moment, looking

from the pictured face of the Christ to the glowing face above it. Then she turned again to the door. "It's very convenient to be your own model," she said, with a laugh. The door clicked behind her.

He sat motionless, the grave, earnest eyes looking into the eyes of the picture. Now and then he stirred vaguely. But he did not lift his hand or touch the brushes beside it. Gazing at each other, in the fading light of the low window, the two faces were curiously alike. There was the same delicate modelling of lines, the same breadth between the eyes, the long, flowing locks, the full, sensitive lips, and in the eyes the same look of deep melancholy—touched with a subtle, changing, human smile that drew the beholder. It disarmed criticism and provoked it. Except for the halo of mocking and piercing thorns, the living face might have been the pictured one below it. The look of suffering in one was shadowed in the other.

There was a light tap at the door and it flew open.

The painter looked up quickly. The tense, earnest gaze broke into a sunny smile. "Pirkheimer!" He sprang to his feet. "What now?"

The other man came leisurely across the room, his eyes on the easel. He nodded toward it approvingly.

"Wanted to see it," he said. His eyes studied the picture. "I got to thinking it over after you left me—I was afraid you might touch it up and spoil it—I want it just as it is." His eyes sought his companion's face.

The painter shook his head. "I don't know—not yet—you must leave it with me. It's yours. You shall have it—when it's done."

"It's done now," said the other, brusquely. "Here—sign." He picked up a brush and, dipping it into a soft color on the palette, handed it to the painter.

He took it doubtfully between his fingers, his eyes on the face. Slowly his hand moved toward the canvas. It traced rapidly, below the flowing locks, a huge, uncouth A; then, more slowly, within the sprawling legs of the A, a shadowy D; and finally, at the top, above them both, in tiny figures, a date—1503. The brush dropped from his fingers and he stepped back with a little sigh.



His companion reached out his hand. "That's all right," he said, "I'll take it."

The artist interposed a hand. "Not yet," he said.

"It's mine," replied the other. "You said it."

"Yes, I said it—not yet."

The other yielded with a satisfied smile. His hand strayed to the purse hanging at his side. "What's to pay?—Tell me."

The artist shook his head. "I would not sell it—not even to you," he said. His eyes were on the canvas.

"But it's mine!"

"It's yours—for friendship's sake."

The young man nodded contentedly. Then a thought struck across his face. "You'll tell Agnes that?" he said, quickly.

"Ay, I'll tell Agnes—that it's yours. But not what you paid for it," added the painter, thoughtfully.

"No, no, don't tell her that." The young man spoke quickly. His tone was half-jesting, half-earnest. He stood looking at the two faces, glancing from one to the other with a look of baffled resentment. "A living shame!" he muttered under his breath.

The artist looked up quickly. "What?"

"Nothing." The young man moved vaguely about the room. "I wish to God, Dürer, you had a free hand!" he broke out.

The artist glanced inquiry. He held up his hand, moving the supple fingers with a little gesture of pride. "Isn't it?" he demanded, smiling.

The young man shook his head. His round face retained its look of dissent. "Marriage—for a man like you! Two hundred florins—for dowry!" He laughed scornfully.

His companion's face flushed. A swift look came into the eyes.

The other held out a deprecating hand. "I didn't mean it," he said. "Don't be angry."

The flush faded. The artist turned to the easel, taking up a brush, as if to seek in work a vent for his disturbed thought.

"You'll spoil it!" said Pirkheimer, quickly.

"I shall finish it," replied Dürer, without looking up.

The other moved restlessly about. "Well" (he gave a quick sigh), "I must

go. Good-by, Dürer." He came and stood by the easel, holding out his hand.

The artist rose, the warm smile on his lips bathing his face. "Good-by, my friend." He held out his hand frankly.

Pirkheimer caught it in his. "We're friends?" he said.

"Always."

"And you will never want if I can help you."

"Never!" The tone was hearty and proud.

Pirkheimer turned away with a look of contentment. "I shall hold you to it," he said. "It is a promise."

"I shall hold you to it," laughed Dürer.

When the door had closed, he stood looking down at the picture. He moved once or twice across the room. Then he stopped before a little brazier, looking at it hesitatingly. He bent over and lighted the coals in the basin. He blew them with a tiny bellows till they glowed. Then he placed a pan above them and threw into it lumps of brownish stuff. When the mixture was melted, he carried it across to the easel and dipped a large brush into it thoughtfully. He drew it across the canvas. The track behind it glowed and deepened in the dim light. Slowly the picture mellowed under it. A look of sweet satisfaction hovered about the artist's lips as he worked. The liquid in the pan lessened and his brush moved more slowly. The mixture had deepened in tint and thickened. Wherever the brush rested a deep, luminous color sprang to meet it. It moved swiftly across the monogram—and paused. The artist peered forward uncertainly. The letters lay erased in the dim light. With another stroke of the brush—and another—they were gone forever.

The smile of satisfaction deepened on his lips. It was not conceit, nor humility, nor pride. One could not have named the sweetness that hovered in it—hauntingly.

He laid down the brush with a quick breath and sat gazing at the picture. It returned the gentle, inevitable look. He raised a finger to the portrait, speaking softly. "It is Albrecht Dürer—his work," he said under his breath. "None but a fool can mistake it. It shall speak for him forever."

## 11

FOR a quarter of a century the picture had rested, face to the wall, on the floor of the small, dark studio. Pirkheimer had demanded his treasure—sometimes with jests and sometimes with threats. But the picture had remained unmoved against the wall.

Journeys to Italy and to the Netherlands had intervened. Pirkheimer's velvet purse had been dipped into again and again. Commissions without number had been executed for him. Rings and stones and tapestries—carvings and stag-antlers, and cups and silks and velvet—till the Pirkheimer mansion glowed with color from the South and delicate workmanship from the North. Other pictures from Dürer's brush adorned its walls—grotesque monks and gentle Virgins. But the Face bided its time against the wall.

To-day—for the first time in twenty-five years—the Face of the Christ was turned to the light. The hand that drew it from its place had not the supple fingers of the painter. Those fingers, stiffened and white, lay upon a quiet breast—outside the city wall.

The funeral cortège had trotted briskly back, and Agnes Dürer had come directly to the studio, with its low, arched window, to take account of her possessions. It was all hers—the money the artist had toiled to leave her, the work that had shortened life, and the thousand Rhenish guldens in the hands of the most worthy Rath, the pictures and copperplates, the books he had written and the quaint curios he had loved—they were all hers, except, perhaps, the copperplates for Andreas. Her level glance swept them as she crossed to the canvas against the wall and lifted it to a place on the easel. She had often begged him to sell the picture. It was large and would bring a good price. Her eyes surveyed it with satisfaction. A look of dismay crossed the smooth face. She leaned forward and searched the picture eagerly. The dismay deepened to anger. He had neglected to sign it! She knew well the value of the tiny monogram that marked the canvases about her. A sound clicked in her throat. She reached out her white hand to a brush on the

bench beside her. There would be no wrong done. It was Albrecht's work—his best work. Her eyes studied the modelling of the delicate, strong face—the Christ face—Albrecht's face—at thirty-three—had he looked like that? She stared at it vaguely. She moved away, looking about her for a bit of color. She found it and came again to the easel. She reached out her hand for the brush. A slip of paper tucked beneath the canvas caught her eye. She drew it out slowly, unfolding it with curious fingers. "This picture of the Christ is the sole property of my dear and honored friend, the Herr Willibald Pirkheimer. I have given it to him and his heirs to have and to hold forever. Signed by me, this day, June 8, 1503, in my home in Nürnberg, 15 Zisselstrasse, Albrecht Dürer."

She crushed the paper in firm fingers. A door had opened behind her. The discreet servant, in mourning garments, with downcast, reddened eyes, waited. "His Highness the Herr Pirkheimer is below, my lady."

For a moment she hesitated. Then her fingers opened on the bit of paper. It fluttered to the table and lay full in sight. She looked at it with her thin smile. "Ask Herr Pirkheimer to ascend to the studio. I shall receive him here," she said.

He entered facing the easel. With an exclamation he sprang forward. He laid a hand on the canvas. The small eyes blinked at her.

She returned the look coldly.

"It is mine!" he said.

She inclined her head, with a stately gesture, to the open paper on the table beside her.

He seized it in trembling fingers. He shook it toward her. "It is mine. You see—it is mine!"

"It is yours, Herr Pirkheimer." She spoke with level coolness. "I had read the paper."

With a grunt of satisfaction, he turned again to the canvas. A smothered oath broke from his lips. He leaned forward, incredulous. His round eyes, bulging and blue, searched every corner. They fell on the wet brush and bit of color. He turned on her fiercely. "Jezebel!" he hissed, "you have painted it out. I saw



him sign it — years ago — twenty-five years !”

She smiled serenely. “It may have been some other one,” she said sweetly. Her glance took in the scattered canvases.

He shook his head savagely. “I will have no other,” he shouted ; “I should know it in a thousand.”

“Very well.” Her voice was as tranquil as her face. “Shall I have it sent to the house of the honored Herr Pirkheimer?”

He glared at her. “I take it with me,” he said. “I do not trust it out of sight.”

She bowed in acquiescence. Standing in her widow’s garments, with downcast eyes and gentle resignation, she waited his withdrawal.

He eyed her curiously. The years had touched her lightly. There were the same plump features, the same surface eyes, and light, abundant bands of hair. He heaved a round sigh. He thought of the worn face outside the city wall. He gathered the canvas under his arm, glaring about the low room. “There was a pair of antlers,” he muttered. “They might go in my collection. You will want to sell them.”

The downcast eyes did not leave the floor. “They are sold,” she said, “to Herr Umstätter.” A little smile played about the thin lips.

“Sold ! Already !” The round eyes bulged at her. “My God !” he shouted fiercely, “you would sell his very soul, if he had left it where you could !”

She raised the blue eyes and regarded him calmly. “The estate is without condition,” she said.

He groaned as he backed toward the door. The canvas was hugged under his arm. At the door he paused, looking back over the room. His small eyes winked fast, and the loose mouth trembled.

“He was a great man, Agnes,” he said, gently. “We must keep it clean—the name of Dürer.”

She looked up with a little gesture of dismissal. “It is I who bear the name,” she said, coldly.

When he was gone she glanced about the room. She went over to a pile of canvases and turned them rapidly to the light. Each one that bore the significant monogram she set aside with a look of

possession. She came at last to the one she was searching. It was a small canvas—a Sodom and Gomorrah. She studied the details slowly. It was not signed. She gave a little breath of satisfaction, and took up the brush from the bench. She remembered well the day Albrecht brought it home, and his childish delight in it. It was one of Joachim Patenir’s. Albrecht had given a Christ head of his own in exchange for it. The brush in her fingers trembled a little. It inserted the widespreading A beneath Lot’s flying legs, and overtraced it with a delicate D. She paused a moment in thought. Then she raised her head and painted in, with swift, decisive strokes, high up in one corner of the picture, a date. It was a safe date—1511—the year he painted his Holy Trinity. There would be no one to question it.

She sat back, looking her satisfaction.

Seventy-five guldens to account. It atoned a little for the loss of the Christ.

### III

THE large drawing-room was vacant. The blinds had been drawn to shut out the glare, and a soft coolness filled the room. In the dim light of half-opened shutters the massive furniture loomed large and dark, and from the wall huge paintings looked down mistily. Gilt frames gleamed vaguely in the cool gloom. Above the fireplace hung a large canvas, and out of its depths sombre, waiting eyes looked down upon the vacant room.

The door opened. An old woman had entered. She held in her hand a stout cane. She walked stiffly across to the window and threw back a shutter. The window opened into the soft greenness of a Munich garden. She stood for a minute looking into it. Then she came over to the fireplace and looked up to the pictured face. Her head nodded slowly.

“It must be,” she muttered, “it must be. No one else could have done it. But 400 years !”—she sighed softly. “Who can tell?”

Her glance wandered with a dissatisfied air to the other canvasses. “I would give them all—all of them—twice over—to know—” She spoke under her breath as she hobbled stiffly to a huge chair.



The door swung softly back and forth behind a young girl who had entered. She came in lightly, looking down at a packet of papers in her hand.

The old woman started forward. "What have ye found?" she demanded. She was leaning on the stout cane. She peered out of her cavernous eyes.

The girl crossed to the window and seated herself in the green light. Shadows of a climbing vine fell on her hair and shoulders as she bent over the papers in her hand. She opened one of them and ran her eye over it before she spoke.

"They were in the North room," she said, slowly. "In the big *escritoire*—that big, clumsy one—I've looked there before, but I never found them. I've been trying all day to make them out."

"What are they?" demanded the old woman.

"Papers, grandmamma," returned the girl, absently. "—letters and a sort of journal." Her eyes were on the closely written page.

"Read it," said the old woman, sharply.

"I can't read it, grandmamma." She shook back the soft curls with a little sigh. "It's queer and old, and funny—some of the words. And the writing is blurred and yellow.—Look." She held up the open sheet.

The keen old eyes darted at it. "Work on it," she said, brusquely.

"I have, grandmamma."

"Well—what did ye find?"

"It's a man—Will—Willi—" She turned to the bottom of the last page. "—Willibald! That's it." She laughed softly. "Willibald Pirkheimer. Who was he?" she asked.

"One of your ancestors." The old mouth waited grimly.

"One of mamma's?"

"Your father's."

"He must have been a nice man," said the girl slowly. "But some of it is rather—queer."

The old woman leaned forward with a quick gesture. She straightened herself. "Nonsense!" she muttered. "Read it," she said aloud.

"This is written to Albrecht Dürer," said the girl, studying it, "in Italy."

The old woman reached out a knotted hand. "Give it to me," she said.

The girl came across and laid it in her hand. The knotted fingers smoothed it. The old eyes were on the picture above the mantel. "Will it tell?" she muttered.

"There are others, grandmamma."

The girl held up the packet in her hand.

"What have ye made out?" The old hand closed upon them.

"He was Dürer's friend," said the girl. "There are letters to him—five or six. And he tells about a picture—in the journal—a picture Albrecht Dürer gave to him." She glanced down at the wrinkled, working face. "It was unsigned grandmamma—and it was the head of the Saviour."

The old woman's throat moved loosely. Her hands grasped the stout cane.

With a half-sigh, she rose to her feet and tottered across the room. "Fool—fool—" she muttered, looking up to the mystical, waiting face. "To leave no mark—no sign—but that!" She shook the yellow papers in her hand.

A question shot into the old eyes. She held out the papers.

"What was it dated, Marie?—that place in the journal—look and see."

The girl took the papers and moved again to the window? She opened one and smoothed it thoughtfully, running her eye along the page. She shook her head slowly, "There is no date, grandmamma," she said. "But it must be after Dürer's death. He speaks of Frau Dürer—" A smile shaded her lips. "—He doesn't like her very well, I think. When did Dürer die, grandmamma?" She looked up from the paper.

"April 6, 1528," said the old woman, promptly.

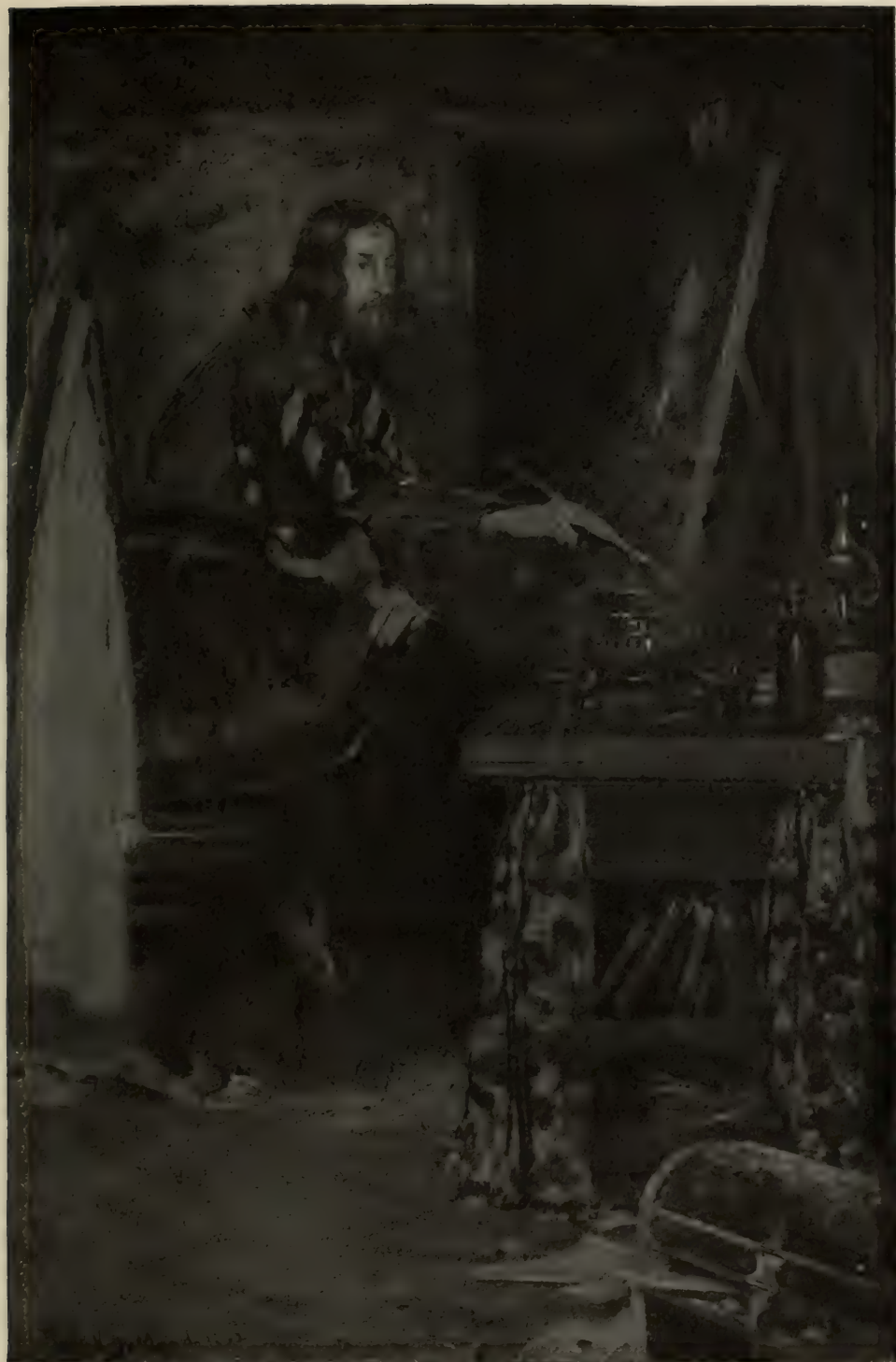
The girl's eyes grew round and misty. "Four hundred years ago—almost," she murmured, softly. She looked down, a little awed, at the paper in her hand.

"It is very old," she said.

The old woman nodded sharply. Her eyes were on the papers. "Take good care of them," she croaked; "they may tell it to us yet."

She straightened her bent figure and glanced toward the door.

A wooden butler was bowing himself to the floor. "The Herr Doctor Professor Polonius Holtzenschuer," he announced, grandly.



*Drawn by F. V. DuMond.*

With another stroke of the brush . . . they were gone forever.—Page 701.

A dapper young man with trim mustaches and spotless boots advanced into the room.

The girl by the window swayed a breath. The clear color had mounted in her cheek.

The old woman waited, immovable. Her hands were clasped above the stout cane and her bead-like eyes surveyed the advancing figure.

At two yards distance it paused. The heels came together with a swift click. He bowed in military salute.

The old woman achieved a stiff courtesy and waited. The dim eyes peered at him shrewdly.

"I have the honor to pay my respects to the Baroness von Herkomer," said the young man, with deep politeness.

The Baroness assented gruffly. She seated herself on a large divan, facing the picture, and motioned with her knotted hand to the seat beside her.

The young man accepted it deferentially. His eyes were on a bowed head, framed in shadows and leaves across the room.

"I trust the Fräulein Marie is well?" he said, promptly.

"Marie——"

The girl started vaguely.

"Come and greet the Herr Doctor Holtzschuer."

She rose lightly from her place and came across the room. A soft curl, blown by the wind, drifted across her flushes as she came.

The young man sprang to his feet. His heels clicked again as he bent low before her.

She descended in a shy courtesy and glanced inquiringly at her grandmother.

The old woman nodded curtly. "Go on with your papers," she said.

The girl turned again to the green window. Her head bowed itself above the papers.

The young man's eyes followed them. He turned to the old woman beside him. "Is it something about—the picture?" he asked.

She nodded sharply. "Private papers of Willibald Pirkheimer," she said, "ancestor of the von Herkomers—sixteenth century. He was a friend of Dürer's." Her lips closed crisply on the words.

He looked at her, a smile under the

trim mustaches. "You hope they will furnish a clew?" he asked, tolerantly.

She made no reply. Her wrinkled face was raised to the picture.

"You have one Dürer." He motioned toward a small canvas—"Is it not enough?"

Her eyes turned to it and flashed in disdain. "The Sodom and Gomorrah!" She spoke scornfully. "Not so much as a copy!"

"It is signed."

She glanced at it again. There was shrewd intolerance in the old eyes. "Do you think I cannot tell?" she said, grimly. "I know the work of Albrecht Dürer, length and breadth, line for line. You say he painted that!" She pointed a swift finger at the picture across the room. "Have ye looked at Lot's legs?" Her laugh cackled softly.

The young man smiled under his mustaches.

The Baroness had turned again to the picture over the fireplace. "But *that*—" she murmured softly, "It is signed in every line—in the eyes, in the painting of the hair, in the sweep from brow to chin. It will yet be found," she said under her breath. "It shall be found."

He looked at her, smiling. Then he raised his eyes politely to the picture. A slow look formed behind the smile. He half started, gazing intently at the deep, painted canvas. His glance strayed for a second to the green window, and back again to the picture.

The old Baroness roused herself with a sigh. She turned toward him. "Your dissertation has brought you honor, they tell me," she said, looking at him critically.

He acknowledged the remark with a bow. "It is nothing," he said, indifferently. "Only a step toward molecules and atoms."

The Baroness smiled grimly. "I don't understand chemical jargon," she said, in a dry tone. "I understand you are going to be famous."

The young man bowed again, absently. He glanced casually at the picture above the fireplace. "What would you give to know"—he nodded toward it—"that it is a genuine Dürer?"

The shrewd eyes darted at him.





*Drawn by F. V. DuMond.*

"To know that Albrecht Dürer's monogram belongs there."—Page 708.

The clean-cut face was compact and expressionless.

"Give? I would give"—her eye swept the apartment, with its wealth of canvas and gilt and tapestry—"I would give all, everything in the room"—she raised a knotted hand toward the picture—"to know that Albrecht Dürer's monogram belongs there." The pointing finger trembled a little.

He looked at it reflectively. Then his glance travelled about the great room. "Everything in this room," he said, slowly. "That means—" He paused, glancing toward the window.

The young girl had left her seat. The papers had dropped to the floor. She was leaning from the casement to pick a white rose that swayed and nodded, out of reach.

He waited a breath. Her fingers closed on it and she sank back in her chair, smiling, the rose against her cheek.

The eyes watching her glowed softly. "Everything in this room—" He spoke very low. "The One with the rose?"

The old face turned to him with a look. The heavy jaw dropped and forgot to close. The keen eyes scanned his face. The jaws came together with a snap. She nodded to him shrewdly.

The young man rose to his feet. The cynical smile had left his face. It was intent and earnest. He looked up for a moment to the picture, and then down at the wrinkled, eager face. "To-morrow, at this time, you shall know," he said, gravely.

The old eyes followed him, half in doubt, half in hope. They pierced the heavy door as it swung shut behind him.

The stiff, dapper figure had crossed the hall. The outer door clanged.

Against the green window, within, the soft curls and gentle, questioning eyes of the Fräulein Marie waited. As the door clanged, a rose was laid lightly to her lips and dropped softly into the greenness below.

#### IV

At a quarter to ten the next morning a closed carriage drew up before the heavy gate. A dapper figure pushed open the door and leaped out. It entered the big

gateway, crossed a green garden, and, the next moment, was ushered into the presence of the Baroness von Herkomer.

She stood beneath the picture, her eyebrows bent, her lips drawn, and her hands resting on the stout cane.

"Will you come with me?" he asked, deferentially.

"Where to?"

He hesitated. "You will see. I cannot tell you—now. But I need you—with the picture." He motioned toward it.

She eyed him grimly for a second. Then she touched a bell.

The wooden butler appeared. "Send Wilhelm," she commanded.

Half an hour later the Herr Doctor Holtzenschuer was handing a bundled figure into the closed carriage that stood before the gate. A huge, oblong package rested against a lamp-post beside him, and near it stood the Fräulein Marie, rosy and shy. The young man turned to her with a swift gesture.

"Come," he said.

He placed her beside her grandmother, and watched carefully while the heavy parcel was lifted to the top of the carriage. With an injunction to the driver for its safety, he turned to spring into the carriage.

The voice of the Baroness, from muffled folds, arrested him.

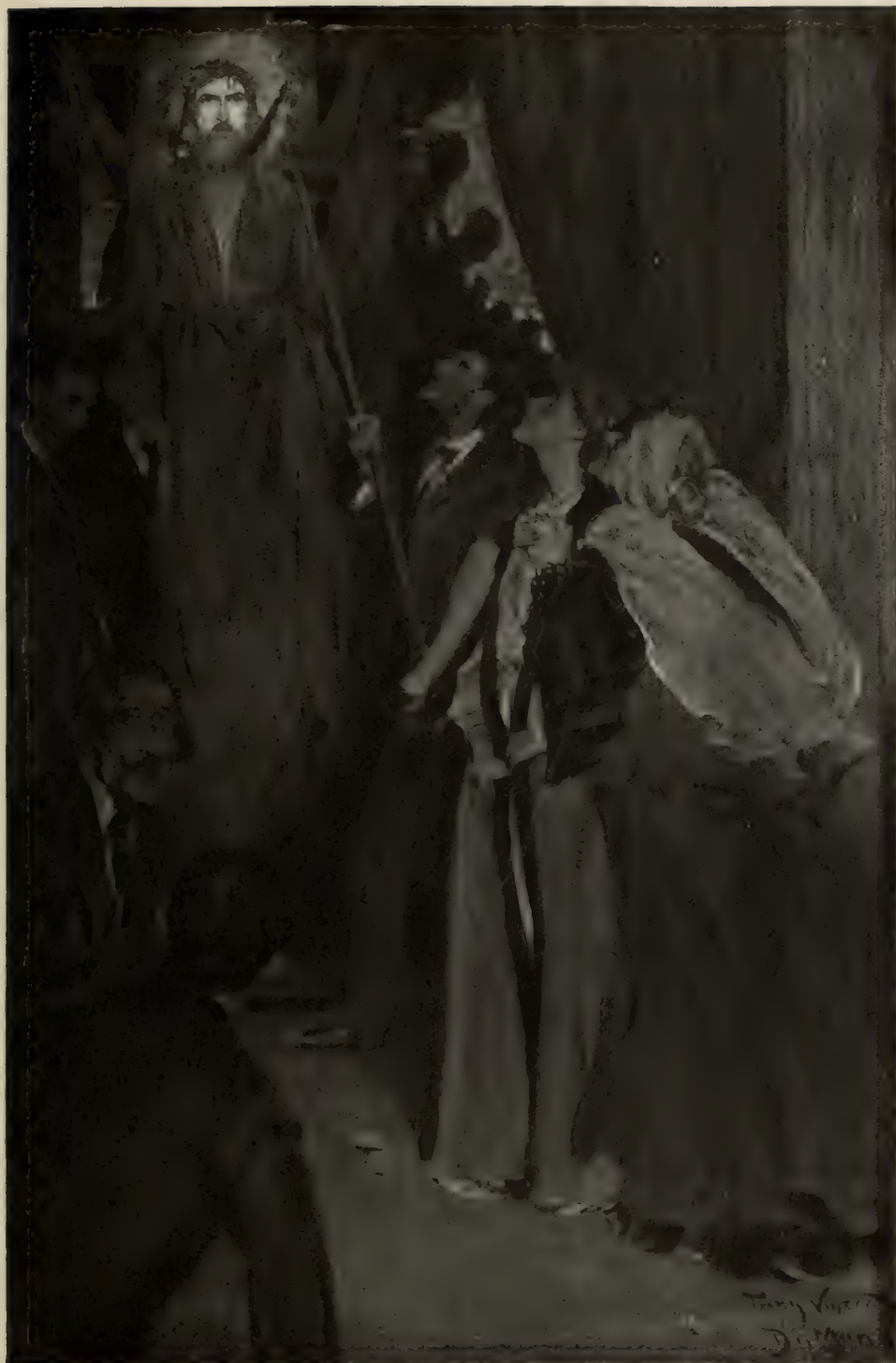
"You will ride outside with the picture," it said. "I do not trust it to a driver."

With a bow he slammed to the carriage door and mounted the box. In another minute the Herr Doctor Professor Holtzenschuer was driving rapidly through the streets of Munich, on the outside of a common hack, a clumsy parcel balanced awkwardly on his stiff shoulders.

From the windows below, on either side, a face looked out upon the flying streets—a fairy with gentle eyes and a crone with toothless smile.

"The Pinakotek!" grumbled the old woman. "Does he think anyone at the Pinakothek knows more of Albrecht Dürer than Henriette von Herkomer?" She sniffed a little and drew her folds about her.

Past the Old Pinakothek rolled the flying carriage—on past the New Pinakothek. An old face peered out upon the marble walls,



*Drawn by F. V. DuMond.*

The great picture gathered to itself shape, and glowed.—Page 710.



wistful and suspicious. A mass of buildings loomed in view.

"The university," she muttered under her breath. "Some upstart herr professor to tell *me* of Albrecht Dürer! Fool—fool!" She croaked softly in her throat.

"The Herr Doctor is a learned man, grandmamma—and a gentleman," said a soft voice beside her.

"A gentleman can be a fool," returned the old woman, tartly. "What building is this?"

The carriage had stopped before a low, square doorway.

"It is the chemistry laboratory, grandmamma," said the girl, timidly.

The old woman leaned forward, gray with rage, pulling at the closed door. "Chemistry lab—" Her breath came in pants. "He will—destroy—burn—melt it!" Four men lifted down the huge parcel from the carriage and turned toward the stone door. "Stop!" she gestured wildly to them.

The door flew open. The young scientist stood before her, bowing and smiling. She shook a knotted finger at him. "Stop those men!" she cried, sternly.

At a gesture the men waited. She descended from the carriage, shaking and suspicious, her cane tapping the pavement before her. The Fräulein Marie leaped lightly down after her. Her hand had rested for a moment on the young man's sleeve. A white rose trembled in the fingers. His face glowed.

"Is your Highness ready?" he asked. He had moved to the old woman's side.

She was standing, one hand on the wrapped parcel, the other on her stout cane, peering suspiciously ahead.

"Is your Highness ready?" he repeated.

"Go on," she said, briefly.

Four men were in the hall when they entered—the director of the Old Pina-kothek, the artist Adrian Kauffmann, the president of the university, and a young man with a scared, helpful face, who proved to be a laboratory assistant.

"They are your witnesses," murmured the young man in her ear.

She greeted them stiffly, her eyes on the precious parcel. Swiftly the wrappings were undone, and the picture lifted

to a huge easel across the room. The light fell full upon it.

The witnesses moved forward in a body, silent. The old face watching them relaxed. She smiled grimly.

"Is it a Dürer?" she demanded. She was standing behind them.

They started, looking at her doubtfully. The artist shrugged his shoulders. He stepped back a little. The director shook his head with a sigh. "Who can tell?" he said softly. "The marks—"

The Baroness's eyes glowed dangerously. "I did not suppose *you* could tell," she said, curtly.

The young scientist interposed. "It is a case for science," he said, quickly. "You shall see—the Roentgen rays will tell. The shutters—Berthold."

The assistant closed them, one by one, the heavy wooden shutters. A last block of light rested on the shadowy picture. A last shutter swung into place. They waited—in darkness. Someone breathed quickly, with soft, panting breath. Slowly a light emerged through the dark. The great picture gathered to itself shape, and glowed. Light pierced it till it shone with strokes of brushes. Deeply and slowly in the bluish Patina, at the edge of the flowing locks, on the shoulder of the Christ, a glimmer of shadow traced itself, faintly and unmistakably.

Confused murmurs ran through the darkness—the voice of the director—a woman's breath.

"Ready, Berthold." It was the voice of the Herr Doctor.

There was a little hiss, a blinding flash of light, the click of a camera, and blackness again.

A shutter flew open.

In the square of light an old woman groped toward the picture. Her knotted hands were lifted to it.

Close at hand, a camera tucked under his arm, the laboratory assistant stood—on his round, practical face the happy look of successful experiment.

A little distance away the Herr Doctor Professor moved quickly. The one with the rose looked up.

High above them all—on the great easel, struck by a ray of light from the shutter—the Dürer face of Sorrow—out of its four hundred years—looked forth and waited in the modern world.

# CAPTAIN MACKLIN

## HIS MEMOIRS

### BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

#### III



ALTHOUGH I had reached my journey's end, although I had accomplished what I had set out to do, I felt no sense of elation nor relief. I was, instead, disenchanted, discouraged, bitterly depressed. It was so unutterably and miserably unlike what I had hoped to find, what I believed I had the right to expect, that my disappointment and anger choked me. The picture I had carried in my mind was one of shining tent-walls set on company streets, soldierly men in gay and gaudy uniforms, fluttering guidons, blue ammunition-boxes in orderly array, smart sentries pacing their posts, and a head-quarters tent where busy officers bent over maps and reports.

The scene I had set was one painted in martial colors, in scarlet and gold lace; it moved to martial music, to bugle-calls, to words of command, to the ringing challenge of the sentry, and what I had found was this camp of gypsies, this nest of tramps, without authority, discipline, or self-respect. It was not even picturesque. My indignation stirred me so intensely that, as I walked down the hill, I prayed for a rude reception, that I might try to express my disgust.

The officer who had first approached us stopped at the opening of the solitary tent, and began talking excitedly to someone inside. And as we reached the level ground, the occupant of the tent stepped from it. He was a stout, heavy man, with a long, twisted mustache, at which he was tugging fiercely. He wore a red sash and a bandman's tunic, with two stars sewn on the collar. I could not make out his rank, but his first words explained him.

"I am glad to see you at last, Mr. Aiken," he said. "I'm Major Reeder, in

temporary command. You have come to report, sir?"

Aiken took so long to reply that I stopped studying the remarkable costume of the Major and turned to Aiken. I was surprised to see that he was unquestionably frightened. His eyes were shifting and blinking, and he wet his lips with his tongue. All his self-assurance had deserted him. The officer who had led us to the camp was also aware of Aiken's uneasiness, and was regarding him with a sneer. For some reason the spectacle of Aiken's distress seemed to afford him satisfaction.

"I should prefer to report to General La Guerre," Aiken said, at last.

"I am in command here," Reeder answered, sharply. "General La Guerre is absent—reconnoitring. I represent him. I know all about Mr. Quay's mission. It was I who recommended him to the General. Where are the guns?"

For a moment Aiken stared at him helplessly, and then drew in a quick breath.

"I don't know where they are," he said. "The Panama arrived two days ago, but when I went to unload the guns Captain Leeds told me they had been seized in New Orleans by the Treasury Department. Someone must have——"

Both Major Reeder and the officer interrupted with a shout of anger.

"Then it's true!" Reeder cried. "It's true, and—and—you dare to tell us so!"

Aiken raised his head and for a moment looked almost defiant.

"Why shouldn't I tell you?" he demanded, indignantly. "Who else was there to tell you? I've travelled two days to let you know. I can't help it if the news isn't good. I'm just as sorry as you are."

The other officer was a stout, yellow-



*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.*

The moon rose over the camp . . . but still we sat.—Page 721.



haired German. He advanced a step and shook a soiled finger in Aiken's face. "You can't help it, can't you?" he cried. "You're sorry, are you? You won't be sorry when you're paid your money, will you? How much did you get for us, hey! How much did Joe Fiske——"

Reeder threw out his arm and motioned the officer back. "Silence, Captain Heinze," he commanded.

The men of the Legion who had happened to be standing near the tent when we appeared had come up to look at the new arrivals, and when they heard two of their officers attacking Aiken they crowded still closer in front of us, forming a big half-circle. Each of them apparently was on a footing with his officers of perfect comradeship, and listened openly to what was going forward as though it were a personal concern of his own. They had even begun to discuss it among themselves, and made so much noise in doing so that Captain Heinze passed on Reeder's rebuke as though it had been intended for them, commanding, "Silence in the ranks."

They were not in ranks, and should not have been allowed where they were in any formation, but that did not seem to occur to either of the officers.

"Silence," Reeder repeated. "Now, Mr. Aiken, I am waiting. What have you to say?"

"What is there for me to say?" Aiken protested. "I have done all I could. I told you as soon as I could get here." Major Reeder drew close to Aiken and pointed his outstretched hand at him.

"Mr. Aiken," he said. "Only four people knew that those guns were ordered—Quay, who went to fetch them, General La Guerre, myself, and you. Some one of us must have sold out the others, no one else could have done it. It was not Quay. The General and I have been here in the mountains—we did not do it; and that—that leaves you."

"It does not leave me," Aiken cried. He shouted it out with such spirit that I wondered at him. It was the same sort of spirit which makes a rat fight because he can't get away, but I didn't think so then.

"It was Quay sold you out!" Aiken cried. "Quay told the Isthmian people as soon as the guns reached New Orleans. I suspected him when he cabled me he

wasn't coming back. I know him. I know just what he is. He's been on both sides before."

"Silence, you—you," Reeder interrupted. He was white with anger. "Mr. Quay is my friend," he cried. "I trust him. I trust him as I would trust my own brother. How dare you accuse him!"

He ceased and stood gasping with indignation, but his show of anger encouraged Captain Heinze to make a fresh attack on Aiken.

"Quay took you off the beach," he shouted. "He gave you food and clothes, and a bed to lie on. It's like you, to bite the hand that fed you. When have you ever stuck to any side or anybody if you could get a dollar more by selling him out?"

The whole thing had become intolerable to me. It was abject and degrading, like a falling-out among thieves. They were like a group of drunken women I had once seen, shameless and foul-mouthed, fighting in the street, with grinning night-birds urging them on. I felt in some way horribly responsible, as though they had dragged me into it—as though the flying handfuls of mud had splattered me. And yet the thing which inflamed me the most against them was their unfairness to Aiken. They would not let him speak, and they would not see that they were so many, and that he was alone. I did not then know that he was telling the truth. Indeed, I thought otherwise. I did not then know that on those occasions when he appeared to the worst advantage, he generally was trying to tell the truth. For nothing so greatly embarrassed Aiken as the knowledge that he was in the right, and that he must defend himself only with facts.

Captain Heinze pushed nearer, and shoved his fist close to Aiken's face.

"We know what you are," he jeered. "We know you're no more on our side than you're the American Consul. You lied to us about that, and you've lied to us about everything else. And now we've caught you, and we'll make you pay for it."

One of the men in the rear of the crowd shouted, "Ah, shoot the beggar!" and others began to push forward and to jeer and howl. Aiken heard them and turned quite white.

"You've caught me?" Aiken stammered. "Why, I came here of my own will. Is it likely I'd have done that if I had sold you out?"

"I tell you you did sell us out," Heinze roared. "And you're a coward besides, and I tell you so to your face!" He sprang at Aiken, and Aiken shrank back. It made me sick to see him do it. I had such a contempt for the man against him that I hated his not standing up to them. It was to hide the fact that he had stepped back, that I jumped in front of him and pretended to restrain him. I tried to make it look as though had I not interfered, he would have struck at Heinze.

The German had swung around toward the men behind him, as though he were subpoenaing them as witnesses.

"I call him a coward to his face," he shouted. But when he turned again I was standing in front of Aiken, and he halted in surprise, glaring at me. I don't know what made me do it, except that I had heard enough of their recriminations, and was sick with disappointment. I hated Heinze and all of them, and myself for being there.

"Yes, you can call him a coward," I said, as offensively as I could, "with fifty men behind you. How big a crowd do you want before you dare insult a man?" Then I turned on the others. "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves," I cried, "to all of you set on one man in your own camp? I don't know anything about this row and I don't want to know, but there's fifty men here against one, and I'm on the side of that one. You're a lot of cheap bullies," I cried, "and this German drill-sergeant," I shouted, pointing at Heinze, "who calls himself an officer, is the cheapest bully of the lot." I jerked open the buckle which held my belt and revolver, and flung them on the ground. Then I slipped off my coat, and shoved it back of me to Aiken, for I wanted to keep him out of it. It was the luck of Royal Macklin himself that led me to take off my coat instead of drawing my revolver. At the Point I had been accustomed to settle things with my fists, and it had been only since I started from the coast that I had carried a revolver. A year later, in the same situation, I would have reached for my gun.

Had I done so that morning, as a dozen of them assured me later, they would have shot me before I could have got my hand on it. But, as it was, when I rolled up my sleeves the men began to laugh, and some shouted: "Give him room," "Make a ring," "Fair play, now," "Make a ring." The semi-circle spread out and lengthened until it formed a ring, with Heinze, and Reeder, and Aiken holding my coat, and myself in the centre of it.

I squared off in front of the German and tapped him lightly on the chest with the back of my hand.

"Now, then," I cried, taunting him, "I call *you* a coward to *your* face. What are you going to do about it?"

For an instant he seemed too enraged and astonished to move, and the next he exploded with a wonderful German oath and rushed at me, tugging at his sword. At the same moment the men gave a shout and the ring broke. I thought they had cried out in protest when they saw Heinze put his hand on his sword, but as they scattered and fell back I saw that they were looking neither at Heinze nor at me, but at someone behind me. Heinze, too, halted as suddenly as though he had been pulled back by a curbed bit, and, bringing his heels together, stood stiffly at salute. I turned and saw that everyone was falling out of the way of a tall man who came striding toward us, and I knew on the instant that he was General La Guerre. At the first glance I disassociated him from his followers. He was entirely apart. In any surroundings I would have picked him out as a leader of men. Even a civilian would have known he was a soldier, for the signs of his calling were stamped on him as plainly as the sterling mark on silver, and although he was not in uniform his carriage and countenance told you that he was a personage.

He was very tall and gaunt, with broad shoulders and a waist as small as a girl's, and although he must then have been about fifty years of age he stood as stiffly erect as though his spine had grown up into the back of his head.

At the first glance he reminded me of Van Dyke's portrait of Charles I. He had the same high-bred features, the same



wistful eyes, and he wore his beard and mustache in what was called the Van Dyke fashion, before Louis Napoleon gave it a new vogue as the "imperial."

It must have been that I read the wistful look in his eyes later, for at the moment of our first meeting it was a very stern Charles I. who confronted us, with the delicate feature stiffened in anger, and the eyes set and burning. Since then I have seen both the wistful look and the angry look many times, and even now I would rather face the muzzle of a gun than the eyes of General La Guerre when you have offended him.

His first words were addressed to Reeder.

"What does this mean, sir?" he demanded. "If you cannot keep order in this camp when my back is turned I shall find an officer who can. Who is this?" he added, pointing at me. I became suddenly conscious of the fact that I was without my hat or coat, and that my sleeves were pulled up to the shoulders. Aiken was just behind me, and as I turned to him for my coat I disclosed his presence to the General. He gave an exclamation of delight.

"Mr. Aiken!" he cried, "at last!" He lowered his voice to an eager whisper. "Where are the guns?" he asked.

Apparently Aiken felt more confidence in General La Guerre than in his officers, for at this second questioning he answered promptly.

"I regret to say, sir," he began, "that the guns were seized at New Orleans. Someone informed the Honduranian Consul there, and he——"

"Seized!" cried La Guerre. "By whom? Do you mean we have lost them?"

Aiken lowered his eyes and nodded.

"But how do you know?" La Guerre demanded, eagerly. "You are not sure? Who seized them?"

"The Treasury officers," Aiken answered. "The captain of the Panama told me he saw the guns taken on the company's wharf."

For some moments La Guerre regarded him sternly, but I do not think he saw him. He turned and walked a few steps from us and back again. Then he gave an upward toss of his head as though he had accepted his sentence. "The fort-

unes of war," he kept repeating to himself, "the fortunes of war." He looked up and saw us regarding him with expressions of the deepest concern.

"I thought I had had my share of them," he said, simply. He straightened his shoulders and frowned, and then looked at us and tried to smile. But the bad news had cut deeply. During the few minutes since he had come pushing his way through the crowd, he seemed to have grown ten years older. He walked to the door of his tent and then halted and turned toward Reeder.

"I think my fever is coming on again," he said. "I believe I had better rest. Do not let them disturb me."

"Yes, General," Reeder answered. Then he pointed at Aiken and myself. "What are we to do with these?" he asked.

"Do with these?" La Guerre, repeated. "Why, what did you mean to do with them?"

Reeder swelled out his chest importantly. "If you had not arrived when you did, General," he said, "I would have had them shot!"

The General stopped at the entrance to the tent and leaned heavily against the pole. He raised his eyes and looked at us wearily and with no show of interest.

"Shoot them?" he asked. "Why were you going to shoot them?"

"Because, General," Reeder declared, theatrically, pointing an accusing finger at Aiken, "I believe this man sold our secret to the Isthmian Line. No one knew of the guns but our three selves and Quay. And Quay is not a man to betray his friends. I wish I could say as much for Mr. Aiken."

At that moment Aiken, being quite innocent, said even less for himself, and because he was innocent looked like a trapped and convicted criminal.

La Guerre's eyes glowed like two branding-irons. As he fixed them on Aiken's face one expected to see them leave a mark there.

"If the General will only listen to me," Aiken stammered. "If you will only give me a hearing, sir. Why should I come to your camp if I had sold you out? Why didn't I get away on the first steamer, and stay away—as Quay did?"



The General gave an exclamation of disgust, and shrugged his shoulders. He sank back slowly against one of the Gatling guns.

"What does it matter?" he said, bitterly. "Why lock the stable door now? I will give you a hearing," he said, turning to Aiken, "but it would be better for you if I listen to you later. Bring him to me to-morrow morning after roll-call. And the other?" he asked. He pointed at me, but his eyes, which were heavy with disappointment, were staring moodily at the ground.

Heinze interposed himself quickly.

"Aiken brought him here!" he said. "I believe he's an agent of the Isthmian people, or," he urged, "why did he come here? He came to spy out your camp, General, and to report on our condition."

"A spy!" said La Guerre, raising his head and regarding me sharply.

"Yes," Heinze declared, with conviction. "A spy, General. A Government spy, and he has found out our hiding-place and counted our men."

Aiken turned on him with a snarl.

"Oh, you fool!" he cried. "He came as a volunteer. He wanted to fight with you, for the sacred cause of liberty."

"Yes, he wanted to fight with us," shouted Heinze, indignantly. "As soon as he got into the camp, he wanted to fight with us."

La Guerre made an exclamation of impatience, and rose unsteadily from the gun-carriage.

"Silence!" he commanded. "I tell you I cannot listen to you now. I will give these men a hearing after roll-call. In the meantime if they are spies, they have seen too much. Place them under guard; and if they try to escape, shoot them."

I gave a short laugh and turned to Aiken.

"That's the first intelligent military order I've heard yet," I said.

Aiken scowled at me fearfully, and Reeder and Heinze gasped. General La Guerre had caught the words, and turned his eyes on me. Like the real princess who could feel the crumpled rose-leaf under a dozen mattresses, I can feel it in my bones when I am in the presence of a real soldier. My spinal column stiffens, and my fingers twitch to be at my visor. In

spite of their borrowed titles, I had smelt out the civilian in Reeder and had detected the non-commissioned man in Heinze, and just as surely I recognized the general officer in La Guerre.

So when he looked at me my heels clicked together, my arm bent to my hat and fell again to my trouser seam, and I stood at attention. It was as instinctive as though I were back at the Academy, and he had confronted me in the uniform and yellow sash of a major-general.

"And what do you know of military orders, sir," he demanded, in a low voice, "that you feel competent to pass upon mine?"

Still standing at attention, I said: "For the last three years I have been at West Point, sir, and have listened to nothing else."

"You have been at West Point?" he said, slowly, looking at me in surprise and with evident doubt. "When did you leave the Academy?"

"Two weeks ago," I answered. At this, he looked even more incredulous.

"How does it happen," he asked, "if you are preparing for the army at West Point, that you are now travelling in Honduras?"

"I was dismissed from the Academy two weeks ago," I answered. "This was the only place where there was any fighting, so I came here. I read that you had formed a Foreign Legion, and thought that maybe you would let me join it."

General La Guerre now stared at me in genuine amazement. In his interest in the supposed spy, he had forgotten the loss of his guns.

"You came from West Point," he repeated, incredulously, "all the way to Honduras—to join me!" He turned to the two officers. "Did he tell you this?" he demanded.

They answered, "No," promptly, and truthfully as well, for they had not given me time to tell them anything.

"Have you any credentials, passports, or papers?" he said.

When he asked this I saw Reeder whisper eagerly to Heinze, and then walk away. He had gone to search my trunk for evidence that I was a spy, and had I suspected this I would have protested violently, but it did not occur to me then that he would do such a thing.

"I have only the passport I got from the commandante at Porto Cortez," I said.

At the words Aiken gave a quick shake of the head, as a man does when he sees another move the wrong piece on the chess-board. But when I stared at him inquiringly, he returned my look with an expression of interrogation and complete unconcern.

"Ah!" exclaimed Heinze, triumphantly, "he has a permit from the Government."

"Let me see it," said the General.

I handed it to him, and he drew a camp-chair from the tent, and, seating himself, began to compare me with the passport.

"In this," he said at last, "you state that you are a commercial traveller; that you are going to the capital on business, and that you are a friend of the Government."

I was going to tell him that until it had been handed me by Aiken, I had known nothing of the passport, but I considered that in some way this might involve Aiken, and so I answered:

"It was necessary to tell them any story, sir, in order to get into the interior. I could not tell them that I was *not* a friend of the Government, nor that I was trying to join you."

"Your stories are somewhat conflicting," said the General. "You are led to our hiding-place by a man who is himself under suspicion, and the only credentials you can show are from the enemy. Why should I believe you are what you say you are? Why should I believe you are not a spy?"

I could not submit to having my word doubted, so I bowed stiffly and did not speak.

"Answer me," the General commanded, "what proofs have I?"

"You have nothing but my word for it," I said.

General La Guerre seemed pleased with that, and I believe he was really interested in helping me to clear myself. But he had raised my temper by questioning my word.

"Surely you must have something to identify you," he urged.

"If I had I'd refuse to show it," I answered. "I told you why I came here. If you think I am a spy, you can go

ahead and shoot me as a spy, and find out whether I told you the truth afterward."

The General smiled indulgently.

"There would be very little satisfaction in that for me, or for you," he said.

"I'm an officer and a gentleman," I protested, "and I have a right to be treated as one. If you serve every gentleman who volunteers to join you in the way I have been served, I'm not surprised that your force is composed of the sort you have around you."

The General raised his head and looked at me with such a savage expression that during the pause which ensued I was most uncomfortable.

"If your proofs you are an officer are no stronger than those you offer that you are a gentleman," he said, "perhaps you are wise not to show them. What right have you to claim you are an officer?"

His words cut and mortified me deeply, chiefly because I felt I deserved them.

"Every cadet ranks a non-commissioned man," I answered.

"But you are no longer a cadet," he replied. "You have been dismissed. You told me so yourself. Were you dismissed honorably, or dishonorably?"

"Dishonorably," I answered. I saw that this was not the answer he had expected. He looked both mortified and puzzled, and glanced at Heinze and Aiken as though he wished that they were out of hearing.

"What was it for—what was the cause of your dismissal?" he asked. He now spoke in a much lower tone. "Of course, you need not tell me," he added.

"I was dismissed for being outside the limits of the Academy without a permit," I answered. "I went to a dance at a hotel in uniform."

"Was that all?" he demanded, smiling.

"That was the crime for which I was dismissed," I said, sulkily. The General looked at me for some moments, evidently in much doubt. I believe he suspected that I had led him on to asking me the reason for my dismissal, in order that I could make so satisfactory an answer. As he sat regarding me, Heinze bent over him and said something to him in a low tone, to which he replied: "But that would prove nothing. He might have a most accurate



knowledge of military affairs, and still be an agent of the Government."

"That is so, General," Heinze answered, aloud. "But it would prove whether he is telling the truth about his having been at West Point. If his story is false in part, it is probably entirely false, as I believe it to be."

"Captain Heinze suggests that I allow him to test you with some questions," the General said, doubtfully; "questions on military matters. Would you answer them?"

I did not want them to see how eager I was to be put to such a test, so I tried to look as though I were frightened, and said, cautiously, "I will try, sir." I saw that the proposition to put me through an examination had filled Aiken with the greatest concern. To reassure him, I winked covertly.

Captain Heinze glanced about him as though looking for a text.

"Let us suppose," he said, importantly, "that you are an inspector-general come to inspect this camp. It is one that I myself selected; as adjutant it is under my direction. What would you report as to its position, its advantages and disadvantages?"

I did not have to look about me. Without moving from where I stood, I could see all that was necessary of that camp. But I first asked, timidly: "Is this camp a temporary one, made during a halt on the march, or has it been occupied for some days?"

"We have been here for two weeks," said Heinze.

"Is it supposed that a war is going on?" I asked, politely; "I mean, are we in the presence of an enemy?"

"Of course," answered Heinze. "Certainly we are at war."

"Then," I said, triumphantly, "in my report I should recommend that the officer who selected this camp should be court-martialled."

Heinze gave a shout of indignant laughter, and Aiken glared at me as though he thought I had flown suddenly mad, but La Guerre only frowned and waved his hand impatiently.

"You are bold, sir," he said, grimly: "I trust you can explain yourself."

I pointed from the basin in which we

stood, to the thickly wooded hills around us.

"This camp has the advantage of water and grass," I said. I spoke formally, as though I were really making a report. "Those are its only advantages. Captain Heinze has pitched it in a hollow. In case of an attack, he has given the advantage of position to the enemy. Fifty men could conceal themselves on those ridges and fire upon you as effectively as though they had you at the bottom of a well. There are no pickets out, except along the trail, which is the one approach the enemy would not take. So far as this position counts, then," I summed up, "the camp is an invitation to a massacre."

I did not dare look at the General, but I pointed at the guns at his side. "Your two field-pieces are in their covers, and the covers are strapped on them. It would take three minutes to get them into action. Instead of being here in front of the tent, they should be up there on those two highest points. There are no racks for the men's rifles or ammunition belts. The rifles are lying on the ground and scattered everywhere—in case of an attack the men would not know where to lay their hands on them. It takes only two forked sticks and a ridge-pole with nicks in it, to make an excellent gun-rack, but there is none of any sort. As for the sanitary arrangements of the camp, they are *nil*. The refuse from the troop kitchen is scattered all over the place, and so are the branches on which the men have been lying. There is no way for them to cross that stream without their getting their feet wet; and every officer knows that wet feet are worse than wet powder. The place does not look as though it had been policed since you came here. It's a feverswamp. If you have been here two weeks, it's a wonder your whole force isn't as rotten as sheep. And there!" I cried, pointing at the stream which cut the camp in two—"there are men bathing and washing their clothes upstream, and those men below them are filling buckets with water for cooking and drinking. Why have you no water-guards? You ought to have a sentry there, and there. The water above the first sentry should be reserved for drinking, below him should be the place for watering your horses, and below the second sentry would



be the water for washing clothes. Why, these things are the A, B, C, of camp life." For the first time since I had begun to speak, I turned on Heinze and grinned at him.

"How do you like my report on your camp?" I asked. "Now, don't you agree with me that you should be court-martialled?" Heinze's anger exploded like a shell.

"You should be court-martialled yourself!" he shouted. "You are insulting our good General. For me, I do not care. But you shall not reflect upon my commanding officer, for him I——"

"That will do, Captain Heinze," La Guerre said, quietly. "That will do, thank you." He did not look up at either of us, but for some time sat with his elbow on his knee and with his chin resting in the palm of his hand, staring at the camp. There was a long, and, for me, an awkward silence. The General turned his head and stared at me. His expression was exceedingly grave, but without resentment.

"You are quite right," he said, finally. Heinze and Aiken moved expectantly forward, anxious to hear him pass sentence upon me. Seeing this he raised his voice and repeated: "You are quite right in what you say about the camp. All you say is quite true."

He leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, and, as he continued speaking with his face averted, it was as though he were talking to himself.

"We grow careless as we grow older," he said. "One grows less difficult to please." His tone was that of a man excusing himself to himself. "The old standards, the old models, pass away and—and failures, failures come and dull the energy." His voice dropped into a monotone; he seemed to have forgotten us entirely.

It must have been then that for the first time I saw the wistful look come into his eyes, and suddenly felt deeply sorry for him and wished that I might dare to tell him so. I was not sorry for any act or speech of mine. They had attacked me, and I had only defended myself. I was not repentant for anything I had said; my sorrow was for what I read in the General's eyes as he sat staring out into the valley. It was the saddest and loneliest look that I had ever

seen. There was no bitterness in it, but great sadness and weariness and disappointment, and above all, loneliness, utter and complete loneliness.

He glanced up and saw me watching him, and for a moment regarded me curiously, and then, as though I had tried to force my way into his solitude, turned his eyes quickly away.

I had forgotten that I was a suspected spy until the fact was recalled to me at that moment by the reappearance of Major Reeder. He came bustling past me, carrying as I saw, to my great indignation, the sword which had been presented to my grandfather, and which my grandfather had given to me. I sprang after him and twisted it out of his hand.

"How dare you!" I cried. "You have opened my trunk! How dare you pry into my affairs? General La Guerre!" I protested. "I appeal to you, sir."

"Major Reeder," the General demanded, sharply, "what does this mean?"

"I was merely seeking evidence, General," said Reeder. "You asked for his papers, and I went to look for them."

"I gave you no orders to pry into this gentleman's trunk," said the General. "You have exceeded your authority. You have done very ill, sir. You have done very ill."

While the General was reproving Reeder, his eyes, instead of looking at the officer, were fixed upon my sword. It was sufficiently magnificent to attract the attention of anyone, certainly of any soldier. The scabbard was of steel, wonderfully engraved, the hilt was of ivory, and the hilt-guard and belt fastenings were all of heavy gold. The General's face was filled with appreciation.

"You have a remarkably handsome sword there," he said, and hesitated, courteously, "—I beg your pardon, I have not heard your name?"

I was advancing to show the sword to him, when my eye fell upon the plate my grandfather had placed upon it, and which bore the inscription: "To Royal Macklin, on his appointment to the United States Military Academy, from his Grandfather, John M. Hamilton, Maj. Gen. U.S.A."

"My name is Macklin, sir," I said, "Royal Macklin." I laid the sword

lengthwise in his hands, and then pointed at the inscription. "You will find it there," I said. The General bowed and bent his head over the inscription and then read the one beside it. This read that the sword had been presented by the citizens of New York to Major-General John M. Hamilton in recognition of his distinguished services during the war with Mexico. The General glanced up at me in astonishment.

"General Hamilton!" he exclaimed. "General John Hamilton! Is that—was he your grandfather?"

I bowed my head, and the General stared at me as though I had contradicted him.

"But, let me tell you, sir," he protested, "that he was my friend. General Hamilton was my friend for many years. Let me tell you, sir," he went on, excitedly, "that your grandfather was a brave and courteous gentleman, a true friend and—a great soldier, sir, a great soldier. I knew your grandfather well. I knew him well." He rose suddenly, and, while still holding the sword close to him, shook my hand.

"Captain Heinze," he said, "bring out a chair for Mr. Macklin." He did not notice the look of injury with which Heinze obeyed this request. But I did, and I enjoyed the spectacle, and as Heinze handed me the camp-chair I thanked him politely. I could afford to be generous.

The General was drawing the sword a few inches from its scabbard and shoving it back again, turning it over in his hands.

"And to think that this is John Hamilton's sword," he said, "and that you are John Hamilton's grandson!" As the sword lay across his knees he kept stroking it and touching it as one might caress a child, glancing up at me from time to time with a smile. It seemed to have carried him back again into days and scenes to which we all were strangers, and we watched him without speaking. He became suddenly conscious of our silence, and, on looking up, seemed to become uncomfortably aware of the presence of Aiken and the two officers.

"That will do, gentlemen," he said. "You will return with Mr. Aiken after roll-call." The officers saluted as they moved away, with Aiken between them. He raised his eyebrows and tapped himself on

the chest. I understood that he meant by this that I was to say a good word for him, and I nodded. When they had left us the General leaned forward and placed his hand upon my shoulder.

"Now tell me," he said. "Tell me everything. Tell me what you are doing here, and why you ran away from home. Trust me entirely, and do not be afraid to speak the whole truth."

I saw that he thought I had left home because I had been guilty of some wildness, if not of some crime, and I feared that my story would prove so inoffensive that he would think I was holding something back. But his manner was so gentle and generous that I plunged in boldly. I told him everything; of my life with my grandfather, of my disgrace at the Academy, of my desire, in spite of my first failure, to still make myself a soldier. And then I told him of how I had been disappointed and disillusioned, and how it had hurt me to find that this fight seemed so sordid and the motives of all engaged only mercenary and selfish. But once did he interrupt me, and then by an exclamation which I mistook for an exclamation of disbelief, and which I challenged quickly. "But it is true, sir," I said. "I joined the revolutionists for just that reason—because they were fighting for their liberty and because they had been wronged and were the under-dogs in the fight, and because Alvarez is a tyrant. I had no other motive. Indeed, you must believe me, sir," I protested, "or I cannot talk to you. It is the truth."

"The truth!" exclaimed La Guerre, fiercely; and as he raised his eyes I saw that they had suddenly filled with tears. "It is the first time I have heard the truth in many years. It is what I have preached myself for half a lifetime; what I have lived for and fought for. Why, here, now," he cried, "while I have been sitting listening to you, it was as though the boy I used to be had come back to talk to me, bringing my old ideals, the old enthusiasm." His manner and his tone suddenly altered, and he shook his head and placed his hand almost tenderly upon my own. "But I warn you," he said, "I warn you that you are wrong. You have begun young, and there is yet time for you to turn back; but if you hope for money, or place, or public fa-



vor, you have taken the wrong road. You will be a rolling-stone among milestones, and the way is all down hill. I began to fight when I was even younger than you. I fought for whichever party seemed to me to have the right on its side. Sometimes I have fought for rebels and patriots, sometimes for kings, sometimes for pretenders. I was out with Garibaldi, because I believed he would give a republic to Italy; but I fought against the republic of Mexico, because its people were rotten and corrupt, and I believed that the emperor would rule them honestly and well. I have always chosen my own side, the one which seemed to me promised the most good; and yet, after thirty years, I am where you see me to-night. I am an old man without a country, I belong to no political party, I have no family, I have no home. I have travelled over all the world looking for that country which was governed for the greater good of the greater number, and I have fought only for those men who promised to govern unselfishly and as the servants of the people. But when the fighting was over, and they were safe in power, they had no use for me nor my advice. They laughed, and called me a visionary and a dreamer. 'You are no statesman, General,' they would say to me. 'Your line is the fighting-line. Go back to it.' And yet, when I think of how the others have used their power, I believe that I could have ruled the people as well, and yet given them more freedom, and made more of them more happy."

The moon rose over the camp, and the night grew chill; but still we sat, he talking and I listening as I had used to listen when I sat at my grandfather's knee and he told me tales of war and warriors. They brought us coffee and food, and we ate with an ammunition-box for a table, he still talking and I eager to ask questions, and yet fearful of interrupting him. He told of great battles which had changed the history of Europe, of secret expeditions which had never been recorded even in his own diary, of revolutions which after months of preparation had burst forth and had been crushed between sunset and sunrise; of emperors, kings, patriots, and charlatans. There was nothing that I had wished to do, and that I had imagined myself doing, that he had not accom-

plished in reality—the acquaintances he had made among the leaders of men, the adventures he had suffered, the honors he had won, were those which to me were the most to be desired.

The scene around us added color to his words. The moonlight fell on ghostly groups of men seated before the camp-fires, their faces glowing in the red light of the ashes; on the irregular rows of thatched shelters and on the shadowy figures of the ponies grazing at the picket-line. All the odors of a camp, which to me are more grateful than those of a garden, were borne to us on the damp night-air; the clean pungent smell of burning wood, the scent of running water, the smell of many horses crowded together and of wet saddles and accoutrements. And above the swift rush of the stream, we could hear the ceaseless pounding of the horses' hoofs on the turf, the murmurs of the men's voices, and the lonely cry of the night-birds.

It was past midnight when the General rose. It had been such a night as I had never dreamed of, and my brain rioted with the pictures he had drawn for me. Surely, if ever I had considered turning back, I now no longer tolerated the thought of it. If he had wished to convince me that the life of a soldier of fortune was an ungrateful one he had set about proving it in the worst possible way. At that moment I saw no career so worthy to be imitated as his own, no success to be so envied as his failures. And in the glow and inspiration of his talk, and with the courage of a boy, I told him so. I think he was not ill pleased at what I said, nor with me. He seemed to approve of what I had related of myself, and of the comments I had made upon his reminiscences. He had said, again and again: "That is an intelligent question," "You have put your finger on the real weakness of the attack," "That was exactly the error in his strategy."

When he turned to enter his tent he shook my hand. "I do not know when I have talked so much," he laughed, "nor," he added, with grave courtesy, "when I have had so intelligent a listener. Good-night."

Throughout the evening he had been holding my sword, and as he entered the tent he handed it to me.



"Oh, I forgot," he said. "Here is your sword, Captain."

The flaps of the tent fell behind him, and I was left outside of them, incredulous and trembling.

I could not restrain myself, and I pushed the flaps aside.

"I beg your pardon, General," I stammered.

He had already thrown himself upon his cot, but he rose on his elbow and stared at me.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I gasped, "but what did you call me then—just now?"

"Call you," he said. "Oh, I called you 'captain.' You are a captain. I will assign you your troop to-morrow."

He turned and buried his face in his arm, and unable to thank him I stepped outside of the tent and stood looking up at the stars, with my grandfather's sword clasped close in my hands. And I was so proud and happy that I believe I almost prayed that he could look down and see me.

That was how I received my first commission—in a swamp in Honduras, from General La Guerre, of the Foreign Legion, as he lay half asleep upon his cot. It may be, if I continue as I have begun, I shall receive higher titles, from ministers of war, from queens, presidents, and sultans. I shall have a trunk filled, like that of General La Guerre's, with commissions, brevets, and patents of nobility, picked up in many queer courts, in many queer corners of the globe.

But to myself I shall always be Captain Macklin, and no other rank nor title will ever count with me as did that first one, which came without my earning it, which fell from the lips of an old man without authority to give it, but which seemed to touch me like a benediction.

The officer from whom I took over my troop was a German, Baron Herbert von Ritter. He had served as an aide-de-camp to the King of Bavaria, and his face was a patchwork of sword-cuts which he had received in the students' duels. No one knew why he had left the German army. He had been in command of the troop with the rank

of captain, but when the next morning La Guerre called him up and told him that I was now his captain he seemed rather relieved than otherwise.

"They're a hard lot," he said to me, as we left the General. "I'm glad to get rid of them."

The Legion was divided into four troops of about fifty men each. Only half of the men were mounted, but the difficulties of the trail were so great that the men on foot were able to move quite as rapidly as those on mule-back. Under La Guerre there were Major Webster, an old man, who as a boy had invaded Central America with William Walker's expedition, and who ever since had lived in Honduras; Major Reeder and five captains; Miller who was in charge of a dozen native Indians and who acted as a scout; Captain Heinze, two Americans named Porter and Russell, and about a dozen lieutenants of every nationality. Heinze had been adjutant of the force, but the morning after my arrival the General appointed me to that position, and at roll-call announced the change to the battalion.

"We have been waiting here for two weeks for a shipment of machine guns," he said to them. "They have not arrived and I cannot wait for them any longer. The battalion will start at once for Santa Barbara, where I expect to get you by to-morrow night. There we will join General Garcia, and continue with him until we enter the capital."

The men, who were properly weary of lying idle in the swamp, interrupted him with an enthusiastic cheer and continued shouting until he lifted his hand.

"Since we have been lying here," he said, "I have allowed you certain liberties, and discipline has relaxed. But now that we are on the march again you will conduct yourselves like soldiers, and discipline will be as strictly enforced as in any army in Europe. Since last night we have received an addition to our force in the person of Captain Macklin, who has volunteered his services. Captain Macklin comes of a distinguished family of soldiers, and he has himself been educated at West Point. I have appointed him Captain of D Troop and Adjutant of the Legion. As adjutant you will recognize

his authority as you would my own. You will now break camp, and be prepared to march in half an hour."

Soon after we had started we reached a clearing, and La Guerre halted us and formed the column into marching order. Captain Miller, who was thoroughly acquainted with the trail, and his natives, were sent on two hundred yards ahead of us as a point. They were followed by Heinze with his Gatling guns. Then came La Guerre and another troop, then Reeder with the two remaining troops and our "transport" between them. Our transport consisted of a dozen mules carrying bags of coffee, beans, and flour, our reserve ammunition, the General's tent, and whatever few private effects the officers possessed over and above the clothes they stood in. I brought up the rear with D Troop. We moved at a walk in single file and without flankers, as the jungle on either side of the trail was impenetrable. Our departure from camp had been so prompt that I had been given no time to become acquainted with my men, but as we tramped forward I rode along with them or drew to one side to watch them pass and took a good look at them. Carrying their rifles, and with their blanket-rolls and cartridge-belts slung across their shoulders, they made a better appearance than when they were sleeping around the camp. As the day grew on I became more and more proud of my command. The baron pointed out those of the men who could be relied upon, and I could pick out for myself those who had received some military training. When I asked these where they had served before, they seemed pleased at my having distinguished the difference between them and the other volunteers, and saluted properly and answered briefly and respectfully.

If I was proud of the men, I was just as pleased with myself, or, I should say, with my luck. Only two weeks before I had been read out to the battalion at West Point, as one unfit to hold a commission, and here I was riding at the head of my own troop. I was no second lieutenant either, with a servitude of five years hanging over me before I could receive my first bar, but a full-fledged captain, with fifty men under him to care for and discipline and lead into battle. There

was not a man in my troop who was not at least a few years older than myself, and as I rode in advance of them and heard the creak of the saddles and the jingle of picket-pins and water-bottles, or turned and saw the long line stretching out behind me, I was as proud as Napoleon returning in triumph to Paris. I had brought with me from the Academy my scarlet sash, and wore it around my waist under my sword-belt. I also had my regulation gauntlets, and a campaign sombrero, and as I rode along I remember the line about General Stonewall Jackson, in "Barbara Frietchie,"

The leader glancing left and right.

I repeated it to myself, and scowled up at the trees and into the jungle. It was a tremendous feeling to be a "leader."

As the day advanced there were several little things happened which helped to make my men and me better acquainted. For instance, I found that the men in advance of us, as they passed the native huts, were looting them of their live-stock, and by the time my rear guard passed there were no living things left on the clearing except the owners, who were weeping miserably in their doorways. As these were the people whose liberties we had come to protect I felt indignant, but as my own men had taken nothing, for the excellent reason that there was nothing left to take, I could not act in the matter. But just before noon, as we were halted near one of these shacks, I saw one of the men come out of the underbrush carrying a little pig with its throat cut. I asked him how he had come by it, and he said he had bought it from the man who owned the shack. I sent for the native and asked if this were true, and he said in great fear that he had not been paid for the pig, but that the man was welcome to it.

"You lied to me," I said to the volunteer, "and you stole a pig and threatened this man. Now, I'll have no thieves in this troop, and I'll have no lying either, at least not to me. If you men commit any offence and tell me the truth about it, I'll let you off much more easily than if you lie to me." I then paid the man five dollars for his pig and sentenced the volunteer to a week's extra sentry duty for



stealing it, and to a week more of sentry duty for having lied to me. As most of the men were standing in the cleared space at the time, they heard what passed and got their first lesson as to the sort of discipline I intended to maintain.

At noon the heat was very great, and La Guerre halted the column at a little village and ordered the men to eat their luncheon. I posted pickets, appointed a detail to water the mules, and asked two of the inhabitants for the use of their clay ovens. In the other troops each man, or each group of men, were building separate fires and eating alone or in messes of five or six, but by detailing four of my men to act as cooks for the whole troop, and six others to tend the fires in the ovens, and six more to carry water for the coffee, all of my men were comfortably fed before those in the other troops had their fires going.

Von Ritter had said to me that during the two weeks in camp the men had used up all their tobacco, and that their nerves were on edge for lack of something to smoke. So I hunted up a native who owned a tobacco patch, and from him, for three dollars in silver, I bought three hundred cigars. I told Von Ritter to serve out six of them to each of the men of D Troop. It did me good to see how much they enjoyed them. For the next five minutes every man I met had a big cigar in his mouth, which he would remove with a grin, and say, "Thank you, Captain." I did not give them the tobacco to gain popularity, for in active service I consider that tobacco is as necessary for the man as food, and I also believe that any officer who tries to buy the good-will of his men is taking the quickest way to gain their contempt.

Soldiers know the difference between the officer who bribes and pets them, and the one who, before his own tent is set up, looks to his men and his horses, who distributes the unpleasant duties of the camp evenly, and who knows what he wants done the first time he gives an order, and does not make unnecessary work for others because he cannot make up his mind.

The arrangements I made for the comfort of my men and the orders I gave do not seem important now, but, as that was

the first time I had ever given orders or had been responsible for the health and lives of a body of grown men, it seemed very serious to me, and I can remember everything that happened during those first days as distinctly as though they were this morning.

After I had seen the mules watered and picketed in the public corral, I went to look for the General, whom I found with the other officers at the house of the Alcalde. They had learned news of the greatest moment. Two nights previous, General Garcia had been attacked in force at Santa Barbara, and had abandoned the town without a fight. Nothing more was known, except that he was either falling back along the trail to join us, or was waiting outside the city for us to come up and join him.

La Guerre at once ordered the bugles to sound "Boots and saddles," and within five minutes we were on the trail again with instructions to press the men forward as rapidly as possible. The loss of Santa Barbara was a serious calamity. It was the town third in importance in Honduras, and it had been the stronghold of the revolutionists. The moral effect of the fact that Garcia held it, had been of the greatest possible benefit. As Garcia's force consisted of 2,000 men and six pieces of artillery, it was inexplicable to La Guerre how without a fight he had abandoned so valuable a position. He declared that, before we could make any move upon the capital, we must combine forces and retake Santa Barbara.

The country through which we now passed was virtually uninhabited, and wild and rough, but grandly beautiful. At no time, except when we passed through one of the dusty little villages, of a dozen sun-baked huts set around a sun-baked plaza, was the trail sufficiently wide to permit us to advance unless in single file. And yet this was the highway of Honduras from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific Ocean, and the only road to Tegucigalpa, the objective point of our expedition. The capital lay only one hundred miles from Porto Cortez, but owing to the nature of this trail it could not be reached from the east coast, either on foot or by mule, in less than from six to nine days. No wheeled vehicle could have possibly attempted the



trip without shaking to pieces, and it was only by dragging and lifting our Gatling guns by hand that we were able to bring them with us.

At sunset we halted at a little village, where, as usual, the people yelled "Vivas!" at us, and protested that they were good revolutionists. The moon had just risen, and, in spite of our lack of uniforms, as the men rode onward, kicking up the white dust and with the Gatlings clanking and rumbling behind them, they gave a most war-like impression. Miller, who had reconnoitred the village before we entered it, stood watching us as we came in. He said that we reminded him of troops of United States cavalry as he had seen them on the alkali plains of New Mexico and Arizona. It was again my duty to station our pickets and outposts, and as I came back after placing the sentries, the fires were twinkling all over the plaza and throwing grotesque shadows of the men and the mules against the white walls of the houses. It was a most weird and impressive picture.

The troopers were exhausted with the forced march, and fell instantly to sleep, but for a long time I sat outside the Town Hall talking with General La Guerre and two of the Americans, Miller and old man Webster. Their talk was about Aiken, who so far had accompanied us as an untried prisoner. From what he had said to me on the march, and from what I remembered of his manner when Captain Leeds informed him of the loss of the guns, I was convinced that he was innocent of any treachery.

I related to the others just what had occurred at the coast, and after some talk with Aiken himself, La Guerre finally agreed that he was innocent of any evil against him, and that Quay was the man who had sold the secret. La Guerre then offered Aiken his choice of continuing on with us, or of returning to the coast, and Aiken said that he would prefer to go on with our column. Now that the Isthmian Line knew that he had tried to assist La Guerre, his usefulness at the coast was at an end. He added frankly that his only other reason for staying with us was because he thought we were going to win. General La Guerre gave him charge of our transport and commissary, that is of

our twelve pack-mules and of the disposition of the coffee, flour, and beans. Aiken possessed real executive ability, and it is only fair to him to say that as commissary sergeant he served us well. By the time we had reached Tegucigalpa the twelve mules had increased to twenty, and our stock of rations, instead of diminishing as we consumed them, increased daily. We never asked how he managed it. Possibly, knowing Aiken, it was wiser not to inquire.

We broke camp at four in the morning, but in spite of our early start the next day's advance was marked by the most cruel heat. We had left the shade of the high lands and now pushed on over a plain of dry, burning sand, where nothing grew but naked bushes bristling with thorns, and tall grayish-green cacti with disjointed branching arms. They stretched out before us against the blazing sky, like a succession of fantastic telegraph-poles. We were marching over what had once been the bed of a great lake. Layers of tiny round pebbles rolled under our feet, and the rocks which rose out of the sand had been worn and polished by the water until they were as smooth as the steps of a cathedral. A mile away on each flank were dark green ridges, but ahead of us there was only a great stretch of glaring white sand. No wind was stirring, and not a drop of moisture. The air was like a breath from a brick oven, and the heat of the sun so fierce that if you touched your fingers to a gun-barrel it burned the flesh.

We did not escape out of this lime-kiln until three in the afternoon, when the trail again led us into the protecting shade of the jungle. The men plunged into it as eagerly as though they were diving into water.

About four o'clock we heard great cheering ahead of us, and word was passed to the rear that Miller had come in touch with Garcia's scouts. A half hour later, we marched into the camp of the revolutionists. It was situated about three miles outside of Santa Barbara, on the banks of the river where the trail crossed it at a ford. Our fellows made a rather fine appearance as they rode out of the jungle among the revolutionists; and, considering the fact that we had come to fight for them, I thought the little beggars might have given

us a cheer, but they only stared at us, and nodded stupidly. They were a mixed assortment, all of them under-size and either broad and swarthy, with the straight hair and wide cheek-bones of the Carib Indian, or slight and nervous looking, with the soft eyes and sharp profile of the Spaniard. The greater part of them had deserted in companies from the army, and they still wore the blue-jean uniform and carried the rifle and accoutrements of the Government. To distinguish themselves from those soldiers who had remained with Alvarez, they had torn off the red braid with which their tunics were embroidered.

All the officers of the Foreign Legion rode up the stream with La Guerre to meet General Garcia, whom we found sitting in the shade of his tent surrounded by his staff. He gave us a most enthusiastic greeting, embracing the General, and shaking hands with each of us in turn. He seemed to be in the highest state of excitement, and bustled about ordering us things to drink, and chattering, gesticulating, and laughing. He reminded me of a little, fat French poodle trying to express his delight by bounds and barks. They brought us out a great many bottles of rum and limes, and we all had a long, deep drink. After the fatigue and dust of the day, it was the best I ever tasted. Garcia's officers seemed just as much excited over nothing as he was, but were exceedingly friendly, treating us with an exaggerated "comrades-in-arms" and "brother-officers" sort of manner. The young man who entertained me was quite a swell, with a tortoise-shell visor to his cap and a Malacca sword-cane which swung from a gold cord. He was as much pleased over it as a boy with his first watch, and informed me that it had been used to assassinate his uncle, ex-President Rojas. As he seemed to consider it a very valuable heirloom, I moved my legs so that, as though by accident, my sword fell forward where he could see it. When he did he exclaimed upon its magnificence, and I showed him my name on the scabbard. He thought it had been presented to me for bravery. He was very much impressed.

Garcia and La Guerre talked together for a long time and then shook hands warmly, and we all saluted and returned to the ford.

As soon as we had reached it La Guerre seated himself under a tree and sent for all of his officers.

"We are to attack at daybreak tomorrow morning," he said. "Garcia is to return along the trail and make a demonstration on this side of the town, while we are here to attack from the other. There is another ford half a mile below this one. A cattle-path leads from it, and we are to follow that path until it adjoins the main trail as it enters Santa Barbara from the side of the town opposite to where we are now. The plaza is about three hundred yards from where the main trail enters the town. On the corner of the plaza and the main street there is a large warehouse. One side of the warehouse looks across the plaza to the barracks, which are on the other side of the square. General Garcia's plan is that we make this warehouse our objective point. He selected this particular building because it overlooks the barracks, and because it is the only one on the plaza with two stories. Men on its roof will have a great advantage over those in the barracks and in the streets. He believes that when he begins his attack from this side, the Government troops will rush from the barracks and hasten toward the sound of the firing. At the same signal we are to hurry in from the opposite side of the town, seize the warehouse, and throw up barricades across the plaza. Should this plan succeed, the Government troops will find themselves shut in between two fires. It seems to be a good plan, and I have agreed to it. The cattle-path is much too rough for our guns, so Captain Heinze and the gun detail will remain here and co-operate with General Garcia. Let your men get all the sleep they can now. They must march again at midnight. They will carry nothing but their guns and ammunition and rations for one meal. If everything goes as we expect, we will breakfast in Santa Barbara."

I like to remember the happiness I got out of the excitement of that moment. I lived at the rate of an hour a minute, and I was as upset from pure delight as though I had been in a funk of abject terror. And I was scared in a way, too, for whenever I remembered I knew



nothing of actual fighting, and of what chances there were to make mistakes, I shivered down to my heels. But I would not let myself think of the chances to make a failure, but rather of the opportunities of doing something distinguished and of making myself conspicuous. I laughed when I thought of my classmates at the Point with their eyes bent on a book of tactics, while here was I, within three hours of a real battle, of the most exciting of all engagements, an attack upon a city. A full year, perhaps many years, would pass before they would get the chance to hear a hostile shot, the shot fired in anger, which every soldier must first hear before he can enter upon his inheritance, and hold his own in the talk of the mess-table. I felt almost sorry for them when I thought how they would envy me when they read of the fight in the newspapers. I decided it would be called the battle of Santa Barbara, and I imagined how it would look in the headlines. I was even generous enough to wish that three or four of the cadets were with me; that is, of course, under me, so that they could tell afterward how well I had led them.

Garcia loaned us two of his officers to act as guides. They had been with him in the town for six weeks before they had permitted the Government troops to drive them out of it, and in consequence were familiar with it and its approaches. But when La Guerre asked one of them in what way the town was defended toward the west, he answered that unless the Government troops had erected defences during the three days in which they had occupied it, there were none. That is a good instance of the manner in which our allies and, fortunately, our enemies also, conducted the war.

La Guerre had asked Garcia why he had no spies nor pickets to warn him of the approach of such a large force.

"Spies and pickets!" he exclaimed. "I had too many spies and pickets. It was through them that I lost the town. Every hour they came running in to tell me the enemy was advancing. I could not sleep, I could not eat my meals in peace for them. So, when they told me the enemy was coming for the five hundredth time I remained in my hammock—and

that was the only time they were telling the truth."

At midnight we filed silently out of camp, and felt our way in the dark through the worst stretch of country we had yet encountered. The ferns rose above our hips, and the rocks and fallen logs over which we stumbled were slippery with moss. Every minute a man was thrown by a trailing vine or would plunge over a fallen tree-trunk, and there would be a yell of disgust and an oath and a rattle of accoutrements. The men would certainly have been lost if they had not kept in touch by calling to one another, and the noise we made hissing at them for silence only added to the uproar.

At the end of three hours our guides informed us that for the last half-mile they had been guessing at the trail, and that they had now completely lost themselves. So La Guerre sent out Miller and the native scouts to buskey about and find out where we were, and almost immediately we heard the welcome barking of a dog, and one of the men returned to report that we had walked right into the town. We found that the first huts were not a hundred yards distant. La Guerre accordingly ordered the men to conceal themselves and sent Miller, one of Garcia's officers, and myself to reconnoitre.

The moonlight had given way to the faint gray light which comes just before dawn, and by it we could distinguish lumps of blackness which as we approached turned into the thatched huts of the villagers. Until we found the main trail into the town we kept close to the bamboo fences of these huts, and then, still keeping in the shadows, we followed the trail until it turned into a broad and well-paved street.

Except for many mongrel dogs that attacked us, and the roosters that began to challenge us from every garden, we had not been observed, and, so far as we could distinguish, the approach to the town was totally unprotected. By this time the light had increased sufficiently for us to see the white fronts of the houses, and the long empty street, where rows of oil-lamps were sputtering and flickering, and, as they went out, filling the clean, morning air with the fumes of the dying wicks. It had been only two weeks since I had seen



paved streets, and shops, and lamp-posts, but I had been sleeping long enough in the open to make the little town of Santa Barbara appear to me like a modern and well-appointed city. Viewed as I now saw it, our purpose to seize it appeared credulous and grotesque. I could not believe that we contemplated such a piece of folly. But the native officer pointed down the street toward a square building with overhanging balconies. In the morning mist the warehouse loomed up above its fellows of one story like an impregnable fortress.

Miller purred with satisfaction.

"That's the place," he whispered; "I remember it now. If we can get into it, they can never get us out." It seemed to me somewhat like burglary, but I nodded in assent, and we ran back through the outskirts to where La Guerre was awaiting us. We reported that there were no pickets guarding our side of the town, and the building Garcia had designated for defence seemed to us most admirably selected.

It was now near to the time set for the attack to begin, and La Guerre called the men together, and, as was his custom, explained to them what he was going to do. He ordered that when we reached the warehouse I was to spread out my men over the plaza and along the two streets on which the warehouse stood. Porter was to mount at once to the roof and open fire on the barracks, and the men of B and C Troops were to fortify the warehouse and erect the barricades.

It was still dark, but through the chinks of a few of the mud huts we could see the red glow of a fire, and were warned by this to move forward and take up our position at the head of the main street. Before we advanced, skirmishers were sent out to restrain any of the people in the huts who might attempt to arouse the garrison. But we need not have concerned ourselves, for those of the natives who came to their doors, yawning and shivering in the cool morning air, shrank back at the sight of us, and held up their hands. I suppose, as we crept out of the mist, we were a somewhat terrifying spectacle, but I know that I personally felt none of the pride of a conquering hero. The glimpse I had caught of the sleeping

town, peaceful and unconscious, and the stealth and silence of our movements, depressed me greatly, and I was convinced that I had either perpetrated or was about to perpetrate some hideous crime. I had anticipated excitement and the joy of danger, instead of which, as I tiptoed between the poor gardens, I suffered all the quaking terrors of a chicken thief.

We had halted behind a long adobe wall to the right of the main street, and as we crouched there the sun rose like a great searchlight and pointed us out, and exposed us, and seemed to hold up each one of us to the derision of Santa Barbara. As the light flooded us we all ducked our heads simultaneously, and looked wildly about us as though seeking for some place to hide. I felt as though I had been caught in the open street in my night-gown. It was impossible to justify our presence. As I lay, straining my ears for Garcia's signal, I wondered what we would do if the worthy citizen who owned the garden wall, against which we lay huddled, should open the gate and ask us what we wanted. Could we reply that we, a hundred and fifty men, proposed to seize and occupy his city? I felt sure he would tell us to go away at once or he would call the police. I looked at the men near me, and saw that each was as disturbed as myself. A full quarter of an hour had passed since the time set for the attack, and still there was no signal from Garcia. The strain was becoming intolerable. At any moment some servant, rising earlier than his fellows, might stumble upon us, and in his surprise sound the alarm. Already in the trail behind us a number of natives, on their way to market, had been halted by our men, who were silently waving them back into the forest. The town was beginning to stir, wooden shutters banged against stone walls, and from but just around the corner of the main street came the clatter of iron bars as they fell from the door of a shop. We could hear the man who was taking them down whistling cheerily.

And then from the barracks came, sharply and clearly, the ringing notes of the reveille. I jumped to my feet and ran to where La Guerre was sitting with his back to the wall.

"General, can't I begin now?" I begged. "You said D Troop was to go in first."

He shook his head impatiently. "Listen!" he commanded.

We heard a single report, but so faintly and from such a distance that had it not instantly been followed by two more we could not have distinguished it. Even then we were not certain. Then as we crouched listening, each reading the face of the others and no one venturing to breathe, there came the sharp, broken roll of musketry. It was unmistakable. The men gave a great gasp of relief, and without orders sprang to "attention." A ripple of rifle-fire, wild and scattered, answered the first volley.

"They have engaged the pickets," said La Guerre.

The volleys were followed by others, and volleys, more uneven, answered them still more wildly.

"They are driving the pickets back," explained La Guerre. We all stood looking at him as though he were describing something which he actually saw. Suddenly from the barracks came the discordant calls of many bugles, warning, commanding, beseeching.

La Guerre tossed back his head, like a horse that has been too tightly curbed.

"They are leaving the barracks," he said. He pulled out his watch and stood looking down at it in his hand.

"I will give them three minutes to get under way," he said. "Then we will start for the warehouse. When they come back again, they will find us waiting for them."

It seemed an hour that we stood there, and during every second of that hour the rifle fire increased in fierceness and came nearer, and seemed to make another instant of inaction a crime. The men were listening with their mouths wide apart, their heads cocked on one side, and their eyes staring. They tightened their cartridge-belts nervously, and opened and shot back the breech-bolts of their rifles. I took out my revolver, and spun the cylinder to reassure myself for the hundredth time that it was ready. But La Guerre stood quite motionless, with his eyes fixed impassively upon his watch as though he were a physician at a sick-bed. Only once did he raise his eyes. It was when the human savageness of the rifle fire was broken by a low mechanical rattle, like the whirr of a mowing-machine as one hears it across the hay-fields. It spanked the air with sharp hot reports.

"Heinz has turned the Gatlings on them," he said. "They will be coming back soon." He closed the lid of his watch with a click and nodded gravely at me. "You can go ahead now, Captain," he said. His tone was the same as though he had asked me to announce dinner.

(To be continued.)

## ASLEEP

By Elsa Barker

BEYOND the boundaries of dream he lies,

Wrapt in the veil of immemorial sleep.

The far-off murmur of the rhythmic deep

Of being is his breath; it magnifies

The soul that studies with illumined eyes

This ageless mystery that mortals keep.

The spellbound watcher is too still to weep;

Her ears have caught the silence of the wise.

O Sleep, pale prophet of immortal rest—

Sleep, that relieves the angel of the clod!

Rocked on the waves of dream that manifest

The spirit to the seed within the sod,

The slumberer sees the shadow of his quest,

And wakens wondering at the ways of God.



## LITTLE TAPIN

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. SHERMAN POTTS



His name was Jean-Marie-Michel Jumière, and the first eighteen years of his life were spent near the little Breton village of Plougastel. They were years of which each was, in every respect, like that which went before, and, in every respect, like that which followed after: devoid, that is to say, of incident, beyond the annual *pardon*, when the peasants came from far and near to the quaint little church, to offer their prayers at the cemetery Calvary, and display their holiday costumes, and make love, and exchange gossip on the turf round about. It is a land of wide and wind-swept hillsides; this, imbued with the strange melancholy of a wild and merciless sea, and wherein there are no barriers of convention or artificiality between earth and sky, man and his Maker, but Jean-Marie loved it for its very bleakness. From the doorway of his mother's cottage, standing, primly white, in the midst of great rocks and strawberry fields, with its thatched roof drawn down, like a hood, about its ears, as if in protection against the western gales, he could look out across the broad

harbor of Brest to the Goulet, that gateway to the great Atlantic whose mighty voice came to his ears in stormy weather, muttering against the barrier of the shore. And this voice of the sea spoke to Jean-Marie of many things, but, most of all, of the navies of France, of the mighty battle-ships which went out from Brest to unimagined lands, far distant—China, America, and the southern islands—whence comrades, older than himself, brought back curious treasures—coral and shells and coins and even parrots—to surprise the good people of Plougastel. He looked at them enviously as they gathered about the door of Père Yvetot's wine-shop, when they were home on leave, and spun sailor-yarns for his delighted ears. How wonderful they were, these men who had seen the world, Toulon and Marseilles, and Tonkin—how wonderful, with their flapping trousers and their jaunty caps, with a white strap and a red *pompon*, and their throats and breasts showing, ruddy-bronze, at the necks of their shirts!

At such times Jean-Marie would join timidly in the talk, and, perhaps, speak of the time when he, too, should be *marin français*, and see the world. And the big



Breton sailors would laugh good-naturedly, and slap him on the shoulder, and say: "*Tiens!*" And how then shall the cruisers find their way into Brest Harbor, when the little *phare* is gone?" For it was a famous joke in Plougastel to pretend that Jean-Marie, with his flaming red hair, was a light-house which could be seen through the Goulet, far, far out at sea.

But Jean-Marie only smiled quietly in reply, for he knew that his day would come. At night the west wind, sweeping in from the Atlantic, and rattling his casement, seemed to be calling him, and it was a fancy of his to answer its summons in a whisper, turning his face toward the window:

"All in good time, my friend. All in good time!"

Again, when he was working in the strawberry fields, he would strain his eyes to catch the outline of some big green battle-ship, anchored off Brest, or, during one of his rare visits to the town, lean upon the railing of the *pont tournant*, to watch the sailors and marines moving about the barracks and magazines on the *quais* of the *port militaire*. All in good time, my friends. All in good time!

Only, there were two to whom one did not speak of these things—the Little Mother and Rosalie Vivieu. Already the sea had taken three from Madame Jumièrre—Baptiste, her husband, and Philippe and Yves, the older boys, who went out together, with the fishing fleet, seven years before, in the stanch little smack *La Belle Fortune*. She had been cheerful, even merry, during the long weeks of waiting for the fleet's return, and, when it came in one evening, with news of *La Belle Fortune* cut down in the fog by a North Cape German Lloyd, and all hands lost, she had taken the news as only a Breton woman can. Jean-Marie was but twelve at the time, but there is an intuition, beyond all reckoning in years, in the heart of a fisher's son, and never should he forget how the Little Mother had caught him to her heart that night, at the doorway of their cottage, crying: "Holy Saviour! Holy Saviour!" with her patient blue eyes upturned to the cold, gray sky of Finistère! As for Rosalie, Jean-Marie could not remember when they two had not been sweethearts, since

the day when, as a round-eyed boy of six, he had watched Madame Vivieu crowding morsels of blessed bread into her baby mouth at the *pardon* of Plougastel, since all the world knows that in such manner only can backwardness of speech be cured. Rosalie was sixteen now, as round and pink and sweet as one of her own late peaches, and she had promised to marry Jean-Marie some day. For the time being, he was allowed to kiss her only on the great occasion of the *pardon*, but that was once more each year than any other *gars* in Plougastel could do, so Jean-Marie was content. No, evidently, to these two there must be no mention of his dreamings of the wide and wonderful sea, of that summons of the impatient western wind, of those long reveries upon the *pont tournant*.

So Jean-Marie hugged his visions to his heart for another year, working in the strawberry fields, gazing out with longing eyes toward the warships in the harbor, and whispering, when the fingers of the wind tapped upon his little casement: "All in good time, my friend. All in good time!"

And his day came at last, as he had known it would. But with what a difference! For there were many for the navy that spring. Plougastel had nine, and Daoulas fifteen ready, and Hanvec seven, and Crozon twenty-one, and, from Landerneau and Chateaulin and Lambellec and Le Folgoet, came fifty more, and from Brest itself a hundred: and all of these, with few exceptions, were great, broad-shouldered lads, strong of arm and deep of chest; and so the few, it seemed, who were slender and fragile, like Jean-Marie, were assigned to the infantry, and sent, as is the custom, far from Finistère, because, says the code, change of scene prevents homesickness, and what the code says must, of course, be true.

When Madame Jumièrre heard this she smiled as she was seldom known to smile. The Holy Virgin then had listened to her prayers. The *gars* was to be a *pioupiou* instead of a *col bleu*, after all! The great sea should not rob her again, as it had robbed her in the time. It was very well, oh, *grâce au saint Sauveur*, it was very well! And all that night the Little Mother prayed, and watched a tiny taper

flickering before her porcelain image of *Notre Dame de la Recouvrance*, while Jean-Marie tossed and turned upon his little garret bed, and made no reply, even in a whisper, to the west wind rattling his casement with insistent fingers.

But it was all to be far worse than he had pictured it to himself, even in those first few hours of disappointment and despair. The last Sunday afternoon which he and Rosalie passed, hand in hand, seated by the Calvary in Plougastel cemetery, striving dumbly to realize that they should see each other no more for three long years; the following morning, chill and bleak for that season, when he and the Little Mother, standing on the platform of the station at Brest, could barely see each other's faces for the sea-fog and their own hot tears; the shouts and laughter and noisy farewells of the *classe* crowding out of the windows of their third-class carriages; and, finally, the interminable journey to Paris—all of these were to Jean-Marie like the successive stages of a feverish, uneasy dream. He knew none of the noisy Breton peasant lads about him, but sat by himself in the centre of the compartment, too far from either window to catch more than fleeting glimpses of the fog-wrapped landscape through which the train crept at thirty kilometres the hour. At long intervals they stopped in great stations, of which little Jean-Marie remembered to have heard—Morlaix, St. Brieuc, Rennes, and Laval—where the recruits bought cakes and bottles of cheap wine, and joked with white-capped peasant women on the platforms; and twice again during the long night he was roused from a fitful, troubled sleep to a consciousness of raucous voices crying "Le Mans!" and "Chartres!" and gasped in sudden terror, before he could remember where he was, at the faces of his slumbering companions, ghastly and distorted in the wretched light of the compartment lamp. So, as the dawn was breaking over Paris, they came into the Gare Montparnasse, and, too drowsy to realize what was demanded of them, were herded together by the drill-sergeants in charge, and marched away across the city to the barracks of La Pépinière.

The weeks that followed were to Jean-Marie hideous beyond any hope of resig-

nation. From the first he had been assigned to the drum-corps, and spent hours daily, under the command of a corporal expert in the art, laboriously learning double rolls and ruffles in the *fosse* of the fortifications. For they are not in the way of enduring martyrdom, the Parisians, and even while they cry "*Vive l'armée!*" with their hats off, and their eyes blazing, the drummers and buglers are sent out of hearing to practise the music that later, when the regiments parade, will stir the throng to loyal enthusiasm!

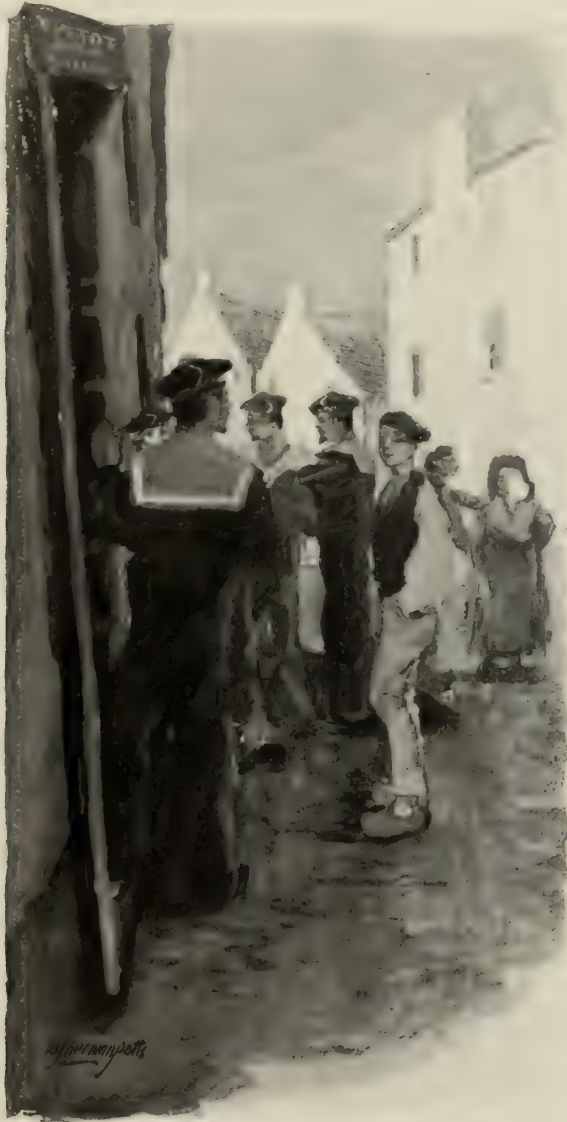
But this part of his new life was no hardship to Jean-Marie, or Little Tapin, as his comrades soon learned to call him, because he was the smallest drummer in the corps. On the contrary, it was something to be in the open air, even though that air was tainted with sluggish smoke from the factory chimneys of Levallois-Perret, instead of being swept and refreshed by the west wind from beyond the Goulet. And he was very earnest, very anxious to please, was Little Tapin. First of all the new drummers, he learned the intricacies of the roll, and so diligently did he improve the hours of practice that he was first, as well, to be regularly assigned to a place in the regimental band. No, this was no hardship. What cramped and crushed his kindly little heart, what clouded his queer, quizzical eyes, was nothing less than Paris, beautiful, careless Paris, that laughed and danced and sang about him, and had never a thought for Little Tapin, with his funny freckled face and his ill-fitting uniform of red and blue and his coarse boots and his ineradicable Breton stare.

In Plougastel he had been wont to greet and to be greeted, to hear cheery words from those who passed him on the wide, white roads. He was part of it all, one who was called by his honest name, instead of by a ridiculous *sobriquet*, and who had his share in all that went forward from the strawberry harvest to the procession of the *pardon*. And if all this was but neighborly interest, at least there were two to whom Jean-Marie meant more, and who meant more to him.

But Paris—Paris, with her throngs of strange faces hurrying past, her brilliantly lighted *boulevards*, her crowded *cafés*, her

swirl of traffic along avenues that one crossed only at peril of one's life—he was lost amid her clamor and confusion as utterly as a bubble in a whirlpool!

*pioupiou*. He was not *bon camarade*. He seemed to disapprove. So, presently, while he was staring into a shop-window, they would slip down a side street or



When they were home on leave, and spun sailor-yarns.—Page 730.

The bitterest hours of his new life were those of his leave, in which, with a band of his fellows, he went out of the great green gates of the *caserne* to seek amusement. Amusement! They soon lost Little Tapin, the others, for he was one who did not drink, and walked straight on when they turned to speak to passing *grisettes*, who clung to each other's arms, and looked back, laughing at the sallies of the

into a tiny café, and Little Tapin would find himself alone in the great city which he dreaded.

He came to spending long hours of his days of leave in the galleries of the Louvre, hastening past row upon row of nude statues with startled eyes, or making his way wearily from picture to picture of the old Dutch masters, striving, striving to understand. Then, foot-sore and heart-



sick, he would creep out upon the Pont du Carrousel, and stand for half an afternoon with his elbows on the railing. Behind him the human tide swung to and fro from bank to bank, the big omnibuses making the bridge throb and sway under his feet. It was good, that, like the rise and fall of his little boat on the swells of the Bras de Landerneau, when he rowed up with a comrade to fish at the mouth of the Elorn. And there was always the Seine, whirling, brown and angry, under

So three months went by, and then, one morning, the news ran through La Pépinière that the regiment was going to move. There is no telling how such tidings get abroad, for the pawns are not supposed to know what part in the game they are to play. A loose-tongued lieutenant, perhaps, and a sharp-eared *ordonnance*, or a word between two *commandants* overheard by the sentry in his box at the gates of the *caserne*. Whatever the source of the information, certain it was that, six hours after



Were herded together by the drill-sergeants.—Page 732.

the arches of the Pont Royal beyond, on its way to the sea, where were the great, green battle-ships. Little Tapin strained his eyes in an attempt to follow the river's long sweep to the left, toward the distant towers of the Trocadéro, and then pictured to himself how it would go on and on, out into the good, green country, past hillsides crowded with vineyards and broad, flat meadows, where the poplars stood, aligned like soldiers, against the sky, until it broadened toward its end, running swifter and more joyously, for now the wind had met it and was crying: "Come! Come! The sea! The sea!" as it was used to cry, rattling the casement of his little room at Plougastel. Then two great tears ran slowly down his freckled cheeks, and dropped, unnoted, into the flying river, wherein so many fall. Ah, what a baby he was, to be sure, Little Tapin!

the colonel of the 107th of the line had received his orders, his newest recruit could have told you as much of them as was known to General de Galliffet himself in his office on the boulevard Saint-Germain.

A more than usually friendly comrade confided the news to Little Tapin, exulting. The regiment was to move—in three days, name of God! *Épatant*—what? And, what was more, they were to go to the south, to Grenoble, whence one saw the Alpes Maritimes, with snow upon them—*snow* upon them, did Tapin comprehend?—and *always*! No matter whether it was a Tuesday, or a Friday, or even a Sunday! There was *always* snow!

No, Little Tapin could hardly comprehend. He pondered dully upon this new development of his fate all that afternoon, and then, suddenly, while he was beating the staccato roll of the *retraite* in the court



*Drawn by W. Sherman Tolls.*

And there was always the Seine.— Page 734.



of the *caserne* that night, he understood ! Why, it was to go farther away, this—farther away from Plougastel and the Little Mother and Rosalie, to be stationed in God knew what great town, crueller even, more crowded, than Paris itself !

All that night Little Tapin lay staring at the ceiling of the big *dortoir*, while the comrades breathed heavily around him. And, little by little, the spirit of rebellion roused and stirred in his simple Breton heart. For he hated it all, this army, this dreary, rigid routine, this contemptuous comment of trim, sneering young lieutenants, with waxed mustaches, and baggy red riding breeches, and immaculately varnished boots. He hated his own uniform, which another *tapin* had worn before him, and which, in consequence, had never even had the charm of freshness. He hated the bugles and the drums—yes, and, more than all, the *tricolor*, the flag of the great, cruel Republic, which had cooped him up in these desolate barracks

of La Pépinière, instead of sending him with other Bretons out to the arms of the blue sea ! And, when morning crept, gaunt and gray, through the windows of the *dortoir*, there lay upon the pallet of Little Tapin a deserter, in spirit, at least, from the 107th of the line !

Surrounding Little Tapin and his companion were the most brilliant figures of the scene.—Page 739.



For the third time since joining the regiment Little Tapin was detailed as drummer to the guard at the Palais du Louvre. He knew what *that* meant—a long, insufferably tiresome day, with nothing to do save to idle about a doorway of the palace, opposite the Place du Palais Royal, watching the throng of shoppers scurrying to and fro and passing in and out of the big Magasins du Louvre. It was only as sunset approached that the drummer of the guard detail had any duty to perform. Then he marched, all alone, with his drum slung on his hip, across the Place du Carrousel, and down the wide central *promenade* of the Tuileries gardens, to the circular basin at their western end, where, on pleasant afternoons, the little Parisians—and some, too, of larger growth—manœuvred their miniature yachts to the extreme vexation of the sluggish gold-fish. There, standing motionless, like a sketch of Édouard Detaille, he watched the sun creep lower, lower, behind the Arc de l'Étoile, until it went out of sight, and then, turning, he marched back, drumming sturdily, to warn all who lingered in the gardens that the gates were about to close.

But they were not good for Little Tapin, those hours of idleness at the portals of the palace. It is the second busiest and most densely thronged spot in Paris, this—first the Place de l'Opéra, and then the Place du Palais Royal. And to Little Tapin's eyes, as he glanced up and down the Rue de Rivoli, the great city seemed more careless, more cruel than ever, and bit by bit the rebellious impulse born in the *dortoir* grew stronger, more irresistible. His Breton mind was slow to action, but, once set in one direction, it was obstinacy itself. He took no heed of consequences. If he realized at any stage of his meditation what the outcome of desertion must inevitably be, it was only to put the thought resolutely from him. Capture, court-martial, imprisonment, they were only names to him. What was real was that he should see Plougastel again, sit hand in hand with Rosalie, and refind his comrades, the wide, sunlit harbor, and the impatient western wind for which his heart was aching. What was false and unbearable was longer service in an army that he loathed.

He arranged the details of escape in his mind, as he sat apart from his comrades of the guard, fingering the drum-cords. An hour's leave upon the morrow—certainly the *tambour-major* would grant him so much, if he said it was to bid his sister good-by: then, a change from his detested uniform to a cheap *civile* in the shop of some second-hand dealer in the Gobelins quarter, and, finally, a quick dash to the Gare Montparnasse, when he should have learned the hour of his train, and so, away to Finistère! It sounded extremely simple, as all such plans do, when the wish is father to the thought, and in his calculations he went no farther than Plougastel. After that, one would see. So the long afternoon stole past.

At seven o'clock the lieutenant of the guard touched Little Tapin upon the shoulder, and, more by instinct than actual perception, he sprang to his feet and saluted.

"*Voyons, mon petit,*" said the officer, not unkindly. "It is time thou wast off. Thou knowest thy duty, eh? There is no need of instructions?"

"*Oh, ça me connaît, mon lieutenant,*" answered Little Tapin quaintly, and presently he was striding away to his post, under the Arc de Triomphe, past the statues and the flower-beds and the dancing fountains, across the Rue des Tuileries, and so into the wide, central *promenade* of the gardens beyond.

The old woman who sold cakes and *régisse* and balloons to the children was putting up the shutters of her little booth as he passed, and two others were piling wooden chairs in ungainly pyramids under the trees, though the gardens were still full of people hurrying north and south on the transverse paths leading to the Rue de Rivoli or to the *quai* and the Pont de Solférino. But, curiously enough, the open space around the western basin was almost deserted as Little Tapin took his position, facing the opening of the great *grille*.

The mid-August afternoon had been oppressively warm, and now a thin haze had risen from the wet wood pavement of the Place de la Concorde and hovered low, pink in the light of the setting sun. Directly before Little Tapin the obelisk raised its warning finger, and, beyond, the

Champs Elysées, thickly dotted with carriages and half-veiled by great splotches of ruddy-yellow dust, swept away in a long, upward curve toward the distant Arc de l'Étoile.

But of all this Little Tapin saw nothing. He stood very still, with his back to the basin, where the fat goldfish went to and fro like lazy sentinels, on the watch for a possible belated small boy with a pocket full of crumbs. He was still deep in his dream of Plougastel, so deep that he could almost smell the salt breeze rollicking in from the Goulet, and hear the chapel bell sending the *Angelus* out over the strawberry fields and the rock-dotted hillside.

After a minute something, a teamster's shout or the snap of a *cocher's* whip, roused him, and he glanced around with the same half-sensation of terror with which he had wakened in the night to hear the guards shouting "Le Mans!" and "Chartres!" Then the reality came back to him with a rush, and he grumbled to himself. Oh, it was all very well, the wonderful French army, all very well if one could have been a marshal or a general, or even a soldier of the line in time of war. There was a chance for glory, *bon sang!* But to be a drummer—a drummer, one metre seventy in height, with flaming red hair and a freckled face—a drummer who was called Little Tapin, and to have for one's most important duty to drum the loungers out of a public garden! No, evidently he would desert!

"But why?" said a grave voice beside him.

Little Tapin was greatly startled. He had not thought he was saying the words aloud. And his fear increased when, on turning to see who had spoken, he found himself looking into the eyes of one who was evidently an officer, though his uniform was unfamiliar. He was plain shaven and very short, almost as short, indeed, as Little Tapin himself, but about him there was a something of dignity and command which could not fail of its effect. He wore a great black hat like a *gendarme's*, but without trimming, a blue coat with a white *plastron*, the tails lined with scarlet, and the sleeves ending in red and white cuffs. White breeches, and kneeboots carefully polished, completed

the uniform, and from over his right shoulder a broad band of crimson silk was drawn tightly across his breast. A short sword hung straight at his hip, and on his left breast were three orders on red ribbons: a great star, with an eagle in the centre, backed by a sunburst studded with brilliants; another eagle, this one of white enamel, pendant from a jewelled crown; and a smaller star of enamelled white and green, similar to the large one.

Little Tapin had barely mastered these details when the other spoke again.

"Why art thou thinking to desert?" he said.

"*Monsieur* is an officer?" faltered the drummer—"a general, perhaps. *Pardon*, but I do not know the uniform."

"A corporal, simply—a soldier of France, like thyself. Be not afraid, my little one. All thou sayest shall be held in confidence. Tell me thy difficulties."

His voice was very kind, the kindest Little Tapin had heard in three long months, and suddenly the barrier of his Breton reserve gave and broke. The nervous strain had been too great. He must have sympathy and advice, yes, even though it meant confiding in a stranger, and the possible failure of his dearly cherished plans.

"A soldier of France!" he exclaimed, impulsively. "Ah, *monsieur*, there you have all my difficulty. What a thing it is to be a soldier of France! And not even that, but a drummer, a drummer who is called 'Little Tapin,' because he is the smallest and weakest in the corps. To be taken from home, from the country he loves, from Brittany, and made to serve among men who despise him, who laugh at him, who avoid him in the hours of leave because he is not *bon camarade*. To wear a uniform that has been already worn. To sleep in a dormitory where there are *bêtes funestes*! To have no friends. To know that he is not to see Plougastel and the sweetheart and the Little Mother for three long years. Never to fight, but, at best, to drum *voyous* out of a garden! *That*, *monsieur*, is what it is to be a soldier of France!"

There were tears in Little Tapin's eyes now, but he was more angry than sad. The silence of months was broken, and



the hoarded resentment and despair of his long martyrdom, once given rein, were not to be checked a second time. He threw back his narrow shoulders defiantly, and said a hideous thing :

“ *Conspuez l’armée française !* ”

There was an instant’s pause, and then the other leaned forward and with one white-gloved hand touched Little Tapin on the eyes.

Before them a great plain, sloping very gradually upward in all directions, like a vast, shallow amphitheatre, spread away in a long series of low terraces to where, in the dim distance, the peaks of a range of purple hills nicked and notched a sky of palest turquoise. From where they stood, upon a slight elevation, the details of even the farthest slopes seemed singularly clean-cut and distinct—the group of gray willows ; the poplars, standing stiffly in twos and threes ; the short silver reaches of a little river, lying in the hollows where the land occasionally dipped ; at long intervals a white-washed cottage, gleaming like a sail against this sea of green ; even, on the most distant swell of all, a herd of ruddy cattle, moving slowly up toward the crest—each and all of these, although in merest miniature, as clear and vivid in form and color as if they had been the careful creations of a Claude Lorrain.

Directly before the knoll upon which they were stationed, a wide road, dazzling white in the sunlight, swept in a superb full curve from left to right, and on its farther side the ground was covered with close-clipped turf, and completely empty for a distance of two hundred metres. But beyond ! Beyond, every hectare of the great semicircle was occupied by dense masses of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, regiment upon regiment, division upon division, corps upon corps, an innumerable multitude, motionless, as if carved out of many colored marbles !

In some curious, unaccountable fashion, Little Tapin seemed to know all these by name. There, to the left, were the *chasseurs à pied*, their huge bearskins flecked with red and green *pompons*, and their cross-belts slashed like capital X’s against the blue of their tunics ; there, beside them, the foot artillery, a long row of

metal collar-plates, like dots of gold, and gold trappings against dark blue ; to the right, the Garde Royale Hollandaise, in brilliant crimson and white ; in the centre, the infantry of the Guard, with tall, straight *pompons*, red above white, and square black shakos, trimmed with scarlet cord.

Close at hand, surrounding Little Tapin and his companion, were the most brilliant figures of the scene, and these, too, he seemed to know by name. None was missing. Prince Murat, in a cream-white uniform blazing with gold embroidery, and with a scarlet ribbon across his breast ; a group of marshals—Ney, Oudinot, Duroc, Macdonald, Augereau, Soult, and Bernadotte—with their yellow sashes and cocked hats laced with gold ; a score of generals—Laroche, Durosnel, Marmont, Letort, Henrion, Chasteler, and the rest—with white instead of gold upon their hats—clean-shaven, severe of brow and lip-line, they stood without movement, their gauntleted hands upon their sword-hilts, gazing straight before them.

Little Tapin drew a deep breath.

Suddenly, from somewhere, came a short, sharp bugle note, and instantly the air was full of the sound of hoofs and the ring of scabbards and stirrup-irons, and the wide white road before them alive with flying cavalry. Squadron after squadron, they thundered by ; mounted *chasseurs*, with pendants of orange-colored cloth fluttering from their shakos and plaits of curiously powdered hair bobbing at their cheeks ; Polish light horse, with metal sunbursts gleaming on their square-topped helmets, and crimson and white pennons snapping in the wind at the points of their lances ; Old Guard Cavalry, with curving helmets like Roman legionaries ; Mamelukes, with full red trousers, white and scarlet turbans, strange standards of horse-hair, surmounted by the imperial eagle, brazen stirrups singularly fashioned and horse-trappings of silver with flying crimson tassels ; Horse Chasseurs of the Guard, in hussar tunics and yellow breeches, their *sabretaches* swinging as they rode ; and Red Lancers, in gay uniforms of green and scarlet. Like a whirlwind they went past, each squadron, in turn, wheeling to the left and coming to a halt in the open space beyond the road, until the last lancer had swept by.



A thick cloud of white dust, stirred into being by the flying horses, now hung between the army and the knoll, and through this one saw dimly the mounted band of the Twentieth Chasseurs, on gray stallions, occupying the centre of the line, and heard, what before had been drowned by the thunder of hoofs, the strains of "*Partant pour la Syrie*."

Slowly, slowly, the dust-cloud thinned and lifted, so slowly that it seemed as if it would never wholly clear. But, on a sudden, a sharp puff of the wind sent it whirling off in arabesques to the left, and the whole plain lay revealed.

"*Bon Dieu !*" said Little Tapin.

The first rank of cavalry was stationed within a metre of the farther border of the road, the line sweeping off to left and right until details became indistinguishable. And beyond, reaching away in a solid mass, the vast host dwindled and dwindled, back to where the ascending slopes were broken by the distant willows and the reaches of the silver stream. With snowy white of breeches and *plastrons*, with lustre of scarlet velvet and gold lace, with sparkle of helmet and cuirass, and dull black of bearskin and smoothly groomed flanks, the army blazed and glowed in the golden sunlight like a mosaic of a hundred thousand jewels. Silent, expectant, the legions flashed crimson, emerald, and sapphire, rolling away in broad swells of light and color, motionless save for a long, slow heave, as of the ocean, lying, vividly iridescent, under the last rays of the setting sun. Then, without warning, as if the touch of a magician's wand had roused the multitude to life, a myriad sabres swept twinkling from their scabbards, and, by tens of thousands, the guns of the infantry snapped with a sharp click to a present arms. The bugles sounded all along the line, the *tricolors* dipped until their golden fringes almost swept the ground, the troopers stood upright in their stirrups, their heads thrown back, their bronzed faces turned toward the knoll, their eyes blazing. And from the farthest slopes inward, like thunder that growls afar, and, coming nearer, swells into unbearable volume, a hoarse cry ran down the massed battalions and broke in a stupendous roar upon the shuddering air :

"*Vive l'empereur !*"

Little Tapin rubbed his eyes.

"I am ill," he murmured. "I have been faint. I seemed to see——"

"Thou hast seen," said the voice of his companion, very softly, very solemnly ; "thou hast seen simply what it is to be a soldier of France !"

His hand rested an instant on the drummer's shoulder, with the ghost of a caress.

"My little one," he added, tenderly, "forget not this. It matters nothing whether one is Emperor of the French or the smallest drummer of the corps, whom men call 'Little Tapin.' I, too, was called 'little' in the time—'The Little Corporal' they called me, from Moscow to the Loire. But it is all the same. Chief of the army, drummer in the corps, on the field of battle, in the gardens of the Tuileries, routing the Prussians, or drumming out the *voyous*—it is all the same, my little one, it is all the same. All that is necessary is to understand—to understand that it is all and always for *la belle France*. Empire or republic, in peace or war—what difference ? It is still France, still the *tricolor*, still *l'armée française !*"

He lifted his hat, and looked steadily up at the sky, where the first stars were shouldering their way into view.

"*Vive la France !*" he added. And on his lips the phrase was like a prayer.

Through the Arc de l'Étoile the fading sunset looked back on him as upon something it was loath to leave. Then Little Tapin flung back his head. There was a strange, new light in his eyes, and his breath came quickly, between parted lips. Without a word he swung upon his heels, slipped his drum into place, and marched steadily away, beating the long roll. Once, when he had gone a hundred metres, he looked back. The figure of the Little Corporal was still standing beside the basin, though now it was very thin and faint, like the dust clouds on the Champs Élysées. But, as the little drummer turned, it raised one hand to its forehead in salute.

Little Tapin stood motionless for an instant and then he smiled, and, through the deepening twilight :

"*Vive l'armée !*" he shouted, shrilly. "*Vive la France !*"



Painted by W. Sherman Potts.

"The Tarantula," he shouted.—Page 740.

# THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE LAST HOURS OF A CIVILIZATION



MISS CLENDENNING, true to her promise, sent by the next post a letter so dainty in form and so delicate in color that only a turtle-dove should have carried it to Brookfield Farm, and have dropped it into Margaret's hand. This billet-doux began by inviting Miss Margaret Grant, of Brookfield Farm, to pass a week with Miss Lavinia Clendenning, of "Kennedy Square," she, Miss Lavinia, desiring to know the better one who had so charmed and delighted "our dear Oliver," and ended with "Please say to your dear, good mother, that I am twice your age, and will take as much care of you as if you were my own daughter. I feel assured she will waive all ceremony when she thinks of how warm a greeting awaits you."

Margaret looked at the post-mark, and then at the little oval of violet wax bearing the crest of the Clendennings—granted in the time of Queen Elizabeth for distinguished services to the Throne—and after she had read it to her mother, and had shown the seal to her father, who had put on his glasses, scanned it closely, and tossed it back to her with a dry laugh, and after she had talked it all over with John, who said it was certainly very kind of the woman, and that Oliver's people were evidently "nobs," but, of course, Madge couldn't go, not knowing any of them, Margaret took a sheet of plain white paper from her desk, thanked Miss Clendenning for her kind thought of her, and declined the honor in a firm, round hand. This she closed with a red wafer, and then, with a little bridling of her head and a determined look in her face, she laid the letter on the gate-post, ready for the early stage in the morning.

This missive was duly received by Miss

Clendenning, and read at once to Mrs. Horn, who raised her eyebrows and pursed her lips in deep thought. After some moments she looked over her glasses at Miss Lavinia and said :

"I must say, Lavinia, I am very greatly astonished. Won't come? She has done perfectly right. I think all the better of her for it. Really, there may be something in the girl, after all. Let me look at her handwriting again—writes like a woman of some force. Won't come, eh? What do you think, Lavinia?"

"Merely a question of grandmothers, my dear ; she seems to have had one, too," answered the little old maid, with a quizzical smile in her eye, as she folded the letter and slipped it back in her pocket.

Oliver's disappointment over Margaret's decision saddened his last days at home, and he returned to New York with none of his former buoyancy. Here other troubles began to multiply. Before the winter was over, Morton, Slade & Co., unable longer to make headway against the financial difficulties that beset them, went to the wall, involving many of their fellow-merchants. Oliver lost his situation, in consequence, and was forced to support himself by making lithographic drawings for Bianchi, at prices that barely paid his board.

To these troubles were added other anxieties. The political outlook had become even more gloomy than the financial. The roar of Sumter's guns had reverberated throughout the land, and men of all minds were holding their breath and listening, with ears to the ground, for the sound of the next shot. Even Margaret's letters were full of foreboding. "Father is more bitter against the South than ever," she wrote. "He says if he had ten sons, each should shoulder a musket. We must wait, Ollie dear. I can only talk to mother about you. Father won't listen, and I never mention your name before him. Not because it is you, Ollie, but because you represent a class whom he hates.



Dear John would listen, but he is still in Boston. Even his fellow-classmen want to fight, he says. I fear all this will hurt my work, and keep me from painting."

These letters of Margaret's, sad as they were, were his greatest and sometimes his only comfort. She knew his ups and downs and they must have no secrets from each other. From his mother, however, he kept all records of his privations during these troublous months. Neither his father nor his dear mother must deprive themselves for his benefit.

One warm spring day, when the grass was struggling into life, and the twigs on the scraggly trees in Union Square were growing pink and green with impatient buds and leaves, a telegram was laid beside Oliver's plate. It read as follows:

"Father ill. Come at once.

"MOTHER."

Instinctively Oliver felt in his pockets for his purse. There was just money enough to take him to Kennedy Square and back.

His mother met him at the door.

"It was only a fainting turn, my son," were her first words. "I am sorry I sent for you. Your father is himself again, so Dr. Wallace says. He has been working too hard lately—sometimes far into the night. I could have stopped you from coming; but, somehow, I wanted you—" and she held him close in her arms, and laid her cheek against his. "I get so lonely, my boy, and feel so helpless sometimes."

The weak and strong were changing places. She felt the man in him now.

Nathan was in the library. He and Malachi had been taking turns at Richard's bedside. Malachi had not closed his eyes all night. Nathan came out into the hall when he heard Oliver's voice, and put his hand on his shoulder.

"We had a great scare, Ollie," he said, "but he's all right again, thank God! He's asleep now—better not wake him." Then he put on his coat and went home.

Malachi shook his head. "Sumpin's de matter wid him, an' dis ain't de las' ob it. Drapped jes' like a shote when he's hit,

Marse Oliver," he said, in a low whisper, as if afraid of disturbing his master on the floor above. "I was a-layin' out his clo'es an' he called quick like, 'Malachi! Malachi!' an' when I got dar, he was lyin' on de flo' wid his head on de mat. I ain't nebber seen Marse Richard do like dat befo'—" The old servant trembled as he spoke. He evidently did not share Nathan's hopeful views. Neither did Dr. Wallace, although he did not say so to anyone.

Malachi's fears, however, were not realized. Richard not only revived, but by the end of the week he was in the drawing-room again, Malachi, in accordance with the time-honored custom, wheeling out his chair, puffing up the cushions, and, with a wave of the hand and a sweeping bow, saying:

"Yo' ch'ar's all ready, Marse Richard. Hope you'se feelin' fine dis evenin', sah!"

The following day he was in his "li'l room," Oliver constantly helping him. It was the lifting of the heavy plate of the motor that had hurt him so, Nathan said. Not the same motor which Oliver remembered; that one had been abandoned. Another, much larger and built on different lines, had taken its place. Richard used twenty-four cells now instead of ten, and the magnets had been wrapped with finer wire.

These days in the shop were delightful to Oliver. His father no longer treated him as an inexperienced youth, but as his equal. "I hope you will agree with me, my son," he would say; or, "What do you think of the idea of using a 'cam' here instead of a lever?" or, "I wish you would find the last issue of the *Review*, and tell me what you think of that article of Latrobe's. He puts the case very clearly, it seems to me," etc. And Oliver would bend his head in attention and try to follow his father's lead, wishing all the time that he could really be of use to the man he revered beyond all others, and so lighten some of the burdens that were weighing him down.

And none the less joyful were the hours spent with his mother. All the old-time affection, the devotion of a lover-son, were lavished upon her. And she was so supremely happy in it all. Now that Richard had recovered, there was no other cloud on her horizon. Even the dread of the Northern girl had passed out of her mind.



*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.*

The Colonel turned upon him with a snarl.—Page 746.

If Oliver intended marrying Miss Grant he would have told her, she knew. Then again, he was so much stronger and wiser—so much more thoughtful than he had been—so much more able to keep his head in matters of this kind.

As his position was different with his father in the "li'l' room" and with his mother in the stillness of her chamber—for often they talked there together until far into the night—so were his relations altered with his old friends and neighbors in the drawing-room. While the young men and girls filled the house, as had always been their custom, the older men, as well, now paid their respects to Richard Horn's son.

"One of our own kind," Judge Bowman said to Richard. "Does you credit, Horn—a son to be proud of."

Even Amos Cobb came to look him over, a courtesy which pleased Richard who greatly admired the Vermonter. The courage with which this alien in Kennedy Square defended his opinions had always appealed to the inventor. He had said so one day at the Club to Colonel Clayton's infinite displeasure. When Cobb heard of it, he called on Richard that same day and asked to see the motor, and that same night astounded the circles about the Club tables, by remarking, in a tone of voice loud enough for everybody to hear: "We have all been wrong about Horn. He has got hold of something that will one day knock steam higher than Gilroy's kite." A friendship was thus established between the two which had become closer every day—the friendship of a clearer understanding.

It was quite natural, therefore, that Amos Cobb should be among Oliver's earliest callers. He must have been pleased with his inspection, for he took occasion at the Club to say to Colonel Clayton, in his quick, crisp way:

"Dropped in at Horn's last night. His boy's over from New York. Looks like a different man since he quit fooling round here a couple of years ago. Clean cut a young fellow as I've seen for many a day. Got a look out of his eyes like his mother's. Level-headed woman, his mother—no better anywhere. If all the young bloods South had Oliver Horn's ideas we might pull through this crisis."

To which my Lord Chesterfield of Kennedy Square merely replied with a nod of the head and a drawing together of the eyebrows. He found it difficult to tolerate the Vermonter in these days with his continued tirades against "the epidemic of insanity sweeping over the South," as Cobb would invariably put it.

The young man's arrival and Richard's recovery brought an unusual number of guests in their honor to the usual Friday night musicale. Oliver had looked forward to it with exceptional pleasure. No function in the Horn mansion did he enjoy so much.

Richard was to play this evening his own interpretations of Handel's Largo. It was one of Ole Bull's favorite selections—one the inventor and the great virtuoso had played together some years before at one of these same musicales.

The guests, including Dr. Wallace and Mrs. Pancoast and the immediate neighbors, had assembled—Miss Clendenning in her place at the piano, Nathan standing beside her to turn the leaves of the accompaniment. Richard had picked up his violin, tucked it under his chin, poised the bow, and that peculiar hush which always precedes the sounding of the first notes on evenings of this kind had already fallen upon the room, when there came a loud rap at the front door that startled everyone, and the next instant Colonel Clayton burst in, his cheeks flaming, his hat still on his head.

"Ten thousand Yankees will be here in the morning, Horn!" he gasped out, holding one hand to his side as he spoke, to breathe the easier, and waving an open telegram in the other. "Stop! This is no time for fiddling. They're not going round by water; they're coming here by train. Read that," and he held out the bit of paper.

The Colonel's sudden entrance and the startling character of the news, brought every man to his feet.

Richard laid down his violin, read the telegram quietly, and handed it back.

"Well, suppose they do come, Clayton?"

His voice was so sustained, and his manner so temperate, that a certain calming reassurance was felt.

"Suppose they *do* come! They'll burn



the town, I tell you," shouted the infuriated man, suddenly remembering his hat and handing it to Malachi. "That's what they're coming for. We want no troops here, and the Government ought to know it. It's an outrage to send armed men here at this time!"

"You're all wrong, Clayton," answered Richard, without raising his voice. "You have always been wrong about this matter. There are two sides to this question. Virginia troops occupied Harper's Ferry yesterday. If the authorities consider that more troops are needed to protect Washington, that's their affair, not yours nor mine."

"We'll *make* it our affair. What right has this damnable Government to march their troops through a free and sovereign State without its permission? Whom do they think this town belongs to, I want to know, that this Northern scum should foul it. Not a man shall set foot here if I can help it. I would rather——"

Richard turned to stay the torrent of invectives in which such words as "renegades," "traitors," "mud-sills," were heard, but the Colonel, completely unmanned by the rage he was in, and seemingly unconscious of the presence of the ladies, waved him aside with his hand, and faced the row of frightened, expectant faces.

"Gentlemen, when you are through with this tomfoolery, I shall be glad if you will come to the Club; any of you who have got guns had better look them up; they'll be wanted before this is over. We'll meet these dirty skinflints with cold lead, and plenty of it."

Oliver's blood boiled at the Colonel's words, and he was about to speak, when his mother laid her hand on his arm. Visions of the kindly face of Professor Cummings, and the strong, well-knit figures of Fred Stone, John Grant, Hank, Jonathan Gordon, and the others that he loved came before his eyes.

Richard raised his hand in protest:

"You are mad, Clayton; you don't know what you are doing. The hour you try to stop these troops, that hour our streets will run blood. I beg and beseech you to keep cool. Because South Carolina has lost her head, that is no reason why we should. This is not our fight!

If my State called me to defend her against foreign invasion, old as I am I would be ready, and so should you. But the Government is part of ourselves, and should not be looked upon as an enemy. You are wrong, I tell you, Clayton."

"Wrong or right, they'll have to walk over my dead body if they attempt to cross the streets of this town. That's my right as a citizen, and that I shall maintain. Gentlemen, I have called a meeting at the Club at ten o'clock to-night. All of you able to carry a gun will do me the kindness to be present. I'd rather die right here in my tracks than let a lot of low-lived mud-sills who never entered a gentleman's house in their lives come down here at the beck and call of this rail-splitter they've put in the White House and walk over us roughshod!"

Richard's eyes flashed. They blazed now as brightly as those of Clayton. Not even a life-long friend had the right to use such language in his presence, or in that of his guests. His figure grew tense with indignation. Confronting the now reckless man, he raised his hand and was about to order him out of the house when Oliver stepped quickly in front of his father.

"You are unjust, Colonel Clayton." The words came slowly between the boy's partly closed teeth. "You know nothing of these people. I have lived among them long enough not only to know but to love them. There are as many gentlemen North as South. If you would go among them as I have done, you would be man enough to admit it."

The Colonel turned upon him with a snarl:

"And so you have become a dirty renegade, too, have you, and gone back on your blood and your State? That's what comes of sending boys like you away from home!"

The guests stood amazed. The spectacle of the most courteous man of his time acting like a blackguard was more astounding than the news he had brought. Even Malachi, at the open door, trembled with fear.

As the words fell from his lips Mrs. Horn's firm, clear voice, crying "Shame! Shame!" rang through the room. She had risen from her seat and was walking rapidly to where the Colonel was standing.

"Shame, I say, John Clayton! How dare you speak so? What has our young son ever done to you, that you should insult him in his father's house? What madness has come over you?"

The horrified guests looked from one to the other. Every eye was fixed on the Colonel, shaking with rage.

For a brief instant he faced his hostess, started to speak, checked himself as if some better judgment prevailed, and with upraised hands flung himself from the room, shouting, as he went:

"Ten o'clock, gentlemen! Chesapeake Club! Every man with a gun!"

When the last of the guests had departed Richard, with a sigh, laid his violin in its case, its bow beside it. For years after no hand awoke its melodies; no voice spoke to it; no cheek caressed it; it did not even see the light. Then when the madness which possessed men's souls had passed away a loving hand tried to arouse it to consciousness and song. It answered faintly and sweetly, but the old-time thrill had fled with the old-time life.

The halls of the club-house were already filled with angry and excited men, discussing the threatened invasion, when Richard and Nathan arrived with Oliver between them. Many of them met the young man with scowling looks, Clayton having evidently informed them of Oliver's protest.

Some of the younger members had brought their sporting guns. These had been handed to the gouty old porter, who, half frightened out of his wits, had stacked them in a row against the wall of the outer hall. Billy Talbot arrived a few moments after Oliver. He carried a heavy ducking gun loaded for swan. He had been dining out when summoned and had hurriedly left the table, excusing himself on the ground that he had been "called to arms." He had taken time, however, to stop at his own house, slip out of his English dress-suit and into a brown ducking outfit.

"We'll shoot 'em on the run, damn 'em—like rabbits, sir," he said to Cobb as he entered, the Vermonter being the only man likely to communicate with the invaders and so make known the warlike in-

tentions of at least one citizen, and the utter hopelessness of any prolonged resistance. Waggles, who had followed close on his master's heels, was too excited to sit down, but stood on three legs, his eye turned toward Talbot, as if wanting to pick up any game which Billy's trusty fowling-piece might bring down.

A quiet, repressed smile passed over Oliver's face as he watched Waggles and his master, but he spoke no word to the Nimrod. He could not help thinking how Hank would handle the fashion-plate if he ever closed his great bony hands upon him.

Judge Bowman now joined the group, bowing to Richard rather coldly and planting himself squarely in front of Oliver.

"There's only one side to this question, young man, for you," he said. "Don't be fooled by those fellows up in New York. I know them—known them for years. Look up there"—and he pointed to the portrait of Oliver's ancestor above the mantel. "What do you think *he* would do if he were alive to-day? Stick to your own, my boy—stick to your own!"

General Mactavish now hurried in, drawing off his white gloves as he entered the room, followed by Tom Gunning, Carter Thom, and Mowbray, an up-county man. The four had been dining together and had also left the table on receipt of the Colonel's message. They evidently appreciated the gravity of the situation, for they stood just outside the excited group that filled the centre of the large room, listening eagerly.

Above the hum of conflicting voices Oliver could now and then catch his father's clear tones pleading for moderation—"in a crisis which," he urged, "requires the greatest public restraint and self-control; one which will surely plunge the country into the most horrible of wars."

Amos Cobb stood silent during the whole discussion, leaning against the mantelpiece, his cold gray eyes fixed on the excited throng, his thin lips curling now and then. When the Defence Committee had at last been formed, and its members formally instructed to meet the enemy outside the city and protest, first by voice and then, if necessary, by arms, against the unwarrantable invasion of the soil of their State, the Vermonter buttoned up his coat



slowly, one button after another, fastened each one with a determined gesture, drew on his gloves, set his lips tight, singled out Oliver and Richard, shook their hands in the most marked manner and with the greatest warmth, and walked straight out of the club-house. Some time during the night he drove in a hack to Mr. Stiger's house; roused the old cashier from his sleep; took him and the big walled-town-key down to the bank; unlocked the vault and dragged from it two wooden boxes, filled with gold coin, his own property, and which the month before he had deposited there for safe keeping. These, with Stiger's assistance, he carried to the hack. Within the hour the two boxes with their contents were locked up in a bureau drawer in his own house awaiting their immediate shipment to New York.

The next morning Malachi's wizened face was thrust inside Oliver's bedroom door. He was shaking with terror, his eyes almost starting from his head.

"Marse Ollie, Marse Ollie, git up quick as you kin! De Yankees is come; de town is black wid 'em!"

Oliver sprang from his bed and stood half dazed looking into Malachi's eyes.

"How do you know? Who told you?"

"I done seen 'em. Been up since daylight. Dey got guns wid 'em. Fo' Gawd dis is tur-ble!" The old man's voice trembled—he could hardly articulate.

Oliver hurried into his clothes; stepped noiselessly down-stairs so as not to wake his father and mother, and, closing the front door softly behind him, stood for a moment on the top step. Should he forget the insults of the night before and go straight to Colonel Clayton, and try to dissuade him from his purpose, or should he find the regiment and warn them of their danger?

A vague sense of personal responsibility for whatever the day might bring forth took possession of him—as though the turning-point in his life had come, without his altogether realizing it. These men from the North were coming to his own town, where he had been born and brought up, and where they should be hospitably received. If Clayton had his way they would be met with clenched hands

and perhaps with blows. That these invaders were armed, and that each man carried forty rounds of ammunition and was perfectly able to take care of himself, did not impress him. He only remembered that they were of the same blood as the men who had befriended him, and that they were in great personal danger.

The angry shouts of a crowd of men and boys approaching the Square from a side street, now attracted his attention. They rushed past Oliver without noticing him, and, hurrying on through the gate, crossed the park, in the direction of the railroad station and docks. As they swept by the Clayton house, half a dozen men, led by the Colonel, ran down the steps and joined the throng. One of the mob, lacking a club, stopped long enough to wrench a paling from the rickety fence enclosing the Square, trampling the pretty crocuses and the yellow tulips under foot. Each new arrival, seeing the gap, followed the first man's example, throwing the branches and tendrils to the ground as they worked, until the whole panel was wrecked and the vines were torn from their roots.

Oliver, seeing now that all his efforts for peace would be hopeless, ran through the Square close behind the shouting mob, dashed down a side street parallel to that through which the cars carrying the troops were to pass on their way to Washington, turned into an alley, and found himself on the water-front, opposite one of the dock slips.

These slips were crowded with vessels, their bowsprits, like huge bayonets, thrust out over the car-tracks, as if to protect the cellars of the opposite warehouses, used by the ship-chandlers for the storage of coarse merchandise, and always left open during the day. The narrow strip of dock-front, between the car-tracks and the water-line—an unpaved strip of foot-trodden earth and rotting planks, on which lay enormous ship-anchors, anchor-chains in coils, piles of squared timber, and other maritime properties, stored here for years—was now a seething mass of people completely hiding the things on which they stood.

Oliver mounted a pile of barrels in front of one of these ship-chandler cellars, and, holding to an awning-post, looked off over the heads of the surging crowd



and in the direction of the railroad station at the end of the long street. From his position on the top barrel he could see the white steam of the locomotives rising above the buildings and the line of cars. He could see, too, a yard engine backing and puffing, as if making up a train.

Suddenly, without apparent cause, there rose above the murmurs of the street an ominous sound, like that of a fierce wind soughing through a forest of pines. All eyes were directed down the long street upon a line of cars that had been shunted on the street track; about these moved a group of men in blue uniforms, the sun flashing on their bayonets and the brass shields of their belts.

Oliver, stirred by the sound, climbed to the top of the awning-post for a better view and clung to the cross-piece. Every man who could gain an inch of vantage, roused to an extra effort by the distant roar, took equal advantage of his fellows. Sailors sprang farther into the rigging or crawled out to ends of the bowsprits; the windows of the warehouses were thrown up, the clerks and employees standing on the sills, balancing themselves by the shutters; even the skylights were burst open, men and boys crawling out edging their way along the ridge-poles of the roofs or holding to the chimneys. Every inch of standing-room was black with spectators.

The distant roar died away in fitful gusts as suddenly as it had arisen, and a silence even more terrifying fell upon the throng as a body of police poured out of a side street and marched in a compact body toward the cars.

Then came long strings of horses, eight or ten in tandem. These were backed down and hooked to the cars.

The flash of bayonets was now cut off as the troops crowded into the cars; the body of police wheeled and took their places ahead of the horses; the tandems straightened out and the leaders lunged forward under the lash.

The advance through the town had begun.

All this time the mob about Oliver stood with hands clenched, jaws tight shut, great lumps in their throats. Their eyes were the eyes of hungry beasts watching an approaching prey.

As the distant rumbling of the cars,

drawn by teams of straining horses, sounded the nearer, a bare-headed man, with white hair and mustache and black garments that distinguished him from the mob about him, and whom Oliver instantly recognized as Colonel Clayton, mounted the mass of squared timber lining the track, ran the length of the pile, climbed to the topmost stick, and shouted, in a voice which reverberated throughout the street:

"Block the tracks!"

A torrent of oaths broke loose as the words left his lips, and a rush was made for the pile of squared timber. Men struggled and fought like demons for the ends of the great sticks, carrying them by main strength, crossing them over the rails, heaping them one on the other like a pile of huge jack-straws, a dozen men to a length, the mobs on the house-tops and in the windows cheering like mad. The ends of the heavy chains resting on the strip of dirt were now caught up and hauled along the cobbles to be intertwined with the squared timber; anchors weighing tons were pried up and dragged across the tracks, a dozen men to each, urged on by gray-haired old merchants in Quaker-cut dress coats, many of them bare-headed, who had yielded to the sudden unaccountable delirium that had seized upon everyone. Colonel Clayton, Carter Thom, and Mowbray could be seen working side by side with stevedores from the docks and the rabble from the shipyards. John Camblin, a millionaire and nearly eighty years of age, head of the largest East India house on the wharves, his hat and wig gone, his coat split from the collar to the tails, was tugging at an anchor ten men could not have moved. Staid citizens, men who had not used an oath for years, stood on the sidewalks swearing like pirates; others looked out from their office-windows, the tears streaming down their cheeks. A woman with a coarse shawl about her shoulders, her hair hanging loose, a broom in one hand, was haranguing the mob from the top of a tobacco hog's-head, her curses filling the air.

Oliver held to his seat on the cross-piece of the awning, his teeth set, his eye fixed on the rapidly advancing cars, his mind wavering between two opinions—loyalty to his home, now invaded by troops whose bayonets might be turned upon his

own people, and loyalty to the friends he loved and to the woman who loved him.

The shouting now became a continuous roar! The front line of policemen, as they neared the obstructions, swung their clubs right and left, beating back the crowd. Then the rumbling cars, drawn by the horses, came to a halt.

The barricades must be reckoned with.

Again there came the flashing of steel and the intermingling of blue and white uniforms. The troops were leaving the cars and were forming in line to pass the barricades; the officers marching in front, the compact mass following elbow to elbow, their eyes straight before them, their muskets flat against their shoulders.

The approaching column now deployed sharply, wheeled to the right of the obstruction, and became once more a solid mass, leaving the barricades behind them, the Chief of Police at the head of the line forcing the mob back to the curbstone, laying about him with his club, cracking heads and breaking wrists as he cleared the way.

The colonel of the regiment, his fatigue cap pulled over his eyes, sword in hand, shoulders erect, cape thrown back, was now abreast of the awning to which Oliver clung. Now and then he would glance furtively at the house-tops, as if expecting a missile.

The mob looked on sullenly, awed into submission by the gleaming bayonets. But for the shouts of the police, beating back the crowd, and the muttered curses, one would have thought a parade was in progress.

The first company had now passed Oliver—pale, haggard-looking men, their lips twitching, showing little flecks of dried saliva caked in the corners of their mouths, their hands tight about the butts of their muskets.

Oliver looked on with beating heart. The dull, monotonous tramp of their feet strangely affected him.

As the second line of bayonets came abreast of the awning-post, a man in a red shirt, looking like a stevedore, sprang from the packed sidewalk into the open space between the troops and the gutter, lifted a paving stone high above his head and hurled it, with all his might, straight

against the soldier nearest him. The man reeled, clutched at the comrade next him, and sank to the ground. Then, quick as an echo, a puff of white smoke burst out down the line of troops, and a sharp, ringing report split the air. The first shot of defence had been fired.

The whole column swayed as if breasting a gale.

Another and an answering shot now rang through the street. This came from a window filled with men gesticulating wildly. Instantly the troops wheeled, raised their muskets, and a line of fire and smoke belched forth.

A terrible fear, that blanched men's faces, followed by an ominous silence, seized upon the mob, and then a wild roar burst out from thousands of human throats. The rectangular body of soldiers and the ragged-edged mob merged into a common mass. Men wrenched the guns from the soldiers and beat them down with the butt-ends of the muskets. Stalwart policemen flung themselves into the midst of the disorganized militia, begging the men to hold their fire. The air was thick with missiles: bricks from the house-tops; sticks of wood and coal from the fire-places of the offices; iron bolts, castings, anything the crazed mob could find with which to kill their fellow-men. The roar was deafening, drowning the orders of the officers.

Oliver had clung to his post, not knowing whether to drop into the seething mass or to run the risk of being shot where he was. At this moment his eye singled out a soldier who stood at bay below him, swinging his musket, widening the circle about him with every blow. The man's movements were hampered by his heavy overcoat and army blanket slung across his shoulder. His face and neck were covered with blood and dirt, disfiguring him beyond recognition.

Suddenly Oliver became conscious that a man in blue overalls was creeping up on the soldier's rear to brain him with a cart-rung that he held in his hand. A mist swam before the boy's eyes, and a great lump rose in his throat. The cowardice of the attack incensed him; some of the hot blood of the old ancestor that had crossed the flood at Trenton flamed up in his face. With the quickness of a cat he dropped to the side-



walk, darted forward, struck the coward full in the face with his clenched fist, tumbling him to the ground, wrenched the rung from his hands, and, jumping in front of the now almost overpowered soldier, swung the heavy stick about him like a flail, clearing the space before him.

The assaulting crowd wavered, fell back for a moment, and then, maddened at Oliver's defence of the invader, swept the two young men off their feet, throwing them bodily down the steps of a ship chandler's shop, the soldier knocked senseless by a blow from a brick which had struck him full in the chest.

Oliver lay still for a moment, raised his head cautiously and, putting forth all his strength, twisted his arms around the stricken man and rolled with him into the cellar. Then, springing to his feet, he slammed the door behind them and slipped in the bolt, before the mob could guess his meaning.

Listening at the crack of the door for a moment, and finding they were not pursued, he stooped over the limp body, lifted it in his arms, laid it on a pile of sails, and ran to the rear of the cellar for a bucket of water standing under a grimy window scarcely visible in the gloom, now that the door was shut.

Under the touch of the cold water, the man slowly opened his eyes, straining them toward Oliver, as if in pain.

The two men looked intently at each other, the soldier passing his hand across his forehead as if trying to clear his brain. Then lifting himself up on his elbow he gasped :

"Horn! Horn! My God! is that you?"

Oliver jumped back.

"Yes. Who are you?"

"John Grant."

Oliver saw Margaret's face!

With infinite tenderness, as though he was working for the woman he loved—doing what she would have done—he knelt beside him, wiped the blood and grime from her brother's cheeks with his handkerchief, loosening his coat, rubbing his hands, calling him "Old fellow," "Dear John," so that before long the wounded soldier stood once more upon his feet.

The two men after a breathing spell, barricaded the doors more strongly, rolling heavy barrels against them, the sounds from the street seeming to indicate that

an attack might be made upon them. But the mob had swept on and forgotten them, as mobs often do, while the fugitives waited, hardly daring to speak.

Absolute silence now reigned, the men fearing to speak, except in whispers, lest some one of the inmates of the warehouse overhead might hear them.

Toward noon a low tap was heard at the window, which was level with an alley in the rear, and a man's hand was thrust through a broken pane. Oliver pressed Grant's arm, laid his finger on his lips, caught up a heavy hammer lying on an oil barrel, crept noiselessly along the wall toward the sound, and stopped to listen. Then he heard his name called in a hoarse whisper.

"Marse Ollie! Marse Ollie! Is you in here?"

"Who is it?" Oliver called back, crouching beneath the window, his fingers tightly around the handle of the hammer.

"It's me, Marse Ollie."

"You! Malachi!"

"Yassir, I'se been a-followin' ye all de mawnin'. I see 'em tryin' to kill ye an' I tried ter git to ye. I kin git through—ye needn't help me," and he squeezed himself under the raised sash. "Malachi like de snake—crawl through anywhere. An' ye ain't hurted?" he asked when he was inside. "De bressed Lord, ain't dat good! I been a-waitin' outside; I was feared dey'd see me if I tried de door."

"Where are the soldiers?"

"Gone. Ain't nobody outside at all. Mos' to de railroad by dis time, dey tells me. An' dere ain't nary soul 'bout dis place needer—all run away. Come 'long wid me, son—I ain't gwine ter leabe ye a minute. Marse Richard'll be waitin'. Come 'long home, son. I been a-followin' ye all de mawnin'." The tears were in his eyes now. "An' ye ain't hurted," and he felt him all over with trembling hands.

John raised himself above the oil barrels. He had heard the strange talk and was anxiously watching the approaching figures.

"It's all right, Grant—it's our Malachi," Oliver called out in his natural voice, now that they were safe from being overheard.

The old man stopped and lifted both hands above his head.

"Gor'-a-mighty! an' he ain't dead?"



His eyes had now become accustomed to the gloom.

"No; and just think, Mally, he is my own friend. Grant, this is our Malachi whom I told you about."

Grant stepped over the barrel and held out his hand to the old negro. There are no class distinctions where life and death are concerned.

"Glad to see you. Pretty close shave, but I guess I'm all right. They'd have done for me but for your master."

A council of war was now held. The uniform would be fatal if Grant were seen in it on the street. Malachi must crawl into the alley again, go to Oliver's house, and return at dusk with one of Oliver's suits of clothes; the uniform and blood-stained shirt could then be hidden in the cellar, and at dark, should the street still be deserted, the three would put on a bold front and walk out the front door of the shop. Once safe in the Horn house, they could perfect plans so that Grant could rejoin his regiment.

Their immediate safety provided for, Oliver felt now Malachi had gone that he could ask about Margaret. He had been turning over in his mind how he had best broach the subject, when Grant said:

"Father was the first man in Brookfield to indorse the President's call for troops," "He'd have come himself, old as he is, if I had not joined the regiment. He didn't like you, Horn; I always told him he was wrong. He'll never forgive himself now when he hears what you have done for me," and he laid his hand affectionately on Oliver's shoulder as he spoke. They were young men again now—brothers once more, as they had been that first afternoon in the library at Brookfield. "I liked you as soon as I saw you, and so did mother, and so does Madge, but father was always wrong about you. We told him so, again and again, and Madge said that father would see some day that you got your manners from the Cavaliers and we got ours from the Puritans, and that there was good and bad on both sides. The old gentleman was pretty mad about her saying so, I tell you, but she stuck to it. Madge is a dear girl, Horn. A fellow always knows just where to find Madge; no nonsense about her. She's grown handsome, too—handsomer than

ever. There's a new look in her face, somehow, lately. I tell her she's met somebody in New York she likes, but she won't acknowledge it."

Oliver drank in every word, drawing out the brother with skilful questions and little exclamatory remarks that filled Grant with enthusiasm and induced him to talk on. In the joy of hearing from her our young lover entirely forgot his whereabouts, and the dangers that still beset them both; a joy intensified because it was the first and only time he had heard someone who knew her talk to him of the woman he loved. This went on until night fell and Malachi again crawled in through the same low window and helped John into Oliver's clothes.

When all was ready the door of the warehouse above was opened carefully and the three men walked out—Malachi ahead, John and Oliver following. The moonlit street was deserted; only the barricades of timber and the litter of stones and bricks marked the events of the morning. Dodging into a side alley and keeping on its shadow side, they made their way toward Oliver's home.

When the three reached the square, the white light of the moon lay full on the bleached columns of the Clayton house. Outside on the porch, resting against the wall, stood a row of long-barrelled guns glinting in the moon's rays. Through the open doorway could be seen the glow of the hall lantern, the hall itself crowded with men.

The Horn house was dark, except for a light in Mrs Horn's bedroom. The old servant's visit had calmed their fears, and they had only to wait now until Oliver's return.

Malachi stationed Oliver and John Grant in the shadow of the big sycamore that overhung the house, mounted the marble steps, and knocked twice. Aunt Hannah opened the door. She seemed to be expecting someone, for the knock was instantly followed by the turning of the knob.

Malachi spoke a few words in an undertone to Hannah, and stepped back to where the two young men were standing.

"You go in, Marse Oliver. Leabe de gemman yere wid me under de tree. Everybody's got dere eye wide open now—can't fool Malachi—I knows de signs."

Oliver walked leisurely to the door, closed it softly behind him, and ran upstairs into his mother's arms.

Malachi whispered to Grant, and the two disappeared in the shadows. At the same moment a bolt shot back in a gate in the rear of the yard—a gate rarely unbolted. Old Hannah stood behind it shading a candle with her hand. Malachi led the way across the yard, through the green door of Richard's shop, mounted the work-bench, felt carefully along the edge of a trap-door in the ceiling, unhooked a latch, pushed it up with his two hands, the dust sifting down in showers on his head, and disclosed a large, empty loft, once used by the slaves as a sleeping-room, and which had not been opened for years.

Assisted by the negro's arms, Grant climbed to the floor above, where a dim skylight gave him light and air. A cup of hot coffee was then handed up and the door of the trap carefully fastened, Malachi rumpling the shavings on the work-bench to conceal the dust. No trace of the hiding-place of the fugitive was visible.

When Malachi reached the front hall again, it was in response to someone who was hammering at the door as if to break it down. The old man peered cautiously out through the small panes of glass. The sidewalk was crowded with men, most of them carrying guns. They had marched over from Clayton's house. Among them was a *posse* of detectives from the Police Department.

In answer to their summons Richard had thrown up the window of his bedroom and was talking to Clayton, whose voice Malachi recognized above the murmurs and threats of the small mob.

"Come down, Horn. Oliver has proved traitor, just as I knew he would. He's been hiding one of these damned Yankees all day. We want that man, I tell you, dead or alive, and we are going to have him."

When the door was flung wide Clayton confronted, not Richard, but Oliver. "This is my affair," he had told his father, "and I will see it through."

"Where's that Yankee?" cried Clayton. He had not expected to find Oliver. "We are in no mood for nonsense—where have you hidden him?"

Malachi stepped forward before Oliver could answer.

"Marse Oliver ain't hid him. If you want him, go hunt him!"

"You speak like that to me, you black scoundrel," burst out the Colonel, and he raised his arm as if to strike him.

"Yes—me! Ain't nobody gwine ter tech Marse Oliver while I lib. I's as free as you is, Marse Clayton. Ain't no man can lay a han' on me!"

Oliver stood irresolute. He knew nothing of Grant's whereabouts.

One of the detectives pushed his way closer to the group.

"There's no use your denying it, young feller; we've heard the whole story from one of our men who saw you jump in front of him. You bring him out or we'll go through the place from cellar to garret."

Oliver gazed straight at the speaker and still held his peace. He was wondering where Grant had hidden himself and what John's chances were if the crowd searched the house. Malachi's outburst had left him all the more in the dark.

Mrs. Horn and Richard, who had followed Oliver and were standing on the stairs, looked on in astonishment. Would Clayton dare to break all the rules of good manners, and search the house, she whispered to Richard.

Another of the detectives now stepped forward—a dark, ugly looking man, with the face of a bull-dog.

"Look here! I'll settle this. You and two men crossed the Square ten minutes ago. This nigger was one of 'em; where's the other?"

Malachi turned and smiled significantly at Oliver—a smile he knew. It was the same the old man's face always wore whenever some tortuous lie of the darkey's own concoction had helped Oliver out of one of his scrapes.

"I am not here to answer your questions," he replied, quietly, a feeling of relief in his heart.

The officer turned angrily. "Send one man to the alley in the rear," he shouted to one of the detectives; "place another at this door. I'll search the yard and the house. Let no one of the family leave this hall. If that nigger moves put the irons on him."



The men outside made a circle about the house, some of them moving up the alley to watch the rear. Oliver stood with folded arms under the eight-sided hall lantern which an officer had lighted. Now and then he spoke in restrained tones to his mother, who had taken her seat on the stairs, Richard standing beside her. It was not the fate of the soldier that interested her—it was the horror of the search. Clayton leaned against the jamb of the door. He addressed no word to Richard or Mrs. Horn, nor did he look their way.

Richard had not spoken except to direct Malachi to obey the officer's orders. The horror of the search did not affect the inventor—that only violated the sanctity of the home; it was the brute force behind it that appalled him; that might annihilate the Republic.

"It is the beginning of the end," he said to himself.

The tread of heavy feet was again heard coming through the hall. Malachi turned quickly and a subdued smile lighted his wrinkled face.

The two detectives were alone.

"He is not there, Colonel Clayton," said the man with the bull-dog face, slipping his pistol into his belt. "We went through the yard and the outhouses like a fine tooth comb and made a clean sweep of the cellar. He may have gotten over the wall, but I don't think it. There's a lot of broken bottles on top. I'll try the bedrooms now."

As the words fell from his lips Mrs. Horn, the light from the lantern illuminating her gray hair, rose from her seat on the stairs, straight as a soldier on guard, her eyes flashing. The detective saw the movement and a grim smile came into his face.

"Unless they'll bring him out," he added, slowly. "This young fellow knows where he is. Make him tell."

Colonel Clayton turned to Oliver. "Is he upstairs, Oliver?"

"No."

"You give me your word of honor, Oliver, that he is not upstairs?"

"I do."

"Of course he'd say that. Here, I'll know pretty d— quick," muttered the detective moving toward the stairway.

The Colonel stepped forward and barred his way with his arm.

"Stay where you are! You don't know these people. If Oliver says he is not upstairs I believe him. These Horns don't know how to lie. Your information is wrong. The man never entered the house. You must look for the Yankee somewhere else." Then he advanced toward Mrs. Horn, raised his hat, and with some show of feeling said:

"I am sorry, Sallie, that we had to upset you so. When you and Richard see this matter in its true light you'll think as I do. If these scoundrels are to be permitted to come here and burn our homes we want to know which side our friends are on."

"You are the judge of your own conduct, John Clayton," she answered, calmly. "This night's work will follow you all your life. Malachi, show Colonel Clayton to the door and close it behind him."

Three nights later Malachi admitted a man he had never seen before. He was short and thick-set and had a grim, firmly set jaw. Under the lapel of his coat was a gold shield. He asked for the Mr. Horn, who had lately been living in New York. He would not come inside the drawing-room, but sat in the hall on the hair-cloth sofa, his knees apart, his cap in his hand.

"I'm the Chief of Police," he said to Oliver, "and I come because Mr. Cobb sent me. That's between ourselves, remember. You'll have to get out of here at once. They've got a yarn started that you're a government detective sent down here to spot rebel sympathizers and they'll make it warm for you. I've looked into it and I know it ain't so, but this town's in no shape to listen to anything. Besides, a while ago one of my men found your friend's uniform in the cellar where you hid it behind the barrels and the handkerchief all blood, with your name on it; and they've got you dead to rights. That'll all be out in the morning papers and make it worse for you. You needn't worry about him. He's all right. Mr. Cobb found him at daylight this morning just where your nigger left him and drove him over to the junction. He's with his regiment by this time. Get your things together quick as you can. I'll wait for you and see you safe aboard the owl train."



In less than twenty minutes Oliver had turned his back on his home and all that he loved.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE SETTLING OF THE SHADOW



HE bruised crocuses never again lifted their heads in Kennedy Square.

With the settling of the shadow—a shadow black with hate—men forgot the perfume of flowers, the rest and cool of shady nooks, the kindling touch of warm hands, and stood apart with eyes askance ; women shuddered and grew pale, and sad-faced children peered out through closed blinds.

Within the Square itself, along paths that had once echoed to the tread of slippered feet, armed sentries paced, their sharp challenges breaking the stillness of the night. Outside its wrecked fences strange men in stranger uniforms strode in and out of the joyless houses ; tired pickets stacked their arms on the unswept piazzas, and panting horses nibbled the bark from the tuneless trees ; rank weeds choked the gardens ; dishevelled vines clung to the porches, and doors that had always swung wide to the gentle tap of loving fingers were opened timidly to the blow of the sword hilt.

Kennedy Square became a tradition.

Some civilizations die slowly. This one was shattered in a day by a paving-stone in the hands of a thug.

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE STONE MUGS



FREDERICK STONE, N.A., member of the Stone Mugs, late war correspondent and special artist on the spot, paused before the cheerful blaze of his studio

fire, shaking the wet snow from his feet. He had tramped across Washington Square in drifts that were over his shoe-tops,

mounted the three flights of steps to his cosy rooms, and was at the moment expressing his views on the weather, in terms more forcible than polite, to our very old friend, Jack Bedford, the famous marine painter. Bedford, on hearing the sound of Fred's footsteps, had strolled in from his own studio, in the same building, and had thrown himself into a big arm-chair, where he was sitting hunched up, his knees almost touching his chin, his round head covered by a skull-cap that showed above the chair-back.

"Nice weather for ducks, Jack, isn't it ? Can't see how anybody can get here to-night," cried Fred, striking the mantel with his wet cap, and scattering the rain-drops over the hearth. "Just passed a Broadway stage stuck in a hole as I came by the New York Hotel. Been there an hour, they told me."

"Shouldn't wonder. Whose night is it, Fred ?" asked Jack, stretching out one leg in the direction of the cheery blaze.

"Horn's."

"What's he going to do ?"

"Give it up. Ask me an easy one. Said he wanted a thirty by forty. There it is on the easel," and Fred moved a chair out of his way, hung his wet coat and hat on a peg behind the door, and started to clear up a tangle of artillery harness that littered the floor.

"Thirty by forty, eh," grunted Jack, from the depths of his chair. "Thunder and Mars ! Is the beggar going to paint a panorama ? Thought that canvas was for a new cavalry charge of yours !" He had lowered the other leg now, making a double-barrelled gun of the pair.

"No ; it's Horn's. He's going to paint one of the fellows to-night."

"In costume ?" Jack's head was now so low in the chair that his eyes could draw a bead along his legs to the fire.

"Yes. As an old Burgomaster, or something with a ruff," and he kicked an army blanket into a corner as he spoke.

"There's the ruff hanging on that pair of foils. Waller sent it over." Then his gray eyes fell on Jack's sprawled-out figure, his feet almost in the grate—a favorite attitude of his neighbor's when tired out with the day's work, but especially objectionable at the moment.

"Here—get up, you old stick-in-the-

mud. Don't sit there, doubled up like a government mule," he laughed. (The army lingo still showed itself once in a while in Fred's speech.) "Help me get this room ready or I'll whale you with this," and he waved one end of a trace over his head. "If the fellows are coming they'll be here in half an hour. Shove back that easel, and bring in that beer—it's outside the door in a box. I'll get out the tobacco and pipes."

Jack stretched both arms above his head, emitted a yawn that could be heard in his room below, and sprang to his feet.

Fred, by this time, had taken down from a closet a tin box of crackers, unwrapped a yellow cheese, and was trimming its raw edges with a palette knife. Then they both moved out a big table from the inner room to the larger one, and, while Jack placed the eatables on its bare top, Fred mounted a chair, and began lighting a circle of gas-jets that hung from the ceiling of the skylight. The war-painter was host to-night, and the task of arranging the rooms for the comfort of his fellow-members consequently devolved upon him.

The refreshments having been made ready, Fred roamed about the rooms straightening the pictures on the walls—an old fad of his when guests of any kind were expected—punching the cushions and Turkish saddle-bags that he had picked up in a flying trip abroad the year the war was over, into plumpness, and stringing them along the divan ready for the backs and legs of the club members. Next he stripped the piano of a collection of camp sketches that had littered it up for a week, dumped the pile into a closet, and, with a sudden wrench of his arms, whirled the instrument itself close against the wall. Then some fire-arms, saddles, and artillery trappings were hidden away in dark corners, and a lay figure, clothed in fatigue cap and blue overcoat, and which had done duty as "a picket" during the day, was wheeled around with its face to the wall, where it stood guard over Fred's famous picture of the last gun at Appomattox. His final touches were bestowed on the grate fire and the coal-scuttle, both of which were replenished from a big pine box in the hall.

Jack Bedford, meanwhile, had busied

himself rolling another table—a long one—under the circular gas-jets so that the men could see to work the better, and loading it with palettes, china tiles, canvases, etc., to be used by the members of the club in the work during the evening. Last of all, and not by any means the least important, Jack, by the aid of a chair, gathered together, on the top shelf of the closet, the unique collection of stone beer-mugs from which the club took its name. These he handed down one by one to Fred, who arranged them in a row on one end of the long table. The mugs were to hold the contents of sundry pints of beer, now safely stowed away in a lidless, pigeon-holed box, standing in the hall, and which Fred unloaded later, placing the bottles on the window-sill outside to cool.

Before they had ended their preparations, the stamping of feet on the stairs was heard, the door was thrown back, and the several members of the club began to arrive.

The great Waller came first, brushing the snow from his shaggy coat, looking like a great bear, growling as was his wont as he rolled in. Close behind him, puffing with the run upstairs, and half hidden behind Waller's broad shoulders, trotted Simmons, the musician.

Not the tousled, ill-clad Waller, the "Walrus" of former days—no one dared to call the painter by any such names since his picture took the Gold Medal at Paris—and not the slender, smooth-faced Simmons, who in the old days was content to take his chances of filling a vacancy at Wallack's or the Winter Garden, when some one of the regular orchestra was under the weather; but the sleek, prosperous, rotund Waller, with a bit of red in his button-hole, a wide expanse of shirt-front, and a waxed mustache; and the thoughtful, slightly bald, and well-dressed Simmons, with gold eyeglasses, and his hair worn long in his neck as befitted the leader of an orchestra whose concerts crowded the academy to the doors.

These two arrivals nodded to Jack and Fred, Waller cursing the weather as he hung up his coat on a peg behind the door (unnecessary formalities of every kind, including the shaking of hands and



asking after each other's health, were dispensed with by men who saw each other several times a day at their different haunts), and Simmons, without stopping to take off his wet coat, flung his hat on the divan, crossed the room, and seated himself at the piano.

"Went this way, Waller, didn't it?" said Simmons, striking the keys, continuing the conversation the two had evidently had on the stairs. "Never heard Pappa in better voice. She filled every corner of the house. Crug told me he was up in Africa in the back row and never missed a note. Do you remember this?" and the musician's fingers again slipped over the keys, and one of the great singer's trills rippled through the room, to which Waller nodded approvingly, mopping his wet face with his handkerchief as he listened.

The opening and shutting of the door, the stamping of feet, the general imprecations hurled at the climate, and the scattering of wet snow and rain-drops about the entrance became constant. Crug bustled in—a short, thick-set, rosy-cheeked young fellow in a black mackintosh and a red worsted muffler—a 'cellist of repute, who had spent two years at the Conservatoire, and who had once played for Eugénie at one of her musicales at the Tuileries, a fact he never let you forget. And close behind him came Watson, the landscape painter, who had had two pictures accepted by the Royal Academy—one of them hung on the line, a great honor for an American; and after them blue-eyed, round-faced Munson, a pupil of Kaulbach, and late from Munich; as well as Harry Stedman, Post, the art critic, and one or two others.

Each man as he entered divested himself of his wet garments, warmed his hands at the blazing grate-fire, and, reaching over the long table, picked up a clay or corn-cob pipe, stuffing the bowl full of tobacco from a cracked Japanese bowl that stood on the mantel. Then striking a match he settled himself into the nearest chair, joining in the general talk or smoking quietly, listening to what was being said about him. Now and then one would walk to the window, raise the sash, uncork a bottle of beer where Fred had placed it, empty its contents into one of the mugs, and resume his seat—mug in one hand, pipe in the other.

Up to this time no work had been done. One of the courtesies of the club was that none should begin until the member whose night it was had arrived.

As the half-hour slipped away the men began to grow restless.

"If it's Horn's night why the devil doesn't he come, Fred?" asked Waller, in a querulous tone. Although the great sheep-painter had lost his sobriquet since the old days, he had never parted with his right to growl.

"He'll be here," cried Simmons, from his seat by the piano. His fingers were still rippling gently over the keys, although he had stopped once just long enough to strip off his wet overcoat. "I met him at Margaret Grant's this afternoon. She had a little tea."

"There every afternoon, isn't he, Simmons?" asked Munson, who was smoking quietly.

"Shouldn't wonder," came the response between the trills.

"How's that affair coming on?" came a voice out of the tobacco-smoke.

"Same old way," answered someone at the lower end of the table—"still waiting for the spondulics."

"Seen her last picture?" remarked Watson, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "The one she scooped the medal with?"

"Yes. Rouser, isn't it?" called out Waller. "Best thing she has done yet. She's a great woman. Hello! there he is! This is a pretty time for him to put in an appearance!"

The door opened and Oliver walked in, a wet umbrella in one hand, his coat-collar turned up, his mustache beaded with melted snow-drops.

"What's it doing outside, Ollie, raining cats and dogs?" Jack called out.

"No, going to clear up. It's stopped snowing and getting colder. Oh, what a night! I love a storm like this, it sets your blood to tingling. Sorry to keep you waiting, gentlemen, but I couldn't help it. It won't make any difference; I can't begin, any way. Bianchi won't be here for an hour. Just met him on the street—he's going to bring a guest, he says."

"Who's he going to bring?" shouted Simmons, who had risen from his seat at the piano, and was now sorting out some



sheets of music that Fred had just laid on its top.

"He won't tell; says it's a surprise," answered Oliver, slipping off his coat.

"A surprise, is it?" grumbled Waller. "I'll bet it's some greasy foreigner." He had left Simmons's side and was now leaning over the long table, filling a pipe from the bowl. "Bianchi has always got a lot of cranks about him."

Oliver hung his wet coat among the row of garments lining the wall—he had come twice as far as the others—crowded his dripping umbrella into a broken Chinese jar that did duty as a rack, and, catching sight of the canvas, walked toward the easel holding the thirty by forty.

"Where did you get it, Freddie?" he said, putting his arms around the shoulders of his old chum and dragging him toward the easel for a closer inspection of the grain of the canvas.

"Snedecor's."

"Just right, old man. Much obliged," and he felt the grain of the cloth with his thumb. "Got a ruff?" and he glanced about him. "Oh, yes; I see. Thanks."

The men, now that Oliver had arrived, drew up around the long table. Some began setting their palettes; others picked out, from the common stock before them, the panels, canvases, china plates, or sheets of paper which, under their deft touches, were so soon to be covered with dainty bits of color.

It was in many ways a remarkable club. Most of its members had achieved the highest rank in their several professions and outside the walls of this eyrie were known as earnest, thoughtful men, envied and sought after by those who respected their aims and successes.

Inside these cosy rooms all restraint was laid aside and each man's personality and temperament expressed itself without reserve. Harry Stedman, who, perhaps, had been teaching a class of students all the morning at the New National Academy, each one of whom hung upon his words as if he had been inspired, could be found here a few hours later joining in a chorus with a voice loud enough to rattle every mug on the table.

Waller, who doubtless that same night, had been the bright particular star at some smart dinner uptown, and whose red rib-

bon had added such *éclat* to the occasion, and whose low voice and quiet manners and correct, conventional speeches had so charmed and captivated the lady on his right, would, when once in this room, sit astride some chair, a pipe in one hand, a mug of beer in the other. Here he would discuss with Simmons or Jack or Oliver his preference of Chopin over Beethoven, or the difference between Parepa-Rosa and Jenny Lind, or any topic which had risen out of the common talk, and all too with a grotesqueness of speech and manner that would have made his hostess of the dinner-table dumb with astonishment could she have seen him.

And so with the others. Each man was frankly himself and in undress uniform when under Fred's skylight, or when the Club was enjoying any one of its various festivals and functions.

Oliver's election into the organization had, therefore, been to him one of the greatest honors he had received since his skill as a painter had been recognized by his fellows—an honor not conferred upon him because he had been one of the earlier members of the old Union Square organization, many of whom had been left out, but entirely because he was not only the best of fellows, but among the best of painters as well.

The coming together of such a body of men in those days, representing, as they did, the choicest the city afforded in art, literature, and music, had been as natural and unavoidable as the concentration of a mass of iron filings toward a magnet. That insatiable hunger of the Bohemian, that craving of workers for men of their kind, had at last overpowered them, and the meetings in Fred's studio were the inevitable result.

Many of these devotees of the arts had landed on the barren shores of America—barren of even the slightest trace of that life they had learned to love so well in the *Quartier Latin* in Paris and in the Rathskellers of Munich and Dusseldorf—and had wandered about in the uncongenial atmosphere of conventionalities until this retreat had been opened to them. Some, like Fred Stone and Jack Bedford, who had struggled on through the war, too much occupied in the whirl of their life to miss at the time the associations of men of

similar tastes, had eagerly grasped the opportunity when it came, and others, like Oliver, who had had all they could do to get their three meals during the day and a shelter for the night, had hardly been conscious of what they wanted until the Club had extended to them its congenial surroundings.

On the trio of painters we knew best in the old days these privations and the uncertainties and disappointments of the war had left their indelible mark. You became aware of this when you saw them among their fellow-workers. About Fred's temples many tell-tale gray hairs were mingled with the brown, and about his mouth and eyes were deeper lines than those which hard work alone would have cut. He carried a hole, too, in his right arm—or did until the army surgeon sewed it up—you could see it as a blue scar every time he rolled up his sleeve—a slight souvenir of the Battle of Five Forks. It was bored out by a bullet from the hands of a man in gray when Fred, dropping his sketch-book, had bent to drag a wounded soldier from under an overturned caisson. He carried no scar, however, in his heart. That organ beat with as keen a sympathy and as warm a spirit of *camaraderie* as it did when it first opened itself to Oliver's miseries in Union Square.

Jack Bedford, gaunt and strong of limb, looking a foot taller, had more than once been compelled to lay down his painter's palette and take up the sign-painter's brush, and these tell-tale wrinkles about his eyes and the set look about his mouth testified but too plainly to the keenness of his sufferings.

And Oliver—

Ah! what of Oliver, and of the changes in him since that fatal night in Kennedy Square when he had been driven away from his home and made an outcast because he had been brave enough to defend a helpless man?

You can see at a glance, as you watch him standing by the big easel, his coat off, to give his arm freer play, squeezing the tubes of color on his palette, that he is not the boy you knew some years ago. He is, you will admit, as strong and alert-looking as he was that morning when he cleared the space in front of Margaret's brother with a cart-

rung. You will concede, too, that the muscles about his chest and throat are as firmly packed, the eyes as keen, and the smile as winning, but you will acknowledge that the boy in him ends there. As you look the closer you will note that the line of the jaw is more cleanly cut than in his younger days; that the ears are set closer to the finely modelled head; that the nose is more aquiline, the eyes deeper, and that the overhanging brow is wrinkled with one or more tight knots that care has tied, and which only loosen when his face breaks into one of his old-time smiles. The mustache is still there—the one which Sue once laughed at; but it has lost its silky curl and stands straight out now from the corners of his mouth, its points reaching almost to the line of his ears. There is, too, beneath it a small imperial, giving to his face the debonaire look of a cavalier, and which accentuates more than any other one thing his Southern birth and training. As you follow the subtle outlines of his body you find that he is better proportioned than he was in his early manhood; thinner around the waist, broader across the shoulders; pressed into a closer mold; more compact, more determined looking. But for the gleam that now and then flashes out of his merry eyes and the winning smile that plays about his mouth, you would, perhaps, think that the years of hardship through which he has passed have hardened his nature. But you would be wrong about the hardening process, although you would have been entirely right about the hardship.

They had, indeed, been years of intense suffering, full of privations, self-denial, and disappointments. These delicately modelled hands, with their slender fingers, white as ivory, and as sure as a pair of calipers—so like his father's—and which now work so deftly arranging the colors on his palette, adjusting the oil-cup, trying the points of the brushes on his thumb-nail, gathering them in a sheaf in his left hand as they answer his purpose, have served him in more ways than one since he took that midnight ride back from his old home in Kennedy Square. These same hands, that look so white and well kept as he stands by his easel in the full glare of the gas-jets, have been his



sole reliance during these days of toil and suffering. They have provided all the bread that has gone into his mouth, and every stitch of clothes that has covered his back. And they have not been over-particular as to how they accomplished it nor at what hours or places. They have cleaned lithographic stones, the fingernails stained for weeks with colored inks; they have packed hardware; they have driven a pen far into the night on space work for the daily papers; they have carried a dinner-pail to and from his lodgings to the factory two miles away where he worked—very little in this pail some of the time; they have posted ledgers, made office fires, swept out stores—anything and everything that his will compelled, and his necessities made imperative. And they have done it all forcefully and willingly, with the persistence and sureness of machines accomplishing a certain output in so many hours.

All this had strengthened him; had taught him that any kind of work, no matter how menial, is worthy of a gentleman, so long as his object was obtained—in this case his independence and his livelihood. It had been a bitter experience at first, especially for a Southerner brought up as he had been; but he had mastered it at last. His early training had helped him, especially that part which he owed to his mother, who had made him carry the market-basket as a boy, simply because she saw that he had been ashamed to do so. He was proud enough of it now. His year with Mr. Slade had helped him most of all.

But never through all these privations had these same white hands and this tired body and brain been so occupied that they could not find time during some one of the hours of the day and night to wield the brush, no matter how urgent had been the call for the week's board—wielding it, too, so lovingly and knowingly, and with such persistency, that to-night he stood recognized as a rising man by the men in the front rank of the painters of his time.

And with his mother's consent, too. Not that he had asked it in so many words and stood hesitating, fearing to take the divergent path until he could take her willing blessing with him. He had made his

decision firmly and against her wishes. She had kept silent at first, and had watched his progress as she had watched his baby steps, tearfully—prayerfully at times—standing ready to catch him if he fell. But that was over now. She had begun to recognize what in her early anxiety she had ignored—that if the son whom she idolized had inherited the creative and imaginative gifts of his father (those gifts which she so dreaded and so little understood), he had also inherited from her a certain spirit of determination, together with that practical turn of mind which had given the men of her own family their eminence. In proof of this she could not but see that the instability which had characterized his earlier years had given way to a firm self-reliance. The thought of this thrilled her as nothing else in his whole career had ever done. All these things helped reconcile her to his choice of a profession. The bigness of her vision covered margins wide enough for new impressions, impressions which her broad mind—great enough and honest enough to confess its mistakes—always welcomed and understood.

Oliver, now thoroughly warm and dry, busied himself getting his brushes and paints together and scraping off one of Fred's palettes. Bianchi's bald head and fat, red, smooth-shaven face with its double chin—time had not dealt leniently with the distinguished lithographer—had inspired our hero to attempt a "Franz Hals smear," as Waller called it, and the Pole, when he arrived, was to sit for him in the costume of an old Dutch burgo-master, the big white ruff furnishing the high lights in the canvas.

By the time Oliver had arranged his palette the Club had settled itself for work, the smoke from the pipes floating in long lines toward the ceiling, befogging the big white albatross that hung from a wire in the skylight. Munson, who had rubbed in a background of bitumen over a square tile, sat next to Fred, who was picking out, with the end of a wooden match, the outlines of an army wagon sketched on a plate smeared with color.

Simmons was looking over a portfolio that Watson, a new member, had brought with him, filled with a lot of his summer sketches made on the Normandy coast.



One view of the fish-market at Dieppe caught Oliver's eye. The slant of light burnishing the roof of the church to silver and flooding the pavement of the open square, crowded with black figures, the white-caps of the fish-women indicated by crisp pats of the brush, pleased our painter immensely.

"Charming, old man," said Oliver, turning to Watson. "How long did it take you?"

"About four hours."

"Looks like it," growled Waller, reaching over Oliver's shoulder and drawing the sketch toward him. "That is the gospel of 'smear,' Horn," and he tossed it back. "Not a figure in the group has got any drawing in it."

Waller had set his face against the new out-door school, and never lost a chance to ridicule it.

"That's not what Watson is after," exclaimed Oliver. "The figures are mere accessories. The dominating light is the thing; he's got that"—and he held the sketch close to the overhead gas-jets so that the members could see it the better.

"Dominating light be hanged! What's the use of slobbering puddles of paint over a canvas and calling it *plein air*, or impressionism, or out-of-doors, or some such rot? Get down to business and *draw*. When you have done that you can talk. It can't be done in four hours, and if some of you fellows keep on the way you're going, you'll never do it in four years."

"A four hours' sketch handled as Watson has this," said Oliver, thoughtfully, "is better than four years' work on one of your Hudson River things. The sun doesn't stand still long enough for a man to get more than an expression of what he sees—that is, if he's after truth. The angle of shadow changes too quickly, and so do the reflected lights."

"What's the matter with the next day," burst out Waller. "Can't you take up your sketch where you left off? You talk as if every great picture had to be painted before luncheon."

"But there is no 'next day,'" interrupted Watson. "I entirely agree with Horn." He had been listening to the discussion with silent interest. "No next day like the one on which you began your canvas. The sky is different—gray,

blue, or full of fleecy, sunny clouds. Your shadows are more purple, or blue or gray, depending on your sky overhead, and so are your reflections. If you go on and try to piece out your sketch, you make an almanac of it—not a portrait of what you saw. I can pick out the Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays on that kind of a sketch as soon as I see it. Nature is like a bird—if you want to surprise her, you must let go both barrels when she rises; if you miss her at your first shot you will never have another chance—not at that particular bird."

"Well, but suppose you do happen to have two days alike," insisted Waller. "I have seen thirty days on a stretch in Venice without a cloud. What then?" The bird simile had evidently not appealed to the great critic.

"Then ten chances to one you are not the same man you were the day before," replied Watson, calmly, laying down his pipe. "You have had bad news from home, or your liver is out of order, or worse still, you have seen some new subject which has taken hold of you and your first enthusiasm has oozed away. If you persist in going on you will either undo what you did yesterday or you will trust to your memory of what you *think* yesterday was to finish your sketch by. The first fills it full of lies and the second full of yourself; neither have anything to do with nature. Four hours, Waller, not a minute more. You'll come to it before you die."

"That depends on what you have got to paint with," snapped out Jack Bedford, who was trying to clean a dingy looking palette with a knife. "Whose dirt dump is this, anyhow?" and he held it up to view. "Might as well try to get sunlight out of powdered brick. Look at that pile of mud," and he pointed to some dry color near the thumb-hole.

"Which palette?" came a voice.

Jack held it up for the inspection of the room.

"Oh! that's Parker Ridgway's," answered Fred. "He was here the other day and made a half hour's smear of a model I had."

The announcement of Ridgway's name was greeted with shouts of laughter. He was a society painter of the day,

pupil of Winterhalter and Meyer von Bremen, and had carried off more portraits and at higher prices than all the other men put together.

"Keep on! keep on! Laugh away," grumbled Waller, squeezing a tube of Prussian blue on his palette. "When any one of you fellows can get \$4,000 for a season's work you can talk; until you do, you can keep your mouths shut as tight as Long Island clams."

"Who got it?"

"The Honorable Parker Ridgway, R.A., P.Q., and I don't know but X.Y. Z.," roared Waller.

"I'd like to know how?" asked Watson, reaching over Fred's arm for the bottle of turpentine.

"That's what he did," snapped out Waller.

"Did what?"

"Knew how."

"But he doesn't know how," cried Munson from across the table. "I sat alongside of that fellow at the École for two years. He can't draw, and never could. His flesh was beastly, his modelling worse, and his technique—a smear. You can see what color he uses," and he pointed to the palette Jack was trying to clean.

"Granted, my boy," said Waller. "I didn't say he could *paint*; I said he knew how to earn \$4,000 in three months painting portraits."

"He never painted a portrait worth four cents. Why, I knew——"

"Dry up, Munson!" interrupted Jack. "Go on, Waller, tell us how he did it."

"By using some horse-sense and a little tact; getting in with the procession and holding his end up," retorted Waller, in a solemn tone.

"Give him room! Give him room!" cried Oliver, with a laugh, pouring a little dryer into his oil-cup. He loved to hear Waller talk. "He flings his words about as if they were chunks of coal," he would always say.

The great man wheeled his chair around and faced the room. Oliver's words had sounded like a challenge.

"Pound away—pound away," he cried, his face reddening. "I've watched Ridgway ever since he arrived here last spring, and I will give you his recipe for success. He didn't fall overboard into a second-

rate club as soon as he got here and rub his brushes on his coat-sleeve to look artistic. Not much! He had his name put up at the Union; got Croney to cut his clothes, and Leary to make his hats, played croquet with the girls he knew, drove tandem—his brother-in-law's—and dined out every night in the week. Every day or two he would haul out one of his six-foot canvases, and give it a coat of bitumen. Always did this when some club swell was around who would tell about it."

"Did it with a sponge," muttered Munson. "Old trick of his!"

"Next thing he did," continued Waller, ignoring Munson's aside, "was to refuse a thousand-dollar commission offered by a vulgar real-estate man to paint a two-hundred-pound pink-silk sofa-cushion of a wife in a tight-fitting waist. This spread like the measles. It was the talk of the Club, of dinner-tables and piazzas, and before sundown Ridgway's exclusiveness in taste and artistic instincts were established. Then he hunted up a pretty young married woman occupying the dead centre of the sanctified social circle, went into spasms over her beauty—so classic, such an exquisite outline; grew confidential with the husband at the Club, and begged permission to make just a sketch only the size of his hand—wanted it for his head of Sappho, Berlin Exhibition. Next he rented a suite of rooms, crowded in a lot of borrowed tapestries, brass, Venetian chests, lamps, and hangings; gave a tea—servants this time in livery—exhibited his Sappho; refused a big price for it from the husband; got orders instead for two half-lengths, \$1,500 each, finished them in two weeks, declined more commissions on account of extreme fatigue; disappeared with the first frost and the best cottage people; booked three more full-lengths in New York—two to be painted in Paris and the other on his return in the spring; was followed to the steamer by a bevy of beauties, half smothered in flowers, and disappeared in a halo of artistic glory just \$4,000 in."

Fred broke out into a roar, in which the whole room joined.

"And you call that art, do you?" cried Munson, laying down his palette. His face was flushed, his eyes snapping with indignation.

"I do," retorted Waller. "I call it the art of making the most of your opportunities and putting your best foot foremost. That's a thing you fellows never seem to understand. You want to shuffle around in carpet slippers, live in a garret, and wait until some money-bags climbs up your crazy staircase to discover you. Ridgway puts his foot in a patent-leather pump and silk stocking, and never steps on a carpet that isn't two inches thick. Merchants, engineers, manufacturers, and even scientists, when they have anything to sell, go where there is somebody to buy; why shouldn't an artist?"

"Just like a fakir peddling cheap jewelry," said Stedman, in a low voice, sending a cloud of smoke to the ceiling.

"Or a bunco-man trading watches with a farmer," remarked Jack Bedford. "What do you say, My Lord Tom-Noddy"—and he slapped Oliver on the back. The sobriquet was one of Jack's pet names for Oliver—all the Kennedy Square people were more or less aristocrats to Jack Bedford, the sign painter—all except Oliver.

"I think Waller's about half right, Jack. As far as Ridgway's work goes, you know and I know that there isn't one man or woman out of a hundred among his brother-in-law's friends who knows whether it's good or bad—that's the pity of it. If it's bad and they buy it, that's their fault for not knowing any better, not Ridgway's fault for doing the best he knows how.

By silk stockings and pumps I suppose Waller means that Ridgway dressed himself like a gentleman, had his hair cut, and paid some attention to his finger-nails. That's why they were glad to see him. The day has gone by when a painter must affect a bob-tailed velveteen jacket, long hair, and a slouch hat to help him paint, just as the day has gone by when an artist is not an honored guest in any gentleman's house in town.

"Bravo! for Tom Noddy!" shouted Jack and Fred in a breath. "Drink, you dear old pressed brick. Put your nose into this!" and Fred held a mug of beer to Oliver's lips.

Oliver laid down his sheaf of brushes—buried his nose in the cool rim of the stone mug, the only beverage the Club permitted, and was about to continue his talk, when his eye rested on Bianchi, who was standing in the open door, his hand upraised so as to bespeak silence.

"Here—you beautiful, bald-headed old burgomaster!" shouted Oliver. "Get into your ruff right away. Been waiting half an hour for you and——"

Bianchi put his fingers to his lips with a whispered hush, knit his brow, and pointed significantly behind him. Every eye turned, and a breathless silence fell upon the group, followed by a scraping of chairs on the floor as each man sprang to his feet.

Bianchi's surprise had arrived!

(To be continued.)

## A BIRD'S ELEGY

By Frank Dempster Sherman

HE was the first to welcome Spring;  
Adventurous, he came  
To wake the dreaming buds and sing  
The crocus into flame.

He loved the morning and the dew;  
He loved the sun and rain;  
He fashioned lyrics as he flew  
With love for their refrain.

Poet of vines and blossoms, he;  
Beloved of them all;  
The timid leaves upon the tree  
Grew bold at his glad call.

He sang the rapture of the hills,  
And from the starry height  
He brought the melody that fills  
The meadows with delight.

And now, behold him dead, alas!  
Where he made joy so long:  
A bit of blue amid the grass,—  
A tiny, broken song.



## THE POINT OF VIEW

THE appearance of a new work by a Russian writer of any power brings up, with an inevitableness now expected by the public, the accustomed Slavic problem. The case of Maxim Gorky is an illustration. This writer conceives, as have so many of his

The Russian  
Sociology.

Russian confrères, that there is no use in writing at all unless you write with the intention of getting as nearly as may be at the secret of why one happens to be alive. It is, of course, the freshness, the ingenuosness, of this view of the prime function of literature, that has made the great success of the Russian writers. Other generic literary qualifications might certainly be claimed for them, but this is their signal title to consideration.

The special and particular interest of this whole question belongs to the domain of the sociologist. Nothing is truer, although we are far from recognizing it in the general run of life, than that advanced civilization makes against the peculiar intensity of speculation on the fundamental mysteries of existence which characterizes the Slavic mind. We have been taught, as Walt Whitman once said, that we know all about life and death and the mysteries of the grave. That we should be so taught, and that we should accept such teaching, might be expected, to a nature such as Whitman's, to seem both inexplicable and indefensible. As a matter of plain fact, however, the modern man of scientific training understands only too well that to take many vital conditions for granted, and without personal investigation of them, is an absolute necessity in the state of contemporary thought. Extreme specialization in the sciences and arts demands that the premises of all allied sciences and arts be assumed as proven, merely on the affirmation of the students who have devoted their labors to them. Every department of science rests on underlying departments; but the man who wishes to make headway along his own line knows that he will have no time to concern himself with other lines to any serious purpose, and therefore leaves them practically alone.

The same thing takes place in sociological fields. The arcana of human life are less and less a matter of abstract metaphysical speculation. Why we happen to be alive is not the question at issue for such writers as

Marshall, Tarde, or Giddings; but, rather, what occurs among men and women who are alive as they pass from a low to a high state of social organization; what occurs among them, and how they can best work out their various destinies without superfluous friction, economic or other. There is no emotion in our present-day sociological interest—at least, not in contemporary sociology considered as a science. Quite the contrary.

Indeed, it may be affirmed that the amazing facts of life and death become conventionalized in large measure to the typically "cultivated" man. He can think about them more clearly than the more primitive nature, and he often faces them more solemnly; but when they are brought in upon him personally their impact does not awaken such bewildered emotional echoes. Those echoes do not always resound most deeply, on the other hand, in natures that have received none at all of the moulding touches of civilization. Poets, mystics, reformers, all enthusiasts, belong to a middle stratum between the two extremes. They have the sensitized nervous system of the highly organized social man; but they have also retained the emotional vigor, therefore the childlike wonder and active imagination, of the barbarian.

Among nations this is the position of the Russians. They are a people civilized by a rapid process of forcing, not by orderly, successive stages of development. The interest in the vexed problem of the present and future state of man viewed as a social animal, in that problem which most engrosses thinking minds to-day, takes on with them, therefore, a warmth of emotional coloring that is not to be looked for elsewhere. It is a troubled passion with them, where, with us, it is a cerebral preoccupation.

And it is precisely this distinction that makes their writers unique. It wins forgiveness for very serious literary faults on their part that would otherwise not be overlooked. It brings forcibly forward once more this central truth—that it is, after all, only emotion that is contagious, that has supreme power to move and to convince. To which must always be added that other fact, that the cerebralization—if the word may pass—of society leads surely, though of course never entirely, to the suppression of emotion.

## THE FIELD OF ART



"Leopards." By Eli Harvey.  
Nine inches high.

### AMERICAN BRONZES

THERE are now to be seen in New York a collection of bronzes by American sculptors; and there are reasons why this is an important exhibition—"important to *us*," as Arnold says Sainte-Beuve said about Lamartine. Not half of the thirty-five pieces exhibited are of that artistic value which puts them into an enduring rank among the art products of the day, and yet even that inferior class has this attractiveness, that each piece is the work of a living artist who has seen it prepared, who approves it as it is, of its present size and color, and treated as he, the artist, would have it. And let the reader note that this is by no means uniformly the case with bronzes brought from Paris and from Vienna. They may be—they probably are—reduced by that infernal machine whose name never transpires, a kind of pantograph or, perhaps one might say, pantoplast, by which a big statue modelled as for a big statue is reduced me-

chanically to a statuette. Moreover, those works thus reduced are so colored, and may even be so modified in form or in some detail, as to suit a supposed popular demand. In fact they are and must be commercial ventures, and therefore may be or may not be what the artist would like to have them. The pieces before us have passed the ordeal of the artist's own inspection, and may be presumed to have his *imprimatur* somewhere about them.

Another reason why they are important is that these bronzes are the small works of men who are more or less celebrated for their work on a large scale, and that in this way the public has an opportunity of learning what are those differences in modelling which belong to bolder and to more minute execution. If any member of that public finds that this question of the modelling is a very subtle one indeed, and if he is far from being certain that he distinguishes the ways in which the *méplats* are put in, with the small and with

the larger work, let him not be discouraged. It is one of the charms of art study that one is never sure of his point. These columns have contained the statement, and rather many times than once, that there is no such thing as "authority" in art criticism. While that is more obviously true of matters of opinion than of matters of perhaps ascertainable fact, yet, with a foot-high statuette in the concentrated light of the second-story hall and the life-size statue in the freer illumination of out-of-doors, that student must have an admirable memory for form who can be sure of the resemblance or of the points of difference. If, therefore, one who loves sculpture and is interested in our nascent school will look at the larger statues and groups, or even photographs of them, and will then come to examine these bronzes, and then return to his larger originals, he will be advanced in his studies.

There is still another interesting point in connection with these bronzes, and that is the comparative unimportance of the nude—the comparative value of the draped work when seen on this small scale. For the heroic in size, for the statue and the group of life size, there is, after all, nothing like the nude. Unless, indeed, the piece of sculpture be immediately connected with a building, when the folds of drapery may be studied as architectural masses, as indeed they should be, nothing but the nude or nearly nude can be considered of first-rate importance in sculpture in the round. The conditions of bas-relief are somewhat different. Even with the strictest sculptural treatment a bas-

relief approaches the pictorial side of art; it must be more or less treated as the painter treats the square of canvas or of plaster. In the round, however, a very little work in the nude is worth, in sculptural value, many pieces of clothed figure work; whereas in the statuette the conditions are reversed in an extraordinary way, and one looks with a lack of interest at the two or three nude statuettes which are in this collection, feeling that they are not as attractive as the studies of cloaks and breechcloths, of feather head-dresses, and of broad hats—which the pieces here offer for comparison.

Let this not be taken as a hasty remark, either. The charm of the carved ivory of Dieppe and of the Clodion terra-cotta is not to be denied here; and it is the nude which forms the principal subject in those works. In like manner the handle of a Greek bronze mirror, or in our own time the pieces which German art is turning out, in which the human figure alone is used decoratively, all other natural forms being eschewed as carefully as by the Greeks—in

these the nude on a very small scale is used with perfect success. These, however, are all decorative in an absolute sense. The sculpture is nowhere used as sculpture; whereas, in the bronze which assumes a dignity one step higher than the bibelot, the costumed figure is essentially in its place and requires no apology such as it seems to require when treated heroically. Let every important monumental work of the time answer the question for us; and let Saint-Gaudens's reliefs on the Farragut pedestal. Du-



"General Grant." By William O. Partridge.  
Nineteen inches high.





"Primitive Chant to the Great Spirit."

By H. A. McNeil.

Twenty-five inches high.

bois's statues on the Lamoricière monument, French's figures on the O'Reilly monument in Boston, show us how, when the really nude is out of place, the clothing becomes an abstraction. Let these figures with the fashion of their clothing be considered. Are they not as nearly nude as the chosen type will admit? But in the "Pilgrim" by Saint-Gaudens among these bronzes, in Boyle's "Primitive Woman" who stands on her guard against the expected she-bear who means to avenge her slain offspring, in Partridge's "General Grant," in Mrs. Bessie Potter Vonnoh's bust of a baby, the drapery is obviously an important thing, ranking in value with

the head, hands, feet, and general pose as it could never do in work on a large scale. Even the "Primitive Chant" by McNeil is clothed in a way—is clothed for a red Indian: as are Remington's vigorous Indian warriors, not represented in our illustrations merely because already so familiar. The point seems to be that clothes, even modern fashionable clothes, are supportable in small-scale sculpture, whereas in pieces of monumental importance the comparative value of the nude constantly



"Protection." By J. Boyle.

Twenty-nine and a half inches high.

increases, in rather a rapid ratio as the dignity of the piece grows more decided, and paraphernalia of all sorts becomes objectionable. Niehaus's "Cæstus" is one of his very noble classic figures, and Keyser's "The Duette" (what language is that?) is a spirited group of a faun and a jaybird: but they do not convince! The rule holds, in despite of them.

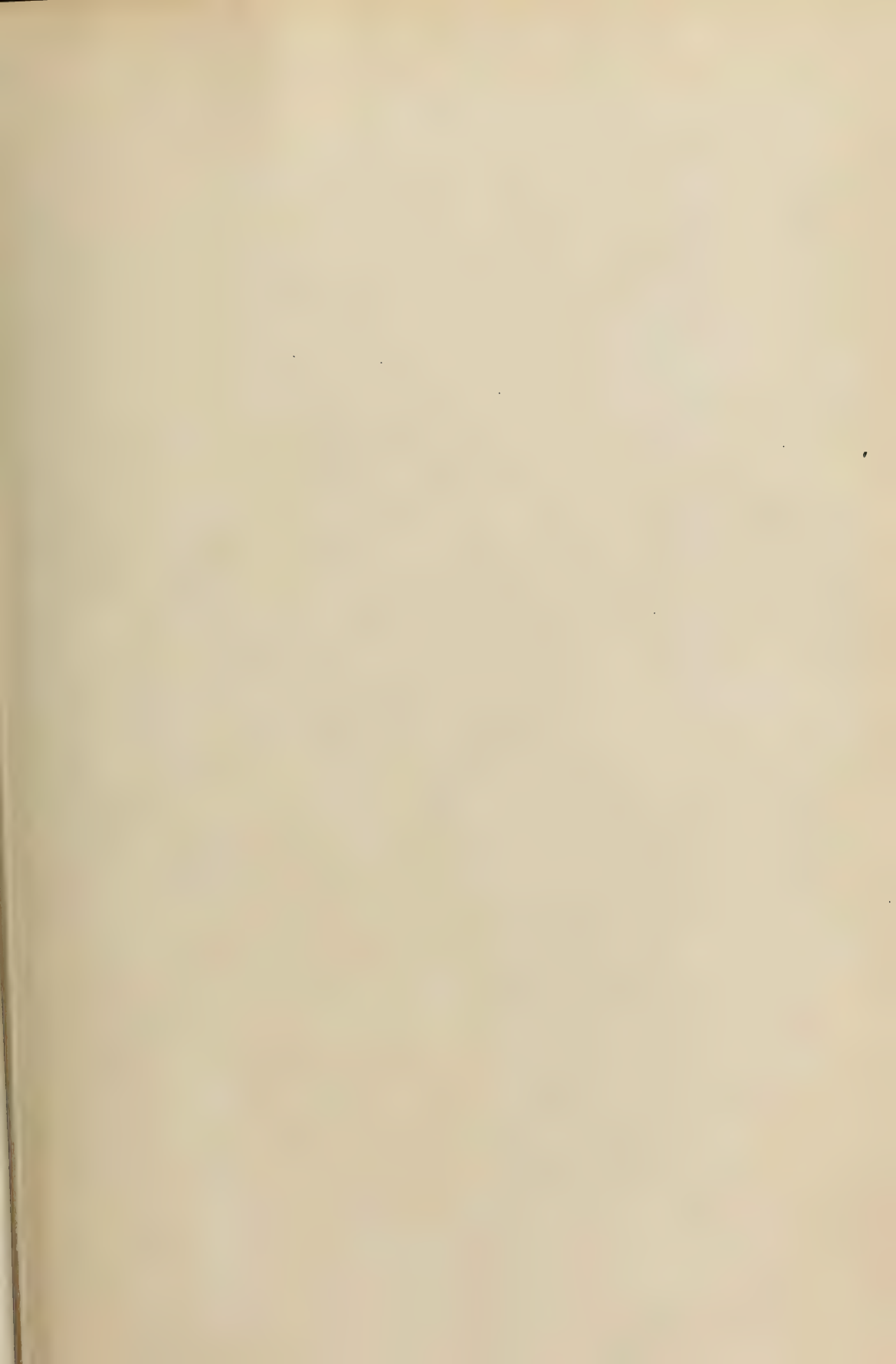
Or is it a rule? Is it not rather a refinement which appeals less to the realist, to him

who wants facts and allusions to facts—more to the lover of the work of art? In the General Grant there is heavy cloth and heavier felt and still heavier and stiffer leather. In the Puritan there is woven and knitted fabric such as would endure for generations. These are not pretty things in sculpture—full size, they are destructive; but in the twenty-inch figure they are in place.

R. S.



"The Puritan." By Augustus Saint-Gaudens.  
Thirty-one inches high.













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